

• Ex Libris
Duquesne University:



IDEAS AND FORMS
IN THE AMERICAN
ROMANCE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

IDEAS AND FORMS IN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE

BY

HOMER A. WATT

AND

JAMES B. MUNN

OF THE

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, WASHINGTON
SQUARE COLLEGE, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY



SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY
CHICAGO ATLANTA NEW YORK

620.8
W344

For permission to use copyrighted material grateful acknowledgment is made to Charles Scribner's Sons for *Deirdre, or the Fate of the Sons of Usnach* from *Cuchulain of Muirtheimne*, collected and translated by Lady Gregory; for George Meredith's "Love in the Valley," "Lucifer in Starlight," Stanza XIII from *Modern Love*; for Robert Louis Stevenson's "Romance," "In the Highlands," "Sing Me a Song of a Lad That Is Gone," "Requiem," "Walking Tours," "Æs Triplex," "A Gossip on Romance," and "The Sire de Malétoit's Door"; for Sidney Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochee," "The Marshes of Glynn," and "Mocking Bird"; for Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue"; and for Alan Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous with Death." To the Oxford University Press for the selections from W. W. Skeat's edition of *The Canterbury Tales* by Geoffrey Chaucer. To the Oxford University Press, the publishers, and to Mr. A. T. A. Dobson, acting for the trustees, for Austin Dobson's "In After Days." To Macmillan and Company, Limited (London), for Thomas Hardy's "At Tea," "In Church," "By Her Aunt's Grave," "In the Room of the Bride-Elect," "Outside the Window," "At the Draper's," "On the Death-Bed," "In the Moonlight," (from *Satires of Circumstance*), "She Hears the Storm," and "The Man He Killed"; for "A. E.'s" (George William Russell) "The Memory of Earth" (from *Collected Poems*, 1913); for Matthew Arnold's "The Study of Poetry" and "Literature and Science"; and for Walter Pater's "Romanticism" (from *Appreciations*). To Longmans, Green and Company for John Henry, Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Literature" (from *The Idea of a University*); and for William Morris's "Summer Dawn," "The Nymph's Song to Hylas," and "June" (from *The Earthly Paradise*). To Harper and Brother for Charles Algernon Swinburne's "The Youth of the Year," "The Life of Man," "The Garden of Proserpine," "Cor Cordium," and "A Forsaken Garden" (from *Collected Works*). To John Murray (London), for Robert Bridges's "Nightingales," To Henry Holt and Company for Walter de la Mare's "Shadow," and "Voices" (from *Collected Poems, Vol. 1, 1920*); for Robert Frost's "To the Thawing Wind" (from *A Boy's Will*), "The Pasture," "Mending Wall," "After Apple-Picking" (from *North of Boston*), "The Road Not Taken," and "Birches" (from *Mountain Interval*); for Louis Untermeyer's "Reveille," "On the Palisades," and "Highmount" (from *These Times*, 1917); for Carl Sandburg's "Chicago," "Lost," "The Harbor," "Under the Harvest Moon," and "Nocturne in a Deserted Brickyard" (from *Chicago Poems*, 1916); and for the following poems of A. E. Housman, reprinted by permission of the author: "Reveille," "Towns and Countries Woo Together," "O See How Thick the Goldcup Flowers," "When I Was One-and-Twenty," "White in the Moon the Long Road Lies," and "With Rue My Heart Is Laden" (from *A Shropshire Lad*), and "As I Gird on for Fighting," "The Chestnut Casts His Flambeaux," "When I Would Muse in Boyhood," "When Summer's End Is Nighing" (from *Last Poems*). To William Heinemann, Limited (London), for Arthur Symonds's "He Who Has Entered by This Sorrow's Door," "All That I Know of Love," "Is It This Weary and Most Constant Heart," "I Know That You Are Lost to Me," "Love Turns to Hate, They Say," "Remembrance," and "The Wanderers" (from *Poems, Vol. II, 1921*). To D. Appleton and Company for William Cullen Bryant's "The Death of Lincoln" (from *The Poetical Works of William Cullen Bryant*); for "Autobiography of Thomas Huxley" (from his *Methods and Results*); and for Thomas Henry Huxley's "A Liberal Education" (from *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews*). To Johnson Publishing Company for Henry Timrod's "Life Ever Seems As from Its Present Site," "I Scarcely Grieve, O Nature at the Lot," and "I Know Not Why, But All This Weary Day" (from *Poems of Henry Timrod*). To Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company for Paul Hamilton Hayne's "The First Mocking-Bird in Spring," "Under the Pine," and "In Harbor." To *The Atlantic Monthly* and to Ina Firkins, the owner of the copyright, for Chester Firkins's "On a Subway Express." To the Century Company and the author for Cale Young Rice's "How Many Ways" (from *Songs to A.H.R.*), "Transiency" (from *Milrinda*), "All's Well," and "The Shore's Song to the Sea" (from *Sea Poems*). To Mrs. Attwood R. Martin and Mr. Richard G. Knott, holders of the copyright, for Margaret Steele Anderson's "The Breaking" (from *The Flame in the Wind*). To the Yale University Press and the author for William Rose Benét's "The Falconer of God" (from *The Falconer of God and Other Poems*). To the author, Thomas S. Jones, Jr., holder of the copyright, for "As in a Rose-Jar," "Youth," "May-Eve," "To Song," "Of One Who Walks Alone," and "Dusk at Sea" (from *The Rose Jar and The Voice in the Silence*, published by Thomas Bird Mosher). To G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London, for John McCrae's "In Flanders Fields" (from *In Flanders Fields*); and for Lady Gregory's "Hyacinth Halvey" (from *Seven Short Plays*). To Little, Brown and Company for the selection from Francis Parkman's *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*. To Methuen and Company, Limited (London), for Hilaire Belloc's "The Mowing of a Field" (from *Hills and the Sea*). To Boni and Liveright for Arthur Morrison's "On the Stairs" (from *Tales of Mean Streets*, Modern Library Edition). To E. P. Dutton and Company for Siegfried Sassoon's "The Kiss" and "Absolution" (by permission, from *The Old Huntsman*), copyright by E. P. Dutton and Company, "The Troops," "Counter-Attack," and "To Any Dead Officer" (by permission, from *Counter-Attack*, copyright by E. P. Dutton and Company), and "To Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc., for Rupert Brooke's "Peace" (i), "Safety" (ii), "The Dead" (iii), "The Dead" (iv), "The Soldier" (v), "The Treasure" (vi), and "Menelaus and Helen" (from *Collected Poems*, 1915, copyright by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.); for Stephen Leacock's "Homer and Humbug" (from *Behind the Beyond*, copyright by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.); and for G. K. Chesterton's "On Sandals and Simplicity" (from *Heretics*), the following selections reprinted by special permission from volumes published by them: Thomas A. Daly's "Mia Carlotta," "Da Lettia Boy," and "The Journey's End" (from *Carmina*, 1920); Carl Sandburg's "Killers" (from *Smoke and Steel*), (from *Smoke and Steel*, 1920); for the selection from Pepsy's *Diary*, which is reprinted by special permission from the H. B. Wheatley edition; for the selection by Lytton Strachey (from *Queen Victoria*), by Lytton Strachey, copyright, 1921, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.); and for Louis Untermeyer's "Summons," "Prayer," "How Much of Godhood," and "The Great Carousal" (from *Challenge*). To George H. Doran Company for Arnold Bennett's "Why a Classic Is a Classic" (reprinted by special permission from *Literary Taste and How to Form It* by Arnold Bennett, copyright, 1910, George H. Doran Company). To Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., for Katherine Mansfield's "The Garden-Party" (from *The Garden-Party*). To James B. Pinker and Son (London), for W. W. Jacobs's "A Change of Treatment" (from *Many Cargoes*). To James J. Miller, publisher, for "Columbus" by Joaquin Miller secured from the Harr Wagner Publishing Company, publisher of Joaquin Miller's *Poems*.

The extracts from Henry W. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Amy Lowell, John Greenleaf Whittier, James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Vaughn Moody, John Gould Fletcher ("Irradiations," "The Gale," "Night of Stars," "The Night Wind"), Henry David Thoreau, and Samuel McChord Crothers are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, the Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to Doubleday, Page and Company for permission to use the following selections from volumes copyrighted by them: Rudyard Kipling's "The Explorer," "The Last Chantey," "The Feet of the Young Men," "Rimmon," "Recessional," "The White Man's Burden," and "For All We Have and Are" (from *Rudyard Kipling's Verse, Inclusive Edition, 1885-1918*, used by permission of the publishers and the author); for Richard Le Gallienne's "An Echo from Horace," "Ballade of the Oldest Duel in the World," "May Is Back," and "My Eyes upon Your Eyes" (from *A Jongleur Strayed*, 1922); for Walt Whitman's "In Cabined Ships at Sea," "Me Imperturb," "I Hear America Singing," "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry," "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," "Vigil Strange I Kept on the Field One Night," "Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun," "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," "There Was a Child Went Forth Every Day," "Darest Thou Now, O Soul," and "Song at Sunset" (from *Leaves of Grass*); for Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe" (from *The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems*) and "Lincoln, the Man of the People" (from *Lincoln, and Other Poems*); for Myra Kelly's "A Christmas Present for A Lady" (from *Little Citizens*); for O. Henry's "A Municipal Report" (from *Strictly Business*); and for H. G. Dwight's "In the Pasha's Garden" (from *Stamboul Nights*).

PREFACE

For several years the editors of this volume have been associated in teaching English literature to college students. The course which to them presented the greatest difficulty was the Introduction to Literature required of students who did not intend to make a special study of English, and who took, therefore, only the required general course. For such students the historical survey method, with its emphasis upon sources, developments, and periods, seemed ill-adapted. The average student who does not specialize in literature is less interested in its history than he is in its meaning, content, and forms. The editors believe he will profit most by a course which does not elevate to the first place historical details, reserving for that pre-eminence stress on the meaning and value of what he reads. His permanent gain from the course should be an understanding of literature, a love for it, and an abiding desire to continue to read the best after his instructor has ceased to prod him.

For such a course the most satisfactory textbook is naturally a whole library. Students in very small classes may be depended upon to use the college reading-room in preparing their assignments, or may be urged to buy books freely. Ordinarily, however, the classes in required introductory courses are large, and the students' purchasing power is sharply limited; under such conditions the use of a textbook containing an adequate body of material is imperative. The present volume is the result of the editors' desire to provide a satisfactory textbook for such classes as have been described. A brief explanation of the theory and plan of the book will make their objective clearer.

The title of the volume, *Ideas and Forms in English and American Literature*, sums up the principles which have guided the editors in the selection of their material; their emphasis is upon

content and type and not upon historical development. Selection and arrangement in an anthology which is designed for use in a course in the historical development of literature naturally follow a chronological plan throughout, and such a volume possesses, in the mere arrangement by dates, a clear articulation. On the other hand, the editors of a book which is designed primarily to present the substance of literature and to illustrate its dominant forms must seek some other scheme, some logical plan in addition to the chronological order; otherwise the volume will be a *collection* rather than a *selection* of specimens and will provide only a literary garret, among the odds and ends of which the student will wander confused and discouraged. In the present volume the editors have had in mind, throughout, the dominant ideas and the prevailing moods in literature as these have manifested themselves in various predominating types or forms.

Whether, with Arnold Bennett, literature is defined as *life*, or, with Matthew Arnold, as *criticism of life*, makes no great difference; literature is the artistic interpretation of life, in all its manifestations, through the instrumentality of language. Sometimes the literary artist represents life as it is, or as he thinks it is; sometimes he represents it ideally, as he thinks it should be. But through the current of literature run all the elements of life, all the ideas, moods, and motives of man; and every reader tries more or less consciously to relate his reading to his own knowledge, feeling, and experience. In making their selections, accordingly, the editors have been guided in part by those dominant ideas and moods which seem to belong to every period and to manifest themselves in every literary type. The volume has been designed to show how, for example, the universal subjects of youth and age, life and

APR 14 1941

39733

death, beauty and decay, and the various other conceptions, interests, and emotions of mankind run current through all literature, subject to whatever modifications the time-spirit may decree. These universal subjects appear in epic and ballad, lyric, short story, drama, and other forms which serve to contain and preserve the writers' interpretations of life. The extent to which the editors have been guided by a consideration of theme and mood will appear from an examination of the headnotes and footnotes, the index, and the topics for study, discussion, and report.

The considerations of content and mood which have helped to guide the editors in making their selections have resulted further in the inclusion of modern as well as older literature. Literature should be thought of as a stream which flows out of the past down to our very feet. The conception of some students, therefore, that great literature is only of the present and that of some teachers that it is entirely of the past are equally fallacious. Both old and new appear together in this volume, and every dominant type of literature that is still employed as a literary form is illustrated by work that has stood the acid test of time and by new work that promises to be of permanent value. The relative proportions of old and new vary, of course, in the different divisions; the editors' inclination has been, however, to include modern and current literature freely, and every chapter, except the epic and the medieval romance, contains abundant examples of life as living writers are interpreting it.

In one particular the editors have made a deliberate restriction; they have included only English and American literature. The following considerations led to this decision. Some types of literature, as for example, lyric and narrative poetry, cannot be adequately exhibited in translations; even prose forms such as the essay and short story lose much of their spirit and flavor when transferred to another tongue. Moreover, there is no subject or mood and no dominant type which cannot be

illustrated satisfactorily in English and American examples. Little of importance is to be lost, therefore, by the restriction, and much is to be gained, on the other hand, by the focus of attention upon the literature of one race. The only point at which the restriction created some misgivings in the minds of the editors was in the early narrative forms; the exclusion of the Homeric epics and of the European continental romances seemed unusual. In the epic chapter the difficulty was met by including one of the great Celtic sagas. The deliberate introduction here and elsewhere in the volume, of Celtic side by side with English and American literature is, the editors believe, unique in books of this type but entirely justifiable. There is really no reason why the Celtic spirit, which has contributed so much to literature in the English tongue, should have been so long unrecognized in college classes in literature.

Classification and arrangement have been by literary types rather than by ideas and moods, since such classification is simpler and results in a better integration of the material. It is believed that, with the exception of the novel, all dominant forms are represented. The novel was omitted because of the impossibility of illustrating the type except by totally inadequate excerpts. Certain other forms, such as the oration and the letter, were omitted partly because the editors do not regard them as dominant types and partly that space might be saved for the fuller development of more important sections. Satiré, since it appears in all types, is not itself a form of literature. The drama could not here be fully illustrated; the three one-act plays given are complete, however, and serve to show one direction which current playwrighting has taken. With few exceptions, the selections included are complete; where any cuts have been made, the omissions have been carefully indicated. Among the types there is, of course, some overlapping. For example, it is difficult to decide whether to put a narrative poem with a strongly lyric tone

or a lyric poem with a narrative basis among the narrative poems or among the lyric poems. Similarly a biographical essay is both biography and essay. Literary craftsmen are seldom particular to follow the strict definition of the type, and in modern literature, particularly, type distinctions have tended to break down or run together. On the whole, however, it is believed that the classifications have been clearly made and will be found useful.

A separate chapter has been devoted to each major type, and these divisions have been arranged in an order determined partly by historical development and partly by logical relationships. Thus the first part of the volume contains the poetry and the second part the prose. Epic poetry, as the oldest type, appears in the first chapter, and the chapters which treat other forms of narrative poetry follow immediately. Similarly, in the second part of the volume the short story comes at the end because it is the newest of literary types. Within each chapter the arrangement of selections is chronological; this seemed the natural and logical arrangement, inasmuch as literature is largely evolutionary in development, and a consideration of the content and forms of one period often throws much light upon those of a later day. For this reason many of the chapters, such, for example, as those devoted to the ballad, the lyric, and the essay, are fairly adequate surveys of the evolution of these types in England and America. The space devoted to the lyric may seem excessive, but in no other type can the development of the ideas of the English people be so intimately and clearly traced, together with a corresponding development of literary form.

A word must be said about the apparatus which accompanies the selections. Each group of selections which illustrates a major type is preceded by an introductory essay that is intended to define the type, indicate its place in literature, and sketch its history briefly. This essay is meant to be suggestive rather than exhaustive, to stimulate

rather than to satisfy curiosity. For a fuller study of the nature of the type the student may turn to the books listed in the bibliographies at the ends of the various chapters; these bibliographies list some of the most important volumes which define or illustrate the literary forms, but they are not meant to be complete. In the headnotes and in the footnotes to the different selections the editors have tried to be helpful to the student without at the same time making it unnecessary for him to refer to dictionaries and other helps with which he should become acquainted. In writing the notes, moreover, the editors have not forgotten that it is the instructor's privilege and duty to explain and interpret the material read, and they have been careful not to encroach upon the teacher's territory. Finally, topics for discussion and reports were included, because the editors believe that a thorough study of literature can be accomplished only when the students are forced to think independently and to make discoveries and draw conclusions for themselves. An effort has been made to present in these lists topics which are fresh in idea and which can be dealt with satisfactorily only by independent reading and study; those which tempt the student to seek for his material in critical sources and to express the opinions of others have usually been omitted. The lists of topics are necessarily brief; instructors will add others which may seem to them more fitting.

As has been said, it is not the wish of the editors to encroach upon the instructor's privileges of using this body of literary material in whatever manner he may see fit. However, for the guidance of those teachers who may wish to make a definite study-plan the following suggestions are offered.

In general, the Table of Contents may be used as an outline guide for the course. The material of the book is divided into three parts of approximately equal length — (1) Narrative Poetry; (2) Lyric Poetry; (3) Prose. In a college year consisting of three terms,

one term may be conveniently devoted to each major division, with proportionate attention to each subdivision. Where the college year follows the usual two-semester plan, one semester may be given to poetry and the other to prose. In the first semester narrative poetry and lyric poetry should be given equal attention; in the second semester somewhat less than half of the class meetings may be devoted to a study of the essay, and the rest to the remaining prose forms. With classes meeting three times a week most of the selections in the volume may reasonably be assigned for reading; when the class meets only twice a week, the amount of reading should, of course, be correspondingly reduced. With any class, however, at least one meeting should be devoted to a definition of each type; such a definition may either precede or follow the reading of the selections representing the type. On the whole, it is better to assign comparatively few selections for a given class meeting; at no time should the assignment be so large as to tempt hasty and ill-digested cramming.

As it has been a part of the plan of the editors to emphasize in their selection of material the persistence of dominant ideas and moods, it is hoped that instructors and students using the book will carry this plan out by looking for

common elements in the literature of different periods and types. The familiar subjects of English and American literature—men and women, individuals and society, nature and art, friendship and feud, love and hate, heroism, youth and age, life and death, and all the varying human moods—should be kept in mind so that at the conclusion of his course the student may carry away a conception of how English and American literature in all periods and forms has woven an artistic and variegated tapestry of life.

Specific acknowledgments to publishers, living authors, and others who have generously permitted the reprinting of copyrighted material have been made in the appropriate places in the book. Without these courtesies the editors would have found it impossible to demonstrate by their selections and comments that the current of English and American literature is still a full and living stream. To Professor Lindsay Todd Damon, Supervising Editor for Scott, Foresman and Company, the editors are deeply indebted for his thorough and penetrating, yet kindly, criticisms of the entire book.

H. A. W.
J. B. M.

NEW YORK CITY,
OCTOBER, 1925.

CONTENTS

	Page
PREFACE	iii

CHAPTER I THE EPIC

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY	1
THE POPULAR EPIC	
Beowulf (seventh century)	11
Deirdre, or The Fate of the Sons of Usnach, One of the Three Sorrows of Story-Telling (seventh century)	52
THE LITERARY EPIC	
JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)	
<i>Paradise Lost</i> , Books v-vi	72

CHAPTER II MEDIEVAL NARRATIVE POETRY AND MODERN IMITATIONS

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY	107
THE MEDIEVAL ROMANCE	
Sir Gawain and the Green Knight (c.1375)	115
SIR THOMAS MALORY (1400-1471)	
The Last Battle and the Death of Arthur (from <i>Le Morte Darthur</i> , Book XXI, Chapters 1-7)	141
THE MEDIEVAL TALE	
GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340-1400)	
From <i>The Canterbury Tales</i> :	
The Prologue	150
Words of the Host	164
The Prologue of the Pardoner's Tale	165
The Pardoner's Tale	167
MODERN IMITATIONS	
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834)	
Christabel	175
JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)	
The Eve of Saint Agnes	183
La Belle Dame Sans Merci	190
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892)	
The Lady of Shalott	191
The Passing of Arthur (from <i>The Idylls of the King</i>)	193

CHAPTER III THE BALLAD

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY	203
DOMESTIC AND LOVE TRAGEDIES	
Edward	208
Lord Randal	209

DOMESTIC AND LOVE TRAGEDIES (continued)

The Bonnie Wee Croodlin Dow	209
Bonnie George Campbell	210
The Twa Corbies	210
The Twa Sisters	211
Bonny Barbara Allan	212
The Butcher's Boy	212
The Maid Freed from the Gallows	213

FOLKLORE AND SUPERSTITION

Thomas Rymer	214
Kemp Owyne	215
Sweet William's Ghost	216
The Wife of Usher's Well	217
The Mermaid	218

HISTORICAL

The Hunting of the Cheviot	219
Sir Patrick Spens	223

OUTLAWRY

Johnie Armstrong	224
Robin Hood and Allin a Dale	225
Robin Hood's Death and Burial	227

HUMOROUS

The Farmer's Curst Wife	228
Get Up and Bar the Door	229

AMERICAN

The Shanty Boy	229
Jesse James	231
O Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie	231

BROADSIDE BALLADS

A Description of a Strange Fish	232
A Warning for All Desperate Women	234

LITERARY BALLADS AND ADAPTATIONS

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Kellyburn Braes	235
---------------------------	-----

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)

Lucy Gray; or, Solitude	237
-----------------------------------	-----

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843)

The Inchcape Rock	238
-----------------------------	-----

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

Jock of Hazeldean	239
-----------------------------	-----

Madge Wildfire's Song	239
---------------------------------	-----

Lochinvar	240
---------------------	-----

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)

The Wreck of the Hesperus	241
-------------------------------------	-----

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875)

The Three Fishers	242
-----------------------------	-----

The Sands of Dee	243
----------------------------	-----

THOMAS HOOD (1799-1845)

Faithless Nelly Gray	243
--------------------------------	-----

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894)

The Specter Pig	244
---------------------------	-----

CHAPTER IV

MODERN NARRATIVE POETRY

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY	247
WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)	
The Diverting History of John Gilpin	251
ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)	
Tam O'Shanter	254
SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)	
The Eve of St. John	257
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834)	
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner	261
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)	
Laodamia	271
WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-1896)	
From <i>The Earthly Paradise</i> :	
An Apology	274
Prologue: The Wanderers	275
March	276
Atalanta's Race	277
ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)	
My Last Duchess	290
The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's Church	291
The Laboratory	294
The Statue and the Bust	295
Fra Lippo Lippi	299
Andrea del Sarto	307
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892)	
Rizpah	311
ALFRED NOYES (1880-)	
The Highwayman	313
JOHN MASEFIELD (1874-)	
The River	315
GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON (1874-)	
Lepanto	323
THOMAS HARDY (1840-)	
From <i>Satires of Circumstance in Fifteen Glimpses</i> :	
I. At Tea	326
II. In Church	326
III. By Her Aunt's Grave	327
IV. In the Room of the Bride-elect	327
VII. Outside the Window	327
XII. At the Draper's	327
XIII. On the Death-Bed	327
EDGAR LEE MASTERS (1868-)	
From <i>Spoon River Anthology</i> :	
Pauline Barrett	328
Bert Kessler	328
Searcy Foote	329
Lucinda Matlock	329
AMY LOWELL (1874-1925)	
Patterns	330
Number 3 on the Docket	331

CHAPTER V

LYRIC POETRY

INTRODUCTION	335
------------------------	-----

ENGLISH

Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries

ANONYMOUS

Alisoun	343
Ubi Sunt Qui Ante Nos Fuerunt?	344
The Nutbrowne Maide	344
JOHN BARBOUR (1316-1395)	
Fredome	348

Sixteenth Century

ANONYMOUS

As Ye Came from the Holy Land	348
There Is a Lady Sweet and Kind	349
Love Not Me for Comely Grace	349
Icarus	349
The New Jerusalem	350
Crabbed Age and Youth	350
SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503?-1542)	
Forget Not Yet	351
HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY (1517?-1547)	
The Means to Attain Happy Life	351
SIR EDWARD DYER (c.1550-1607)	
My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is	351
JOHN LYLY (1553?-1606)	
Cupid and My Campaspe Played	352
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586)	
The Bargain.	352
Love Is Dead	352
Sonnets: (from <i>Astrophel and Stella</i>)	
Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show (I).	353
With how sad steps, O Moon (xxxI)	353
Having This Day My Horse, My Hand, My Lance (xli)	353
Leave Me, O Love, Which Reachest But to Dust	354
EDMUND SPENSER (1552-1599)	
Prothalamion	354
GEORGE PEELE (c.1558-c.1597)	
Fair and Fair	357
A Farewell to Arms	358
ROBERT GREENE (1560?-1592)	
Sephestia's Song to Her Child	358
The Shepherd's Wife's Song	358
Song: Sweet Are the Thoughts That Savor of Content	359
MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631)	
To the Virginian Voyage	360
Sonnet from <i>Idea</i>	360

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593)

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love 361

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (c.1552-1618)

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd 361

The Lie 361

His Pilgrimage 362

The Conclusion 363

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

Sonnets:

When I Do Count the Clock That Tells the Time (xii) 363

When I Consider Everything That Grows (xv) 364

Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day? (xviii) 364

When, in Disgrace with Fortune and Men's Eyes (xxix) 364

When to the Sessions of Sweet Silent Thought (xxx) 364

Full Many a Glorious Morning Have I Seen (xxxiii) 365

Like as the Waves Make Toward the Pebbled Shore (lx) 365

No Longer Mourn for Me When I Am Dead (lxxi) 365

That Time of Year Thou Mayst in Me Behold (lxxiii) 366

When in the Chronicle of Wasted Time (cvi) 366

Not Mine Own Fears, nor the Prophetic Soul (cvii) 366

Oh, Never Say That I Was False of Heart (cix) 366

Let Me Not to the Marriage of True Minds (cxvi) 367

How Oft, When Thou, My Music, Music Play'st (cxxviii) 367

Songs from the Plays:

When Icicles Hang by the Wall (from *Love's Labor's Lost*) 367

Who Is Silvia? (from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*) 367

Tell Me, Where Is Fancy Bred (from *The Merchant of Venice*) 368

Under the Greenwood Tree (from *As You Like It*) 368

Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind! (from *As You Like It*) 368

O Mistress Mine, Where Are You Roaming? (from *Twelfth Night*) 368

Take, O, Take Those Lips Away (from *Measure for Measure*) 368

Hark, Hark! the Lark (from *Cymbeline*) 369

Fear No More the Heat o'the Sun (from *Cymbeline*) 369

Full Fathom Five Thy Father Lies (from *The Tempest*) 369

Where the Bee Sucks, There Suck I (from *The Tempest*) 369

THOMAS NASH (1567-1601)

Spring 369

In Time of Pestilence 370

THOMAS CAMPION (1540-1619)

Integer Vitae 370

Sic Transit 371

Cherry-ripe 371

Winter Nights 371

SIR HENRY WOTTON (1568-1639)

On the Sudden Restraint of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset 371

The Character of a Happy Life 372

THOMAS DEKKER (c. 1575-c. 1641)

Sweet Content 372

Song: Virtue Smiles: Cry Holiday 372

SIR JOHN DAVIES (1569-1626)

Man 373

Seventeenth Century

BEN JONSON (1573-1637)	
Hymn to Diana	373
To Celia	373
Simplex Munditiis	374
To the Memory of My Beloved, Master William Shakespeare	374
JOHN FLETCHER (1579-1625)	
Sleep	375
Weep No More	375
SIR JOHN BEAUMONT (1583-1627)	
Of His Dear Son, Gervase	375
FRANCIS BEAUMONT (c. 1584-1616)	
On the Life of Man	376
JOHN WEBSTER (c. 1580-c. 1630)	
A Dirge	376
The Shrouding of the Duchess of Malfi	376
FRANCIS QUARLES (1592-1644)	
Respite Finem	376
THOMAS HEYWOOD (c. 1575-c. 1650)	
Matin Song	376
JOHN DONNE (1573-1631)	
Song: Go and Catch a Falling Star	377
The Indifferent	377
The Dream	377
Love's Deity	378
The Funeral	379
Death	379
A Hymn to God the Father	379
WILLIAM BROWNE (c. 1588-c. 1643)	
Memory	380
Epitaph: On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke	380
JAMES SHIRLEY (1596-1666)	
Death the Leveler	380
SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT (1606-1668)	
Aubade	380
THOMAS CAREW (c. 1598 - c. 1639)	
Song: Ask Me No More Where Jove Bestows	381
The Unfading Beauty	381
ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674)	
Corinna's Going a-Maying	381
The Night-Piece: To Julia	382
To Electra	382
Cherry-ripe	382
A Meditation for His Mistress	383
To Anthea, Who May Command Him Anything	383
To Daffodils	383
To Violets	383
To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time	384
A Thanksgiving to God for His House	384
A Child's Grace	384
Litany to the Holy Spirit	385
GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633)	
Virtue	385
The Pulley	385
The Collar	386

GEORGE HERBERT (continued)

Love	386
The World	386

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-1642)

A Doubt of Martyrdom	387
Why So Pale and Wan, Fond Lover?	387
The Constant Lover	387

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658)

To Lucasta, Going to the Wars	388
To Althea, from Prison	388

RICHARD CRASHAW (c. 1613-1649)

Wishes to His Supposed Mistress	388
From <i>The Flaming Heart</i>	390

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)

L'Allegro	390
Il Penseroso	392
From <i>Comus</i> :	
Comus speaks	394
The Lady sings	395
The Spirit epiloguizes	395
Lycidas	395

Sonnets:

To the Nightingale	399
On His Having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-three	399
When the Assault Was Intended to the City	400
On the Detraction Which Followed upon My Writing Certain Treatises	400
To the Lord General Cromwell, May, 1652	400
On the Late Massacre in Piedmont	401
On His Blindness	401
To Cyriack Skinner	401
On His Deceased Wife	402
Final Chorus (from <i>Samson Agonistes</i>)	402

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667)

The Lover's Resolution	402
When We Are upon the Seas	403
The Prayer of Old Age	403

ANDREW MARVELL (1621-1678)

A Garden	403
Bermudas	404

HENRY VAUGHAN (c. 1621-1695)

The Retreat	404
Peace	405
The World	405
The Timber	406
Departed Friends	406

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667)

The Swallow	407
The Wish	407

EDMUND WALLER (1606-1687)

Go, Lovely Rose	408
Old Age	408

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700)

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, November 22, 1687	408
Alexander's Feast, or, The Power of Music	409

Eighteenth Century

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719)	
Hymn	412
ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744)	
Rise, Crowned with Light	412
Universal Prayer	413
HENRY CAREY (c. 1693-1743)	
Sally in Our Alley	413
ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748)	
O God, Our Help in Ages Past	414
The Day of Judgment	414
JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748)	
Rule, Britannia: An Ode (from <i>Alfred</i> , a masque)	415
THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771)	
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard	416
Hymn to Adversity	418
The Bard: A Pindaric Ode	419
The Fatal Sisters: An Ode from the Norse Tongue	422
WILLIAM COLLINS (1721-1759)	
A Song from Shakespeare's <i>Cymbeline</i>	423
Ode: Written in the Beginning of the Year 1746	423
Ode to Evening	423
The Passions: An Ode for Music	424
WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)	
From <i>Olney Hymns</i> :	
Walking with God	426
God Moves in a Mysterious Way	426
On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture	427
On the Loss of the Royal George	429
To Mary Unwin	429
To Mary	429
The Castaway	430
CHARLES WESLEY (1707-1788)	
In Temptation	431
OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774)	
Woman	431
WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827)	
To the Muses	432
To the Evening Star	432
Song: My Silks and Fine Array	432
Introduction to <i>Songs of Innocence</i>	432
The Lamb	433
Night	433
The Tiger	433
The Clod and the Pebble	434
A Poison Tree	434
Ah, Sunflower	434
Love's Secret	434
I Saw a Chapel All of Gold	434
The Book of Thel	435
And Did Those Feet in Ancient Time? (from <i>Milton</i>)	437
ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)	
Mary Morrison	438
To a Mouse	438

ROBERT BURNS (continued)

The Cotter's Saturday Night	439
A Red, Red Rose	442
My Jean	442
Auld Lang Syne	443
John Anderson, My Jo, John	443
Oh, Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut	443
To Mary in Heaven	444
The Lovely Lass o'Inverness: A Lament for Culloden	444
Ae Fond Kiss	444
The Banks o' Doon	445
Bonnie Lesley	445
Highland Mary	445
Duncan Gray	446
Scots, Wha Hae	446
A Man's a Man for A' That	446
O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast	447
Address to the Deil	447
Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous	449
Holy Willie's Prayer	450

CAROLINE OLIPHANT, LADY NAIRNE (1766-1845)

The Land o' the Leal	451
--------------------------------	-----

Nineteenth Century

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)

Intern Abbey	452
There Was a Boy	454
Influence of Natural Objects	455
She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways	456
I Traveled Among Unknown Men	456
Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower	456
A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal	457
My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold	457
Resolution and Independence	457
The Solitary Reaper	460
At the Grave of Burns, 1803	460
She Was a Phantom of Delight	461
I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud	462
To a Sky-lark	462
To a Sky-lark	462
Ode to Duty	463
Character of the Happy Warrior	463
Ode: Intimations of Immortality	465

Sonnets:

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802	468
Composed by the Sea-Side near Calais, August, 1802	468
It Is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free	468
London, 1802	468
The World Is Too Much with Us	469
Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland	469
The Trossachs	469

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834)

Kubla Khan	470
Youth and Age	471

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)	
The Old Familiar Faces	471
SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)	
Patriotism (from <i>The Lay of the Last Minstrel</i>)	472
Harp of the North (from <i>The Lady of the Lake</i>)	472
Harp of the North, Farewell! (from <i>The Lady of the Lake</i>)	473
Soldier, Rest! Thy Warfare O'er (from <i>The Lady of the Lake</i>)	473
Brignall Banks (from <i>Rokeby</i>)	474
Border Song (from <i>The Monastery</i>)	474
Glee for King Charles (from <i>Woodstock</i>)	475
THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844)	
Ye Mariners of England	475
THOMAS HOOD (1799-1845)	
Fair Ines	476
I Remember, I Remember	476
The Song of the Shirt	476
The Bridge of Sighs	477
THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)	
The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls	479
Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms	479
CHARLES WOLFE (1791-1823)	
The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna	479
LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859)	
Jenny Kissed Me	480
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864)	
Rose Aylmer	480
When Helen First Saw Wrinkles in Her Face (from <i>Lyrics to Ianthe</i>)	480
Past Ruined Iliou Helen Lives (from <i>Lyrics to Ianthe</i>)	481
Why, Why Repine (from <i>Lyrics to Ianthe</i>)	481
Mother, I Cannot Mind My Wheel	481
On His Seventy-fifth Birthday	481
On Death	481
GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788-1824)	
She Walks in Beauty (from <i>Hebrew Melodies</i>)	481
When We Two Parted	482
Stanzas for Music	482
Sonnet on Chillon	482
We'll Go No More a-Roving	482
The Isles of Greece	483
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822)	
Stanzas: Away! the Moor Is Dark Beneath the Moon	484
Hymn to Intellectual Beauty	485
Ozymandias	486
The Cloud	486
To a Sky-lark	488
Ode to the West Wind	489
Lyrics from <i>Prometheus Unbound</i> :	
From Unremembered Ages	490
Life of Life! Thy Lips Enkindle	492
My Soul Is an Enchanted Boat	492
Adonais	493
The Indian Serenade	502
Final Chorus from <i>Hellas</i>	503
To Night	503

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (continued)

A Lament	504
To ———: Music, When Soft Voices Die	504
Lines: When the Lamp Is Shattered	504

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)

Sonnets:

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer	504
When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be	505
On Seeing the Elgin Marbles	505
On the Sea	505
Bright Star! Would I Were Steadfast as Thou Art	505
Song of the Indian Maid (from <i>Endymion</i>)	506
Robin Hood	508
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern	508
Ode: Bards of Passion and of Mirth	509
Ode on a Grecian Urn	509
Ode to a Nightingale	510
Ode on Melancholy	512
To Autumn	512

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN (1803-1849)

The Nameless One	513
------------------	-----

GERALD GRIFFIN (1803-1849)

Eileen Aroon	514
--------------	-----

FRANCIS MAHONY (1804-1866)

The Bells of Shandon	514
----------------------	-----

EDWARD FITZGERALD (1809-1883)

<i>The Rubáiyát</i> of Omar Khayyám: Stanzas I, VII, XII-XXVII, LXIII-LXXI, XCVI-CI	515
---	-----

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1806-1861)

Sonnets from the Portuguese:

I Thought Once How Theocritus Had Sung (I)	518
Unlike Are We, Unlike, O Princely Heart! (III)	518
Go from Me. Yet I Feel That I Shall Stand (VI)	519
What Can I Give Thee Back, O Liberal (VIII)	519
If Thou Must Love Me, Let It Be for Nought (XIV)	519
When Our Two Souls Stand Up Erect and Strong (XXII)	519
How Do I Love Thee? Let Me Count the Ways (XLIII)	520

GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880)

O May I Join the Choir Invisible	520
----------------------------------	-----

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892)

The Poet	521
Ænone	522
The Lotos-Eaters	526
Saint Agnes' Eve	529
Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights	529
Ulysses	530
The Poet's Song	531

Lyrics from *The Princess*:

As Through the Land at Eve We Went	531
The Splendor Falls on Castle Walls	531
Tears, Idle Tears	532
Thy Voice Is Heard	532
Ask Me No More	532
Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal	532
Come Down, O Maid	533

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (continued)

In Memoriam A. H. H.: Selections:

Poem, I, IX-XII, XLIV-LVI, CVI, CXIV, CXXV-CXXVIII	533
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington	540
Hands All Round	544
The Brook	544
Come into the Garden, Maud (from <i>Maud</i>)	545
O That 'Twere Possible (from <i>Maud</i>)	546
Milton	546
Flower in the Crannied Wall	546
To Vergil	546
Far—Far—Away	547
Crossing the Bar	547

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)

Over the Sea Our Galleys Went (from <i>Paracelsus</i>)	548
The Year's at the Spring (from <i>Pippa Passes</i>)	549
You'll Love Me Yet (from <i>Pippa Passes</i>)	549
The Moth's Kiss, First! (from <i>In a Gondola</i>)	549
There's a Woman Like a Dewdrop (from <i>A Blot in the 'Scutcheon</i>)	549
The Lost Leader	549
Meeting at Night	550
Parting at Morning	550
Home-Thoughts, from Abroad	550
Home-Thoughts, from the Sea	551
My Star	551
Two in the Campagna	551
In Three Days	552
Memorabilia	552
A Grammarian's Funeral	553
One Word More	555
Rabbi Ben Ezra	558
Caliban upon Setebos	561
Confessions	566
Prospice	566
From the Dedication of <i>The Ring and The Book</i>	567
House	567
Prologue to <i>La Saisiaz</i>	568
Summum Bonum	568
A Pearl, A Girl	568
Epilogue to Asolando	569

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY (1844-1881)

Ode: We Are the Music-makers	569
Song: Has Summer Come Without the Rose	569

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819-1861)

Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth	570
Hope Evermore and Believe	570
It Fortifies My Soul	571

GEORGE MEREDITH (1828-1909)

Love in the Valley	571
Lucifer in Starlight	575
Modern Love: Stanza XIII, I Play for Seasons; Not Eternities!	575

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)

Shakespeare	576
The Forsaken Merman	576

MATTHEW ARNOLD (continued)	
Self-Deception	578
A Summer Night	578
The Buried Life	580
Philomela	581
Immortality	581
Dover Beach	582
Growing Old	582
Rugby Chapel	583
The Last Word	585
JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN (1801-1890)	
Lead, Kindly Light	585
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882)	
My Sister's Sleep	586
The Blessed Damozel	587
A New Year's Burden	588
Four Sonnets from <i>The House of Life</i> :	
The Choice (I, II, III)	589
Soul's Beauty	589
CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI (1830-1894)	
Uphill	590
RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE (1825-1900)	
Dominus Illuminatio Mea	590
AUSTIN DOBSON (1840-1921)	
In After Days	590
FRANCIS THOMPSON (1859-1907)	
The Hound of Heaven	591
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837-1909)	
Choruses from <i>Atalanta in Calydon</i> :	
The Youth of the Year	593
The Life of Man	594
The Garden of Proserpine	595
Cor Cordium	596
A Forsaken Garden	596
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)	
Romance	598
In the Highlands	598
Sing Me a Song of a Lad That Is Gone	598
Requiem	599
WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY (1849-1903)	
Ballade of a Toyokuni Color-Print	599
The Ways of Death	599
What Is to Come We Know Not	599
Invictus	600
We'll Go No More a-Roving	600
Margaritae Sorori	600
On the Way to Kew	601
From the Brake the Nightingale	601
Matri Dilectissimae	601
England, My England	602
WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-1896)	
Summer Dawn	603
The Nymph's Song to Hylas (from <i>The Life and Death of Jason</i>)	603
June (from <i>The Earthly Paradise</i>)	603

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM (1824-1889)	
The Fairies	604
ROBERT BRIDGES (1844-)	
My Delight and Thy Delight	604
Nightingales	605
A Passer-by	605
Pater Filio	605
RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-)	
The Last Chantey	606
The Feet of the Young Men	607
Recessional	609
The Explorer	609
The White Man's Burden	611
Rimmon	611
"For All We Have and Are"	612
THOMAS HARDY (1840-)	
She Hears the Storm	613
In the Moonlight	613
The Man He Killed	613

Twentieth Century

SIEGFRIED SASOON (1886-)	
The Kiss	614
Absolution	614
The Troops	614
Counter-Attack	615
To Any Dead Officer	616
JOHN McCRAE (1872-1918)	
In Flanders Fields	617
"A. E." (GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL) (1862-)	
The Memory of Earth	617
ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN (1859-)	
From <i>A Shropshire Lad</i> :	
Reveille (iv)	617
Towns and Countries Woo Together (ii)	617
O See How Thick the Goldcup Flowers (v)	618
When I Was One-and-Twenty (xiii)	618
White in the Moon the Long Road Lies (xxxvi)	618
With Rue My Heart Is Laden (liv)	618
From <i>Last Poems</i> :	
As I Gird on for Fighting (ii)	618
The Chestnut Casts His Flambeaux (ix)	619
When I Would Muse in Boyhood (xxxii)	619
When Summer's End Is Nighing (xxxix)	619
RUPERT BROOKE (1887-1915)	
Menelaus and Helen	620
Sonnets from <i>Nineteen-Fourteen</i> :	
Peace (i)	620
Safety (ii)	621
The Dead (iii)	621
The Dead (iv)	621
The Soldier (v)	622
The Treasure (vi)	622

WILFRED WILSON GIBSON (1878-)	
From <i>Battle</i> :	
The Return	622
Comrades	622
Hit	622
Victory	623
JOHN MASEFIELD (1874-)	
Sea-Fever	623
The West Wind	623
On Growing Old	624
ARTHUR SYMONS (1865-)	
From <i>Amoris Victima</i> :	
He Who Has Entered by This Sorrow's Door (i)	624
All That I Know of Love I Learned of You (ii)	625
Is It This Weary and Most Constant Heart (iii)	625
I Know That You Are Lost to Me (iv)	625
Love Turns to Hate, They Say (v)	625
From <i>Amoris Exsul</i> :	
Remembrance (ix)	625
The Wanderers (xiv)	626
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE (1866-)	
An Echo from Horace	626
Ballade of the Oldest Duel in the World	627
May Is Back	628
Song: My Eyes upon Your Eyes	628
WALTER DE LA MARE (1873-)	
Shadow	628
Voices	628
"MOIRA O'NEILL"	
A Broken Song	629
ALFRED NOYES (1880-)	
The Barrel-Organ	629
A Victory Dance	632
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865-)	
The Lake Isle of Innisfree	633
The Rose of the World	633
He Remembers Forgotten Beauty	633

AMERICAN
Nineteenth Century

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878)	
Thanatopsis	634
To a Waterfowl	636
The Death of the Flowers	636
To the Fringed Gentian	637
The Death of Lincoln	637
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)	
The Day Is Done	637
The Arrow and the Song	638
The Bridge	638
The Ship of State (from <i>The Building of the Ship</i>)	639
My Lost Youth	639
Sonnets Prefixed to the <i>Divina Commedia</i> :	
Oft Have I Seen at Some Cathedral Door (i)	640
How Strange the Sculptures That Adorn These Towers! (ii)	641

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (Sonnets continued)	
I Enter, and I See Thee in the Gloom (iii)	641
With Snow-white Veil and Garments as of Flame (iv)	641
I Lift Mine Eyes, and All the Windows Blaze (v)	641
O Star of Morning and of Liberty! (vi)	642
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894)	
Old Ironsides	642
The Chambered Nautilus	642
Hymn of Trust	643
A Sun-Day Hymn	643
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892)	
The Barefoot Boy	644
Our Master	645
In School-Days	646
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891)	
The Shepherd of King Admetus	647
EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)	
To Helen	648
The Conqueror Worm	648
The Raven	649
Ulalume	651
Annabel Lee	652
RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)	
Concord Hymn	653
Give All to Love	653
Brahma	653
HENRY TIMROD (1828-1867)	
Sonnet: Life Ever Seems as from Its Present Site	654
Sonnet: I Scarcely Grieve, O Nature! at the Lot	654
Sonnet: I Know Not Why, but All This Weary Day	654
PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE (1830-1886)	
The First Mocking-Bird in Spring	655
Under the Pine	655
In Harbor	656
WALT WHITMAN (1819-1892)	
In Cabined Ships at Sea	657
Me Imperturbe	658
I Hear America Singing	658
Crossing Brooklyn Ferry	658
Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking	662
Vigil Strange I Kept on the Field One Night	665
Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun	666
When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed	667
There Was a Child Went Forth	671
Darest Thou Now, O Soul	672
Song at Sunset	672
JOAQUIN MILLER (1841-1913)	
Columbus	673
SIDNEY LANIER (1842-1881)	
Song of the Chattahoochee	674
The Mocking Bird	675
The Marshes of Glynn	675
EUGENE FIELD (1850-1895)	
Little Boy Blue	677

Twentieth Century

EDWIN MARKHAM (1852-)	
The Man with the Hoe	677
Lincoln, the Man of the People	678
WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY (1869-1910)	
Pandora's Song (from <i>The Fire-Bringer</i>)	679
The Death of Eve	680
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON (1869-)	
The Master	683
The Gift of God	684
Cassandra	685
THOMAS AUGUSTINE DALY (1871-)	
Mia Carlotta	685
Da Leetla Boy	686
The Journey's End	686
ROBERT FROST (1875-)	
To the Thawing Wind	687
The Pasture	687
Mending Wall	687
After Apple-Picking	688
The Road Not Taken	688
Birches	689
VACHEL LINDSAY (1879-)	
General William Booth Enters into Heaven	690
Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight	691
CHESTER FIRKINS (1882-1915)	
On a Subway Express	691
ALAN SEEGER (1888-1916)	
I Have a Rendezvous with Death	692
SARA TEASDALE (1884-)	
Helen of Troy	692
Spring Night	693
Summer Night, Riverside	694
Wood Song	694
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY (1892-)	
God's World	694
Afternoon on a Hill	694
When the Year Grows Old	695
ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH	
Songs for My Mother:	
Her Hands	695
Her Words	695
To a New York Shop-Girl Dressed for Sunday	696
Grieve Not, Ladies	697
LOUIS UNTERMEYER (1885-)	
Summons	697
Prayer	698
How Much of Godhood	699
The Great Carousal	699
On the Palisades	700
Highmount	702
Reveille	703

CALE YOUNG RICE (1872-)	
How Many Ways	703
"All's Well"	703
The Shore's Song to the Sea	704
Transiency	705
MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON (1867-1921)	
The Breaking	705
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT (1886-)	
The Falconer of God	706
THOMAS S. JONES, JR. (1882-)	
As in a Rose-Jar	706
Youth	707
May-Eve	707
To Song	707
Of One Who Walks Alone	707
Dusk at Sea	708
CARL SANDBURG (1878-)	
Chicago	708
Lost	708
The Harbor	709
Killers	709
Under the Harvest Moon	709
Nocturne in a Deserted Brickyard	709
Smoke and Steel	709
JOHN GOULD FLETCHER (1886-)	
Irradiations (xxxvi)	712
The Gale	713
Night of Stars	714
The Night Wind	714
Skyscrapers	714
Broadway's Canyon	715
The Moon's Orchestra	715
Lincoln	715

CHAPTER VI

THE DRAMA

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY	719
JOHN M. SYNGE (1871-1909)	
Tragedy: <i>Riders to the Sea</i>	726
LADY AUGUSTA GREGORY (1859-)	
Comedy: <i>Hyacinth Halvey</i>	733
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865-)	
Fantasy: <i>The Land of Heart's Desire</i>	748

CHAPTER VII

HISTORY

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY	759
THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE, A.D. 754-755	764
RICHARD HAKLUYT (1553-1616)	
From <i>Voyages: The Epistle Dedicatorie</i>	765
From Raleigh's <i>The Last Fight of the Revenge</i>	768
From Drake's <i>Voyage Around the World</i>	772

EDWARD GIBBON (1737-1794)	
From <i>The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire</i> : Chapter iv	776
THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881)	
From <i>The French Revolution</i> : Book II, Chapter VIII, Place de la Révolution	787
THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859)	
From the <i>Essay on Lord Clive</i> : Extract on the Conquest of Bengal	792
JOHN RICHARD GREEN (1837-1883)	
From <i>A Short History of the English People</i> : The Peasant Revolt, 1377-1381	803
FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823-1893)	
From <i>The Conspiracy of Pontiac</i> : Chapter x, Detroit; Chapter XI, The Treachery of Pontiac.	811

CHAPTER VIII

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY	825
MRS. MARY ROWLANDSON	
From <i>A Narrative of The Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson</i>	829
SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703)	
From <i>The Diary of Samuel Pepys</i> : Entries for April 1-24, 1661	839
JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795)	
From <i>The Life of Samuel Johnson</i> : How Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes Dined Together	850
EDWARD J. TRELAWNY (1792-1881)	
From <i>Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron</i> : Chapters x-xII. The Last Days of Shelley	857
THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825-1895)	
<i>Autobiography</i>	870
LYTTON STRACHEY (1880-)	
From <i>Queen Victoria</i> : Chapter VIII. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield	876

CHAPTER IX

THE ESSAY

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY	891
FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)	
Of Death	895
Of Travel	896
Of Youth and Age	897
Of Negotiating	898
Of Studies	899
RICHARD STEELE (1671-1729)	
Recollections of Childhood	900
JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719)	
The Vision of Mirza	902
The Fine Lady's Journal	905
HENRY FIELDING (1707-1754)	
On Taste in the Choice of Books	907
OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774)	
Beau Tibbs	910
Beau Tibbs at Home	912
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)	
Preface to the <i>Lyrical Ballads</i>	914

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)	
Dream-Children: A Reverie	928
Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading	930
Old China	934
WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830)	
On Going a Journey	937
On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth	944
On the Fear of Death	951
THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859)	
Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power	957
Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow	960
THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859)	
History	964
Correctness and Classicism	969
THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881)	
On History	975
Labor	981
JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN (1801-1890)	
Literature	984
EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)	
The Philosophy of Composition	989
RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)	
Friendship	996
HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817-1862)	
Brute Neighbors	1004
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863)	
Addison	1011
On a Lazy Idle Boy	1016
JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900)	
Of the Pathetic Fallacy	1021
MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)	
The Study of Poetry	1026
Literature and Science	1032
THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825-1895)	
A Liberal Education	1043
WALTER PATER (1839-1894)	
Romanticism	1046
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)	
Walking Tours	1050
Æs Triplex	1055
A Gossip on Romance	1059
STEPHEN LEACOCK (1869-)	
Homer and Humbug	1065
GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON (1874-)	
On Sandals and Simplicity	1068
ARNOLD BENNETT (1867-)	
Why a Classic Is a Classic	1071
HILAIRE BELLOC (1870-)	
The Mowing of a Field	1073
SAMUEL MCCORD CROTHERS (1857-)	
Satan Among the Biographers	1078

CHAPTER X

PROSE FICTION: THE SHORT STORY

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY1087
EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)	
The Cask of Amontillado1091
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864)	
Rappaccini's Daughter1095
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)	
The Sire de Malétoit's Door1112
MYRA KELLY (1876-1910)	
A Christmas Present for a Lady1124
O. HENRY (1862-1910)	
A Municipal Report1128
ARTHUR MORRISON (1863-)	
On the Stairs1137
ARTHUR T. QUILLER-COUCH (1863-)	
The Roll-Call of the Reef1140
W. W. JACOBS (1863-)	
A Change of Treatment1149
HARRY GRISWOLD DWIGHT (1875-)	
In the Pasha's Garden1153
KATHERINE MANSFIELD (1889-1923)	
The Garden-Party1164
APPENDIX	
Topics for Study, Discussion, and Written Report1177
INDEX1189

CHAPTER I

THE EPIC

AN INTRODUCTION

I. WHY POETRY DEVELOPED BEFORE PROSE

The nature of poetry explains why it developed in literature earlier than prose, for its more persistent sense of rhythm makes it a better medium than prose for arousing or giving outlet to the emotions. Wherever we can trace the first stirrings of self-expression in a tribe or nation, even before writing was known, we find poetry employed to express or arouse the emotions of the group—as in songs of war or religious observance—and of the individual—as in incantations, and songs of love or hate. Youth, whether spoken of as a period in the life of an individual or of a group, is a time of emotional sensation and perception, rather than of philosophic reflection and criticism. As young people and young nations discover for themselves what the experiences of life mean, their first reaction is emotional. An important crisis of youth is usually preceded and followed by an emotional outburst. Songs of love may be followed, if the lover is successful, by the hymn of marriage, or if unsuccessful, by the lament. The tribal war song preceded the battle, and the returning warriors chanted either the song of victory or the lament of defeat. We may say, therefore, that the rhythm of poetry first enabled both the primitive social group and its individual members to give adequate expression to their emotional reactions.

We are likely to regard with awe, if not with actual reverence, whatever exercises a power over us which we can neither understand nor control. Consequently it is easy for us to perceive why early tribal bards and the songs which they sang were set apart as sacred possessions of the tribe. The emotion felt by warriors on hearing a bard sing a ballad of war was comparable to that which they experienced in battle, and under

his spell they felt themselves capable of accomplishing unusual, perhaps superhuman, deeds of valor. His ability to play upon their emotions seemed uncanny, for besides war songs he knew charms against sickness and spells which brought misfortune upon one's enemies. Accordingly, when the mists of prehistoric times roll away, we see the bard already established in the hall of the tribal chief or king, and regarded as especially gifted of the gods.

Reverence for the singer is easily transferred to the song which survives him. As time passed, and the heroic traditions of a tribe were gathered in ballads or lays, and these were combined in popular epics, such poems came to be regarded with a reverence equal to that which was accorded to the bards; for no matter who sang them, they of themselves had power to arouse the emotions, to recall the past glories of the tribe, and to depict the ideals which the listening audience should emulate. To the reverence with which the lay and the popular epic were regarded we owe in great part their preservation.

The prior development of poetry over prose may also be explained by other circumstances in tribal life than reverence for that medium which provided so mysterious an emotional outlet. No matter how much one may wish to remember prose, it is scarcely possible to do so, for prose does not, as poetry does, assist the memory. Hence, if prose is to be preserved, it must invariably be set down in writing. On the other hand, the recurring rhythm of poetry stimulates the memory, and if rime or alliteration be added, the stimulus is increased. Of fundamental importance, too, is the lyric element, introducing, as it does in most forms of poetry which are intended to be sung, repetitions of words, lines, or entire stanzas. On the whole, poetry, because of

its technique, as described above, and its ability to arouse and sustain the imagination, imprints itself permanently upon the memory as prose does not. We may remember our general reactions to a prose composition, but prose usually employs more words to produce its effect than does poetry, and its lack of such poetic devices as marked rhythm, rime, and alliteration makes it impossible for the memory to retain the exact words in which the thought or emotion has been expressed. Consequently tribes which did not know writing could not retain in their memory either a story or an emotional impression, except through the medium of poetry.

The first half of this book is devoted to tracing the development of the types of poetry and the dominant ideas which poetry has expressed in English and American literature. Because, in the main, narrative poetry developed first, we shall trace its growth to the present day before tracing that of lyric poetry. Narrative poetry, originally the expression of the group, became, in time, the expression of the individual. Though we do not know the author either of any popular English or Celtic epic or of any truly popular ballad, yet from medieval times on we know the author of a poem, and his point of view takes an increasingly important position in his work. But although we may perceive from the earliest records a general tendency to shift the emphasis of narrative poetry from the interest of the group to that of the individual, we must not suppose that in modern times narrative poetry about the group and for the group has been abandoned. Instead, both kinds advance together, with the emphasis at present upon the narrative of the individual. In like manner, while narrative poetry at first presented its story objectively from the point of view of the actors of the story, it has since tended, in one of two ways, to become more subjective: by introducing the emotional reaction of the author to the story, as Scott does in his narrative poems, or else by becoming at least imaginatively autobiographical, as in Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and Masfield's "The River." Hence we cannot say dogmatically that either the objective or the subjective attitude is typical of the narrative poet. We

are accustomed to grant that in general the attitude of the lyric poet is chiefly subjective and individual; but at present the importance in society of the individual is such that the subjective attitude predominates in both narrative and lyric poetry. It is in no wise possible to assign such poems as Amy Lowell's "Patterns" and "No. 3 on the Docket," Hardy's *Satires of Circumstance*, and Masters' *Spoon River Anthology* definitely either to the narrative or to the lyric group. A recognition of this fact discloses a most interesting trend in the development of literature, for while until the time of the Renaissance the tendency of the Middle Ages was to build up separate literary types of thought and expression, since the Renaissance the tendency has been to tear down the distinctions of type both in poetry and prose. Even as lyric and narrative poetry tend to approach each other, so the essay and the short story encroach upon the domain of the novel, while history, biography, and the novel are constantly borrowing each other's methods. Yet throughout this development certain ideas and forms have proved dominant. It is our present purpose to trace their development in the realm of narrative poetry.

At the outset a word must be said about the place and function of meter in this general development. In narrative poetry the story is of primary interest, and the meter serves chiefly as its rhythmic vehicle, maintaining a subordinate position. Elaborations of metrical form did not invade the field of narrative poetry until long after they had become fully established in lyric poetry. The roughly accentual meter of the Anglo-Saxon epic, the heroic couplet in which Chaucer wrote a great part of *The Canterbury Tales*, and the iambic pentameter, or blank verse, of Milton's *Paradise Lost* are simple metrical forms, especially when compared with the elaborate lyric structures which appeared in lyric poetry as early as the time of Chaucer. We shall see that during the nineteenth century modern narrative poetry borrowed from lyric poetry considerable metrical subtlety, even as it borrowed from it substance, but the result was to decrease the length of the individual narrative poem, because the ear and the mind cannot retain elaborate verse forms over a long period. The

constantly apparent beauty of the meter of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* draws our attention away from the story, and the more successful of Scott's longer narrative poems employ either a rimed couplet or a relatively simple ballad stanza. Elaborate verse forms seem to be used successfully in modern narrative poetry only in such comparatively short poems as "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats.

Writers of long narrative poems subsequent to Scott have followed him, nearly always, in employing a simple meter, sometimes introducing lyric interludes, much as did the Celtic bards in their epics. What effect free verse will have upon narrative poetry we cannot yet determine. The principle of free verse is to secure an elasticity of rhythm and length of line which will harmonize with the emotion of the moment. The germ of free verse, perhaps, is inherent in the roughly accentual verse of the Anglo-Saxon epic. Certain of its characteristics appear in Coleridge's *Christabel*. But free verse and one of its ramifications, polyphonic prose, did not attract any considerable attention in the writing of narrative poetry until Amy Lowell published the two volumes *Men, Women and Ghosts* (1916) and *Can Grande's Castle* (1918). Whether free verse can develop a sufficiently marked rhythm to carry a long narrative, without ceasing to be free verse, time alone can tell. A simple strongly-marked meter has been almost universally the chosen medium for long narrative poems, but it is certain that the possibilities of free verse have been by no means exhausted. In meter, as in plot and in style, modern narrative poetry has shown a marked development, analogous to that of lyric poetry.

II. THE EPIC TRADITION IN ENGLAND

The first type of narrative poetry which we shall consider is the epic, both in its popular and its literary development. By popular epic we mean an epic about which the following three statements are true: that it was handed down orally from bard to bard during the tribal age; that it is the work of no one poet; and that it represents a constant growth and alteration in form and subject-matter from age to age.

By literary epic we mean an epic which was created by one author conscious of the epic tradition. Both kinds of epic have, however, the same fundamental characteristics, for the same general purpose inspired the bards who developed the popular epic and the poets who wrote literary epics. The epic may be defined in general as a narrative poem of considerable length, which depicts against a background of the past—and usually it is the heroic or mythical past—the deeds and adventures of heroic or supernatural beings, who represent, consciously or unconsciously, national or religious ideals. Story, characters, and technique are broad and sweeping in outline, although the literary epic has frequently adorned itself with spoils taken from a long literary heritage, and therefore has often become a highly conscious and intricate performance. A distinctive characteristic of both the popular and the literary epic is its reverent idealization of the past; because of this characteristic the epic became a shrine for those ideals which men believed once to have been on earth, and which they hoped might return.

The history of English epic poetry, both popular and literary, is very simple. Between the fourth and the eighth centuries a number of epics were composed by tribal bards. Of these epics, all the Anglo-Saxon examples have been lost except *Beowulf* and fragments of one or two others, while of the Celtic epics none has come down to us in a complete form. Possibly the Celtic bards never perfected an epic or passed beyond the ballad form of composition, though of this we cannot be sure. What are preserved from the Celtic tribal age are the prose retellings of epic sagas interspersed with fragments of verse. But even these prose retellings mirror adequately the epic spirit of the Celtic bards. At least two great cycles of the heroic age are represented in the prose adaptations, that of *The Deeds of Cuchulain*, and that of *The Deeds of Finn*. Around them are grouped many other stories which have only the most tenuous connection with the fate of the central hero, though they plainly belong to the epic age.

After the eleventh century the growth of feudalism, as a result of the Norman invasion, put an end to the conditions favorable to the composition of the popular

epic, and though long narrative poems were written and recited at the courts of the feudal lords, they no longer dealt with epic material, but with that which is associated with medieval romance and the ideals of chivalry. They were called romances, and are a separate type of narrative poetry.

At the end of the Middle Ages, with the coming of the Renaissance, one might expect that the rise of national ideals in England under the Tudors would have led some of the Elizabethan poets to compose a literary epic which should mirror the ideals and glories of the new nation, but such was not the case, for while many long narrative poems were written, they more nearly approached the medieval romance than the epic. Of these the best example is unquestionably Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. Another reason for the lack of epic poetry in this age may well have been the great interest in the drama.

In the seventeenth century the two epics of John Milton—*Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*—were in part by-products of the battle between Puritanism and the Established Church. Although Milton modeled his epics in form upon the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of Homer and the *Aeneid* of Vergil, and although he had no acquaintance with *Beowulf* or the *Cuchulain Saga*, the ideals characteristic of both the Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic epics play a considerable part in *Paradise Lost*.

The eighteenth century, the so-called Age of Reason, was not conducive to the production of either the popular or the literary epic. The national ideals of England were not vigorously or ideally expressed either through its royal family or its peaceful constitutional monarchy. The nearest approach we can find to the epic lies in Pope's mock-heroic *The Rape of the Lock*, which employs all the majestic machinery of the epic for the narration of a social bagatelle.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century the French Revolution and the Industrial Revolution led to a new era in England, which is known in history as the rise of the British Empire, and in literature as the Romantic Revival. This period would seem to have been propitious for some poet to body forth the new ideal of life through the medium of the literary epic. However,

the poets of this period were in the main subjective individualists, who preferred the lyric or the short narrative poem as a medium for expression. During the nineteenth century, although Sir Walter Scott in his narrative poems approached somewhat the spirit of the epic, his interest in the medieval traditions of Scottish chivalry led him to imitate the medieval romance rather than the epic. In the Victorian Age, Tennyson, in the *Idylls of the King*, took a subject which had epic possibilities, but he treated it as a spiritualized romance of chivalry. No matter what may be the literary excellences of the *Idylls of the King*, and they are many, they do not include such a vigorous presentation of national ideals as do the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic epics or *Paradise Lost*. At the end of the century William Morris, like Sir Walter Scott, recaptured some of the spirit of the epic in his long narrative poems, but his interest in the story was for its own sake, without any sense of an ethical or national mission. As he said in the prologue to *The Earthly Paradise*, he was the "idle singer of an empty day."

In the twentieth century, with the exception of *Drake* by Alfred Noyes, no conscious literary epic poetry of consequence has been written. In fact, after the Norman Conquest, with its substitution of Norman French for Anglo-Saxon as a literary language, the English people lost that sense of literary continuity with the Anglo-Saxons which would have been helpful in cherishing the composition of epic poetry. During the Renaissance the use of classical models did not arouse in the English a desire for national epics of their own, and when in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries they refound the forgotten Anglo-Saxon and Celtic epic material, the literary atmosphere of the time was not propitious to the epic spirit. Although the deeds of Englishmen at this time would have furnished admirable material for an epic glorification of the British Empire, sufficient time had not elapsed to place this period in the epic past. Moreover, the spirit of the nineteenth century had developed in poets an interest in personal reactions rather than the reactions of a group. Perhaps the World War and the new realm which science has opened to us will revive

the epic spirit in our descendants, but at present English epic poetry presents the picture of a vigorous stream which started between high banks in Anglo-Saxon times, but which eventually broadened its course, diversified its channels, and dispersed the united energy of its current, until it was partly merged in the general river of poetic endeavor, and whose presence may now be traced through many shifting narrative forms, rather than in the single epic form from which it started.

III. ANGLO-SAXON AND CELTIC IDEALS OF THE TRIBAL AGE

As our attention in this book is to be concentrated upon the literature of the English and American peoples, it is necessary for us to consider briefly the ideals peculiar to both the Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic tribes who first voiced them in the popular epic. The Anglo-Saxon of the age in which the popular epic developed was, above all things, tenacious of purpose, self-contained, of excellent moral stamina, and expectant of little from life except the hardest kind of battle. Life to him was more or less of a mystery, to be faced fearlessly, but without any hope of compassion or quarter from the natural or supernatural forces opposed to him. Though he often had emotional reactions about these forces, the Anglo-Saxon, unlike the Celt, rarely let his emotions or longings befog the clearness of his vision. Above all he prized his sense of fact, which tempered the blindness of over-confidence and pride, a blindness fatal, in his opinion, to a successful life. Throughout Anglo-Saxon poetry there breathes, too, a sense of family and of tribal solidarity, and a loyalty to the tribal chieftain who was the tangible representative of the spiritual ideals of good government and justice. In the Anglo-Saxon epic one is constantly aware of the existence of that profound interest in a code of ethics and in political government which has always been characteristic of the English people.

The Celtic tribes had a happier and more radiant view of life, akin to the naïve wonder of children at nature. Though they were like the Anglo-Saxons in their awe of Fate, their eyes and their hearts reflected the joy

they felt for the beautiful in nature and in life. While the humor of the Anglo-Saxon is grim, ironic, and mature, that of the Celt is simple, charming, and childlike in its appreciation of the beautiful and amusing things which the current of life brings to every man. In like manner, though the Celts share with the Anglo-Saxons a sense of the mystery of life, it does not fill them with foreboding. They feel both an ineffable and tender melancholy at the transitory and illusive nature of beauty, and an eager joy that so much beauty has been vouchsafed. That a mighty warrior should die young is a tragedy, but to the Celtic bard the tragedy is not the only consideration. He takes into account the beauty of the young man's life while he was yet at the height of his power, and the inscrutability of those unknown forces which swept him away out of this world into one which the bard felt, and all his people with him, must be even more beautiful than the one he left. The epic bards of the Celtic tribes believed in general that our world is only an imperfect fragment of a greater and more beautiful world of eternal youth, where those who have honorably performed their part in this world will find a solution for the mysteries of life, and dwell in eternal happiness.

The persistence of Anglo-Saxon and Celtic ideals in our literature is remarkable, when we take into account the influence of the ideals of feudalism and chivalry which were introduced into England by the Norman Conquest, and the influence of the Renaissance with its insistence upon the excellence of the classics. Although the form of every literary epic written by an English poet has shown the influence of Vergil, yet the ideals expressed by the story and the characters have been persistently like those found in the popular epics of the Anglo-Saxons and Celts. In Milton's *Paradise Lost* the grim determination of Satan to fight regardless of the outcome, his tragic despair, and his ever-present yearning for beauty and happiness find their counterparts in *Beowulf* and in the *Cuchulain Saga*. We shall see throughout the development of epic poetry in English literature the persistence of a certain attitude toward life which we can identify as distinctly British, no matter what modifications the form may undergo.

IV. THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ANGLO-SAXON AND THE CELTIC POPULAR EPICS

The conditions of life under which the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic popular epics arose were so different from those to which we are accustomed that it is best to glance at them before examining the characteristics of the popular epic.

Between the fourth and the seventh centuries of the Christian era the shores of Scandinavia, Denmark, and Holland were inhabited by bands of warriors who grouped themselves together under tribal chieftains, and spent much of their lives in raids upon neighboring communities. Their living conditions were relatively primitive. Each tribal chieftain lived in a large hall, gabled and ~~raftered~~, which fulfilled the triple purpose of being his throne-room, the dormitory and feasting-hall of his warriors, and the stronghold of the tribe. Near it stood other buildings which served respectively as storerooms, stables, and dormitories for the married men and for the women. The whole group of buildings was surrounded by a wooden stockade. The usual location for these strongholds was an elevated plain far enough from the harbor to prevent a surprise attack by raiders who swept in on their ships from the sea, yet not too far for the warriors to have easy access to their own ships. The life of the Anglo-Saxon warrior seems to have been a vigorous one, filled with dangers and hardships. His duty was to stand by his leader at all times, whether in peace or in war, either at home or on raiding expeditions, where he fought as one of the warrior-band or as a separate champion. His reward came in the shape of protection, maintenance, and gifts from his chieftain. The gifts—usually in the form of weapons, armor, horses, rings, and costly jewels—were distributed at the evening feast in the great hall of the king. A less tangible reward, but one not the less prized, was to have the valor of the warrior compared with that of the tribal heroes of old by the bard, or “scôp” as the Anglo-Saxons called him, who composed and sang ballads either about the deeds of ancient heroes or about the recent deeds of the warriors of his own tribe. All of these ballads were sung, not merely for the purpose of recalling

the past or of recording a recent event, but of inciting the warriors to emulate the deeds of their ancestors.

The Celts of this period had similar tribal organizations and ideals, but the more stable conditions of living in Ireland made their outlook on life far brighter than that of the Anglo-Saxons. The Celts were an agricultural and cattle-raising people, whose dwelling places were fixed from one generation to another, unless some tribal feud led to the annihilation of a tribe and the destruction of its fortress. The daily occupations of the Celts in time of peace were less hazardous than those of the Anglo-Saxons, who passed their time upon the ocean or in the forest. Consequently the Celt looked upon nature as beautiful and friendly, while the Anglo-Saxon looked upon it as awful and remorseless. The ideals of the Celt had their source partly in man and partly in nature, but as the Anglo-Saxon could not count on nature as an ally, he idealized man and regarded nature as the force which he must combat.

The importance of the blood-feud in both Anglo-Saxon and Celtic epic tradition must not be forgotten. Intrigues to become chieftain, wars to the death between tribes, can nearly always be traced to a deadly feud between blood relatives or relatives by marriage. *Beowulf* contains many of them, while the tragedy of *Deirdre* is caused by the struggle of an uncle and his nephews for the possession of the most beautiful woman in Ireland. The same tendency is apparent both in medieval romance—where Mordred is King Arthur’s illegitimate son, and Tristram is the nephew of King Mark—and in the ballads, as we shall see in “Edward.”

It was in such general surroundings that the popular epic developed. Its audience was a group of warriors whose way of life the bard idealized. They were not an acute literary audience in the modern sense, as poetry to them was but one of the inspirations and rewards of a life of war. Since they were simple, vigorous men, they demanded simple, vigorous poetry. Moreover, they never read epic poems, but heard them at the banquet, sung or recited to the accompaniment of the harp, for the epic age did not know writing. Many passages

both in *Beowulf* and *Deirdre* explain the conditions under which the epic recital took place. The verse employed in *Beowulf* is rough, alliterative, accentual verse, without any rhyme. The line breaks in the middle, and there are two main stresses in each half-line, as for example:

Hwæt, we Gár-Déna in geárdágum,
 péodcýninga, prým gefrúnon,
 hu ða æpellingas éllen frémendon! ¹

The alliteration may rest upon vowels independent of consonants, as in the second half of the second line, and exhibits many varieties and modulations. After the Norman Conquest this type of verse disappeared, to be replaced by the rimed verse of the French. English poetry, however, has never lost completely the rich sound of Anglo-Saxon alliteration, as anyone may notice who reads aloud with this in mind such passages as the opening chant of the three witches in *Macbeth*, or Tennyson's lyric "Tears, Idle Tears, I Know Not What They Mean," or who recalls the felicity of the word order of the Celt, as revealed in the plays and poems of Synge and Yeats.

More than any other fact, the oral nature of epic poetry determined its literary characteristics. The story must be simple, vivid, and rapid, if the audience was to understand and retain an interest in it. The plot could not be elaborate, for to remember intricate details would be too much of a strain upon the memory of the listener. The interest was in the thing done rather than in the subtle causes and emotions which preceded and followed it.

Since the memory of the bard was the storehouse of all his epic lays, it is easy to see how the versions would differ from bard to bard, or even from recitation to recitation. The same incident, therefore, might be related differently at each court by each bard. However, by the end of the epic period certain incidents about certain heroes had proved themselves to be much more popular than others, and had accordingly been worked out into a fairly definite poetic form. We do not know surely, but we believe that the process of epic composition was a gradual fusion into one epic whole of several ballads about a particular

hero. For example, in the English and Scottish ballads we have several which have been partially and imperfectly joined into a long narrative poem called the *Gest of Robin Hood*; but this is not an epic, partly because of the lack of fusion between the constituent poems of which it is composed. The *Cuchulain Saga*, which represents the popular epic in the making, is likewise made up of many prose accounts of several incidents in the life of Cuchulain. *Beowulf*, which is a fully developed popular epic, consists of at least four incidents—the battle with Grendel, the battle with Grendel's mother, Beowulf's return home, and the battle with the dragon—each one of which could very well originally have been the subject of a heroic ballad. All that we know of the popular epic suggests to us a constant growth accomplished by no one man, but by a great number of epic bards who devoted their lives to such work.

In style we may distinguish several characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic popular epic. Since the poet carried his songs in his memory, and since his audience retained the impression of these songs solely in their memory, many mnemonic aids were employed. Among these, repetition of word, phrase, or entire incident is quite common. When Beowulf is about to speak, the poet warns the reader by some such line as "Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow." All good warriors are usually described in similar terms as "the valiant one," "the renowned one," "the man glorious in victory," while the distinguishing title of the individual is usually his patronymic or father's name, as we see in the example given above. Sometimes we wonder how the audience could keep from being bored, when the epic poet, after relating a given incident, such as Beowulf's battle with Grendel, would cause his hero later to retell that incident, as Beowulf does when he returns home. Yet such was the interest of the warriors in a story that they were apparently glad to hear a number of versions of the same incident, especially since there were apt to be significant differences in the versions, as there are in the incident from *Beowulf* to which we have referred.

On the other hand, the epic poet did not continually use repetition of epithet.

1. þ and ð are the Anglo-Saxon *th*.

To introduce variety, he employed a series of nicknames to describe the various incidents in a warrior's life or his war equipment. These nicknames, or "kennings" as the Anglo-Saxons called them, are chiefly metaphoric. In the Anglo-Saxon epics, for example, the ocean is spoken of as "the tumult of the waves," "the sea-road," and "the bath of the sea-gull." A ship is "a bird," "a swan," "the foamy-necked floater," "the sea-wood," and "the ring-necked one." When not overworked, these kennings stimulate the imagination profoundly, but they became so far-fetched in later Anglo-Saxon poetry as to obscure the meaning.

Similes and metaphors have been known as the chief and most characteristic verbal adornment of epic poetry, and although they are not so well represented in the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic epic material as in Latin and Greek, yet there are sufficient examples to enable us to see how the epic poet gained vividness of presentation by their use. In the Anglo-Saxon epic, similes and metaphors are not employed as much as parallel stories from the lives of heroes other than the hero of the poem. For example, the exploit of Beowulf in killing Grendel is compared with that of Siegmund and the dragon. Indeed, the self-repression of the Anglo-Saxon and his general understatement of facts are evidenced in *Beowulf* by the very undeveloped nature of the similes. Times of battle or misfortune are spoken of as "the day when the eagle and wolf will call to each other as they gorge their fill upon corpses," and the fortune which awaits the faithless warrior is spoken of in terms of "the gallows tree." On the other hand, the Celts, with their ardent love of nature and their vivid perception of beauty, drew striking word pictures from the simplest natural phenomena. Nowhere is this more beautifully exemplified than in the lament of Deirdre over the death of the three sons of Usnach. In general, we may say that while neither the Anglo-Saxon nor the Celtic bard developed the use of poetic simile and metaphor as fully as did Homer, yet the germ is there, expressed naturally and as an integral part of the word picture, and both races of bards were keenly alive to the poetic value of graphic imagery.

Among the characteristics of the Anglo-

Saxon and the Celtic popular epic the use of understatement and irony to express foreboding and human suffering is notable. To the fortitude of the Anglo-Saxon, understatement was natural. Thus in *Beowulf*, after Grendel has made his first raid upon the hall of Hrothgar, the poet remarks that those who survived felt that they could sleep more comfortably and with less fear of disturbance in another place. It is very easy to imagine the epic audience of grim warriors smiling at each other after such a remark. Now, strange as it may seem, though the Celts were much more given to exaggeration than were the Anglo-Saxons, yet their tender sense of emotion generally prevented them from overdoing an emotional crisis. Deirdre's laments are lavish in length, but they are tender, delicate, and restrained in their beauty. In both Anglo-Saxon and Celtic popular epic poetry there is always reserved power of expression. As for irony, it seems to have been inherent in both Anglo-Saxon and Celt, coupled with a sense of foreboding as to the issues of human experience. Life is strange and inexplicable, as Hrothgar explained to Beowulf when, after the hero had slain Grendel's mother, the aged ruler pondered on the fate of good and bad kings. In like fashion, Deirdre reflects upon the mystery of her love for Naoise, a love which is destined to be fatal to both of them. Both the Celtic and the Anglo-Saxon bard give many examples of their cardinal faith that "Fate always goes where it will," and we shall hear this call echoing through English literature, yet coupled with a desire to experience life to the full in an attempt to learn its wonders and solve its mysteries.

The circumstances which molded the poetic technique of the Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic epic controlled the characterization of their heroes. Beowulf, Deirdre, and Naoise all act under the guidance of some one governing emotional principle. They are not subtle in revealing their emotions; their actions and sentiments spring from a simple and primal ethical code. When Hrothgar laments for his councilor Aeschere, Beowulf replies, "Do not sorrow, aged ruler; it is better for a man to avenge his friend than to lament over-much"; and as he stands upon the shore, ready to dive into Grendel's

pool, utterly doubtful as to his return, his words of farewell are dominated completely by his feeling that all he has to do is to perform his duty, and Fate will govern the issue. As one listens to the story of these heroes, there arises inevitably in the mind the realization of an absolutely simple, courageous view of life, untrammelled by details, and unlimited by metaphysical questions. These warriors faced unafraid, though with awe, the realm in which their lives were spent, and left the rest to Fate. Their figures, therefore, tower immeasurably in the distant perspective of the epic, and assume proportions which more detailed and closely viewed characterizations would not give, for to a listening audience a multitude of details detracts from the unity of effect.

The reader who has been impressed by the vigorous simplicity of the epic warrior, whether Anglo-Saxon or Celtic, will be somewhat surprised at the long speeches in which he either relates with pride what he has done, or boasts of what he is going to do. These epic "brags," as they are called, are more characteristic of the Celt than of the Anglo-Saxon, though they appear frequently in *Beowulf*. It would seem to have been characteristic of the epic age that a warrior should seek constantly to remind himself of his former achievements and spur himself on to uphold the honor of his family, as well as that of his king, by expressing what his ideals had led him to perform in the past, and what he hoped to be able to do. The epic "brag" should not be looked upon as empty boasting, for if at the banquet, in the heat of the moment, a warrior should state what he intended to do, he would have plenty of friends to remind him of his boast, and expect him to perform it. The reader should consider the boasting speeches of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic heroes as not uttered in the spirit of pure bravado, but either as a proud statement of former achievement or as a determination for future accomplishment.

We have left until last what is perhaps the chief distinguishing feature of popular Anglo-Saxon and Celtic epic poetry. When the lyric poet sings of love or hate, he normally does so in terms of his own experience. This attitude is called subjective. The poet of the early popular epic, however, is clearly objective, for he is relating, not his own

experiences or emotions, but those of heroes who have long since passed from the scene of action. The poet of the early popular epic makes his audience see these heroes as once more alive, and keeps himself completely out of the picture. To some this objectivity might seem a loss in vividness, but such is not the fact, for the objectivity of the epic poet enables him to speak for his entire tribe or nation. While singing as the voice of the heroic past, he is not merely the hero of the song of the moment; he is every hero of the tribe, adjuring his countrymen to uphold with their lives the ideals of the warrior band. It is this quality which gives profound ethical and didactic significance to the popular epic poetry of the Anglo-Saxons and the Celts. In the last analysis *Beowulf* and *Cuchulain* are the progenitors of many a great English historical figure both in history and literature, for they represent not the ephemeral or personal interests of one or more of the bards, but the essential faith and hope of an entire people.

VI. THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ENGLISH LITERARY EPIC

The literary epic differs from the popular epic in that it is the production of one poet, who expresses his ideal conception in a literary form which is modeled upon pre-eminent examples of the epic, both literary and popular. Since English poets were generally ignorant of the existence of a body of Anglo-Saxon and Celtic popular epic material until the latter half of the eighteenth century, English literary epics have been modeled chiefly upon the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer and the *Aeneid* of Vergil. We now know enough about the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to believe them to be popular epics, and Homer a fictitious name used to cover the bardic group which developed these poems. The spirit of these two epics has been influential on subsequent European literary epics, although in form they have not had equal influence with the *Aeneid*, itself a literary epic. Vergil standardized the form of the literary epic, and his division into twelve books, his fundamental unity, his sense of reserved power, together with the exquisite finish of his speeches, descrip-

tions, and imagery, have been imitated widely by epic poets. The study of Vergil during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance produced an adulation of the *Aeneid* which was detrimental to the writers of literary epics. Vergil had borrowed largely from Homer, but he absorbed what he borrowed. His followers, however, borrowed, not merely from him, but from the literary storehouse of the ages, and in an attempt to imitate his mythological allusions they so weighted down their narrative that their stories often cease to move. In fact, by the eighteenth century the literary epic, which on the Continent formerly had had so significant a development at the hands of Ariosto and Tasso, was fast becoming a devitalized, learned tradition; and if it began to recover vitality in the nineteenth century, it was chiefly because of the reappearance of the popular epics of the Anglo-Saxons and the Celts, which placed the emphasis of the epic once more where it had originally rested—upon a story of the heroic or mythical past which embodied national or religious ideals.

While occasional English literary epics have been written, from *The Davideis* by Cowley to *Drake* by Noyes, *Paradise Lost* by Milton has alone evinced sufficient vitality to survive as a poem to be read. For in spite of Milton's tremendous erudition, his faith in the Puritan ideal was so great as to make that ideal dominate *Paradise Lost* and vitalize both the story and the wealth of literary learning which he lavished upon it. The subject of *Paradise Lost* surpasses in grandeur that usually chosen by the epic poet, for it deals not merely with one nation, but with the entire race of man, and with the very purposes of God. The poet was led to the theme by the experiences of his life and by the battle of the Puritan Commonwealth against the Stuart monarchy and the Established Church. To this theme he brought the learning of a man who had devoted his entire life, with the exception of that part of it spent in the service of his country as Latin Secretary of the Commonwealth, to the art of poetry, and to the attainment of true wisdom through reading the best which literature then afforded in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, the Romance Languages, and German. Above all, Milton was inherently a poet who not only saw clearly

whatever is eternally true and beautiful, but was enabled through his poetic technique to express in words the eternal truth and beauty of his vision.

The influence of *Paradise Lost* upon subsequent English narrative poetry cannot be adequately measured. Like all great poets Milton is inimitable, and although an occasional poet has imitated him in a long narrative, none has risen to his attainment. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Dryden and Pope, employing the heroic couplet instead of the Miltonic blank verse, translated Homer and Vergil, but they did not create original epics. During this period the machinery of the epic began to be employed for the purposes of travesty or mock-heroic verse, the one modern English masterpiece in this form being Pope's *The Rape of the Lock*. At the end of the eighteenth century Macpherson, with rather questionable fidelity to literary taste, renovated for British ears such fragments of Celtic epics as he had heard in the Highlands of Scotland, while Southey combined a rather baroque interest in improbable oriental tales with a classical strictness of form. In the nineteenth century the subjective and personal nature of the two literary periods known as the Romantic Revival and the Victorian Age led the great poets of both periods away from such sustained and rather objective efforts as the literary epic, for although much narrative poetry was written in the nineteenth century, as we shall see in Chapters III, IV, and V of this book, it was not in the form of the literary epic.

It is customary to ask whether the creation of literary epics is wholly an achievement of the past, but no answer can be given. Even though our modern world is extremely subjective and individualistic, one can never tell what forces may so reunite it as to make the literary epic once more a proper medium for its expression. As far as one can forecast, it would seem that the literary epic will always be one of the best forms for the expression of a spiritualized national or religious ideal. The need for it is constant, but its reappearance depends upon the existence of a poet fitted to write it, and an audience that can rise to its high elevation of spirit.

Note. An interpretative bibliography of the chief epics appears on pages 103-106.

CHAPTER I SELECTIONS

BEOWULF

NOTE

Between the fourth and the seventh centuries of the Christian era Frisian, Angle, Saxon, Jutish, and many other tribes, of whom we know little more than their names, inhabited the coasts of the North Sea from the mouth of the Rhine north to the peninsula of Denmark, and also the islands and the south coast of the Baltic Sea. They were sea-raiders, who attacked and plundered the settlements of neighboring tribes. In literary history this era is known as the heroic age. Between 512-520 A. D. (as we learn from Gregory of Tours in his *History of the Franks*, Book III, Chapter 3), Hygelac, leader of the Geats—a tribe that lived in southern Sweden and on the island of Öland, east of southern Sweden—raided a Frisian tribe called the Hetware, that lived near the mouth of the Rhine. As he was returning to his ships with the plunder, he was surprised by an army of Franks and Frisians, and was slain with his followers. Only one warrior escaped; he plunged into the sea and swam away to safety. The name of this warrior was Beowulf. So much does history tell us of the hero of the epic poem which bears his name.

During this period three of the tribes we have mentioned were constantly emigrating to England, where they were well settled by the seventh century—the Angles in the north and upper eastern center of modern England, the Saxons in the lower center and southeast, and the Jutes in the country around Southampton and Kent. With them they brought their customs and traditions, and it was in England that some person acquainted with the writing taught by Christian monks set down, between the seventh and eighth centuries, with many interpolations of Christian doctrine, the epic poem which we know as *Beowulf*. (For the verse form see page 7.)

Beowulf relates three heroic deeds of Beowulf: the slaying of Grendel, Grendel's mother, and a dragon. Each of these adventures is related in one epic recital, or lay, and before the battle with the dragon is inserted a narrative of Beowulf's return home after the successful completion of the first two adventures. The poem, however, is not confined to the adventures of Beowulf, for during the story many other sagas are related either by the bard or by some character of the poem. Every incident reveals the life of the heroic age. Through the poem runs the love of the sea, of battle, and of a simple, homely code of ethics. *Beowulf* not only gives our first and best

glimpse of Anglo-Saxon life, but its chief characteristics, both literary and social, persist throughout English literature.

The following translation, which was made by Mr. Munn, is of the entire poem. Wherever possible the alliterations, "kennings," and word compounds characteristic of the original have been preserved.

PART I

THE BATTLE WITH GRENDEL

Lo! we have learned, by asking, the might of the kings of the Spear-Danes, in days of old, how the princes performed deeds of strength. Oft Scyld Scefing from bands of raiders, from many peoples, took away the mead-seats, frightened the earls, after he was first found as a helpless child. He received consolation for that; he grew under the clouds, he throve in honors, until every one of the dwellers beyond the seas had to obey him, and pay tribute. That was a good king! To him an heir was later born, young in his courts, whom God sent as a comfort to the people; He perceived the dire need which they formerly had suffered, without a leader for a long while. To them in compensation for this the Lord of Life, the Ruler of Glory, gave world-honor. Beowulf was famous; the

1. Lo! we have learned. The poem opens with a brief history of the Danish royal house. Scyld Scefing means "Shield, the son of the Sheaf." Scyld was found by the Danes in a boat upon the seashore when he was a child. In the boat evidently were treasures and a sheaf of wheat, for Scyld was the fabled hero who brought a knowledge of civilization to the Danes, whose kings traced their royal line back to him. Compare the genealogy which concludes the year 755 in the selection from the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* (page 764). 6. mead-seats, table benches in the great hall. 21. Beowulf, an early king of the Danes, and not the hero of the poem. In the description of this king the poet indicates what any king should be. He must be a successful leader in battle, and he must care well for his warriors in time of peace by rewarding them with gifts of treasure. For this reason he is called by the nicknames, or kennings, of "gold-friend," "giver of rings," "distributor of treasure," etc.

fame of the son of Scyld spread wide in the lands of the Danes. So ought a young man to bring it about by noble gifts of treasure in the hall of his father that when he is old in turn, his willing companions may stand by their prince and serve him when battle comes. So shall a man grow prosperous among the people by praiseworthy deeds.

10 Scyld departed at the appointed time, mighty in battle, into the protection of the Lord. His dear companions bore him down to the stream of the ocean as he himself had commanded, while the lord of the Scyldings held power over his words—the dear ruler had long ruled over them. There in the harbor stood the ring-stemmed ship of the prince, icy and ready to sail. They laid down in the bosom of the ship their dear ruler, the giver of rings, the famous one, by the mast. They brought there also an abundance of treasure and ornaments from foreign lands. I never heard of a long-ship more nobly prepared with battle-weapons, with weeds of war, with swords and byrnie. By his bosom lay a multitude of treasures
20 which should depart with him afar into the power of the flood. None the less did they provide him with gifts, with treasures of the people, than did those who at the beginning had sent him out alone over the waves, when he was a child. Moreover, they set high over his head a golden banner; they let

11. **Scyld departed.** The Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon tribes dwelling on the shores of the North Sea and the Baltic Sea had burial customs which varied from the first to the sixth centuries of our era. At first the soul of the dead warrior was supposed to journey to another world, and therefore his body was sent out to sea on his ship, equipped with his weapons, treasures, hawk, dog, and war-horse. Sometimes the boat was set on fire. For this form of burial, there was substituted, about the sixth century, the burial in a grave-mound of the warrior in his boat with his war equipment and treasures. His horse, dog, and hawk were killed, and were placed beside him. In this era the warrior might be burned on a pyre, and his ashes were placed with his equipment in the grave-mound. In *Beowulf* these two forms of burial are described, for Scyld is sent out to sea, while Beowulf and Hnaef are each burned on a pyre and then buried in a mound (see page 25, line 78, and page 51, line 31). 16. **Scyldings** (descendants of Scyld), the name of the ruling Danish house, and of the Danes as well. 19. **ring-stemmed.** The timbers at the prow were wrapped with ropes or with rings of metal in order to bind the boat firmly together at this point. 28. **byrnie,** coats-of-mail.

the flood bear him away; they gave him to the ocean. To them was a sorrowful spirit, a mourning mind. Men cannot say truly, rulers of halls, heroes under the heavens, who received that lading.

Beowulf of the Scyldings, the dear folk-king, lived in the stronghold of his people for a long time, renowned among the people—his father had departed, his life had gone from him—until to him in turn was born the mighty Healfdane. He ruled, while he lived, aged and war-fierce, over the great Scyldings. To him, leader of war-bands, was born in succession into this world four children: Heorogar, and Hrothgar, and Halga the Good; I heard that Sigeneow was queen of Onela, dear consort of the Battle-Scyfling. Success in war was given to Hrothgar, and honor in battle; his loving kinsmen obeyed him gladly, so that his band of young warriors grew into a mighty troop of hero-sons.

It came into his mind that he would cause to be built a hall, a mighty mead-house, greater than the children of men had ever heard of, and therein divide between young and old all that which God had given him, except the share of his people and the lives of men. Then I heard proclaimed far and wide among many people throughout this earth the work of adorning the council-chamber of the folk. In time it came to pass among men that completed stood the mightiest of mead-halls. He named it Heorot, he who far and wide ruled by his words. He did not belie his promise; he dealt out rings and treasures at the banquet. The hall towered high and wide under its gables,

56. **Onela,** king of Sweden, and son of that Ongentheow with whom the tribe of the Geats, to which Beowulf belonged, waged a bitter feud, of which we are told later in the poem (see note on line 83, page 41, and the passage on page 48, lines 76 ff. to which it alludes). The chieftains of Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon tribes gave their daughters in marriage to chieftains of other tribes with the hope of preventing or allaying feuds. *Beowulf* furnishes many examples of the ill success of this policy. 57. **Scyfling,** the name of the Swedish royal house and of the people. These names were often compounded with epithets of renown, such as "battle," "victory," etc. 76. **Heorot,** Hart or Stag Hall. Probably antlers crowned the gable ends of the roof.

awaiting the waves of battle and of destructive flame. Nor was it long after, that sword-hate broke out between uncle and nephew on account of a deadly feud.

The mighty demon who lurked in darkness choked back his anger for a while, as he heard every day the crowd rejoicing in the hall. There was the sound of the harp, the clear singing of the minstrel. He related, he who knew how to tell the creation of men of old, how the Almighty had made the earth, the beautiful bright plain which the sea surrounds, and had set, exulting in victory, the splendor of the sun and the moon as a light for the dwellers upon earth, and adorned the regions of the world with trees and leaves; life also He created in each of the tribes who wander upon the face of the earth. Thus the troop of warriors lived prosperously in joy until one began to work deeds of horror, a fiend from hell. The grim demon was called Grendel, the notorious marsh-stalker, who held the moors, the fens, and the crags. The unhappy creature had dwelt for a long time in the home of the monster-brood since the Creator had proscribed him. Upon the tribe of Cain the Eternal Judge avenged that death, because he had slain Abel. Cain did not rejoice at that feud, for God, the Creator, had driven him far away from mankind because of his crime. Thence sprang all the evil progeny of the world: Eotens, and elves, and monsters; likewise the giants who fought against God for a long time. He gave them their reward.

The monster straightway started to visit the high-hall when night came on,

2. *Nor was it long after*, etc., an example of Anglo-Saxon foreboding. The fate of most tribal stockades was to be burned completely as the culmination of some blood-feud. We know from other accounts that Hrothulf, Hrothgar's nephew, murdered Hrethric, son of Hrothgar, and burned Heorot. Later on in this poem, Wealhtheow, wife of Hrothgar, tries by every means in her power to keep peace between Hrothulf and her sons, and she asks Beowulf to help the boys when they grow older. 13. *the Almighty*, etc. Although the spirit of *Beowulf* is heathen, yet there are Christian interpolations, which were made probably after the poem had been carried from the Continent to England. 37. *evil progeny*. The monsters of Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon mythology usually had animal bodies, but a more or less human intelligence. 38. *Eotens*, giants, or possibly a Teutonic or Scandinavian tribe.

to discover how the Ring-Danes had bestowed themselves in it after their carousal. He found therein a noble band, sleeping after the banquet; they did not know sorrow, the misery of men. The outlawed creature, grim and greedy, was soon ready; fierce and furious he snatched from their resting-place thirty thanes. Thence again he departed for home, exulting in plunder, to revisit his lair with his kill.

At the dawn of day the war-might of Grendel was made manifest to men. After the feast weeping arose, a mighty clamor in the morning. The renowned ruler, the excellent prince, sat dejected; he, strong in might, suffered, as he experienced sorrow for his warriors, when the survivors observed the hateful trace of the cursed demon. That struggle was too strong, hateful, and long drawn out; nor was there a longer interval than one night before he again made another kill—and took no thought of it—before he carried on the feud and crime; he was too intent upon his own purposes. Then was it easy to find many who sought elsewhere more spacious quarters in which to rest, beds in other sleeping-halls, when the hate of the hell-monster was made clear to them. Thereafter, whoever had escaped the fiend kept himself farther away and was much more cautious.

So the demon ruled and fought against right, alone against all, until idle stood the best of halls. It was a long time! Twelve winters did the dear lord of the Scyldings endure insult and every manner of woe; until it became openly known among the sons of men through mournful ballads how Grendel had been warring for a long time with Hrothgar; he carried on hateful enmity

44. *Ring-Danes*, wealthy Danes, for golden rings or circlets were a sign of wealth and were given to warriors by a king as a reward for valor. 52. *thanes*. The Anglo-Saxon tribes had social stratifications. The nobles were *eorls*, and the common people *ceorls*. While *thane* meant, originally, "servant," it came to mean a chief subordinate to the tribal leader, or caldorman. 75. *Thereafter*, etc., a good specimen of grim Anglo-Saxon humor. Obviously one was not certain to be undisturbed if he slept in Grendel's path. 86. *through mournful ballads*. Minstrels carried the news from one tribe to another in ballads of their own composition.

through crime and hostility for many half-years. It was a continuous strife; for he would not through love of any one of the troop of the Danes leave off from life-slaughter, or accept blood-money. Nor did any man dare to expect better treatment at the hands of the slayer; for the enemy was always on the warpath against the experienced warriors and the young warriors; the dark death-shadow lay in wait and trapped them; during long nights he held the misty moors. Men do not know where the hell-demons prowl.

So the enemy of mankind, the horrible solitary one, often brought to pass many crimes and cruel humiliations. Upon dark nights he inhabited Heorot, the hall gleaming with treasure. By no means could he approach the throne and its treasure because of the Lord God; he did not know His love.

This was a great misery to the dear lord of the Scyldings, grief of soul. Many a time the mighty king sat in council, and with his councilors considered what were best for the stout-hearted warriors to do against these sudden terrors. At times they promised sacrifices at heathen fanes; they prayed that the devil would help them against the national misery. Such was their custom, the hope of the heathen. They kept hell in their thoughts; they did not know the Lord, the Judge of Deeds; they did not know Almighty God, nor how to praise the Protector of the Heavens, the Ruler of Glory. Wretched is he whose fate it is through dangerous hate to cast his soul down into the embrace of hell-fire, to expect no consolation, to mend his ways not at all! Happy is he who may after the day of his death visit the Judge and in the bosom of the Father ask protection!

So the son of Healfdane brooded con-

tinually upon his sorrow; nor might the wise hero ward off his woe. That strife was too severe, deadly, and long drawn out which had come upon the people; dire ruin, maliciously grim, most fearful of night-slaughters.

At his home did the thane of Hygelac, the good man among the Geats, hear about the deeds of Grendel. He was of mankind the mightiest in strength in the days of this life, noble and mature. He commanded that there be made ready for him a good wave-goer; he said that he intended to visit the war-king, the mighty prince, over the swan-road, since there was need to him of men. Nor did the wise councilors in any way blame Beowulf for this expedition, though he was dear to them; they encouraged the strong-hearted one; they foresaw good-luck. The good man had chosen from the people of the Geats the boldest warriors that he could find. With fourteen companions he sought the wooden sea-voyager; a sea-crafty man pointed out the landmarks.

Time rolled on; the ship was on the waves; the boat under the hills. The eager warriors climbed over the stern. The sea-floods thundered upon the sand. The men bore into the bosom of the ship bright adornments, splendid war-armor. They shoved off the bound-wood ship upon a willing journey. The foamy-necked floater, impelled by the wind, swept over the billowy sea like a bird, until about the same time on the next day the wound-stemmed boat had gone so far that the sailors saw land, the sea-cliffs gleaming, the wide sea-headlands. Thus was the sea traversed; the voyage was at an end.

Out of the ship to land quickly climbed the people of the Weders and tied the seawood. The mail-shirts and war-weeds

2. half-years, the seasons of winter and summer. 5. blood-money. Early justice permitted the payment of a fine to atone for murder. 9. experienced warriors . . . young warriors. Each war-band of the Anglo-Saxons included a group of seasoned warriors and a group of young warriors who were learning the art of war. 22. His love, more Christian interpolation. 43. Happy is he, etc. Here is one of the earliest examples of Anglo-Saxon pondering and moralizing upon the mystery of life.

55. Hygelac. Beowulf was at this time a young warrior of the Geats in the troop of Hygelac, his uncle and king of the Geats. 61, 63. wave-goer, ship; swan-road, ocean. These are good examples of kennings, or nicknames, in which Anglo-Saxon poetry abounded. 76. Time rolled on . . . easy for them. The action of an epic moves very rapidly when the poet wishes. 87. wound-stemmed. The bow timbers were lashed together with ropes. 94. Weders, another name for the Geats.

rattled; the warriors thanked God that the paths of the sea had been made easy for them.

From the high bank the coast-guard of the Scyldings, whose office it was to hold the sea-cliffs, saw them bearing bright shields over the gangplank—ready war-armor; curiosity disturbed his thoughts as to who the men might be. The thane of Hrothgar galloped down to the shore on horseback and mightily brandished in his hands a strong wooden spear, and spake words of good counsel: "What warriors are ye, protected by byrnie, who thus the great ship have brought hither over the sea-road upon the waves? I have been coast-guard here for some time, and have watched the seacoast so that no enemies might come upon the land of the Danes to ravage it by a raid from the sea. Never have I seen shield-bearers attempt to land here more openly, for ye do not know at all the password of warriors. Never have I seen upon this earth a mightier earl than is that man with ye in armor. He is not one who stays in the hall, equipped as he is with weapons, unless his countenance belies him, his matchless visage. I intend to know at once your lineage before ye go hence—farther into the lands of the Danes as false spies. Now ye far-dwellers, sea-farers, hear my plain thought: it is best for ye to make known at once where ye come from."

Him the leader of the band answered, senior in rank, and unlocked the word-board: "We are of mankind the people of the Geats and hearth-companions of Hygelac. My father, who was renowned among the people, noble leader in battle, was called Ecgtheow. The ancient man lived many winters before he departed from his courts. Him every man remembers well throughout the wide world. We with friendly purpose come to seek thy lord, the son of Healfdane, the protector of the people. Be thou to us of good guidance. We have an

important errand for the mighty one, the lord of the Danes; nor shall there be anything hidden of what I intend. Thou knowest whether it is true, as we have heard rumor, that among the Scyldings lurks an unknown enemy, a secret hate-worker, who upon dark nights reveals in a horrible way unthought-of hatred, humiliation, and slaughter-havoc. I may counsel Hrothgar through mature consideration how he, aged and good, may overcome his enemy, if ever a change of fortune shall bring again an end to his evil affliction, and the waves of care become cooler; else ever afterwards shall he endure bitter oppression, dire need, and time of tribulation, while the best of halls stands upon the high-place."

Then answered the coast-guard where he sat on horseback, the fearless officer: "By words and deeds should a keen shield-warrior be able to distinguish him who has good intentions. I understand that this band is friendly to the lord of the Scyldings. Proceed, then, bearing your weapons and armor; I will guide you. I will also direct my kinsmen-thanes to protect your new-tarred bark on the sand against every enemy, until the wooden ship with curved prow shall bear the beloved hero back home again over the sea-streams to the coast of the Weders. To such a doer of good deeds it will be granted that he shall survive unharmed the rush of battle."

They proceeded on their journey. The broad-beamed ship remained behind, fast at anchor. The boar-images, glittering and hardened in the fire, adorned with gold, shone above the cheek-protectors; they were talismans for the valiant men. As the warriors hastened inland, the pathway rose until they perceived the timbered hall, splendid and adorned with gold. To the dwellers on earth that was most famous of all buildings under the heavens in which the mighty ruler awaited them; the gleam shone over many lands. The

21. raid from the sea. The stockaded tribal halls were situated far enough away from the sea to prevent a surprise attack—hence the coast-guard—yet not too far to prevent easy access to the boats of the tribe.
38. unlocked the word-board, kenning for *spoke*.

90. boar-images. The crests of the Geatish and Danish helmets were made in the image of boars, and were usually overlaid with iron, bronze, or gold.

battle-brave man pointed out the hall of the proud ones in order that the warriors might go straight to it. Then the guide of the warriors turned his horse and spake: "It is time for me to depart; may the Father Almighty with his mercy keep ye safe upon this expedition. I will to the sea and hold guard against hostile bands."

10 The way was paved with bright stones; the path directed the men on their journey. The war-byrnies, hand-forged and tough, glittered brightly; the hard ring-iron clanked upon the warriors as they came striding nearer to the hall in their terrible array. Weary of the sea they set down against the wall of the building their wide shields, the bucklers wondrous hard; they placed themselves upon the benches. Their byrnies rang, the war-armor of men. The spears of ash-wood, gray at the point, the weapons of the seamen, stood stacked together. Truly this iron band of warriors was well provided with weapons. Straightway a man perceived the warriors and asked after their lineage: "Whence come ye with plated shields, gray sarks, and visored helmets, with a stack of spear-shafts? 20 I am the messenger and herald of Hrothgar. I never saw so large and mighty a band of strangers. I believe that ye through daring and strength of heart sought Hrothgar, and not through exile."

Him the proud and courageous leader of the Weders answered, brave under his helmet, and spake: "We are Hygelac's table-companions. Beowulf is my name. I wish to declare my errand to the son of Healfdane, the renowned prince, to the lord, if he will permit that we may approach the excellent man." 40

Wulfgar spake—he was chief of the Wendels; his courage was known to many, his valor and wisdom: "I will inform the friend of the Danes, the dear lord of the Scyldings, the giver of rings, 50 that thou dost desire to approach the famous prince, and I will bear thee the

answer again which the good man thinks best to give me."

He departed straightway to where Hrothgar sat, aged and snow-haired, among his band of earls. He went, full of might, until he stood by the shoulder of the lord of the Danes; well did he know court etiquette. Wulfgar spake to his dear lord: "Here 60 are come from afar over the expanse of the sea some of the people of the Geats. The leader of the warriors is named Beowulf. They ask, my prince, that they may exchange words with thee. Do not show them refusal in thy reply, most amiable Hrothgar, for they in their war-equipment appear to be earls worth high esteem. Especially is the chief who leads hither these warriors 70 a splendid man."

Hrothgar spake, the protector of the Scyldings: "I knew him when he was a boy. His aged father was named Ecgtheow, to whom Hrethel of the Geats gave his only daughter; and now his bold son has come hither and sought a kindly ruler. Some time ago sea-travelers told me this, who brought hither gifts of treasure out of courtesy, 80 that he, the battle-strong one, had in his hand-grasp the might of thirty men. Him has Holy God sent to us West-Danes for a merciful help, as I expect, against the terror of Grendel. I shall offer the good man treasures as a reward for his courage. Hasten now to bid them come in and see the kindred-band of warriors gathered together; tell them also that they are welcome to the people 90 of the Danes."

Wulfgar departed to the doors of the hall and spake from within: "The lord of the East-Danes, my victorious lord, commands me to tell ye that he is acquainted with your noble descent, and that ye brave-minded ones who have come hither over the sea-waves are welcome. Now ye may enter in your war-armor, under your visored 100 helmets, to see Hrothgar; but leave your shields and your wooden deadly-

29. gray sarks, coats-of-mail. 36. exile, i. e., to obtain either protection or restoration to their home.

46. Wendels, a tribe; probably subject to Hrothgar.

75. Hrethel, a king of the Geats, father of Hygelac, and a grandfather of Beowulf. Cf. page 39, line 63, and page 42, line 77.

shafted spears here to await the issue of your conversation."

Rose then the mighty one, and about him many a man, an excellent group of thanes. Some stayed there and guarded the battle-equipment, as the courageous one commanded. The others entered, as the herald directed them, under the roof of Heorot. The valiant-minded leader went, courageous under his helmet, until he stood on the hearth.

Beowulf spake—on him his byrnie shone, the ringed armor, by the skill of the smith: "Hail! Hrothgar. I am the relative and kinsman-thane of Hygelac. Even in youth I have undertaken many deeds of glory. To me the affair of Grendel became known on my native soil. Sailors told me that this hall, the best of houses, stands idle and useless for every man, after the evening light under the vault of heaven is taken away. Then the best of my people, the wise councilors, advised me to come to thee, Lord Hrothgar, because they knew my strength; they had seen it themselves when I came from the battle, stained with the blood of my enemies, where I bound five, and destroyed the brood of giants, and on the waves slew sea-monsters by night. I endured dire distress, avenged the affliction of the Weders who had experienced woes; I hacked to pieces their enemies. And now with the monster Grendel as adversary do I intend to hold a meeting alone. I now ask thee a boon, prince of the Bright-Danes, lord of the Scyldings: do not deny me, protector of warriors, friend of the people, now that I have come hither from afar, that I may alone, I and my troop of earls, this band of brave warriors, cleanse Heorot. I have learned also that this adversary in his madness cares not for weapons; I therefore disdain to bear sword or wide yellow shield into the combat; so may Hygelac, my liege lord, be to me friendly in mind! But I in my fury will grapple with the hated enemy and contend with life at stake. He

whom death takes must resign himself to the judgment of God. I believe that Grendel will gorge unafraid in the war-hall upon the people of the Geats, as he often did upon the mighty band of Danes. Nor shalt thou need to set a death-watch over my head, for he will take me away, stained with blood, if death seizes me. He will bear away the bloody corpse, since he intends to gorge himself; the solitary prowler will eat it without any regret—he will stain his moor-retreats. Nor needest thou worry longer about food for my body! Send to Hygelac, if death takes me, the best of battle-shrouds which protects my breast, mightiest of garments. It is a bequest to me from Hrethel, the work of Weland. Fate always goes where it will!"

Hrothgar spake, the protector of the Scyldings: "For the sake of exploits, my friend Beowulf, and for a help hast thou come to us. Thy father brought upon himself the mightiest of feuds; he was the slayer of Heatholaf among the Wylfings. Him the tribe of the Weders dared not keep for fear of the army; thence he came to the people of the South-Danes, to the Honor-Scyldings, over the paths of the waves. At that time I was beginning to rule the people of the Danes; in my youth I possessed an ample kingdom, a mighty stronghold of heroes. Heorogar had died, my eldest brother, the son of Healfdane. He was a better man than I! Afterwards Hygelac settled the feud for money. I sent him to the Wylfings with ancient treasure over the crest of the water. He swore me oaths of friendship. Sorrow is it for me to reveal in my heart to any man the humiliations which Grendel has caused me in Heorot with his hateful thoughts and his sudden enmity. My war-troop, my band of warriors, is vanishing; Fate swept them away in the terror of Gren-

69. Weland, the magic smith of Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon mythology. 70. Fate always goes where it will, one of the keys to Anglo-Saxon, English, and American character. Fate controls; therefore carry on. This idea appears often in this book from *Beowulf* to the latest post-war English or American poet. Note especially W. V. Moody's lyric, commencing "Of wounds and sore defeat I made my battle stay" (page 679) and Louis Untermeyer's "Reveille" (page 703).

16. many deeds of glory. Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon warriors before embarking upon a new adventure boasted of their past achievements.

del. Yet God easily can cut him off from his mad career. Full often have my warriors boasted, drunken with beer over the ale-tankards, that they in the drink-hall intended to await the attack of Grendel with the terrors of the sword. On the next morning this mead-hall, this noble building, glittered with blood when daylight gleamed, and all the banquet-benches were soaked in gore. The entire hall dripped with blood and slaughter. I possessed that many the fewer faithful warriors because death had taken them away. But sit down now to the banquet and unbind to these men thy thoughts, confident in victory, as thy mind may urge thee."

Then for the sons of the Geats were benches cleared in the beer-hall, and the stout-hearted men went and sat down, proud in their strength. A thane attended to his office, who bore in his hand an adorned ale-tankard; he poured out bright mead. The clear-voiced minstrel sang in Heorot. There was joy among the heroes, a mighty band of Danes and Weders.

Unferth spake, the son of Ecglaf, who sat at the feet of the lord of the Scyldings; he commenced a quarrel—the visit of Beowulf, the mighty sea-traveler, was a great vexation to him because he grudged that any other man should obtain under the heavens more glory than himself: "Art thou that Beowulf who contended with Breca, strove with him in swimming upon the wide sea, where ye two, through pride, made trial of the waters, and because of a mad boast ventured your lives upon the deep? Nor might any man whether well or ill-disposed toward ye prevent ye from your sorrowful journey, but ye two swam out into the sound, where the tides of ocean covered your arms; ye passed over the sea-roads, ye dashed the waves with your hands, ye

glided through the sea. The ocean boiled with waves, with the surge of winter. Ye two in the grip of the flood toiled seven nights. He overcame thee at swimming, for he had more strength, and in the morning-time the flood bore him up upon the country of the Battle-Reams. Thence he, the beloved of his people, sought his dear fatherland, the land of the Brondings, the fair stronghold of protection, where he held command of people, town, and treasures. All his boast against thee the son of Beanstan truthfully fulfilled. Now I expect that thou wilt get the worst of the bargain, though thou hast shown thyself ever to be doughty in the battle-rush, if thou darest all night long to await coming into close quarters with Grendel."

Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: "Lo! thou, my friend Unferth, drunk with beer, hast spoken a great deal about the venture of Breca! I claim it as the truth that I possessed the greater strength in swimming and endured greater hardships upon the waves than any other man.

"When we were boys, we two pledged each other and made our boast—we were both then still in the youth of life—that we would risk our lives in the ocean, and so we did. When we swam out into the sound each one of us had in his hand a strong naked sword with which we intended to guard ourselves from whales. He could not swim away from me upon the waves of the flood by being more quick upon the sea, nor would I swim away from him. For five nights were we together upon the sea, until the flood drove us apart, the boiling waves, coldest of storms; the darkening night and the wind from the north blew straight against us, battle-grim. Fierce were the waves; the anger of the sea-monsters was aroused. Then my hard hand-woven body-sark gave me help against the attackers: the woven battle-garment, decked with gold, which lay upon my chest. A savage foe drew me down to the bottom; grimly did he hold me fast in his grip. However, it was granted me

3. **boasted.** The Anglo-Saxons were great boasters and gamblers. When drunk they would make wild boasts, to which their sober companions would hold them on the following morning. In gambling, likewise, an audacious player would often stake his body as a wager, and, if he lost, would serve as the winner's slave. 29. **Unferth.** Hrothgar's orator, or spokesman. 37. **Breca,** a youthful chief of the Brondings.

that I reached my adversary with the point of my battle-sword. Through my hand the war-rush swept away the mighty sea-beast. Frequently my hostile opponents pressed me hard; then I served them with the costly sword as was fitting. They did not rejoice in their feast, the evildoers, nor did they taste me, sitting around the banquet near the bottom of the sea; but in the morning, wounded by my weapon, they lay up along the sea-beach, put to sleep by the sword, so that never afterwards did they upon the high seas hinder seafarers from their journey. Light came from the east, the bright beacon of God. The waves had subsided until I could behold the sea-headlands, the wind-swept crags. Fate often preserves an earl not destined to death, if his might avails. It so chanced that I slew with my sword nine sea-monsters. Never have I heard of harder fighting by night under the vault of heaven, nor in the tides of the ocean of a more wretched man. Yet I survived the attack of the hostile ones with my life, though weary of my journey. The sea bore me up, the flood along its courses, the boiling waters, to the land of the Finns. By no means have I ever heard tell concerning thee of such exploits in arms or terror of the sword. Breca never yet in battle-play, nor either of ye, performed so valorous a deed with your bright swords—I do not wish to boast about this exploit—even though thou wert the murderer of thy brother, thy near relative. For this thou shalt in hell suffer damnation. I tell thee truly, son of Ecglaaf, that never would Grendel, the horrible adversary, have performed so many deeds of terror upon thy prince, humiliation in Heorot, if thy thoughts were as battle-grim as thou thyself claimest. But he has discovered that he need not be afraid of the terrible sword-storm from thy people, the Vic-

tory-Scyldings; he exacts forced toll. He respects none of the people of the Danes, but he fights according to his desire; he slays and feasts; he does not expect opposition from the Spear-Danes. But I shall ere long in battle proclaim to him the might and strength of the Geats. Let him who can survive go proudly for his reward, when the morning light of another day, the radiant sun, shines from the south over the children of men!"

Then was the giver of treasure filled with bliss, snow-haired and war-famed; the lord of the Bright-Danes believed that help had come, when the guardian of the people heard the steadfast resolution of Beowulf. There arose the laughter of heroes; the sound of joy resounded; their talk was joyful.

Wealhtheow, the queen of Hrothgar, moved about, mindful of etiquette. She greeted the gold-decked man in the hall, and the noble lady handed first the cup to the guardian of the inheritance of the East-Danes, bade him be blithe at the beer-drinking, beloved by his people. He with joy partook of the banquet and hall-cup, the king famous in victory. The lady of the Helmings went about to each one of the older and the younger warriors; she gave treasure until the time arrived that she, the ring-adorned queen, discreet in mind, bore the mead-cup to Beowulf. She, wise in words, greeted the prince of the Geats; she thanked God that her wish had been fulfilled that she might believe any earl could bring consolation from suffering. He, fierce in the deadly fight, partook of the cup at the hands of Wealhtheow and then spake, prepared for battle.

Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: "I intended, when I embarked on the ocean and sat down in the sea-boat with my band of warriors, that I once and for all would accomplish the wish of your people, or else fall a corpse in the grip of the demon. I shall perform a deed of princely strength, or I shall abide my last day in this mead-hall."

7. They did not rejoice, etc., some more grim humor. There is always a contrast between what is expected and what happens. 38. murderer of thy brother. Beowulf knows Unferth's record as well as Unferth knows that of Beowulf. Probably in some feud Unferth had not stood by his brother enough to satisfy the dictates of honor, though we hear of no family feud in this case.

73. guardian, etc., Hrothgar. 78. Helmings, the tribe from which Wealhtheow came.

These words well pleased the woman, the boast of the Geat. The noble queen of the people went gold-adorned to sit beside her lord. Then once more, as formerly, words of might were spoken in the hall; the people rejoiced; there was the noise of the victorious folk, until presently the son of Healfdane desired to retire to his evening rest. 10 He knew what battle was in store for the champion of the high-hall as soon as they might no longer see the light of the sun; when night darkened over all, then the shapes of the shadows came stalking, dark under the clouds. The troop all arose.

Hrothgar greeted Beowulf and wished him good-luck, gave him command of the wine-hall, and spake this word: 20 "Never have I entrusted the mighty building of the Danes to any man, since I have been able to raise hand and shield, except to thee on this occasion. Have now and hold the best of houses! Keep glory in mind, show mighty strength, be on guard against thy foes. There shall be no lack of desirable things for thee, if thou this mighty work shalt survive with thy life."

30 Hrothgar, the protector of the Scyldings, departed with his band of warriors. The war-lord rejoined Wealhtheow, the queen, his bedfellow. The King of Glory had set a hall-guard against Grendel, as men found out; he performed a special service for the ruler of the Danes. He kept watch against the monster. Truly the prince of the Geats trusted gladly in his strength and in the favor of God. 40 He took off his iron byrnie, and his helmet from his head. He gave to his attendant-thane his fretted sword, most choice of iron weapons, and commanded him to guard his trappings of war.

Then spake Beowulf of the Geats, the good man, a boasting word before he lay down upon his bed: "I do not consider myself inferior in war-might or in the 50 works of war to what Grendel considers himself to be; for this reason I will not kill him with a sword, deprive him

of life; though I really could do so. He does not know of these customs, how to strike at me in this way, hew down my shield, although he is bold in works of battle; but we tonight shall do without swords, if he will attempt battle without weapon, and afterwards may God in his wisdom, the Holy Judge, 60 give glory to whichever side seems to Him best."

The battle-bold one laid himself down to rest, the cheek-bolster received the face of the earl, and about him many keen sea-heroes lay down upon the hall-rest. Not one of them expected that he would ever revisit his beloved home, his people, or the noble stronghold where he had been brought up; 70 for they had learned that before them far too many had slaughter-death taken away in the wine-hall of the people of the Danes. But to them the Lord gave the webs of war-success, comfort and help to the people of the Weders, that their enemies through the might of one man were overcome. Thus truly is it made known how mighty God rules over mankind from generation to generation. 80

The shadow-goer came stalking through the dark night. The warriors slept whose duty it was to guard the gabled house—all but one. Then was it made known to men that the spectral enemy might not pull them away any more into the shadows, since God forbade it; but Beowulf watched against the mischief of his enemy, determined 90 in mind upon the issue of battle.

Over the misty moor came Grendel striding; he bore the curse of God; the deadly foe intended to ensnare one of mankind in the high hall. He hastened under the clouds until he came upon the wine-house, the gold-hall of men, glittering with plaques of gold. It was not the first time that he had paid a visit to the home of Hrothgar, but never 100 did he find in the days of his life, before or since, braver heroes. The monster,

75. webs, an allusion to the web of destiny which the Norns, or Scandinavian Fates, wove. Gray wrote about this web in the ode entitled "The Fatal Sisters" (page 422) and he mentions the weaving in the second major division of "The Bard" (page 420).

deprived of joy, came to the building. The door straightway sprang open, though fastened with fire-forged bolts, as soon as he touched it with his hands. With evil intent he burst open the entrance to the building, for he was angry. Immediately thereafter the fiend trod upon the bright floor, raging in mind. From his eyes gleamed an ominous light most like a flame. He saw sleeping together in the building many men, a kindred band, a group of young warriors; he laughed aloud in his mind. The horrible demon intended before day came to separate the life from the limbs of each one of them, since he had hope of an abundant meal. But it was no longer fated that he might touch more of mankind after that night. The mighty kinsman of Hygelac beheld how the wicked prowler intended to proceed in his terrible attacks. Nor did the adversary purpose to delay, but he straightway gripped, as he had at former times, a sleeping man, tore him apart unawares, crunched his body, drank the blood-streams, swallowed one piece after another. Soon he had devoured all of the lifeless one, even the feet and the hands. He stepped forward nearer, and grasped with his hand the great-hearted hero upon the bed. The fiend reached toward him with his grip; the hero straightway grappled him with hostile intent, and threw himself on his elbow. Soon the chief crime-worker discovered that he had never met anywhere on earth in other men a mightier hand-grip. Fear seized his heart, but he might not the sooner away. His desire was to escape; he wanted to flee into the darkness to rejoin the pack of devils. His experience there was not like that which he had ever found before in the days of his life.

Then the courageous kinsman of Hygelac remembered his evening speech; he stood up and grappled fast with Grendel. His fingers cracked; the monster made for the door; the earl stepped forward. The fiend intended, if he could do so, to flee away into his fen-retreats; he knew that the control of

his fingers rested in the grip of his adversary. It was a sorrowful journey that the harmful raider had taken to Heorot. The lordly hall resounded. Dry-throated panic came upon all of the bold Danes who inhabited the stronghold. Angry were both the guardians of the hall; the building rattled. It was a great wonder that the wine-hall withstood the battle-brave ones, that it had not fallen to the ground, the fair earth-building; but it was cunningly reënforced within and without with iron clamps. I heard that many a gold-adorned mead-bench was torn away from the floor where those hostile ones fought. The wise men of the Scyldings formerly did not expect that any men with the usual amount of strength could smash it to pieces, well-built as it was, adorned with antlers, or destroy it by cunning, unless the embrace of the fire should swallow it in smoke. The noise arose startling enough. Horrible fear came upon each one of the North-Danes, who from the walls heard the lament, the terror-song of the adversary of God, a song without hope of victory, the hell-captive bewailing his pain. But that man held him too fast who was the strongest of men in the days of this life.

The protector of earls would not for anything let go alive this murderous comer; he did not account Grendel's life-days as useful to any of the people.

Many an earl of Beowulf drew his ancient sword-heirloom and wanted to protect the life of his dear lord, of his famous prince; but they might not do so. They did not know, when they undertook to join the strife, and when the courageous-minded warriors attempted to strike in every direction to reach the soul of the fiendish enemy, that even the choicest of swords upon this earth, no war-weapon could harm him, for he had laid a spell upon all victory-weapons, upon each sword. But his life-parting was destined to be

61. **guardians of the hall.** Notice the irony of the term. Grendel guarded it for evil, Beowulf for good.
102. **laid a spell.** These monsters were usually safe from all weapons except those whose magic powers excelled their own.

miserable, and the other-world spirit was to journey far into the power of the fiends.

Then he discovered, who formerly, cheerful in mind, had perpetrated many crimes against mankind—he was the enemy of God—that his body did not follow him, but that him the brave son of Hygelac held by the hand; each was hostile to the other one's being alive. The horrible monster received a body-hurt; an incurable wound appeared upon his shoulder. The sinews sprang apart; the joint burst. To Beowulf was given fame in battle. Grendel thence had to flee for his life under the fen-slopes to regain his cheerless dwelling. He knew surely that the end of his life had come, the number of his days. By this slaughter-attack the wish of all the Danes was fulfilled.

Thus did he who had come from afar, wise and mighty-souled, cleanse the hall of Hrothgar, preserve it against war. He rejoiced at the night-work, at the deed of strength. The chief of the Geats had fulfilled his boast to the East-Danes. Likewise had he made good all their distress, foe-malice which they formerly had endured, and the dire compulsion which they had had to suffer, no little anguish. The evidence was plain, when the battle-bold Beowulf hung up the hand, the arm, and the shoulder—the entire arm-grip of Grendel—under the high roof.

In the morning I heard that many a warrior was about the gift-hall; the leaders of the people came from far and near along the distant ways to behold the wonder, the traces of the enemy. Nor did his departure from life seem sad to any of the men who looked upon the tracks of the vanquished one; how he, weary in mind, overcome in combat, dragged himself away, doomed and banished, to the pool of the sea-monsters. The waves boiled with blood; the horrible eddy mingled with hot blood; it welled with sword-blood; the death-doomed one had dyed it when deprived of joy. He laid down his life in his fen-lair, his heathen soul, when hell took him.

Thence they returned again from the joyous journey, the old companions and likewise many a young man, from the mighty tarn, riding upon their white horses. The renown of Beowulf was proclaimed. Many a man said often that neither south nor north between the two seas of the vast earth was any other warrior under the circuit of heaven more worthy to be a ruler. Yet they did not in any wise blame their dear lord, gracious Hrothgar; for he was a good king.

Sometimes the battle-renowned ones caused their bay horses to gallop, ran them in races where the roads of the earth seemed suitable and well known for their excellence. At times athane of the king, a man laden with glorious words, skilled in songs, who knew a very large number of the old sagas, found new words bound together in truth. The man began in turn to treat skillfully the journey of Beowulf and compose excellently a wondrous tale, to arrange it in words. He told everything that he had heard about the mighty deeds of Sigemund; much that was unknown about the contest of the son of Waels and his wide journeys, which the children of men did not know at all, his feuds and dire deeds, except Fitela, who had been with him, to whom he had told some of them at one time and another, the uncle to his nephew, since they were ever together as companions in difficulty, in each of their war struggles; they laid low many of the tribe of giants with the sword. To Sigemund there arose after his death-day no little glory, when he had slain the bold dragon in battle, the guardian of the treasure-hoard. The son of the prince ventured a desperate deed in under the gray rock, alone; Fitela was not with him. Nevertheless Fate granted to him that he pierced the glittering dragon with his sword so that

78. *compose*, etc., a good example of how popular ballads were composed on the spur of the moment. 82. *Sigemund*, a hero of the *Volsung Saga* (see reference to it on page 105). In *Beowulf* he slays the dragon; in the *Volsung Saga* his son or nephew, Siegfried, slays it. 86. *Fitela*, Siegfried. 93. *giants*. These giants often turned themselves into dragons, as did Fafnir, whom Sigemund is here described as slaying. In Wagner's *Siegfried* the adventure is Siegfried's.

it struck through to the cave wall, the noble iron weapon. The dragon died the death. The champion through his might had brought it about that he might enjoy the ring-hoard as he wished. The son of Waels loaded a sea-boat; he brought into the bosom of the ship bright adornments. The fiery dragon melted away.

10 He was of wanderers the most famous among the nations of men, protector of warriors by deeds of strength; he thrived in honors after the time when battle had caused to wane the vigor and strength of Heremod, who was betrayed among the Eotens into the power of his enemies and was quickly swept away. Him the surges of sorrow battered too long; he became to his people, to all his warriors, a life-care. Likewise
20 in days of yore the departure of the stout-hearted one many a wise man often lamented, who had trusted in him for betterment of misfortunes, and had hoped that the son of the prince would bring help to his nation, receive the ancestral power, take command of his people, the treasure-hoard, the protecting stronghold, the realm of heroes, the inheritance of the Scyldings. By
30 his deeds the son of Hygelac became very famous to all mankind; but crime swept Heremod away.

Meantime, racing their horses, they passed over the tawny roads. The light of morning was advanced and broadened. Many a stout-hearted retainer came to the high-hall to see the rare wonder. Likewise the king him-
40 self came from the bower, guardian of the ring-hoard; the glorious one, renowned for his excellence, went with a great gathering, and his queen with him traversed the mead-path with a bevy of maids.

9. melted away. Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon dragons were gifted with the power of breathing out flames. On their death they shriveled up or melted. 15. Heremod, a Danish king who did evil to his people, and is in this poem used as a stock example of a bad king. The Anglo-Saxons always emphasize the ethical side of the story (see the passage covered by note on line 68). 40. bower. The unmarried warriors slept in the hall; the married warriors slept in the bower. Beowulf as a guest of honor was assigned a chamber in the bower after he had killed Grendel.

Hrothgar spake—he went to the hall, stood by the pillar, beheld the lofty roof adorned with gold and with the hand of Grendel: “For this sight may thanks straightway be given to the
50 Almighty. Much have I endured of evil, sorrows from Grendel. Ever God can work wonder after wonder, the King of Glory! It was but now that I did not dare to expect relief ever from any of my woes, as long as the best of houses stood stained with sword-blood, a widely-known woe to each of the men who did not dare to hope that they for a long time could defend the tribal
60 buildings from hostile ghosts and devils. Now has a warrior through the might of the Lord performed the deed which we all formerly might not contrive in our wisdom. Lo! if she yet lives, whoever of women bore this son after the manner of men, she may say that the Ancient of Days was gracious to her in her child-bearing. Now, Beowulf, I will love thee as a son, best of
70 men, while thou livest; henceforth hold well our new relationship. There shall not be any lack to thee of the desirable things of this life in so far as I have power to grant them. Full often for less have I awarded to a lesser warrior an honorable gift, to a man weaker in strife. Thou hast performed such deeds that thy glory shall live for ever and ever. May Almighty God reward thee
80 as he hath done until now.”

Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: “We performed that conflict of strength with great good-will, and boldly ventured the strength of the unknown. I should have liked it better that thou mightest have seen the fiend himself in his trappings, weary to the point of death! I had intended to bind him quickly with a mighty grasp upon a
90 slaughter-bed, so that he, because of my hand-grip, should lie in the throes of death, unless his body escaped. However, I could not cut him off from getting away, because the Lord did not permit it. I did not cling to the life-

68. Ancient of Days, God. 87. in his trappings, as he looked.

foe well enough; the fiend was too mighty in his movement. Nevertheless, he left behind his hand, his arm, and the shoulder as a hostage for his life to mark the trail. But the wretched creature will not obtain any comfort; none the longer shall the hated monster live, battered with crime, but him a wound has seized deeply in its dire grip, 10 in its powerful bonds. In that condition shall this man, stained with crime, await the Great Judgment when the Radiant Judge shall pass sentence upon him."

Then was a certain man, the son of Ecglaf, more silent about boasting speeches concerning deeds of battle, since by the might of the earl the warriors were looking at the hand on the lofty roof, the fingers of the fiend— 20 each one hooked forward, and each finger-nail most like steel, the handspurs of the heathen, the fearful claw of the battle-monster. Each man said that no hard thing, no sword however good, could touch him so as to injure the bloody battle-hand of the adversary.

Straightway the command was given 30 that Heorot be put in order within. Many a man and woman prepared the wine-building, the guest-hall. Glittering-gold tapestry shone on the walls: many a wondrous scene for any man who cares to look at such things. The bright building had been mightily shattered within, though fastened with iron clamps; the hinges were sprung apart. Only the roof had escaped 40 altogether sound, when the adversary, stained with deeds of crime, had turned in flight, despairing of his life. It is not easy to escape death—try it he who will—but compelled by Fate each soul-bearer of the children of men shall gain a place which has been prepared for him, where his body shall sleep fast upon a burial-bed after the banquet.

Then came the time and occasion 50 that the son of Healfdane went to the hall. The king wished himself to par-

take of the banquet. I never heard of a greater gathering of people behaving themselves better in the presence of their giver of treasure. The prosperous ones sat them down on the benches, rejoiced at the feast, partook courteously of many a mead-cup. The stout-hearted kinsmen, Hrothgar and Hrothulf, were in the high-hall. Heorot was 60 filled within with friends. Not yet had the princes of the Scyldings committed deeds of treachery.

The son of Healfdane gave to Beowulf a golden banner as a reward for victory, an adorned battle-banner, a helmet, a byrnie, and a famous treasure-sword; many saw them borne before the hero. Beowulf rose and received the pledge-cup; on this occasion 70 he need not have felt shame before the warriors for the gifts. I have not heard of many mortal men giving to others in a more friendly fashion on the ale-bench four treasures. About the top of the helmet was a head-protector, wrapped with wires; it protected the crest from without so that the leavings of files, fire-hard, might not harm him when the shield-warrior 80 should go against his enemies. Hrothgar, the protector of earls, bade them bring in upon the hall-floor beyond the barriers eight horses with gold-plated bridles. Upon one of them stood, glittering with treasures, a saddle adorned with jewels. It was the battle saddle of the king when he had wished to make sword-play. Never did the prowess of the renowned one fail in 90 the forefront when the slain fell. And then to Beowulf did Hrothgar, the protector of the Ingwins, give possession of each and both, horses and weapons; he bade him to make good use of them. So, as a man ought, the famous prince, the hoard-guardian of heroes, paid for the battle-onsets with horses and treasure, that no man could blame him who said the truth according to what is 100 right.

Moreover, to each of those on the mead-bench who with Beowulf, had

44. *compelled by Fate*, etc., another variation of the theme of Fate. Gray has expressed it best in "The Elegy," "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

63. *treachery*. See note on line 2, page 13. 79. *leavings of files*, kenning for *sword*. 93. *Ingwins*, Danes.

taken the sea-road, the ruler of earls gave treasure, ancestral heirlooms, and bade his people pay with gold for that warrior whom Grendel formerly had killed wickedly, as he would have done to each of them at some future time had not a high God interposed Fate and the courage of Beowulf. The Lord ruled over all mankind then as he does now. 10 Therefore understanding is everywhere best, forethought of heart. He shall live through much that is pleasant and unpleasant who here in these days of strife mingles with the world.

Song and the voice of joy mingled together in the presence of the world-leaders of the son of Healfdane. The harp-strings were swept; a lay was oft composed, when the bard of Hrothgar along the mead-bench proclaimed joy in the hall. 20

—Before the sons of Finn, when the sudden attack came on them, the hero of the Half-Danes, Hnaef of the Scyldings, had to fall upon a Frisian slaughter-field. Nor did Hildeburh have occasion to rejoice at the fidelity of the Eotens. Without any fault of her own was she deprived of her dear son and brother in the play of bucklers; they had fallen at the appointed time, wounded with the spear. She was a sorrowful lady. By no means without reason did the daughter of Hoc mourn for what was fated, when in the light of morning she saw her 30

22. *Before the sons of Finn*, etc. This recital is a rapid summary of an episode in a typical blood-feud which existed between Finn, king of the Frisian tribe, and Hnaef, leader of the Hocings, a half Danish tribe. Finn had married Hildeburh, sister of Hnaef, possibly to end the feud. However, in some way the feud broke out again, and Hnaef was slain in Finn's hall. The battle which ensued became a deadlock, so that a truce was concluded between Finn and Hengest, Hnaef's successor, whereby the Hocings were to enter Finn's service and receive equal rewards with the Frisians. After one winter the feud broke out again, Finn and his tribe were slaughtered, and the Hocings bore home the plunder and the queen. We should notice that this feud was between relatives by marriage, for frequently marriage alliances were used with a hope that they might end feuds. Rarely, if ever, were they successful. In the passage referred to in note on line 49, page 37, Beowulf prophesies that Hygelac the unfortunate outcome of the marriage of Hrothgar's daughter Freawaru with Ingeld, king of the Heathobards, as a means of healing a similar blood-feud. These feuds are one of the characteristic features of Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon legends. The tradition may also be traced in the popular ballads which treat of domestic and tribal feuds. 27. *Eotens*, here, possibly a tribe owing allegiance to Finn, who, at his command, fell upon Hnaef and the Hocings. Cf. the fate of the sons of Usnach in *Deirdre* (page 67, line 81). 33. *daughter of Hoc*, Hildeburh.

murdered kinsmen in the place where she had previously had the greatest joy in the world. The battle had swept away all the thanes of Finn, except only a few, so that he could not in the battle- 40 place fight to a finish his conflict with Hengest. Nor might the woeful remnant on the other side by fighting rescue Hengest, the thane of their prince; therefore the Frisians offered them terms that they would make empty another floor for the Danes, a hall and a high-seat, and that the Danes would be allowed to possess half of it with the sons of the Eotens. Moreover, 50 on the days when gifts were distributed, Finn, the son of Folcwalda, would honor the Danes, the troop of Hengest, would give them rings, costly treasures plated with gold, as well as he would honor in the beer-hall the tribe of the Frisians.

They plighted on both sides a fast peace-compact. Finn declared to Hengest strongly and incontestably with 60 oaths that he would honor and protect the woeful remnant of Hengest's troop in accordance with the judgment of the wise men, so that no man by word or deed should break the treaty, or with envious purpose ever mention it, though the troop of Hengest were indeed following as ring-giver the murderer of their prince, as they were forced to do, since they had been deprived of their leader. 70 Moreover, if any one of the Frisians in bold speech should call to mind this murder-hate, then the edge of the sword was straightway to avenge it.

The oath was performed, and costly gold was brought up from the hoard. Hnaef, the best war-leader of the Army-Scyldings, was prepared for the bale-fire. Upon the pyre could easily be 80 seen the blood-stained byrnie, the swine of gold, the boar iron-hard, and many

67. *troop of Hengest*. Such warrior bands pledged themselves neither to desert their king nor to survive him if he fell in battle. Cf. the action of the West Saxon king's troop as narrated in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* for the year 755 A.D. (page 764, lines 18 ff.). Hengest's troop did not fulfill their pledge. 72. *call to mind*. Many a blood-feud was renewed by a taunting speech, as Beowulf shows in the passage referred to in note on line 49, page 37. 78. *bale-fire*. See note on line 11, page 12. 79. *Upon the pyre*, etc. Compare this cremation with that of Shelley as described by Trelawny in his *Recollections* (page 869).

a warrior done to death by wounds; many a one had fallen in the slaughter. Hildeburh commanded that upon the pyre of Hnaef her own son should be committed to the flame, and his mortal frame consumed by the bale-fire. The wretched lady wept at his side and uttered her sorrow in dirges. Hnaef, warrior of many battles, was lifted upon the pyre. The mightiest of slaughter-fires rose to the clouds; it roared in front of the grave-mound. The heads melted, the wound-gates burst open, when the blood spurted out by reason of the deadly corpse-bite. The flames swallowed them all, greediest of spirits—all those whom the conflict had taken away from both peoples; their fame had departed.

The warriors then turned away from the pyre, bereft of their friends, to survey in Friesland their stockade and high-hall. Hengest throughout a slaughter-stained winter lived with Finn quite unitedly; he remembered his home, though he could not drive out to sea his ring-necked ship—the sea swelled with storm, it fought against the wind; winter locked the waves in a continuous ice-bound—until a second year came into the courts—as it yet does to those who continually watch the signs of the seasons—the wondrous-bright weather.

Then was winter shaken; fair was the bosom of the earth. The exile Hengest felt a desire to go away from the Frisian courts; but he thought more strongly of revenge for harm done than he did of the sea-voyage, if perchance he might bring about a wrathful conflict that therein he might not forget the son of the Eotens. So he did not refuse the way of the world, when the son of Hunlaf placed upon his knees the battle-gleam, the best of swords. Its edges were well known among the Eotens.

32. *signs of the seasons.* Cf. the conclusion to Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind": "O wind, if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" 42. *son of the Eotens.* probably Hnaef. 43. *he did not refuse the way of the world,* an Anglo-Saxon understatement either for death or for doing one's duty as prescribed by custom. Here it probably means that one of Hengest's followers placed upon his knees the sword of their slaughtered chief, Hnaef, and advised him to use it in leading an attack upon their enemies.

Likewise dire sword-slaughter befell the stout-hearted Finn in his own home, after Guthlaf and Oslaf recalled the sorrow of the grim attack which had taken place after the sea-voyage; they charged him with their many woes. The raging spirit might no longer be restrained in their breasts. The hall became covered with the bodies of adversaries. Likewise was Finn slain, the king among his troop, and his queen seized. The warriors of the Scyldings bore to the ship all the household property of the earth-king, whatever they could find of jewels and cunningly-adorned gems in the stockade of Finn. They bore on the sea voyage the noble wife to the Danes; they led her back to their people.—

The song was sung, the lay of the gleeman. The noise of revelry arose once more; the sound of conversation grew clearer. Cup-bearers poured wine from wondrous beakers. Then came Wealhtheow, adorned with a golden necklace, to where the two good men sat, the uncle and the nephew. Their relationship still was peaceful, each one true to the other. Unferth, the spokesman, likewise sat at the feet of the lord of the Scyldings. Everybody trusted in his valor, in his great courage of mind, although he had not been steadfast to his kinsmen in the play of the swords.

The lady of the Scyldings spake: "Receive this cup, my dear lord, giver of treasure! Be thou in happiness, golden friend of men, and speak to the Geats with mild words as a man ought! Be gracious to the Geats, mindful of gifts; from near and far thou now hast thy desire. They tell me that thou hast adopted for thy son Beowulf, the war-hero. Heorot is cleansed, the bright ring-hall; enjoy, while thou mayest, many rewards, and leave to thy sons people and realm, when thou shalt at the appointed time fare forth to meet thy doom. I know that my gracious Hrothulf will protect the young men, if thou, dear friend of the Scyldings,

50. *Guthlaf and Oslaf*, two of Hengest's warriors.
74. *the uncle and the nephew*, Hrothulf and Hrethric.

shalt leave this world before he does. I expect that he will repay with good our children, if he calls to mind all those things which we have done out of kindness for his pleasure and honor when he was formerly a child."

She turned then along the bench to where her sons were, Hrethric and Hrothmund, and the sons of the warriors, the troop of young men together. Beowulf, the excellent hero of the Geats, sat between them both. To him was the cup borne and a friendly invitation offered with words, and wound-gold graciously proffered: two arm-bracelets, armor, and ring-mail, the mightiest of necklaces of which I ever heard on earth. I never heard of a better hoard-treasure of heroes under the heavens since Hama bore away to the bright stronghold the necklace of the Brosings, the jewel and the treasure; he fled the cunning hate of Eormenric; he chose eternal counsel. This necklace, Hygelac of the Geats, the nephew of Swerting, had worn on the last time, when he under his banner had defended his treasure and war-plunder. Fate swept him away, when, in his pride, he suffered woes and strife at the hands of the Frisians; the mighty prince had borne over the cup of the waves the treasure; he fell under his shield. The life of the king passed into the power of the Franks, as well as the coats-of-mail and the necklace; unvaliant war-wolves robbed his corpse after the battle-slaughter; the corpses of the Geats covered the field.

The hall received the sound. Wealth-theow spake in the presence of the company: "Enjoy this necklace, dear Beowulf, O young man; make use of this armor, treasure of the people, and thrive well; make known thy might,

and be to these young men mindful of counsel; I will reward thee. Thou hast brought it about that far and near for all time to come men shall honor thee, even as far as the sea encompasses the windy walls of the earth. Be thou, while thou livest, prosperous, O prince; use well these courtly treasures. Be thou to my sons friendly in deeds, O joyous feaster; here every earl is true to the other, kindly in mind, faithful to his lord; the thanes are at peace, the people all are ready. All ye warriors who have drunk deep do as I command."

She went then to her seat. It was the choicest of banquets. The men drank wine; they did not know what grim fate was to come to many an earl. After evening had come, and Hrothgar had departed to his chamber, the mighty one to rest, a great group of earls guarded the building as they had often done. They cleared the benches and spread throughout the hall beds and bolsters. One of the revelers, eager, yet doomed, lay down upon the bed-rest. They set above their heads the battle-shields, the bright wooden-bucklers. On the bench over each warrior might easily be seen the high battle-helm, the ringed coat-of-mail, the strong war-sword. It was their rule always to be ready for war, either at home or on the foray; even at such times as need came upon their lord. That was a good troop!

PART II

THE BATTLE WITH GRENDL'S MOTHER

They sank then to sleep. One sore paid for his evening-rest, as had happened full often since the time when Grendel commenced haunting the gold-hall, waging evil, until he got his end, death in consequence of his crimes. Soon it became clearly manifested to

20. *Hama*, a legendary opponent of Eormenric. 21. *necklace*. In Scandinavian mythology this necklace belonged to Freyja, the goddess of beauty. 23. *Eormenric*, a king of the Goths notorious for his cruelty. When the Huns broke up his kingdom, in 375 A.D., he killed himself. His connection with the Brosing necklace is unknown. 24. *chose eternal counsel*, kenning for *died*. 36. *war-wolves*, kenning for *warriors*. 37. *battle-slaughter*. This is the raid of Hygelac upon the Frisian coast, between 512-520 A.D., which is the historical basis of the poem. A fuller account is given in Part IV of this poem (see note on line 83, page 41).

73. *bed-rest*, a bench which probably ran the entire length of each side of the hall and served as a combination bench and bed for the warriors. 83. *They sank then to sleep*. This paragraph summarizes the important features of the first part. *One*, Aeschere; another example of foreboding.

men that an avenger still lived after the enemy, for a long time after the war-sorrow, the mother of Grendel, a monster in woman's form. She remembered her misery, since it was her lot to inhabit the terrible tarn, the cold streams, ever since Cain became the murderer of his only brother, his kinsman on his father's side. He had departed an outlaw, marked with murder, to escape the joy of mankind; he inhabited the waste places. From him sprang most of the demons sent by Fate; one of these was Grendel, the hateful monster, who in Heorot had found a man awake waiting for battle on the occasion when the adversary came to grips with him. Yet Beowulf remembered the strength of his might, the priceless gift which God had given him; and he trusted in the protection of the Lord for consolation and aid. Thus he overcame the fiend; he vanquished the hell-sprite. Grendel, the enemy of mankind, departed in humiliation, deprived of joy, to find the abode of the dead. But his mother, in her turn, greedy and fierce of heart, wished to perform the sorrowful journey to avenge the death of her son.

She came to Heorot where the Ring-Danes slept throughout that hall. Immediately there became manifest to the earls an overturn of fortune, when Grendel's mother broke into the hall. The terror was just so much the less as is the might of a woman, the war-terror of a female, in comparison with that of a warrior, when the hilt-bound sword, hammer-forged, the sword glittering with blood, face to face strikes the boar over the helmet, courageous against swords.

Then in the hall was the hard sword drawn from over the benches; many a wide buckler lifted fast in the hands. No warrior thought of helmet or wide byrnie when the terror came upon him. She was in haste; as soon as she was discovered she wanted to escape and save her life. Quickly she seized fast one of the warriors when she went back to the fen. He was to Hrothgar the dearest of companions between the two

seas, a mighty warrior in raids, whom she tore away from his bed, the renowned man. Beowulf was not there, for another lodging had been assigned to the famous Geat immediately after the gift-giving. Clamor arose in Heorot. She, in the midst of slaughter-gore, took away the famous hand. Care was renewed among the dwellings of the Danes. That was no fair bargain that they were forced to make on both sides for the lives of their dear ones. The wise king, the snow-haired battle-warrior, was sad in mind when he knew that the lordly thane was unliving, that his dearest friend was dead.

Straightway from the bower was Beowulf fetched, the man rich in victory. At the break of day he went with his earls, the noble champion in the midst of companions, to where the wise ruler awaited to see if the Almighty would ever bring an exchange for the tidings of woe. Along the hall-floor with his followers came the man famous in war—the hall resounded—in order that he might greet the wise man with words, the dear lord of the Ingwins. He asked him according to courteous custom whether her night's rest had been agreeable.

Hrothgar spake, the protector of the Scyldings: "Ask not after joy! Sorrow is renewed to the people of the Danes. Dead is Aeschere, the oldest brother of Yrmenlaf, my secret councilor and adviser, a man who stood with me shoulder to shoulder when we two in the battle guarded our heads, when armor crashed and boar-helmets rattled. Thus ought an earl to be, an excellent warrior, even as Aeschere was! A wandering slaughter-spirit became his murderer in Heorot. I do not know whither the horrible creature, rejoicing in carrion, took the return journey, exulting in her kill. However, she avenged the feud in which thou yesternight didst kill Grendel violently by hard gripping of hands, because he too long diminished and destroyed my people. He fell in battle,

56. renowned man, Aeschere. 85. agreeable, unintentional irony, for Beowulf does not know what has happened.

having forfeited his life, and now another mighty evildoer has come; she wants to avenge her son. Thou hast established a far-reaching feud, as it may well seem to many a thane who for the ring-giver will grieve in mind, suffer hard woe of heart. Now that hand lies still which was accustomed to give every good thing.

10 "I have heard the land-dwellers, my people, hall-rulers, say that they have seen two such mighty marsh-stalkers roaming the moors, spirits from another world. One of them, as nearly as they could make out, had the likeness of a woman; the other misshapen creature trod the tracks of exile in the form of a man, except that he was mightier in stature than any man. Him in days
20 gone by the country-folk named Grendel; they knew of no father, or whether he was ever father of lurking ghost-monsters.

"They a secret land inhabit, the wolf-slopes, the windy sea-crags, the dangerous fen-paths, where the mountain stream plunges down under the misty headlands, a torrent under the earth. The pool is not farther away from here
30 than a mile; over it lean frost-covered trees; the wood, fast on its roots, over-shadows the water. There any night can a dreadful portent be seen—fire flickering on the flood. There is no man living among the children of men so wise as to know the bottom of that tarn. Though the hart when pressed by hounds, the deer strong in his antlers, seeks that deep wood when pursued
40 from afar, sooner will he give up his life on its shore than risk death in the pool. It is not a pleasant place. Thence the wave-surges tower up black toward the clouds, when the wind stirs up hostile storms until the air darkens, and the clouds weep.

10. **I have heard**, etc. This paragraph illustrates the Anglo-Saxon attitude toward nature. It is fearful, but it is also beautiful. The feeling continues throughout English and American literature. Note the descriptions of the seasons in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* (page 120, lines 68 ff.), Mrs. Rowlandson's *Narrative* (page 829), Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* (page 261), Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" (page 452), and such war poems as those of Siegfried Sassoon and W. W. Gibson (pages 614 ff and 622). 24. **secret land**, etc. How Coleridge would have enjoyed this supernatural and horrible view of nature!

"Now again is our help dependent upon thee alone! The terrible place as yet thou dost not know, where thou canst find the sinful creature. Seek it,
50 if thou darest. I will repay thee with ancient treasure for the feud, as I formerly did with wound-gold, if thou dost succeed."

Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: "Do not sorrow, O wise man! It is better for a man to avenge a friend than to mourn over-much. Each of us must expect death; therefore let him
60 who may, perform deeds of glory before death comes! Afterwards that is the best reward for a dead man. Arise, ruler of this realm! Let us go forth at once to scan the tracks of Grendel's kin. I promise thee he shall not lose himself in any protecting place, neither in the embrace of the earth, nor in the mountain-wood, nor in the bottom of the ocean, let him go where he will. On this day do thou have patience with
70 each of thy woes, as I expect patience from thee!"

The old man leaped up. The mighty ruler thanked God for what the warrior had spoken. Straightway was the horse of Hrothgar bridled, the horse with its braided mane. The wise prince rode in state; a troop of shield-bearers marched behind him. The tracks were easily followed along the forest paths,
80 where she had gone over the ground and hastened straight over the misty moor, bearing the dead body of the best of kinsmen-thanes of those who guarded his homestead for Hrothgar. The son of the prince traversed the steep stone slopes, the narrow path, the difficult wood-track, the unknown trail, and the steep sea-crags, which are the homes of many sea-monsters. He, one of a
90 few, went before the wise man to scout

56. **Do not sorrow . . . dead man**. This is the quintessence of the Anglo-Saxon's attitude toward life and death, as well as his code of honor. Compare with it subsequent thoughts on these subjects given in this book. See Kipling's "The White Man's Burden" (page 611) and Alan Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous with Death" (page 692) as two of the latest expressions of these thoughts. 64. **Grendel's kin**. Beowulf does not learn of Grendel's death until he visits the lair (page 32), but at present he feels sure that the avenger must be related to Grendel, though what manner of creature it is he does not know until Hrothgar tells what his people have seen.

along the plain until he suddenly came upon the mountain trees leaning over the gray cliff, the joyless wood. The water lay under it bloody and troubled. To all the Danes, the friends of the Scyldings, was there grief of mind, suffering and distress to many a thane and earl, when they found the head of Aeschere upon the sea-cliff.

10 The flood boiled with hot gore; the people saw it. At times the horn blew a fierce war-song. All the troop sat down. They saw upon the water many of the dragon-kind, strange sea-snakes making trial of the sea-waves. Likewise along the crag-slopes sea-monsters were lying, who often in the morning made a sorrow-causing journey on the sail-road—sea-snakes and fearful
20 monsters. They slipped away into the water, bitter and swollen with anger, when they heard the sound of the horn. The prince of the Geats deprived one of these of life by means of an arrow, cut it off from the strife, when the hard army-arrow pierced its life. On the waves the beast was the slower for swimming because death had taken it. Straightway it was hard
30 pressed on the waves with boar-spears and sword-hooks, deprived of its power of doing harm. The wonderful wave-tosser was pulled up on the cliff. The men looked at the horrible creature.

Beowulf armed himself in the trappings of an earl; not at all did he take thought of his life. He put on his war-byrnie, hand-woven, broad, and glittering with cunning workmanship;
40 it was to make trial of the sea and protect the bone-covering so that no battle-grip might harm his heart, nor the hostile attack of an angry adversary scathe his life. The white helmet protected his head; it was to disturb the bottom of the tarn, to visit the surge of the sound. It was decked with treasure, surrounded with ornamental chains, which in days of yore the smith of weapons had wonderfully adorned, had beset
50 with boar-images, so that no sword or

slaughter-knife could cut into it. Not the smallest of strength-aids was that which the spokesman of Hrothgar lent Beowulf in his need. The name of the hilted sword was Hrunting, and it was preëminent among ancient treasures. The sword was of iron and glittered with poison-twigs, hardened by battle-blood. Never had it failed any man in battle
60 of those who had grasped it with their hands, who had ventured the fearful war-journey the battle-gathering of foes. This would not be the first time that it had accomplished a deed of strength. To be sure, Unferth, the son of Ecglaf, mighty in valor, did not recall at this time, when he lent his weapon to a better warrior, what he had said formerly when drunk with wine. He did not himself dare under
70 the tumult of the waves to risk his life, to accomplish the heroic deed. Thereby was he deprived of such glory as comes from deeds of strength. The other man was not so, as he had prepared himself for deeds of war.

Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: "Bethink thee now, O famous son of Healfdane, wise prince, as I am pre-
80 pared for the journey, O gold-friend of men, what we two formerly spake. If I for thy need should be deprived of my life, be thou to me ever, even though dead, in the place of a father. Be thou protector of my kinsmen-thanes, if death take me! Likewise send to Hygelac, O Hrothgar, those gifts which thou hast given to me. The lord of the Geats, the son of Hrethel, may perceive
90 by the gold, when he surveys the treasure, that I found most happily a good giver of rings, that I enjoyed him while I might; and do thou give Unferth, the well-known man, the ancient heirloom, the wondrous hard wave-sword. I shall perform a deed of glory with Hrunting, or else death will take me."

After these words the prince of the Weder-Geats hastened away in his
100 might, and did not stay for an answer. The tarn-surge received the battle-

19. **fearful monsters.** Compare Coleridge's description of the water-snakes in Part IV of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* (page 265). 27. **was the slower,** etc., primitive irony. 41. **bone-covering,** body.

59. **poison-twigs.** Damascened steel has a wavy pattern, which the Scandinavians believed to be due to charms or poison; hence the epithet *snake-adorned*, page 33, line 53.

prince. It was quite a long time before he could see the bottom of the pool. Soon she found out, she who had ruled, sword-greedy and grim, the domain of the flood for a hundred half-years, that some man had come from above into the realm of other-world monsters. She pounced on him and seized the battle-warrior in her horrible grip. Yet she could not injure his sound body, for the byrnie so protected it from without that she might not get at the warrior; the well-locked limb-sark protected him from the grip of the enemy. The sea-wolf, when she reached the bottom, bore the prince in his ring-mail to her lair. He might not use his weapons, though he was courageous, for many marvelous monsters tormented him in the flood. Many a sea-beast with battle-tusks tried to rip through his war-armor; they harassed the champion.

At length the earl perceived that he was in some kind of lair near the bottom of the pool, where no water might harm him; nor did the fearful grip of the flood touch him in the lofty cave; he saw fire-light shining brightly, a brilliant gleam. Then the good man attacked the ground-wolf, the mighty sea-hag. He made a terrific attack with his battle-sword. He did not withhold his hand, but the ring-adorned sword sang greedily upon her head a battle-song. Then the wanderer found that the battle-gleam did not bite or harm the life, for the sword failed the prince at his need. Formerly it had endured many a hand-to-hand fight and had often cut in two a helmet, the war-armor of the doomed one. This was the first time that its glory failed the dear weapon.

Once again was Beowulf determined in mind; he was not slow of strength; the son of Hygelac was mindful of glory. The warrior in his wrath cast aside the sword bound with wondrous

ring-ornaments, so that it lay on the ground strong and steel-edged. He trusted in his strength and in the might of his hand-grip. So ought a man to do when he in battle expects to get everlasting praise; he should not care for his life. The prince of the War-Geats seized the mother of Grendel by the shoulder—not at all did he worry about the encounter; the man, courageous in battle, seized the life-enemy, because he was angry, and she fell on the ground. But she straightway repaid him for his fierce grip and seized upon him in turn. The strongest of men, now weary in mind, stumbled and fell. The hall-guest leaped upon him and drew her short-sword, broad and brown-edged; she wanted to avenge her child, her only son. Upon his shoulders lay the woven breast-byrnie that protected his life and withstood entrance of spear and sword. The son of Ecgtheow would have died under the spacious earth, the champion of the Geats, had not his war-byrnie, his hard battle-net, helped him, and had not Holy God brought about victory in battle, the Wise Lord. The ruler of the heavens easily decided it aright. Afterwards Beowulf stood up.

He saw among the weapons a sword rich in victory, an ancient sword of the giants with mighty edges, a weapon to be held in honor. It was the choicest of weapons, except that it was larger than any other man could bear to the battle-play; excellent and splendid, it was the work of giants. The bold warrior of the Scyldings, fierce and battle-grim, seized the sword by its ringed hilt, drew the ring-sword, not caring for his life, and smote with anger so that the courageous one struck her on the neck and broke the bone-ring; the sword went completely through the doomed flesh-cloak. She fell to the ground. The

7. **realm of other-world monsters.** Both Grendel's lair and his mother's actions in this passage are characteristic of sea otters. The lair is above water in the bank of the pool, but its entrance is under water. Whenever any animal swims in the pool, the water at the entrance of the cave is disturbed, and the inhabitant of the lair slips into the pool, seizes the invader, and carries it to the lair, where it is devoured. This is the unfulfilled procedure of Grendel's mother with Beowulf.
42. **dear weapon.** See note on line 102, page 21.

65. **short-sword.** She apparently carried a cutlass or dagger on a lanyard about her neck. 92. **sword.** This sword possessed more magic power than either Grendel or his mother—a good reason why both kept it in their lair. The Anglo-Saxons attributed to giants of the first age of the world whatever evidences of civilization, such as Roman roads and forts, mighty swords, and artistic carving of all sorts, they could not understand (see line 28, page 33, and the note on line 59, page 30; likewise, line 34, page 46, and its note).

sword was bloody. The man rejoiced in his work. The fire-light gleamed; it leaped from within just as brightly as from heaven shines the candle of the skies. Beowulf looked through the lair. As he moved along the hall, the thane of Hygelac grasped the tough weapon by the hilt. He was angry and determined in heart. The sword was not held
 10 feebly by the battle-warrior, for he intended at once to repay Grendel for the many attacks which he had made upon the West-Danes much oftener than that time when he had slain the hearth-companions of Hrothgar in their slumber, had devoured in their sleep fifteen men of the Danes, and had borne away just as many others—a fearful booty. Beowulf, the fierce champion, had so
 20 paid him back that he now saw, lying on his bed, the war-weary Grendel, deprived of his life, injured as he had previously been in battle at Heorot. The corpse gaped wide open, when Grendel after death suffered the fierce sword-blow, and Beowulf cut off his head.

Soon the mighty men who looked with Hrothgar upon the flood perceived
 30 that the wave-surge of the pool was disturbed and gleamed with blood. The gray-haired men spake together about the hero; they did not believe that the prince would return to the famous ruler, exulting in victory, since it seemed to many that the sea-wolf had destroyed him. Afternoon came. Not at all did the bold Scyldings depart for Heorot, but Hrothgar, the gold-friend
 40 of men, went home. The strangers sat sick in mind and stared at the pool; they wished, but did not expect, that they should see their dear lord himself.

Then the battle-sword began to dwindle into icicles of steel because of the blood of the monster. It was a wonderful sight when it had all melted, most like ice when the Father loosens the bolts of the

frost and unbinds the ropes of the whirlpool, He who has control of times and seasons. He is the true God. The prince of the Weder-Geats did not take in this dwelling more of treasure-possessions, though he saw many there, except the head and the hilt together, a glittering booty. The shimmering-marked sword had melted because the blood of the poisonous other-world spirit who died in the lair was so
 60 hot. Soon he who had endured conflict, the war-terror of foes, was in the sound and dived up through the water. The wave-surge was completely purified, as well as the mighty dwelling where the other-world spirit gave up its life-days and this fitting world.

The protector of seamen, strong-minded in swimming, came ashore. He rejoiced at the sea-booty, at the mighty burden which he had with him. The
 70 mighty troop of thanes went to meet him. They thanked God; they rejoiced for their prince that they might see him safe and sound. Then from the valiant man were helmet and byrnie quickly loosened. The pool lay stagnant; the water under the clouds glittered with slaughter-gore.

Straightway they went back again along the footpaths rejoicing in heart.
 80 They traversed the earth-roads, the well-known ways. The royally-bold men bore with difficulty the head from the sea-cliff. Four men could scarcely bear upon a slaughter-spear the head of Grendel, but presently the fourteen bold, warlike Geats came to the hall. The brave lord of men with his troop traversed the mead-plain. The chief of thanes came in, the deed-bold man
 90 adorned with glory, the battle-famed warrior, to greet Hrothgar. By the hair was borne in on the floor the head of Grendel where the men were drinking; the fearful portent was placed before the earls and the queen. The men looked at the wondrous sight.

Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: "Lo! son of Healfdane, prince of the Scyldings, we have brought with joy 100 from the sea-encounter this token of glory. I with difficulty survived with

2. **fire-light.** The supernatural gleam of light is more characteristic of Celtic than of Anglo-Saxon literature. In Celtic sagas there are several examples of fire blazing from the head of the hero or heroine in emotional crises. 46. **blood of the monster.** Such blood was considered by both Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian tribes to have poisonous or magic powers. In this case it melts the sword. Cf. *Christabel*, page 177, line 158, where the fire starts up when the witch Geraldine passes by.

my life the battle under the water, ventured the difficult deed, was almost deprived of success in battle, had not God protected me. I could not do anything with Hrunting in battle, though the weapon is a good one, but the Lord of Men granted to me that I saw hanging on the wall a huge, beautiful, and ancient sword—He most often is accustomed to guide those who are deprived of their friends; that weapon I drew. I slew in the strife, since luck came to me, the guardian of the lair. The sword, often brandished in battle, was consumed as the blood spattered on it, hottest of battle-gore. I bore thence from the monster the hilt; I avenged the deeds of crime, the slaughter-quell of the Danes, as it was fated. I promised thee that thou in Heorot shouldst sleep with thy troop of thanes free from sorrow; and so may each of thy thanes and people sleep, both young and old, that thou needest not fear for them, O lord of the Scyldings, life-slaughter of earls from one quarter, as thou formerly didst.”

Then the golden hilt, the ancient work of giants, was given into the hand of the aged warrior, the hoary leader in battle. After the fall of the fiends it came into the possession of the lord of the Danes—the work of wondrous smiths, when the fierce-hearted man, the adversary of God, guilty of murder, departed from this world and his mother as well—into the power of the best of world-kings who divide treasure between the two seas on Skâne.

Hrothgar spake; he looked at the hilt, the ancient heirloom on which was written the beginning of an old strife, when the flood, the rushing ocean, slew the tribe of giants. They bore themselves overweeningly—their race was hostile to the Eternal Lord, but the Ruler through the surge of water gave them their final reward. So was it carved on this sword-guard of bright gold in rune-staves, was set down and made manifest for whom the sword was

first made, choicest of weapons with the wreathed-hilt and blade snake-adorned. The wise son of Healfdane spake; the others remained silent: “Lo! He may well say who performeth truth and right among the people, ancient guardian of his country as far back as his remembrance reaches, that this earl was born to excel! Beloved Beowulf, thy glory is lifted up throughout the wide ways of every people. Thou dost hold thy strength modestly in the prudence of thy mind. I shall fulfill my friendship with thee exactly as we spake in former time. Thou shalt be an everlasting consolation to thy people, a help for heroes.”

“Heremod was not so to the sons of Ecgwela, to the Honor-Scyldings. He did not develop for their pleasure, but for a slaughter-fall and death-quell to the people of the Danes. Swollen with pride, he killed his table-companions and bosom-friends, until the famous prince departed from the joys of man an exile, though mighty God had advanced him in the glories of strength and might and had placed him ahead of all men. However, in his mind grew blood-fierce thoughts; not at all did he give to the Danes rings as was right; he lived joyless and suffered distress in combat, a long-enduring national evil. Profit thou by his example; distinguish the proper qualities of a man! I, wise in winters, have prepared for thee these precepts.”

“It is wonderful to relate how Almighty God in his wisdom distributes to mankind discretion, country, and rule. He rules over all. At times He allows the purposes of a man of noble kind to turn to delight. He gives him an ancestral home in the beautiful earth, a protecting stronghold of man; he brings into his subjection regions of the earth, a wide kingdom, so that he himself in his folly cannot forecast the end. He remains in prosperity; nothing annoys him—neither sickness, nor age, nor foe-sorrow darkens his mind; no strife anywhere causes sword-hate to appear, but for him the world turns

39. *Skâne*, lower Sweden. 43. *the flood*, a reference to the Biblical flood (Genesis vi-vii). 50. *rune-staves*, secret magic writing.

53. *snake-adorned*. See note on line 59, page 30. 68. *Heremod*. See note on line 15, page 23. 87 ff. *wonderful to relate*, etc. Now follows the most important reflection upon life in *Beowulf*.

at his pleasure—he does not know the worst—until within him overweening pride grows and spreads itself. Then conscience sleeps, the guardian of the soul; that sleep is too deep, bound with afflictions; the slayer is very near who shooteth maliciously an arrow from the bow. Then he is struck in his mind under his helmet by the bitter shaft—he knows no protection—by the wondrous evil commands of the accursed spirit. He fancies too little that which he has long possessed; hostile in mind he becomes covetous; not at all does he proudly give gold-plated rings; he forgets God's destiny for him, and is careless of that share of honor which God, the Ruler of Glory, formerly gave to him. In the end it often happens that his mortal body sinks and falls doomed. Another one without mourning divides the ancient treasures of the earl and has no thought of fear. Guard thyself against baleful envy, dear Beowulf, best of men, and choose the better counsel, which is eternal! Do not incline to over-much pride, O famous warrior! Now for a while thy fame shall endure; but the time will soon come when sickness or sword shall bereave thee of thy might, or the snatch of the fire, or the surge of the flood, or the gripping of the sword, or the flight of the spear, or dire age, or else the light of the eye shall fail and darken; presently, O just man, death will overcome thee.

“Even so I for a hundred half-years have ruled under the clouds the Ring-Danes. I have secured my purpose by valor over many a nation throughout this earth by ash-spears and swords, so that I did not reckon with any enemy under the circuit of the sky. Then, lo! to me in my country a change of fortune came, distress after joy, since Grendel, the ancient adversary, became my trespasser. Because of him I continually bore persecution and mighty sorrow of heart. For this may thanks be given to the Creator, the Eternal Judge, that I have lived long enough to look with these eyes upon the sword, bloody after the completion of the ancient strife! Go now to thy seat; enjoy the banquet

adorned with might; between us shall a great amount of treasure be in common when morning comes.”

The Geat rejoiced in mind; he went straightway to the seat as the wise man commanded. As before, the hall had been prepared suitably anew for the troop courageously strong. The helmet of night grew dark over the noble warriors. The troop arose; the white-haired, aged Scylding wished to take his rest. To Beowulf, the brave shield-warrior of the Geats, there was also an immeasurable desire for sleep. Soon a hall-thane showed the way to him who had come from afar, now weary of his expedition, a thane who out of courtesy attended to all the needs of Beowulf, and whatever the warrior-sailors needed in those days. The great-hearted man took his rest. The hall towered spacious and gold-adorned. The guests slept within, until the black raven, blithe-hearted, announced the joy of heaven.

Then came the bright gleam hurrying after the darkness. The warriors hastened, for the renowned ones were eager again to return to their people; the bold-minded man wished far thence to revisit his ship. The brave-hearted one commanded them to bear Hrunting to Unferth, the son of Ecglaf, to take to him his sword, the precious weapon. Beowulf thanked him for the loan and said that he deemed the battle-friend to be a good one, mighty in war. Not at all did he with words blame the edge of the sword. He was a magnanimous man.

And now the warriors were ready for their journey, arrayed in their equipment. The dear prince went to the throne of the Danes where that other one sat, the battle-bold hero, and greeted Hrothgar.

Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: “Now we sea-farers, come from afar, desire to say that we are about to return to Hygelac. We were well entertained here; thou hast treated us excellently. If I while on earth may gain any more of the love of thy heart, O ruler of men, than I have yet gained by deeds of

war, I shall straightway be ready. If I shall ever learn, over the expanse of the flood, that neighbors oppress thee, as hostile ones did a while back, I shall bring a thousand thanes to thy assistance. I know that Hygelac, lord of the Geats, though he be young, the guardian of the people, will bring it about by words and deeds that I may
 10 honor thee well and bear to thy assistance the spear-shaft, a mighty aid when there is need to thee of men. If Hrethric, thy princely son, betakes him to the court of the Geats, he shall there find friends. Distant lands are best sought by a man who is self-reliant."

Hrothgar spake to him in answer: "The wise Lord sent these words into thy bosom. Never heard I so young a
 20 man speak more wisely in life. Thou art strong of might and mature of mind, wise of speech. I expect if it happens that the spear shall take the son of Hrethel, thy prince, the guardian of the people, in bloody-grim battle, sickness, or iron, and thou hast thy life still, that the Sea-Geats will not have any better king to choose as treasure-guard of heroes, if thou thyself wilt assume the
 30 rule of the kingdom. The longer I have known thee the better have I loved thy courage, dear Beowulf. Thou hast brought it about that between the people of the Geats and the Spear-Danes there shall be a common peace, a rest from strife, from the malicious enmity which they formerly endured; there shall be common gifts while I rule over this mighty kingdom. Many shall visit the
 40 other nation with good wishes over the bath of the sea-gull. The ring-necked ship shall bring over the sea presents and love-tokens. I know the people will remain firm both toward foe and toward friend, in every respect blameless, in the old fashion."

Then the protector of earls, the son of Healfdane, gave to him twelve treasures. He commanded him with these gifts to
 50 revisit in health his dear prince, and soon to come again. The king, royal of lineage, the prince of the Scyldings,

29. assume the rule. This actually happened after the deaths of Hygelac and Hrethric.

kissed the best of thanes and threw his arms about his neck. Tears fell from the white-haired man. To him were two expectations, but of one more than the other, that they would never see each other again, mighty in council. The man was so dear to him that he could not restrain the surge of emotion
 60 in his bosom, but fast in the bonds of his mind he cherished a secret longing for the dear warrior which burned in his blood.

Then from him departed Beowulf, the gold-proud battle-warrior, and trod the grassy plain, exulting in his treasure. The sea-going ship, which rode at anchor, awaited its owner. On the way the gifts of Hrothgar were often praised.
 70 He was a king in every way blameless, until age took from him the joy of strength, as it has from many a man.

PART III

THE RETURN OF BEOWULF TO THE LAND OF THE GEATS

Came then to the sea the group of young warriors; they wore locked, ring-netted body-sarks. The coast-guard perceived the approach of the earls, as he had done before. With no hostile purpose did he hail the guests from the cliff-cape, but hastened toward them.
 80 He said, as they fared toward the ship, that the warriors, bright in armor, would be welcome to the people of the Weders. On the sand the sea-wide ship was laden with horses and treasures; the mast towered over the treasure-hoard of Hrothgar. Beowulf gave to the boat-guard a sword adorned with gold that he might afterwards be held in greater
 90 worth upon the mead-bench because of the treasure, the ancient heirloom.

The ship forged on, stirring up the waters of the deep; it departed from the land of the Danes. Upon the mast was a sea-garment, a sail fastened with rope. The wooden ship thundered through the water; nor on that occasion did the wind hinder on the waves the wave-floater from its journey. The sea-goer swept
 100 on, the foamy-necked ship floated over

the waves, the prow of the bark over the streams of the ocean, until the men could perceive the cliffs of the Geats, the well-known sea-headlands. The ship, impelled by the wind, forced its way up until it stood upon the beach.

Quickly at the edge of the ocean was the harbor-guard ready, he who for a long time had looked afar for the dear men eagerly over the flood. He secured the broad-bosomed ship upon the strand by two anchor-ropes, lest the might of the waves should cause the wooden bark to drift away. Beowulf gave orders then to carry inland the treasure of heroes, glittering and gold-adorned. Hygelac, the son of Hrethel, giver of treasure, did not have to be sought far thence, for he lived near the sea-wall with his companions.

Splendid was the building, proud was the famous king. In his high halls was Hygd, the daughter of Hareth, his very young queen, yet wise and well-accomplished of mind, though she had lived within the barriers of the stronghold but a few winters. However, she was not contemptible in conduct, nor niggardly in gifts of folk-treasure to the people of the Geats. She did not bear such pride as that of Thryth, the famed queen of the people, terrible of soul. No man of the beloved hall-troop was so bold, except her noble lord, that he dared even to glance at her, for if he did, he might forecast that hand-twisted slaughter-bands would be decreed for him. Quickly after the arrest would the curiously inlaid sword be used to solve the problem, to make known the deadly evil. It is not a habit of mind suitable for a woman to affect, though she be surpassing in her beauty, that a lady intended to be a weaver of peace should attack the life of a valiant man for a supposed insult. However, her husband, kinsman of the Hemmings, put an end to all that. The ale-drinkers said that she became a changed woman,

31. **Thryth.** Thryth represented what a queen should not be, even as Heremod served as the example of a bad king. Before her marriage to Offa, Thryth had been a princess, savage in temper, who caused the death of many of her father's warriors because of supposed failures of courtesy to her. After marriage her character improved.

that she caused fewer deaths among her people through treacherous hate, after she, gold-adorned, was given in marriage to the young hero, renowned of lineage, after she journeyed over the gray flood to the hall of Offa at the command of her father. Thereafter she lived well upon the throne, renowned for her gifts, and brooked, while living, the destiny of life. She never lost her exalted love for the prince of heroes, who, as I have heard, was the best of all mankind between the two seas. Therefore Offa, the spear-bold man, became widely renowned for his gifts and battle-power. He ruled his fatherland with wisdom. To him in time Eomaer was born as a help for the heroes, grandson of Hemming, nephew of Garmund, mighty in war.

Beowulf, the valiant hero, strode along the sea-strand with his troop, and traversed the wide shore. The world-candle shone, the sun coming from the south. They performed their journey, hastened with might, until they learned that the protector of earls, the slayer of Ongentheow, the excellent young battle-king, was within his stronghold distributing rings. To Hygelac was the journey of Beowulf straightway made known, that there in his courts, the protector of heroes, his shield-comrade, had returned alive, safe from the battle-play. The hall within was quickly prepared for the guests as the ruler commanded. Beowulf, who had survived the strife, sat beside Hygelac, kinsman beside kinsman, after the lord, through courteous speech, had greeted him kindly with solemn words. Hygd, the daughter of Hareth, passed the mead-cup throughout the hall-building; she loved the people; she bore the stoup of drink in her hands to the Geats.

Hygelac began to question his companion courteously in the high hall—curiosity tormented him—to find out about the expedition of the Sea-Geats. “How did it fare with thee on the jour-

55. **Offa**, king of the Angles in the fourth century, when they still lived on the continent of Europe. It was a descendant of this Offa who became king of Mercia in England (755-794). 76. **slayer of Ongentheow.** See page 48, line 78 ff.

ney, dear Beowulf, when thou suddenly didst purpose to seek battle over the salt water at Heorot? Didst thou in any way amend the widely-known woe for Hrothgar, the famous prince? Because of this expedition I was deeply moved by cares of heart, by waves of sorrow; I put no confidence in the journey of my beloved friend; I begged thee long that thou wouldst not in any way come in contact with the slaughter-demon, but that thou wouldst let the people of the South-Danes settle for themselves their struggle with Grendel. Now I utter thanks to God that I can again behold thee sound of body."

Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: "It is no secret to many men, Lord Hygelac, about the famous battle-meeting which took place between Grendel and me upon the hall-floor, where he had caused a multitude of sorrows to the Victory-Scyldings, never-ending misery. I so avenged all that no offspring of Grendel dare boast about that dawn-tumult, whoever of the cursed race lives longest, imbedded in treachery.

"I came straightway to the ring-hall and greeted Hrothgar. Soon the famous son of Healfdane, after he knew the purpose of my mind, assigned a seat to me beside his sons. The troop rejoiced; I never have seen under the vault of heaven greater joy at a banquet of hall-sitters. At times the illustrious queen, the peace-bringer of the people, moved throughout the hall, and urged her young sons to emulous deeds. Often she gave to a man ring-circlets before she returned to her seat. At times the daughter of Hrothgar bore the ale-cup before the warrior-troop to the earls at the upper end of the hall. She is the one whom I have heard the hall-sitters name Freawaru, as she distributed riveted-treasure to the heroes. She is

betrothed, young and gold-adorned, to the happy son of Froda. It has occurred to the friend of the Scyldings, the guardian of the realm, and he believes it good counsel, that he by means of this woman may settle many slaughter-feuds and battle-contests. But it is not often the case that after the slaughter of a prince the deadly spear remains quiet for more than a little while, though a bride may help somewhat!

"The newly-married king of the Heathobards and each of his thanes may suffer great displeasure when some noble young prince of the Danes, accompanied by a warrior-troop, walks about the hall of the king with the bride. On the visitors will probably glitter many an ancestral heirloom, hard ring-swords of the Heathobard warriors, who had possession of these weapons until in the fatal shield-play they led to destruction their dear companions and lost their own lives. Then over the beer some old spear-warrior who sees these spoils and recalls all that spear-slaughter of his friends will begin with fierce memories and sinister mind to test by his thoughts the temper of some young warrior, to awake the war-feud, and he will speak as follows: 'Mightest thou, my comrade, recognize the dear iron-sword that thy father with visored helmet bore to the battle on that last expedition when the Danes slew him and kept possession of the slaughter-field; when no blood-money was paid after the fall of heroes? Now some son of the murderers struts here on our hall-floor, exulting in these spoils of war, boasts of the murder, and dares to wear openly these treasures which by right thou shouldst possess!' So he ex-

49. **betrothed.** In notes on line 2, page 13, and line 22, page 25, as well as in the passages upon which they are based, we have observed the nature of the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon blood-feuds. In the present instance we learn how such feuds recurred. To allay a feud, Hrothgar gave his daughter Freawaru in marriage to Ingeld, the young leader of the Heathobards. Unfortunately in the last outbreak of the feud the Danes had won. Consequently in the bridal train of Freawaru would be many a young Danish warrior whose father had killed his Heathobard opponent long before, and whose son probably wore trophies of the victory. All that would be needed to start the feud again would be a few reminders to the young Heathobards by some old Heathobard warrior that these young Danes were the descendants of the murderers of their fathers.

18. **Beowulf spake.** The epic audience liked repetitions, which were really different versions of a story. Those who heard this part of *Beowulf* got not only a summary of the first two parts, but some new details as well. 37. **illustrious queen,** Wealhtheow. 43. **the daughter of Hrothgar,** not mentioned in the first part of *Beowulf*. The third part gives a slightly different version of the events in the first part.

horts and reminds on each occasion with wounding words until for the deeds of his father the attendant-thane of the bride sleeps a blood-stained sleep caused by the bite of the sword which is guilty of his life. The murderer will escape alive, for he knows the land well. Thus will be broken on both sides the sword-oaths of the earls, and thereafter slaughter-hatred for King Ingeld shall boil up, and as a result of the surges of sorrow his love for his wife will become cooler. For these reasons I place no account upon the friendliness of the Heathobards, or upon the sincerity of their tribal peace and firm friendship for the Danes.

"Now I will tell thee about Grendel, that thou mayst readily know, O giver of gifts, the outcome of the hand-to-hand fight between us. After the jewel of heaven had passed over the earth, an angry demon, horrible servant of darkness, came to visit us, where we safe and sound guarded the hall. Straightway battle impended for Hondscio, life-slaughter for the doomed man. He lay nearest the door, the armored fighter. To the famous kinsman-thane Grendel became a mouth-murderer; for he devoured the entire body of the beloved man. Nor did the bloody-toothed one, eager for destruction, intend empty-handed to depart from the gold-hall, but he, proud in his might, took my measure, and seized me with his ready grip. A pouch hung at his side, wide and strange, fashioned with cunning bands; it was contrived skillfully by the craft of devils from the skins of dragons. The terrible beginner of deeds intended to put me, guiltless one, therein as one of many. It did not happen so, however, after I arose in my anger.

Too long is it to tell how I requited the harmer of the people for each of his crimes, on the occasion when I, O my prince, honored thy nation by my deeds. He escaped, and for a little while kept

the enjoyment of life. However, his right hand became a hostage in Heorot to guard his tracks, and he abjectly, sad of mind, dived to the bottom of his pool. For this mortal combat the friend of the Scyldings rewarded me well with plated gold, with many treasures, after morning came and we sat down to the banquet. There were speeches and the music of lays; the aged Scylding, knowing much of past days, discoursed. At times the battle-warrior touched the glee-wood, the joy of the harp; at times he made truthfully and sadly a ballad-lay; at times the great-hearted king related in accordance with the truth some strange story; at times, bowed with age, the ancient battle-warrior began to lament his youth and battle-strength; his heart throbbed within him, when he, wise in winters, remembered many things.

"So we in the hall took our joy the livelong day until another night came upon men. Then was the mother of Grendel quickly ready with harmful vengeance. She journeyed to the hall, full of sorrow. Death had taken away her son, the battle-hate of the Weders. The monstrous hag avenged him and slew a warrior with might. Life departed from Aeschere, the wise, ancient counselor; nor, after morning came, might the people of the Danes burn with fire the man, weary in death. Neither could they raise the beloved one on a funeral-pyre, for she bore away that body in her devilish embrace underneath the mountain torrent. That was to Hrothgar the bitterest of sorrows which had long befallen the leader of the people. Then the prince, sad in mind, entreated me by thy life to perform in the turmoil of the waves heroic deeds, risk my life in doing a feat worthy of praise. He promised me a reward. I found the ground-hag, grim and grisly, in the surge of the flood, as is well known to thee. For a while we fought hand to hand. The flood boiled with gore when I cut off the head from the mother of Grendel in her ground-

6. **murderer.** Of course the murderer is a Heathobard, and would be protected by the people of the land. 26. **Hondscio.** Cf. page 21, line 22. 37. **A pouch hung at his side.** Here is another place where this version of Beowulf's battle with Grendel differs from the version in the first part.

67. **battle-warrior,** possibly Hrothgar. An accomplished warrior knew how to compose ballads.

lair with a mighty sword. With difficulty did I escape with my life, but I was not doomed yet, and the protector of earls, the son of Healfdane, again gave me a multitude of treasure.

"So the king of the people lived as befitted his state. Not at all did I lose the reward, the meed of strength, for the son of Healfdane gave me gifts to my satisfaction, which I, O my king, wish to bring to thee and gladly present them. Still is all my destiny dependent upon thy favor. I have no near kinsmen, O Hygelac, save thee."

He commanded them to bring in the boar-helmet, the gray byrnie, the splendid war-sword, and afterwards made a formal speech: "Hrothgar gave me this battle-equipment and commanded that I should give it thee first as assurance of his consideration. He said that Heorogar, the king of the Scyldings, had long possessed it, nor was he willing to give up these breast-adornments to his son, bold Heoroward. Enjoy all these presents well."

I heard that four dappled-gray horses, alike in every respect, followed the armor, and that Beowulf gave the possession of them to Hygelac. So ought a kinsman to do; not at all should he weave a treacherous snare for another, or with secret skill prepare death for his hand-companion. To Hygelac, strong in war, was his nephew greatly devoted, and each to the other was mindful of benefits conferred. I heard that Beowulf gave to Hygd the necklace, the splendid wonder-treasure, which Wealhtheow, daughter of the king, had given him, together with three horses, slender-limbed and saddle-bright. Thereafter the necklace adorned her bosom.

So the son of Ecgtheow bore himself boldly, as a man renowned in battle and in good deeds. He acted as a man ought to do. Not at all in drunken revel did he slay his hearth-companions, nor was his mind revengeful, but he, battle-bold, had the mightiest strength among mankind, the ample gift which God had given him. Long had he been despised

when young, for the sons of the Geats did not then account him of any worth, nor did the prince of the troop grant much honor to him on the mead-bench, since the warriors thought that he was a slothful and unwarlike youth. But a recompense for each of his disgraces came to the man happy in fame.

Then Hygelac, the protector of earls, the battle-famous king, commanded them to fetch in the sword of Hrethel, adorned with gold. There was no better treasure-weapon among the Geats in the shape of a sword. This he placed upon Beowulf's knees and gave him, besides, seven thousand hides of land, a building, and a throne. To them both was control of land hereditary by birth, as well as their courts, their right of inheritance, and the wide kingdom; but Hygelac excelled in rank.

PART IV

THE BATTLE WITH THE DRAGON

In later days it happened, in the battle-crashes, that when Hygelac lay dead, and to Heardred, his son, the battle-swords had become slayers from under the sheltering shields, that from among the victory-people, the bold battle-warriors, the War-Scyldings, assailed by war, chose as leader Beowulf, the grandson of Hereric. Then the broad kingdom came into the possession of Beowulf, and he ruled it for fifty winters.

Old was the king, the ancient guardian of his realm, at the time when a dragon began upon dark nights to show his power, he who in a hill-valley, in a lofty

58. *slothful and unwarlike youth*. Many Anglo-Saxon heroes were rather backward as boys, and rose to glory only with the coming of manhood. 63. *Hrethel*. See note on line 75, page 16. See also page 42, line 77. 68. *hide*, a measure of land varying in Anglo-Saxon and Norman times from eighty to one hundred twenty acres, or as much as a thong made from a single oxhide could encircle. Hygelac gave Beowulf the equivalent of an English earldom. 73. *excelled in rank*. The families of Hygelac and Beowulf were both renowned as war leaders, but Hygelac's family was senior to that of Beowulf. 74. *In later days*. A long period of years elapses between Part III and Part IV. For the intervening events see note on line 83, page 41.

cave of rocks, guarded a treasure-hoard. A path unknown to men led to it, and therein went some man, compelled by necessity, and took away part of the heathen-hoard. His hand took a hall-cup, glittering with treasure, nor did he return it again, nor deceive the sleeping guardian by his thievish craft, as neighboring people found when the monster became aroused in anger. Not at all of his own accord did that one who harmed the monster break into the dragon-hoard, but out of dire need did some warrior-thane who fled from hateful blows, shelterless and banned for his crimes, make his way into the barrow. As soon as he looked in, awful terror arose in the stranger; yet the wretched one, even when fear came upon him, saw the glittering treasure. In the earth-house were many ancient heir-looms, as if some man of noble lineage had sadly hidden away these dear treasures, the immense treasure-hoard.

Death took away all those of former times, and he alone of the tried warrior-troop longest survived; mourning for his friends, the guardian expected to live there, for a while, in order that he might enjoy for a little time the treasures of long ago. A mountain-cave stood all ready on the plain near the water-waves, close by a cape, utterly inaccessible. Therein the guardian of the rings bore the treasure of earls, the hoard of plated gold worth guarding, and spake a few words: "Hold thou now, O earth, since warriors may not, the possession of earls! Lo! from thee originally these treasures came. War-

death, fierce life-bale, took away each of the men of my people who gave up this life, of those who in days of old beheld the hall-joy. I have none who may bear the sword or polish the plated tankard, the dear drinking-cup. The tried warrior-troop has departed. The hard helmet, adorned with gold, shall be deprived of its treasure; the polishers sleep who used to keep the battle-helmets in order. Likewise the coat-of-mail, which experienced in battle over the clash of the shields the bite of the sword, now must molder, since the heroes are dead. The ring-byrnie may no longer after the death of the warrior-chief fare far upon the heroes. No longer is there joy of the harp, pleasure from the glee-wood. Nor does the good hawk circle through the hall, nor does the swift horse paw in the courtyard. Slaughter-death has sent away many of the race of men."

So, sorrowful-minded, he uttered his lament, alone for them all, and joyless wandered about by day and night until the surge of death touched his heart.

An old twilight-prowler found the hoard-joy standing open, who, breathing flames, frequents the mountain-caves—the sinuous hate-dragon who flies by night, surrounded by flame. Him the land-dwellers mightily fear. It is his nature to seek a treasure-hoard in the ground, where he, old in winters, may guard the heathen-gold. In no wise does it profit him.

So the harmer of the people, immense in strength, for three hundred winters guarded in the earth the treasure-cave, until a man angered him in mind, who bore to his lord a plated flagon and asked him for a pledge of protection. Then was the hoard explored; the ring-hoard was rifled; his lord granted the prayer of the wretched man and saw for the first time the ancient work of men.

Then the dragon awoke and strife was renewed; he sniffed along the rock; the strong-hearted one discovered the foot-tracks of his enemy, who had crept along by secret craft near the head of the dragon. So may a man

1. **treasure-hoard.** Both Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon tribes believed that dragons sought out treasure-hoards and guarded them. In some cases a mortal or giant guardian turned into a dragon. When anyone came upon the hoard and disturbed the dragon, it avenged itself upon the surrounding countryside, usually by breathing out poisonous and flaming breath. See notes on line 93, page 22, and on line 9, page 23. The hoards were either deposited in grave-mounds, or made by the survivor of a tribe which had been exterminated, and who returned to their stockade and hid the tribal wealth. 27. **mourning for his friends.** This elegy should be compared carefully with Hrothgar's speech to Beowulf at the end of Part II, page 33 (see note on line 86, page 33). The elegy represents a class of poetry in which the singer ponders over the mystery of life, but on its sorrows rather than its joys, and especially on sorrows to come. Subsequent English poetry is filled with this elegiac mood, as is manifested in Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" (page 416) and Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" (page 452).

not fated to die easily survive war and exile, who hath favor of the Almighty. The guardian of the hoard sought eagerly along the valley-bottom; he wanted to find the man who, during his sleep, had done him injury. Hot and furious he circled the mound completely on the outside. There was no man on the waste. However, the dragon rejoiced in the prospect of war-work, and for the time being returned to his mountain-cave and sought the missing treasure-cup. Soon he discovered that some man had been tampering with his mighty treasure of gold. With difficulty did the hoard-guardian wait until evening came. So angry was the watchman of the hill that he wished to repay the theft of the dear drinking-cup with a blast of flame.

Finally day departed, to the satisfaction of the dragon. No longer did he wish to wait, crouched on the cliff-wall, but he fared forth, breathing fire and impelled by flame. The attack was a fearful one for the people of the land, and it was to be concluded quickly and fatally upon the body of their giver of treasure. The monster began to spew fire and to burn the bright fortress-hall. The light of the burning arose as a trouble to the elder councilors. Nor did the hostile wind-flier leave anything alive. The ravaging of the dragon was widely to be seen, and the hate of the creature who had driven his foes into dire straits was apparent near and far, how he had raged against and oppressed the people of the Geats. Before the dawn he hurried back to the hoard in the secret barrow. By fire-brands and burning had he surrounded the country peoples. He trusted in his mountain-fastness and in his battle-power, but his confidence deceived him.

Quickly, in truth, was the terror made known to Beowulf, when his own home, the best of buildings, the gift-seat of the Geats, collapsed in the surge of fire. To the excellent man was this distressful in heart, mightiest of mind-sorrows. The wise man thought that his rule had angered bitterly Eternal God, because he had departed from the old laws. His

bosom within was agitated with dark thoughts, unwonted for him.

The fiery serpent had burned utterly with flames the fastness of the people—all the land next to the ocean, the earth-wall of the people. But the battle-king, the leader of the Weders, bethought him of vengeance. The protector of warriors, the lord of earls, commanded that a wondrous all-iron battle-shield be made for him. He saw clearly that a wooden shield would not help him against fire. It was fated that the excellent prince was to see the end of his days in the life of this world, and the dragon as well, though he had long possessed the treasure-hoard. The prince of rings scorned to attack the far-flier with the warrior-troop, or with a great army. He did not dread the battle, nor did the war-power of the dragon and its gigantic strength deter him at all, because he formerly had endured many dire encounters and battle-clashes, after he, rich in victories, had cleansed the hall of Hrothgar and in the conflict had gripped to death the hostile tribe of Grendel.

Nor had that been the least of hand-to-hand conflicts in which they slew Hygelac, after the king of the Geats, the son of Hrethel, the dear friend of the people, died of his sword-wounds in the battle-rushes, in the land of the Frisians, smitten by the sword. Beowulf escaped thence by his own might and achieved a feat of swimming. He bore in his arms thirty battle-trophies when he plunged into the ocean. Not at all did the Hetware need to be proud of the battle on foot, they who bore their linden-wood shields against him. After-

83. **Nor had that been.** In this paragraph is the fullest account of the historical basis of *Beowulf* to which allusion was made in the note on line 37, page 27. About 512 A.D. Hygelac made a raid upon the Frisian coast and was slain by the Franks while making off with the booty (see Gregory of Tours, *Historia Francorum*, Bk. III, Ch. 3). Beowulf escaped by swimming and was offered by Hygd, the queen, the kingship of the Geats, since her son Heardred was too young. Beowulf, however, became regent, which position he held until the young man was killed by Onela, the son of Ongentheow, king of the Swedes, because Heardred had protected his brother Othhere's rebellious sons, Eamund and Eadgils. On Heardred's death Onela could not hold the kingdom of the Geats, and Beowulf was allowed to become king. Later Beowulf helped Eadgils to kill Onela and to become king of the Swedes. 94. **the Hetware,** the Franks.

wards but a few of the warriors got back to their homes. The son of Ecgtheow, the wretched wanderer, swam over the expanse of waters to his people. There Hygd offered him the hoard and the kingdom, rings and princely throne, for she did not trust her son, that he against foreign nations could hold the seats of his people after Hygelac was dead. But not the sooner on this account might the wretched people obtain from the prince by any means that he would become ruler in place of Heardred; nor did he accept the kingdom. Nevertheless he maintained the young king among the people by friendly counsel, by kindness with protection, until the boy came of age so that he could rule among the Weder-Geats. Him the banished sons of Ohthere sought over the sea. They had rebelled against the lord of the Scylfings, the best of seakings who distributed treasure throughout the Swedish kingdom, a famous prince. Their visit caused the death of the son of Hygelac, since he in return for his hospitality received a death-wound through sword-strokes. Thereafter did the son of Ongentheow return home, when Heardred lay dead, and he allowed Beowulf to keep the dominion and rule the Geats. Beowulf was a good king. He paid back the slaughter of his prince in later days, when he became a friend to the exiled Eadgils, and assisted the son of Ohthere with an army, warriors, and weapons over the sea-way. He avenged in turn the bitter war-raid, and he deprived the king of his life.

So did the son of Ecgtheow survive each hostile attack, dangerous encounter, and mighty deed, until that day when he prepared to battle with the dragon. With eleven men the lord of the Geats, impelled by anger, departed to hunt the monster. He had learned by inquiry how the malicious war-feud arose; for on his knees had been placed by the hand of the finder the famous treasure-cup. So the thirteenth man, this despised captive, dejected in mind, had to lead the way to the plain.

Against his will he went along to the place where he alone knew the earth-hall was, the cave under the ground near the surge of the sea. Within, it was full of jewels and wrought-work. A monstrous guardian, the ready war-worker, kept guard over the war-treasure, the ancient one under the earth. It was not an easy purchase for any man to make.

Upon the sea-cape sat down the battle-bold king. Then the gold-friend of the Geats bade farewell to his hearth-companions. To him there was a sorrowful mind, dubious, and expectant of death. Fate stood immeasurably near, which was about to befall the ancient man, touch the fortress of his soul, and sunder thence life from body. Not long after this was the life of the prince to be contained in his flesh.

Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: "I have survived in youth many battle-rushes, times of conflict. I remember them all. I was seven winters old when Hrethel, the young prince of treasures, dear ruler of the people, took me from my father, held me and cherished me, gave me treasure and feast, and remembered his relationship. While he lived was I not one whit the less respected of warriors in the stronghold than each of his sons, Herebald, Haethcyn, and my Hygelac. For the eldest son, unfittingly by the deed of his brother, was a slaughter-bed prepared, when Haethcyn brought low by an arrow from his horn-tipped bow his dear lord. He missed his mark and shot his brother with the bloody point; he became a brother-murderer. That was a combat for which there was no recompense, a fearful crime grievous to the heart. Nevertheless, the prince had to depart from life unavenged.

"In like manner is it a cause for mourning to any ancient man to live to see his young son ride on his way to the gallows. Then he makes a dirge, a sorrow-song, when he sees his son hang there as a joy for the raven, and he, old and impotent, may not con-

20. **banished sons**, Eanmund and Eadgils. 25. **prince**, Onela (see note on line 56, page 12). 39. **king**, Onela.

73. **Beowulf spake**, etc. In foreboding, Beowulf reviews his life and the fate which has overtaken his predecessors. Notice the description of the father whose son has been hanged. It is practically a dirge.

trive any help. Always is he reminded upon every morning of that last journey of his son. He does not care to await in his courts the coming of another heir, for this one son has through the compulsion of death experienced deeds of violence. Sorrowing in heart he looks upon the room of his son, the empty wine-hall, the windy resting-place bereft of joy. The rider sleeps, the warrior in his tomb; there is no sound of the harp, joy in the halls as of old. The aged man departs then to his sleeping-couch; in solitude he sings a sad lament for his only son; all too empty seem to him the plains and the homestead.

"So the protector of the Weders for Herebald in agitation bore sorrow of heart. Nor might he at all avenge the feud upon the murderer. He could not pursue with hatred the battle-warrior for his hateful deeds, though he was no longer dear to him. Because of this sorrow which had bitterly befallen him, he forsook the joy of man, and chose the light of God. He left to his sons, as does a prosperous man, the land and the stronghold of his people, when he departed from life.

"Then was there crime and strife between the Swedes and the Geats, common hostility over the wide waters, after Hrethel died, and the sons of Ongentheow became bold and battle-brave. They did not wish to keep friendship over the sea, but about Ravenscrag they often made fearful and malicious slaughter-raids. That feud my dear kinsmen avenged, as became widely known, though one of them paid for the hard bargain with his life. Upon Haethcyn, lord of the Geats, war-slaughter impended. Then in the morning I learned that one kinsman had avenged upon the murderer with the

edges of the sword the death of the other kinsman, when Ongentheow attacked Eofor. His battle-helmet split in pieces, and the aged Scyfling fell back, war-pale. Yet his hand remembered enough of the feud, it did not withhold the deadly blow. I repaid in that battle, with my grim sword, as was granted me, the treasures which Hygelac had given me. He had rewarded me with land, possessions, and a joyful home; there was no need to him to seek among the Gifthas, or the Spear-Danes, or in Sweden a worse war-wolf warrior, or hire him for pay. Always was I in the van of the troop, alone at the battle-point, and so while I live shall I perform battle while this sword endures which has served me both early and late, after I in the presence of the tried warriors became the slayer of Dayraven, the warrior of the Hugs. He did not carry back war-spoils, breast-ornaments, to the king of the Frisians, but the guardian of the battle-banner fell in the fray, the prince in his might. The sword did not slay him, but the mailed fist of battle burst in his chest and the surges of his heart. Now shall the sword-edge, the hand, and the tough sword fight for the hoard."

Beowulf uttered for the last time his battle-boast: "In youth I hazarded many contests, and still will I, ancient guardian of my people, enter battle to do deeds of glory, if the enemy of man will seek me from his lair!"—The bold helmet-bearer greeted for the last time each of his men, his dear companions—"I would not bear a sword as a weapon against the dragon if I knew how else I might make good my boast against my adversary, as I did formerly against Grendel; but I expect here hot battle-fire, venomous breath, and poison. Therefore I have put on my shield and byrnie. Not one foot will I retreat from the guardian of the mountain-cave, but we shall battle at the cliff-wall as Fate, the judge of men, shall decree for us. I am confident in my mind that I shall

30. **crime and strife**, etc. The feud between the Swedes and the Geats was of ancient date. We have just heard how Hygelac, his son Heardred, and Beowulf carried on the feud against Onela. Now we go back to that stage where Haethcyn, Hygelac's elder brother, warred against Ongentheow, king of the Swedes, and father of Onela and Ohthere. A more detailed account of the conflict is given by the messenger of Wiglaf toward the end of the poem (page 48, lines 76 ff.). 37. **Ravenscrag**, in the land of the Geats. 39. **kinsmen**, Hygelac and Haethcyn. 40. **one of them**, Haethcyn, who was slain at Ravenscrag by Ongentheow. 44. **one kinsman**, Hygelac. 45. **murderer**, Ongentheow.

47. **other kinsman**, Haethcyn. 48. **Eofor**. With his brother Wulf he slays Ongentheow. 49. **Scyfling**, possibly the warrior who slew Hygelac; possibly Ongentheow. 67. **Hugs**, Franks.

make good my boast upon the battle-fler. Abide ye here upon the hill, ye men in armor, protected by your byrnies, to see which one of us two may survive his wounds after the slaughter-rush. This is not your adventure, nor is it in the power of any man except me alone to perform heroic deeds of might against this adversary. I through my strength shall obtain the gold, or the dread life-bale of battle shall take away your prince!"

Arose then by his shield the bold warrior, courageous under his helmet; he strode armed with his byrnie in under the rocky cliffs, for he trusted in the strength of one man. This was not a journey for a weakling! He who, valiant and good, had endured a multitude of battle-attacks when troops clashed, saw along the cliff-wall rocky arches, whence a stream burst from the mountain. The current of the stream was hot with battle-fire, nor might anyone without getting burned approach the hoard or remain alive in the deep cave because of the fire of the dragon. The prince of the Weder-Geats gave a great shout, for he was angry; the stout-hearted one stormed aloud; the battle-bright voice resounded under the gray cliff.

Hate was aroused, as the hoard-guardian recognized the speech of man; nor was there more time to seek for friendship. Straightway the breath of the adversary issued from the rock, the hot battle-sweat; the earth resounded. The hero, the lord of the Geats, under the mountain-cliff raised the battle-shield against the fearful monster. The evil serpent was eager in heart to seek the conflict. The good war-king had previously drawn the ancient battle-sword keen of edge. Each of the war-minded ones felt awe before the other.

The stout-hearted protector of his friends stood behind his tall shield, as the dragon coiled himself quickly together. Beowulf waited with his weapons. The flaming one came rippling along in coils; he hastened forward writhing. The shield protected well the life and body of the famous prince for a

shorter time than he desired, when he on that occasion first used it, for Fate did not assign to him victory in battle. The lord of the Geats lifted up his hand and smote the horribly bright one with the mighty sword, so that the dark sword splintered on the bone; it cut less strongly than the king of the people had need, hard pressed by his trouble. After the battle-blow, the guardian of the mountain-cave, fierce in mind, hurled his slaughter-fire. Wide sprang the battle-gleam. The gold-friend of the Geats could not boast his triumphant victory, for the naked battle-sword failed him in the struggle, as the good iron should not have done. That was not an easy adventure upon which the famous son of Ecgtheow was about to forsake the plain of life; against his will he had to occupy a dwelling elsewhere. So shall each man give up his fleeting days.

It was not long after this that the adversaries came together again. The guardian of the hoard felt emboldened anew; his heart was agitated by his breathing. He who had ruled the people for a long time suffered anguish, surrounded by fire.

Not at all did the sons of princes, the war-troop, stand about him in a company in their battle-bravery, but they crouched in the wood to protect their lives. The mind of one of them alone was agitated with sorrow. Never should a man set aside the obligation of kinship, if his thoughts are what they should be. His name was Wiglaf, the son of Weohstan, an excellent shield-man, prince of the Scylfings, kinsman of Aelfhere, who saw his dear lord suffering under his visored helmet from the hateful attack. He remembered then the honor which Beowulf had formerly done him, the dwelling-place of the Waegmundings, each of the tribal rights which his father had possessed. He could refrain no longer; his hand gripped the shield, the yellow linden-wood, and he drew the ancient sword which was known among men as the heirloom of

100. *Waegmundings*, the tribe to which Beowulf and Weohstan belonged on one side of their ancestry. *tribal rights*. Wiglaf and his father were tribal chiefs subordinate to Beowulf and favored by him.

Eanmund, the son of Ohthere. In that battle Weohstan became the murderer of the friendless exile by the edges of the sword, and bore to his kinsman the brown-colored helmet, the ringed byrnie, the ancient giant-sword which Onela gave to him, the battle-trappings of Onela's relative, the ready army-equipment. Nor did Onela speak about the feud, though Weohstan had slain Onela's nephew. Weohstan held the trappings many half-years, the sword and the byrnie, until his son might achieve the state of being an earl, as his father had before him. Weohstan left to Wiglaf among the Geats a large number of battle-trappings, when he departed from life, an old man upon the other-world journey.

This was the first time that the young fighter was to assist his princely lord in the battle-rush; his courage did not fail him, nor did his kinsman's sword weaken in battle. That the dragon found out when they encountered each other.

Wiglaf spake many befitting words to his companions—his mind was sorrowful: "I remember when we received mead that we promised in the beer-hall to our lord who gave us rings that we would repay him for the war-equipment, for the helmets and hard swords, if such need as the present came upon him. On this account he chose us for the battlefield, and for this expedition, according to his own wishes. He reminded us of glory, and he gave me these treasures, because he believed us to be trustworthy spear-warriors, valiant helmet-wearers, although our lord intended to accomplish alone this mighty work, because the guardian of the people has accomplished the greatest number of famous and courageous deeds among men. Now the day has come that our lord needs the strength of good battle-warriors. Let us go to help our battle-chief while the fire-grim terror faces him! God knows that I wish my body

to lie with my gold-giver in the embrace of the fire. It does not seem fitting to me that we should bear our shields back again to the stronghold, unless we may first fell the foe and protect the life of the prince of the Weders. I know well that it is not according to ancient custom that he alone should endure sorrow for the warrior-troop of the Geats and fall thus in battle. To us both shall sword and helmet, byrnie and coat-of-mail be in common."

He strode then through the deadly slaughter-fumes, bearing on his head his battle-helmet, as he went to the aid of his dear lord, and spake brief words: "Beloved Beowulf, perform all things well as thou hast formerly said about the youth of thy life, that thou wouldst not allow honor to fail while thou wert alive. Protect thy life with all thy might, O resolute prince, renowned for thy deeds; I will stand by thee."

After these words the dragon came again in anger; the terrible, malicious spirit, menacing with surges of fire, approached his adversaries, the hated men. With fire-waves had he burned up the shield to its central boss; the byrnie might not give aid to the young spear-warrior, but under the shield of his kinsman the young man performed a deed of might, although his own shield was destroyed by the sparks. Then the battle-king thought once more on glory. He smote a mighty stroke with the battle-sword, so that it bit into the head, urged on by the force of his rage. Naegling broke; the sword of Beowulf, ancient and gray-colored, failed in the battle. To him it was not given that the edges of iron might help him in the battle—his hand was too strong—he who, as I have heard, overtaxed every sword by his stroke when he bore weapons wondrous hard into the battle; it profited him nothing.

Then the ravager of the people for the third time, the fierce fire-dragon, was mindful of the feud; he rushed upon the valiant warrior when the opportunity came for him, hot and battle-grim, and encircled completely the neck of the hero with his ripping teeth.

9. **Nor did Onela speak.** Apparently in the feud of Onela with his nephews, Weohstan, the father of Wiglaf, had slain Eanmund, one of the nephews. Under ordinary circumstances an uncle would avenge his nephew, but Onela in this case was only too glad of the event and gave Weohstan his nephew's armor. Weohstan handed it on to Wiglaf. 23. **kinsman**, Onela.

Beowulf became dyed with the blood of his own body. The blood boiled forth in torrents. Then I heard that at the need of the king of the people the young earl, rising to his full height, revealed his strength, war-craft, and courage, as was his nature. He paid no attention to the head of the dragon; but the hand of the courageous man was burned as he helped his kinsman, and the armed man smote further down the body of the hateful creature, so that the sword penetrated, hostile and gold-plated, and the dragon-fire became less. Now the king kept control of his senses, whipped out his slaughter-knife, biting and battle-sharp, which hung on his byrnie. The protector of the Weders cut the dragon in two in the middle. The demon fell dead; his life departed with its strength; they both had destroyed him, the kindred-princes. So ought a man to do, to stand by his prince in his need!

For the hero this was the last victory which he was to obtain by his own deeds in the world. Then the wound which the earth-dragon had given him began to burn and swell. He soon found that out, when the fearful grip of the poison began to work in his breast. The prince went, wise-thinking man, and seated himself by the cliff-wall; he beheld there the work of the giants, how, fast upon pillars, stood the rocky arches and upheld the earth-building from within. Upon the famous prince, sword-bloody, did his thane, immeasurably good, pour water; from his dear lord, sated with battle, he loosened his helmet.

Beowulf spake despite his wound, deathly pitiful. Full well did he know that he had spent the time of his days and the joy of this earth; the number of his days in life had departed, and death was very near:

14. *became less.* What happened was that while the dragon hurled himself upon Beowulf over the iron shield, Wiglaf stabbed the dragon in the entrails from beneath the shield. 34. *work of the giants.* The dragon's cave seems to have been part natural and part artificial. Its large arches are spoken of as the work of giants. Probably they were built by the Romans, whose architecture was regarded by the Anglo-Saxons with superstitious awe.

"Now would I to my son give up my war-equipment, if any heir had been granted to me, belonging to my body. I have ruled this people fifty winters. There was no folk-king of any of those who dwelt near me who dared attack me with battle-swords or cause me fear. I have lived in my stronghold the time appointed by Fate. I have held my own well; I never sought bitter strife, nor did I swear false oaths. For all these things, though sick with my life-wounds, may I rejoice; nor may the Ruler of Men reproach me for the murder of my kinsmen, when He shall take my life from my body. Now do thou quickly go and view the hoard under the gray rock, O dear Wiglaf, now that the dragon lies dead and sleeps because of his mortal wound, bereft of his treasure. Be thou in haste so that I may see the ancient wealth, the treasure of gold, may well observe the bright, cunningly-adorned gems, that I the more easily may because of this wealth of treasure give up my life and my people whom I have so long ruled."

Then I heard that the son of Weohstan quickly obeyed the words of his wounded lord, the battle-sick one; he bore his battle-net, the woven war-sark, in under the roof of the mountain. The proud kinsman-thane, exulting in victory, beheld there, after he had gone along by the wall-bench, a glittering mass of gold-treasure, flashing jewels as they lay on the ground—a wonder on the walls and in the den of the dragon, the ancient one who flew in the dusk—flags standing, vessels of men of old, now lacking those who should polish them, and deprived of their ornaments. Many a helmet was there, old and rusty; many arm-bands artfully twisted. Easily might this treasure, the gold lying on the ground, make any of mankind over-weening in thought; let him guard himself who will! Likewise he saw standing there a banner of gold, high over the hoard, mightiest of hand-wonders, skillfully woven. From it a gleam flashed so that he might perceive the entire cave-floor and its treasure. There

was no sign of the dragon, for the sword had taken him away.

Then I heard that the mound was robbed of its hoard, the ancient work of giants, by one man. He loaded in his bosom cups and vessels at his own will; he also took the banner, brightest of tokens. The iron sword of the ancient ruler, welling with fatal waves, had slain the dragon, who had been the guardian of these treasures for a long time, and had waged fierce flame-terror at midnight, until he died the death.

The messenger was in haste, eager for the return journey. He hastened on with his treasures. Anxiety tormented him, stout of heart, as to whether he should find living upon the plain the prince of the Weders, sick in his strength, where he had formerly left him. He with the treasure found the famous prince, his lord, bloody and at the end of his life. The warrior began to throw water upon him again, until the beginning of words broke from his breast.

Then the hero spake, the ancient man, in sorrow, as he looked upon the gold: "I wish to give thanks in every way to the Lord, the King of Glory, the Eternal Ruler, for these treasures upon which I gaze here, because I might before the day of my death obtain them for my people. Now in exchange for this hoard of treasure have I laid down my aged term of life. It is thy task now ever to fulfill the need of the people! I shall not stay here long. Command the battle-famous heroes to build a funeral-mound, splendid beside the gleaming bale-fire, upon a cape near the sea. It shall be for a memorial to my people and shall tower high upon the whale-cape, so that sea-faring men hereafter shall call it the funeral-mound of Beowulf, when the sea-mists drive the high ships over the floods afar."

From his neck the strong-minded prince took the golden necklace, and gave it to thethane. He also gave the glittering-gold helmet to the young spear-bearer, the ring and his battlesark; he commanded him to use them well. "Thou art the last of the race of

the Waegmundings. Fate has swept away to their appointed doom all my kinsmen, all the earls in their might; I must after them."

That was the last word of the ancient man, the last thought of his heart before he was ready for the funeral pyre, the hot slaughter-waves. From his heart departed his soul to seek the judgment of the just. Thus had it happened to the young man tragically that he had on the ground beheld his dearest kinsman at the end of his life faring miserably; the slayer likewise lay dead, the horrible earth-dragon, deprived of life, oppressed by slaughter. The coiled dragon might not longer rule the ring-hoard, but him the sword of iron had taken away, the hard battle-sharp work of hammers, so that the wide-flier lay on the ground near the treasure-cave, stilled by reason of his wounds. No more along the air would he fly in curves at play by night, nor, proud in the possession of treasure reveal his form, but he fell to the earth because of the hand-deeds of the battle-chief. To few men of might, if to any in this world, has it happened, I have heard, though he were bold in every deed, that he should endure the battle-rush of a poisonous foe or disturb with his hands the ring-cave, if the watching guardian found him lurking in his lair. A quantity of lordly treasure was paid for by the death of Beowulf, and each adversary reached the end of his transitory life.

It was not long thereafter that the battle-laggards forsook the wood, the feeble oath-breakers, ten of them together, who had not dared before to wield their spears in the great need of their lord; but they now shamefacedly bore their shields, their battle-adornments, to where the aged one lay, and they looked upon Wiglaf. The warrior sat exhausted by the shoulders of his lord and tried to rouse him with water. He had no success; he might not upon the earth hold the life of his chieftain, no matter how much he wished it,

for he could not change the will of the Almighty. The judgment of God decreed itself by deeds to each of mankind, as he still does.

Then from the young warrior a grim answer was easily got by those whose courage had formerly forsaken them. Wiglaf spake, the son of Weohstan; the sorrowful man looked upon the unloved ones: "Lo, he can say, whoever intends to speak the truth, that the lord who gave ye gifts, the war-equipment in which ye stand there, when he on the ale-bench often gave to those who sat in his hall helmet and byrnie, the prince to the most excellent thanes that he might find anywhere either far or near, utterly to no purpose did he throw away the war-weeds when the battle beset him. Not at all did the folk-king need to boast of his army-comrades. However, God, the Ruler of Victories, granted him that he alone might avenge himself with the sword, when there was need to him of strength. I could afford him in battle but little protection, though I intended to help my kinsman according to my ability. He was becoming weaker continually when I with my sword pierced his life-enemy and the fire less strongly boiled from his head. Too few defenders pressed about the prince when his time of distress came upon him. Now shall the receiving of treasure and swords, all home-joy and comfort, fail your tribe!"

Then Wiglaf commanded that the result of the battle be announced at the stockade up over the sea-cliff, where the main troop of earls throughout the morning of the day had sat, sad in mind—they who bore shields—for they awaited either the death of their lord, their beloved leader, or his return. Not at all was that man silent about the new state of affairs who rode over the promontory, but he spake the truth so that all might hear:

"Now is the joy-giver of the people of the Weders, the lord of the Geats, fast upon his death-bed. He inhabits the slaughter-rest because of the deeds of the dragon. Beside him, sick with a

cutlass wound, lies his life-adversary. With his sword he could not wound his opponent in any way. Wiglaf, the son of Weohstan, sits over Beowulf—one earl over the other, who is dead. He holds the head-watch over the spirit-weary ones, both our beloved lord and the hateful dragon.

"Now for us people may be the expectation of war-time, as soon as among the Franks and the Frisians the fall of our king becomes widely known. The strife with the Hugs was a hard one, when Hygelac made a sea-raid into the land of the Frisians, where the Hetware vanquished him in battle, overcame him mightily with their surplus strength, so that the byrned warrior had to yield; he fell among his troop. Not at all did the prince give treasure to his band of warriors. To us ever afterwards has the Merovingian king been ill-disposed.

"Nor do I put any confidence in the pact and troth of the Swedish people, for the feud was widely known when Ongentheow deprived of life Haethcyn, the son of Hrethel, at Ravenswood, when in great pride the people of the Geats made a raid upon the Battle-Scylfings. Immediately Ongentheow, the wise father of Ohthere, aged and terrible, made a counter-attack; he destroyed the seaking and released his own wife, the aged consort adorned with gold, the mother of Onela and Ohthere; and then he pursued his life-enemies so that with difficulty, deprived of their lord, they got into Ravensticket. Ongentheow besieged with a large army the survivors of the sword, exhausted with their wounds. He kept threatening the wretched troop throughout the night, and said that in the morning he would destroy them with the edges of the sword, and he would hang some upon the gallows-tree for the sport of birds. Comfort

62. *expectation of war-time.* The messenger foretells the feuds which he expects will break upon the Geats when their former enemies know that Beowulf is dead. 67. *Hygelac*, referring to his raid against the Hugs and the Hetware, both Frankish tribes, in which he lost his life (see note on line 83, page 41). 75. *Merovingian king*, the king of the Franks. 80. *Ravenswood*, probably in Sweden. For a summary of the feud between the Swedes and the Geats, see notes on line 83, page 41, and line 30, page 43.

afterwards came to the dreary-minded ones about the time of dawn, as soon as they heard the horn and trumpet-blast of Hygelac, when the valiant man came upon their trail with the tried troop of his people.

“Then was a blood-path of Swedes and Geats, a slaughter-rush of men, widely evident, when the people roused themselves to fight. Valiant Ongentheow, the wise and sad-minded king, retreated with his relatives upon his stronghold; he moved farther up into the country. He had heard of the battle-might of Hygelac, the war-craft of the proud one; he did not put enough confidence in his own power of resistance to oppose the seamen, the ocean-farers, to defend his hoard, his sons, and his wife; he was soon to depart thence, the aged man, under the wall of earth. Straightway pursuit was offered to the people of the Swedes; the banner of Hygelac overran the place of refuge after the offspring of Hrethel had swarmed over the palisade. There gray-haired Ongentheow was brought to bay by the edges of the sword, so that the king of the people had to submit to the single decisive attack of Eofor. Wulf, the Wonreding, in anger reached Ongentheow with his weapon, so that because of the wound, blood in streams spurted forth from under his hair. But the aged Scyfling was not at all dismayed, for he paid back with a worse exchange the slaughter-stroke, after the king of the people had turned upon him. Wulf, the bold son of Wonred, might not give a return blow to the aged warrior, for Ongentheow had cut in two the helmet on his head, so that Wulf, rippling with blood, staggered and fell on the earth, though he was not yet doomed, but recovered, in spite of the wound which had touched him. When his brother fell, Eofor, the valiant thane of Hygelac, over the shield-guard of Ongentheow, cut through his gigantic helmet by means of his ancient giant-sword. Then fell the king, guardian of the people; he was struck in his life.

“At once many bound up Wulf’s wounds and raised him up, when it was

made clear to them that they were masters of the slaughter-field. Immediately Eofor plundered Ongentheow and took from him his iron byrnie, his hard-hilted sword, and his helmet together. He bore the war-gear of the old man to Hygelac. Hygelac received the trap- 60
pings and courteously promised him rewards among the people, and he fulfilled his promise; the heir of Hrethel, the lord of the Geats, repaid Eofor and Wulf for the battle-rush, when he came home, with a quantity of treasures, gave to each one of them a hundred thousand hides of land and interlocked rings—no man on earth could reproach them for 70
these rewards, after they had gained glory in battle—and to Eofor he gave his only daughter as an adornment for his home.

“This is the feud and the state of enmity, slaughter-hatred of men, which I expect when the Swedish people seek us after they have learned that our lord is lifeless, who formerly guarded against enemies the hoard of the kingdom— 80
after the fall of heroes the Scyldings will be bold—he performed good deeds for the people and always fulfilled the duties of an earl.

“Now is haste best for us, to behold the king of our people and to bring him who gave us rings to his funeral-pyre. Not one part of the hoard shall we melt with the mighty one, but the entire treasure, an enormous mass of gold 90
which has been terribly purchased, at the last gasp of his life—all of it shall the brand devour, the fire cover. No earl shall bear these treasures as a memorial, nor beauteous maid wear them upon her neck as a necklace-adornment, but sorrowful of mind, bereft of the gold, often in sorrow shall she tread a strange land now that the war-wise one has laid aside laughter, joy, and the happiness 100
of the harp. Because of this shall the spear on many a cold morning be grasped in the hand, lifted on high; not at all shall the sound of the harp awaken the warriors, but the dusky raven,

87. **funeral-pyre.** The funeral obsequies of Beowulf, which included cremation and burial in a grave-mound, belong to the later customs of the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon tribes.

eager over the slaughter, shall speak many things; the eagle shall talk of the luck he had in getting his fill, when he with the wolf plundered the slain."

Thus the bold man prophesied with foreboding words; nor did he prove false to Fate in speech.

The troop all arose; they went disheartened with welling tears under
 10 Eagle's Cliff to behold the marvel. They found there on the sand, deprived of his life, holding his resting-place, the man who had given them rings in former times. The last day had come upon the good man, when the battle-king, leader of the Weders, died a wondrous death. But first they saw a strange creature, the horrible dragon, lying opposite him upon the plain.
 20 The fire-drake, fearful and grisly spirit, was scorched by the flames; as he lay there he was fifty feet long. By nights for a while he had held the joy of the air; then downward did he swoop to visit his den. Now he was fast in death and had enjoyed the last of his earth-caves. By him stood cups and fagons; dishes lay there and the dear sword, eaten through and through
 30 with rust; for they had been in the embrace of the earth for a thousand winters, when the heritage of giants, the gold of ancient men, was bound by magic spirits so that no man might touch the ring-hoard, unless God himself, the true King of Victory, granted to whom he would—he is the Protector of heroes—to open the hoard, even to whatsoever man seemed to him best.

40 It was evident that his purpose had not prospered for the unrighteous man who had hidden the jewels under the wall. The guardian of the hoard had formerly slain a few men, but the feud was fearfully avenged. Mysterious is it when a mighty earl approaches the end of his life-destiny, when no longer may the man dwell in the mead-hall with his kinsmen. Thus the grim strife
 50 resulted for Beowulf when he combated the guardian of the mountain-cave; he

himself did not know by what means should come his departure from the world.

So until the day of doom the famous princes uttered a mighty curse, they who cast these spells upon the hoard, that any man should be guilty of sin, confined to heathen fanes, fast in the bonds of Hell, tormented by plagues, 60 whoever plundered the cave-bed. Hitherto Beowulf had not perceived the golden grace of the Almighty, before he saw the hoard.

Wiglaf spake, the son of Weohstan: "Often shall many an earl because of one man endure misery, as has happened to us. We could not so counsel our dear prince, guardian of the realm, that he would not encounter the warder of the gold, but allow him to lie in peace where he had been a long time, inhabit his dwelling-place until the end of the world. He went to his high destiny, and now the hoard is revealed, though terribly obtained. That Fate was too severe which enticed the king of the people thither. I have been within and have surveyed all the adornments of the barrow, and it was made clear to me that not easily 80 could entrance under the earth-wall be obtained. In haste I seized a mighty burden of treasures with my hands and bore them out hither to my king. He was still alive, conscious, and in possession of his mental forces. The aged man spake in sorrow many things to me and directed me to greet ye and command that ye build a great funeral-mound at the place of burning, in re- 90 ward for the deeds of your dear one, a mighty and famous mound, since he was throughout the wide world the most worthy warrior while he could enjoy the wealth of his stronghold. Let us now hasten a second time to behold and obtain the heap of adorned jewels, the wonder under the cliff-wall! I will show ye the way, where ye shall look at close hand upon the rings and 100 the broad gold. Let a bier be quickly prepared when we come out, and let us then bear our lord, the dear man, whither he shall long wait peacefully in the protection of the Almighty."

35. **ring-hoard.** The ancient hoards were protected from violation by spells, but here the heathen custom has been juxtaposed with a Christian interpolation.

The son of Weohstan, the battle-bold hero, ordered many warriors, house-owners, that they should bear from afar wood for the bale-fire to the place where the good leader of the folk lay: "Now shall the sparks and the pale flame eat and devour the strong chief of men, who often endured the iron-showers, when a storm of arrows, sent from the bow-string, flew over the shield-wall; the shaft did its duty; eager with feather-gear it followed the arrow-point."

Now the wise son of Weohstan summoned from the crowd of kindred-thanes the seven best, and he as the eighth of the battle-warriors went under the fearful roof. One man who went ahead bore a torch. Nor was it decided by lot who should plunder the hoard, when the men saw it all lying temporarily unguarded; but little did they mourn when quickly they bore out the costly treasures; moreover they shoved the dragon, the worm-snake, over the sea-cliff; they let the flood embrace the guardian of jewels. Then the wound-gold was placed upon a wagon, an enormous quantity of each kind; they bore their prince, the grizzled battle-warrior, to Whale's Cape.

For him the people of the Geats prepared on the ground a mighty pyre; they adorned it with helmets, with battle-shields, with the bright byrnie, as he had requested. They laid in the midst of it their famous prince, lamenting the hero, their dear lord. Then the men began to awaken on the mound the mightiest of bale-fires; the wood-smoke rose black over the flame, the sounding fire mingled with weeping—the wind-

tumult died down until the fire had destroyed the bone-house, hot on his heart. Sad in mind they mourned the death of their lord. Likewise the ancient consort with braided tresses sang, sorrowful-minded, a lament for Beowulf; she said again and again that she feared for herself terrible days of suffering and a multitude of slaughter-combats, terror of warriors, humiliation and captivity. Heaven swallowed the smoke. The people of the Weders constructed on the shore of the cape a funeral-mound which was high and broad; it could be seen far and wide by seamen; they built in ten days the beacon of the battle-famed one; they surrounded the leavings of the flames with a wall, the most worthy that wise men could devise. They placed in the mound rings and jewels, all such equipment as the war-minded men had taken from the hoard. They committed to the earth the treasure of earls, the gold to the ground, where it again shall live as useless for men as it formerly was. Then about the barrow rode the battle-bold ones, sons of the princes, twelve in all; they wished to express their sorrow, to lament their king, to compose dirges, and to speak about the man. They honored his heroism, and they placed the final seal upon his works of might among the war-troop.

So is it fitting that a man should revere his dear lord with words, show love in his heart when he shall fare forth from the body and become a fleeting spirit. So the hearth-companions, the people of the Geats, bemoaned the fall of their lord, and said that he was a world-king, mildest and kindest of men, gentlest to his people, and most eager for praise.

SEVENTH CENTURY

10. **shield-wall.** In battle the Anglo-Saxon warriors made a rampart of their shields. 31. **For him . . . a mighty pyre.** Burial ceremonies figure prominently in English and American literature. Charles Wolfe's "The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna" (page 479) and Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" (page 540) are excellent examples in poetry, while Trelawny's description of the cremation and burial of Shelley (page 869) is equally significant in prose.

46. **consort,** possibly, Hygd, wife of Hygelac, and mother of Heardred.

*DEIRDRE

OR

THE FATE OF THE SONS OF US-
NACH, ONE OF THE THREE
SORROWS OF STORY-
TELLING

NOTE

The heroic age in Ireland synchronizes well with that of the Anglo-Saxons and other Teutonic and Scandinavian tribes while they were resident on the Continent, extending possibly from the third century B. C. to the fifth century A. D., when the Romans left Britain. From tradition it would seem as if the Celts of this period had a higher and more settled civilization than their Anglo-Saxon contemporaries, which may be accounted for by their being an agricultural people who did not, like the Anglo-Saxons, depend upon the sea for existence. During the first half of the heroic age Ireland was not united under one king, but was divided into approximately five kingdoms, of which Ulster in the north was the most powerful, and Connaught to the south and west next in power. Tradition says that in Ulster, about the time of Christ, there ruled at the capital dun, or fortress, of Emain Macha, Conchubar, the son of Ness. Around him was gathered a mighty band of heroes, chief of whom was Cuchulain, and next to him Conall Cearnach and Fergus. Their chief conflicts were against neighboring tribes for the prosaic purpose of stealing cattle, but these commonplace events are elevated in their traditions to the realm of the heroic and sublime by the deeds of heroes and the supernatural accompaniment of Druid magician priests and of the mighty gods. Both nature and life were viewed with the idealism of youth. It is this radiant sense of the youthful, mysterious, and supernatural beauty of life, closely allied with a sense of humor so naïve and keen as to be frequently grotesque, which chiefly characterizes the Celtic heroic age and its epic sagas.

Deirdre is a story connected with the Cuchulain saga, although Cuchulain plays but a scanty part in it. The Irish bards recognized three stories, whose tragic beauty set them apart from all others, by the title *The Three Sorrows of Story-Telling*, and of them *Deirdre* is the third. As the story has come down to us in many manuscripts of different ages, we can trace its growth from the earliest version, wherein *Deirdre* is a savage and mighty creature, to the present version, which is approximately of the seventh century, where the tragedy is caused by her beauty alone.

The Gaelic, or Celtic, language has a peculiar flavor of its own. The word pictures are simple

*Many Celtic poets, dramatists, and story-tellers have written about *Deirdre* (pronounced dár'drè). Among them are Joyce, "A. E." (George W. Russell), Hyde, Yeats, Stephens, and Synge.

and to us often grotesque, as they are taken not merely from the beautiful phenomena of life and nature, but from the homely ones as well.

In one saga warriors complain of their king "because their knives were never greased at his table," meaning that they did not have enough to eat; and in *Deirdre* the beautiful singing of the sons of Usnach is said to have made the cows which heard them give more milk. It is this primal quality, combined with a sense of the mystery of life, which has made not merely ancient but modern Irish literature so fascinating, as a reading of Synge's tragedy, *Riders to the Sea*, and the lyric poems of Moira O'Neill, O'Shaughnessy, and Yeats will show.

The following translation of *Deirdre* by Lady Gregory is itself a product of the revival of Celtic literature which has recently swept Ireland and which has numbered among its leaders the poet W. B. Yeats and the dramatist John Synge. The story of *Deirdre*, or *The Fate of the Sons of Usnach* is the seventh chapter of Lady Gregory's beautiful translation of the Cuchulain saga under the title *Cuchulain of Muirthemne* (London, 1902).

Now it was one Fedlimid, son of Doli, was harper to King Conchubar, and he had but one child, and this is the story of her birth.

Cathbad the Druid was at Fedlimid's house one day. "Have you got knowledge of the future?" said Fedlimid. "I have a little," said Cathbad. "What is it you are wanting to know?"

"I was not asking to know anything," said Fedlimid, "but if you know of anything that may be going to happen me, it is as well for you to tell me."

Cathbad went out of the house for a while, and when he came back he said:

"Had you ever any children?" "I never had," said Fedlimid, "and the wife I have had none, and we have no hope ever to have any; there is no one with us but only myself and my wife."

2. harper. That *Deirdre* should have been sprung from the chief bard of Ulster sets at once the vibrantly emotional and mysterious tone of the story. Conchubar, the greatest king of ancient Ulster. Many incidents of his reign, which occurred probably in the first century A.D., are related in the epic sagas of the Celts. 5. Cathbad the Druid. In what the power of the Druid priests was supposed to consist is not clearly known to us. In the Irish epics of the heroic age they possess supernatural powers, and are seers, prophets, and magicians.

"That puts wonder on me," said Cathbad, "for I see by Druid signs that it is on account of a daughter belonging to you that more blood will be shed than ever was shed in Ireland since time and race began. And great heroes and bright candles of the Gael will lose their lives because of her."

"Is that the foretelling you have made for me?" said Fedlimid, and there was anger on him, for he thought the Druid was mocking him; "if that is all you can say, you can keep it for yourself; it is little I think of your share of knowledge." "For all that," said Cathbad, "I am certain of its truth, for I can see it all clearly in my own mind."

The Druid went away, but he was not long gone when Fedlimid's wife was found to be with child. And as her time went on, his vexation went on growing, that he had not asked more questions of Cathbad at the time he was talking to him, and he was under a smoldering care by day and by night, for it is what he was thinking, that neither his own sense and understanding, nor the share of friends he had, would be able to save him, or to make a back against the world, if this misfortune should come upon him, that would bring such great shedding of blood upon the earth; and it is the thought that came, that if this child should be born, what he had to do was to put her far away, where no eye would see her, and no ear hear word of her.

The time of the delivery of Fedlimid's wife came on, and it was a girl-child she gave birth to. Fedlimid did not allow any living person to come to the house, or to see his wife but himself alone.

But just after the child was born, Cathbad the Druid, came in again, and there was shame on Fedlimid when he saw him, and when he remembered how he would not believe his words.

But the Druid looked at the child and he said: "Let Deirdre be her name; harm will come through her. She will be fair, comely, bright-haired; heroes will fight for her, and kings go seeking for her."

And then he took the child in his arms, and it is what he said: "O Deirdre, on whose account many shall weep, on whose account many women shall be envious, there will be trouble on Ulster for your sake, O fair daughter of Fedlimid."

"Many will be jealous of your face, O flame of beauty. For your sake heroes shall go to exile; for your sake deeds of anger shall be done in Emain. There is harm in your face, for it will bring banishment and death on the sons of kings."

"In your fate, O beautiful child, are wounds, and ill-doings, and shedding of blood."

"You will have a little grave apart to yourself; you will be a tale of wonder forever, Deirdre."

Cathbad went away then, and he sent Levarcham, daughter of Aedh, to the house; and Fedlimid asked her would she take the venture of bringing up the child, far away where no eye would see her, and no ear hear of her. Levarcham said she would do that, and that she would do her best to keep her the way he wished.

So Fedlimid got his men, and brought them away with him to a mountain, wide and waste, and there he bade them to make a little house, by the side of a round green hillock, and to make a

53. **Deirdre.** The name means "trouble," "stirrer-up of strife." 59 ff. **O Deirdre.** These lyrics reveal the difference between the Celtic and the Anglo-Saxon temperament. The style of *Beowulf* is terse, rugged, and vigorous, while that of *Deirdre* is diffuse, emotional, and sensitive. Compare these lyric passages with examples of Irish lyric poetry included in the nineteenth- and twentieth-century selections of lyric poetry (pages 514 ff.).

68. **Emain.** Emain Macha was the capital dun, or fortress, of ancient Ulster. Its remains are about two miles west of the modern city of Armagh, and the site is known as Navan Ring. Within the dun were located three great halls, or houses: the Royal House, in which the kings lived; the House of the Red Branch, in which were kept the heads and spoils of the enemies of Ulster; and the Speckled House, in which was kept the armor of the warriors of Ulster. 79. **Levarcham,** Conchubar's conversation woman, satirist, and poetess. Such a position was unknown among the Anglo-Saxons.

garden of apple-trees behind it, with a wall about it. And he bade them put a roof of green sods over the house, the way a little company might live in it, without notice being taken of them.

Then he sent Levarcham and the child there, that no eye might see, and no ear hear of, Deirdre. He put all in good order before them, and he gave them provisions, and he told Levarcham that food and all she wanted would be sent from year to year as long as she lived.

And so Deirdre and her foster-mother lived in the lonely place among the hills, without the knowledge or the notice of any strange person, until Deirdre was fourteen years of age. And Deirdre grew straight and clean like a rush on the bog, and she was comely beyond comparison of all the women of the world, and her movements were like the swan on the wave, or the deer on the hill. She was the young girl of the greatest beauty and of the gentlest nature of all the women of Ireland.

Levarcham, that had charge of her, used to be giving Deirdre every knowledge and skill that she had herself. There was not a blade of grass growing from root, or a bird singing in the wood, or a star shining from heaven, but Deirdre had the name of it. But there was one thing she would not have her know—she would not let her have friendship with any living person of the rest of the world outside their own house.

But one dark night of winter, with black clouds overhead, a hunter came walking the hills, and it is what happened; he missed the track of the hunt, and lost his way and his comrades.

And a heaviness came upon him, and he lay down on the side of the green hillock by Deirdre's house. He was weak with hunger and going, and perished with cold, and a deep sleep came upon him. While he was lying there, a dream came to the hunter, and he thought that he was near the warmth

of a house of the Sidhe, and the Sidhe inside making music, and he called out in his dream, "If there is anyone inside, let them bring me in, in the name of the sun and the moon." Deirdre heard the voice, and she said to Levarcham, "Mother, mother, what is that?" But Levarcham said, "It is nothing that matters; it is the birds of the air gone astray, and trying to find one another. But let them go back to the branches of the wood."

Another troubled dream came on the hunter, and he cried out a second time. "What is that?" asked Deirdre again. "It is nothing that matters," said Levarcham. "The birds of the air are looking for one another; let them go past to the branches of the wood."

Then a third dream came to the hunter, and he cried out a third time, if there was anyone in the hill to let him in for the sake of the elements, for he was perished with cold and overcome with hunger. "Oh! what is that, Levarcham?" said Deirdre. "There is nothing there for you to see, my child, but only the birds of the air, and they lost to one another; but let them go past us to the branches of the wood. There is no place or shelter for them here tonight." "Oh, mother," said Deirdre, "the bird asked to come in for the sake of the sun and the moon, and it is what you yourself told me, that anything that is asked like that, it is right for us to give it. If you will not let in the bird that is perished with cold and overcome with hunger, I myself will let it in."

So Deirdre rose up and drew the bolt from the leaf of the door, and let in the hunter. She put a seat in the place for sitting, food in the place for eating, and drink in the place for drinking, for the man who had come into the house. "Come now and eat

53. *Sidhe* (pronounced *she*), the Celtic name for the fairies who lived underground and whose mounds and rings the Irish still point out. 59. *what is that?* The Irish use the number three frequently in their sagas. Here the hunter cries three times, and Deirdre questions Levarcham three times. Later Deirdre calls three times to Naosie to attract his attention when first they meet; and when Deirdre and Naosie are sought by Fergus in Scotland, he calls three times to them before Naosie recognizes him.

20. *like a rush*, etc. These are typical Celtic similes.

food, for you are in want of it," said Deirdre. "Indeed it is I was in want of food and drink and warmth when I came into this house; but by my word, I have forgotten that since I saw yourself," said the hunter.

"How little you are able to curb your tongue," said Levarcham. "It is not a great thing for you to keep your tongue quiet when you get the shelter of a house and the warmth of a hearth on a dark winter night." "That is so," said the hunter, "I may do that much, to keep my mouth shut; but I swear by the oath my people swear by, if some others of the people of the world saw this great beauty that is hidden away here, they would not leave her long with you."

"What people are those?" said Deirdre. "I will tell you that," said the hunter; "they are Naoise, son of Usnach, and Ainnle and Ardan, his two brothers." "What is the appearance of these men, if we should ever see them?" said Deirdre. "This is the appearance that is on those three men," said the hunter: "the color of the raven is on their hair, their skin is like the swan on the wave, their cheeks like the blood of the speckled red calf, and their swiftness and their leap are like the salmon of the stream and like the deer of the gray mountain; and the head and shoulders of Naoise are above all the other men of Ireland." "However they may be," said Levarcham, "get you out from here, and take another road; and by my word, little is my thankfulness to yourself, or to her that let you in." "You need not send him out for telling me that," said Deirdre, "for as to those three men, I myself saw them last night in a dream, and they hunting upon a hill."

The hunter went away, but in a little time after he began to think to himself how Conchubar, High King of Ulster, was used to lie down at night and to

rise up in the morning by himself, without a wife or anyone to speak to; and that if he could see this great beauty it was likely he would bring her home to Emain, and that he himself would get the good-will of the king for telling him there was such a queen to be found on the face of the world.

So he went straight to King Conchubar at Emain Macha, and he sent word in to the King that he had news for him, if he would hear it. The King sent for him to come in. "What is the reason of your journey?" he said. "It is what I have to tell you, King," said the hunter, "that I have seen the greatest beauty that ever was born in Ireland, and I am come to tell you of it."

"Who is this great beauty, and in what place is she to be seen, when she was never seen before you saw her, if you did see her?" "I did see her, indeed," said the hunter, "but no other man can see her, unless he knows from me the place where she is living." "Will you bring me to the place where she is, and you will have a good reward?" said the King. "I will bring you there," said the hunter. "Let you stay with my household tonight," said Conchubar, "and I myself and my people will go with you early on the morning of tomorrow." "I will stay," said the hunter, and he stayed that night in the household of King Conchubar.

Then Conchubar sent to Fergus and to the other chief men of Ulster, and he told them of what he was about to do. Though it was early when the songs and the music of the birds began in the woods, it was earlier yet when Conchubar, king of Ulster, rose up with his little company of near friends, in the fresh spring morning of the fresh and pleasant month of May, and the dew was heavy on every bush and flower as they went out toward the green hill where Deirdre was living.

23. **Usnach.** The royal house of Ulster was called the "Red Branch," being descended from Ross the Red and Maga, a goddess. Usnach, an Ulster warrior, married Maga's daughter, who was also the sister of Conchubar. The sons of Usnach, therefore, set up a blood-feud with their uncle.

86. **Fergus.** By Conchubar's guile he became indirectly responsible for the death of the sons of Usnach. Later, he revenged himself by joining Conchubar's foes, the King and Queen of Connaught, who made war on Ulster for the Brown Bull of Cuailgne, the subject of a great Celtic epic saga in which are recorded the deeds of Cuchulain. See note on this war, page 71, line 35.

But many a young man of them that had a light, glad, leaping step when they set out, had but a tired, slow, failing step before the end, because of the length and the roughness of the way. "It is down there below," said the hunter, "in the house in that valley, the woman is living, but I myself will not go nearer it than this."

10 Conchubar and his troop went down then to the green hillock where Deirdre was, and they knocked at the door of the house. Levarcham called out that neither answer nor opening would be given to anyone at all, and that she did not want disturbance put on herself or her house. "Open," said Conchubar, "in the name of the High King of Ulster." When Levarcham heard Conchubar's voice, she knew there was no
20 use trying to keep Deirdre out of sight any longer, and she rose up in haste and let in the King, and as many of his people as could follow him.

When the King saw Deirdre before him, he thought in himself that he never saw in the course of the day, or in the dreams of the night, a creature so beautiful, and he gave her his full
30 heart's weight of love there and then. It is what he did; he put Deirdre up on the shoulders of his men, and she herself and Levarcham were brought away to Emain Macha.

With the love that Conchubar had for Deirdre, he wanted to marry her with no delay, but when her leave was asked, she would not give it, for she was young yet, and she had no knowl-
40 edge of the duties of a wife, or the ways of a king's house. And when Conchubar was pressing her hard, she asked him to give her a delay of a year and a day. He said he would give her that, though it was hard for him, if she would give him her certain promise to marry him at the year's end. She did that, and Conchubar got a woman teacher for her, and nice, fine, pleasant,
50 modest maidens to be with her at her lying down and at her rising up, to be companions to her. And Deirdre grew wise in the works of a young girl, and in the understanding of a woman; and

if anyone at all looked at her face, whatever color she was before that, she would blush crimson red. And it is what Conchubar thought, that he never saw with the eyes of his body a creature that pleased him so well.

One day Deirdre and her companions were out on a hill near Emain Macha, looking around them in the pleasant sunshine, and they saw three men walking together. Deirdre was looking at the men and wondering at them, and when they came near, she remembered the talk of the hunter, and the three men she saw in her dream, and she thought to herself that these were the three sons of Usnach, and that this was Naoise, that had his head and shoulders above all the men of Ireland. The three brothers went by without turning their eyes at all upon the young girls on the hillside, and they were singing as they went, and whoever heard the low singing of the sons of Usnach, it was enchantment and music to them, and every cow that was being
70 milked and heard it, gave two-thirds more of milk. And it is what happened, that love for Naoise came into the heart of Deirdre, so that she could not but follow him. She gathered up her skirt and went after the three men that had gone past the foot of the hill, leaving her companions there after her.

But Ainnle and Ardan had heard talk
80 of the young girl that was at Conchubar's court, and it is what they thought, that if Naoise their brother would see her, it is for himself he would have her, for she was not yet married to the King. So when they saw Deirdre coming after them, they said to one another to hasten their steps, for they had a long road to travel, and the dusk of night coming on. They did so, and Deirdre saw it, and she cried out after them, "Naoise, son of Usnach, are you going to leave me?" "What cry was that came to my ears, that it is not well for me to answer, and not easy for me to refuse?" said Naoise. "It was nothing but the cry of Conchubar's wild ducks," said his brothers; "but let us quicken our steps
100

and hasten our feet, for we have a long road to travel, and the dusk of the evening coming on." They did so, and they were widening the distance between themselves and her.

Then Deirdre cried, "Naoise! Naoise! son of Usnach, are you going to leave me?" "What cry was it that came to my ears and struck my heart, that it is not well for me to answer, or easy for me to refuse?" said Naoise. "Nothing but the cry of Conchubar's wild geese," said his brothers; "but let us quicken our steps and hasten our feet, for the darkness of night is coming on." They did so, and were widening the distance between themselves and her.

Then Deirdre cried the third time, "Naoise! Naoise! Naoise! son of Usnach, are you going to leave me?" "What sharp, clear cry was that, the sweetest that ever came to my ears, and the sharpest that ever struck my heart, of all the cries I ever heard?" said Naoise. "What is it but the scream of Conchubar's lake swans," said his brothers. "That was the third cry of some person beyond there," said Naoise, "and I swear by my hand of valor," he said, "I will go no farther until I see where the cry comes from." So Naoise turned back and met Deirdre, and Deirdre and Naoise kissed one another three times, and she gave a kiss to each of his brothers. And with the confusion that was on her, a blaze of red fire came upon her, and her color came and went as quickly as the aspen by the stream. And it is what Naoise thought to himself, that he never saw a woman so beautiful in his life; and he gave Deirdre, there and then, the love that he never gave to living thing, to vision, or to creature, but to herself alone.

Then he lifted her high on his shoulder, and he said to his brothers to hasten their steps; and they hastened them.

"Harm will come of this," said the young men. "Although there should harm come," said Naoise, "I am willing to be in disgrace while I live. We will go with her to another province, and

there is not in Ireland a king who will not give us a welcome." So they called their people, and that night they set out with three times fifty men, and three times fifty women, and three times fifty greyhounds, and Deirdre 60 in their midst.

They were a long time after that shifting from one place to another all around Ireland, from Essruadh in the South, to Beinn Etaire in the East again, and it is often they were in danger of being destroyed by Conchubar's devices. And one time the Druids raised a wood before them, but Naoise and his brothers cut their way through it. But at last 70 they got out of Ulster and sailed to the country of Alban, and settled in a lonely place; and when hunting on the mountains failed them, they fell upon the cattle of the men of Alban, so that these gathered together to make an end of them. But the sons of Usnach called to the King of Scotland, and he took them into his friendship, and they gave him their help when he 80 went out into battles or to war.

But all this time they had never spoken to the King of Deirdre, and they kept her with themselves, not to let anyone see her, for they were afraid they might get their death on account of her, she being so beautiful.

But it chanced very early, one morning, the King's steward came to visit them, and he found his way into the 90 house where Naoise and Deirdre were, and there he saw them asleep beside one another. He went back then to the King, and he said: "Up to this time there has never been found a woman that would be a fitting wife for you; but there is a woman on the shore of Loch Ness now, is well worthy of you, King of the East. And what you have to do is to make an end of Naoise, for 100 it is of his wife I am speaking." "I will not do that," said the King; "but go to her," he said, "and bid her to come

64. *Essruadh*, the falls of Ballyshannon in County Donegal. 65. *Beinn Etaire*, the Hill of Howth, near Dublin. 72. *country of Alban*, the Highlands of north-west Scotland. 73. *lonely place*, Loch Etive (Eitche), a deep ocean bay in the coast of Argyll (see page 58, line 12). 98. *Loch Ness*, a lake in the heart of the Highlands of Inverness.

and see me secretly." The steward brought her that message, but Deirdre sent him away, and all that he had said to her, she told it to Naoise afterwards. Then when she would not come to him, the King sent the sons of Usnach into every hard fight, hoping they would get their death, but they won every battle, and came back safe again.

And after a while they went to Loch Eitche, near the sea, and they were left to themselves there for a while in peace and quietness. And they settled and made a dwelling-house for themselves by the side of Loch Ness, and they could kill the salmon of the stream from out their own door, and the deer of the gray hills from out their window. But when Naoise went to the court of the King, his clothes were splendid among the great men of the army of Scotland: a cloak of bright purple, rightly shaped, with a fringe of bright gold; a coat of satin with fifty hooks of silver; a brooch on which were a hundred polished gems; a gold-hilted sword in his hand, two blue-green spears of bright points, a dagger with the color of yellow gold on it, and a hilt of silver. But the two children they had, Gaiar and Aebgreine, they gave into the care of Manannan, Son of the Sea. And he cared them well in Emhain of the Apple Trees, and he brought Bobaras the poet to give learning to Gaiar. And Aebgreine of the Sunny Face he gave in marriage afterwards to Rinn, son of Eochaidh Juil of the Land of Promise.

Now it happened, after a time, that a very great feast was made by Conchubar, in Emain Macha, for all the great among his nobles, so that the whole company were easy and pleasant together. The musicians stood up to play their songs and to give poems,

and they gave out the branches of relationship and of kindred. These are the names of the poets that were in Emain at the time: Cathbad the Druid, son of Conall, son of Rudraige; Geanann of the Bright Face, son of Cathbad; Ferceirtne, and Geanann Black-Knee, and many others, and Sencha, son of Ailell.

They were all drinking and making merry until Conchubar, the King, raised his voice and spoke aloud, and it is what he said: "I desire to know from you, did you ever see a better house than this house of Emain, or a hearth better than my hearth in any place you were ever in?" "We did not," they said. "If that is so," said Conchubar, "do you know of anything at all that is wanting to you?" "We know of nothing," said they. "That is not so with me," said Conchubar. "I know of a great want that is on you, the want of the three best candles of the Gael, the three noble sons of Usnach, that ought not to be away from us for the sake of any woman in the world, Naoise, Ainnle, and Ardan; for surely they are the sons of a king, and they would defend the High Kingship against the best men of Ireland."

"If we had dared," said they, "it is long ago we would have said it, and more than that, the province of Ulster would be equal to any other province in Ireland, if there was no Ulsterman in it but those three alone, for it is lions they are in hardness and in bravery."

"If that is so," said Conchubar, "let us send word by a messenger to Alban, and to the dwelling-place of the sons of Usnach, to ask them back again." "Who will go there with the message?" said they all. "I cannot know that," said Conchubar, "for there is *geasa*, that is, bonds, on Naoise not to come back with any man only one

6. **the King sent.** King David caused the death of Uriah by the same tactics. See II Samuel xi, 33. **Manannan, Son of the Sea.** Manannan MacLir was the Celtic Proteus, or Old Man of the Sea. In his domain lay the Islands of the Blessed, to which fortunate warriors went. Avilion, or Avalon, to which Arthur went, was such an island. Here the island is called Emhain, and in it are many heroes of the past.

48. **branches of relationship,** etc. Compare with this passage both the opening passage in *Beowulf*, which gives the genealogy of the Danish royal house, and the end of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* for the year 755 A.D. (page 764). 77. **High Kingship,** a nominal title, as the kingdoms of Ireland were independent. 94. **geasa,** a superstition that under certain conditions a man must do certain things. Each man had different and peculiar *geasa*.

of the three, Conall Cearnach, or Fergus, or Cuchulain, and I will know now," said he, "which one of those three loves me best."

Then he called Conall to one side, and he asked him, "What would you do with me if I should send you for the sons of Usnach, and if they were destroyed through me—a thing I do not mean to do?" "As I am not going to undertake it," said Conall, "I will say that it is not one alone I would kill, but any Ulsterman I would lay hold of that had harmed them would get shortening of life from me and the sorrow of death." "I see well," said Conchubar, "you are no friend of mine," and he put Conall away from him.

Then he called Cuchulain to him, and asked him the same as he did the other. "I give my word, as I am not going," said Cuchulain, "if you want that of me, and that you think to kill them when they come, it is not one person alone that would die for it, but every Ulsterman I could lay hold of would get shortening of life from me and the sorrow of death." "I see well," said Conchubar, "that you are no friend of mine." And he put Cuchulain from him.

And then he called Fergus to him, and asked him the same question, and Fergus said, "Whatever may happen, I promise your blood will be safe from me, but besides yourself there is no Ulsterman that would try to harm them, and that I would lay hold of, but I would give him shortening of life and the sorrow of death." "I see well," said Conchubar, "it is yourself must go for them, and it is tomorrow you must set out, for it is with you they will come, and when you are coming back to us westward, I put you under bonds to go first to the fort of Borach, son of Cainte, and give me your word now that as soon as you get there, you will send on the sons of Usnach to

Emain, whether it be day or night at the time." After that the two of them went in together, and Fergus told all the company how it was under his charge they were to be put.

Then Conchubar went to Borach and asked had he a feast ready prepared for him. "I have," said Borach, "but although I was able to make it ready, I was not able to bring it to Emain." "If that is so," said Conchubar, "give it to Fergus when he comes back to Ireland, for it is *geasa* on him not to refuse your feast." Borach promised he would do that, and so they wore away that night.

So Fergus set out in the morning, and he brought no guard nor helpers with him, but himself and his two sons, Fair-Haired Iollan, and Rough-Red Buinne, and Cuilleán, the shield-bearer, and the shield itself. They went on till they got to the dwelling-place of the sons of Usnach, and to Loch Eitche in Alba. It is how the sons of Usnach lived: they had three houses; and the house where they made ready the food, it is not there they would eat it, and the house where they would eat it, it is not there they would sleep.

When Fergus came to the harbor he let a great shout out of him. And it is how Naoise and Deirdre were: they had a chessboard between them, and they playing on it. Naoise heard the shout, and he said, "That is the shout of a man of Ireland." "It is not, but the cry of a man of Alban," said Deirdre. She knew at the first it was Fergus gave the shout, but she denied it. Then Fergus let another shout out of him. "That is an Irish shout," said Naoise again. "It is not, indeed," said Deirdre; "let us go on playing." Then Fergus gave the third shout, and the sons of Usnach knew this time it was the shout of Fergus, and Naoise said to Ardan to go out and meet him. Then Deirdre told him that she herself knew

1. Conall Cearnach, or Fergus, or Cuchulain. These three were the most famous warriors of Conchubar's troop. 46. fort of Borach. Dun Borach, or Dun Warry, was situated on the Headland of Torr, where the strait between Ireland and Scotland is only twelve miles wide.

56. feast ready, etc. Among their other obligations the king's chief warriors had to care for him when he visited them at their fortress homes. In fact, they often sent the equivalent of the feast he would eat at their home to the fortress of the king, as a kind of feudal tax or levy. 80. When Fergus, etc. See note on line 59, page 54.

at the first shout that it was Fergus. "Why did you deny it, then, Queen?" said Naoise. "Because of a vision I saw last night," said Deirdre. "Three birds I saw coming to us from Emain Macha, and three drops of honey in their mouths, and they left them with us, and three drops of our blood they brought away with them." "What meaning do you put on that, Queen?" said Naoise. "It is," said Deirdre, "Fergus that is coming to us with a message of peace from Conchubar, for honey is not sweeter than a message of peace sent by a lying man." "Let that pass," said Naoise. "Is there anything in it but troubled sleep and the melancholy of woman? And it is a long time Fergus is in the harbor. Rise up, Ardan, to be before him, and bring him with you here."

And Ardan went down to meet him, and gave a fond kiss to himself and to his two sons. And it is what he said: "My love to you, dear comrades." After that he asked news of Ireland, and they gave it to him, and then they came to where Naoise and Ainnle and Deirdre were, and they kissed Fergus and his two sons, and they asked news of Ireland from them. "It is the best news I have for you," said Fergus, "that Conchubar, King of Ulster, has sworn by the earth beneath him, by the high heaven above him, and by the sun that travels to the west, that he will have no rest by day nor sleep by night if the sons of Usnach, his own foster-brothers, will not come back to the land of their home and the country of their birth; and he has sent us to ask you there." "It is better for them to stop here," said Deirdre, "for they have a greater sway in Scotland than Conchubar himself has in Ireland." "One's own country is better than any other thing," said Fergus, "for no man can have any pleasure, however great his good luck and his way of living, if he does not see his own country

every day." "That is true," said Naoise, "for Ireland is dearer to myself than Alban, though I would get more in Alban than in Ireland." "It will be safe for you to come with me," said Fergus. "It will be safe indeed," said Naoise, "and we will go with you to Ireland; and though there were no trouble beneath the sun, but a man to be far from his own land, there is little 60
delight in peace and a long sleep to a man that is an exile. It is a pity for the man that is an exile; it is little his honor, it is great his grief, for it is he will have his share of wandering."

It was not with Deirdre's will Naoise said that, and she was greatly against going with Fergus. And she said: "I had a dream last night of the three sons of Usnach, and they bound and 70
put in the grave by Conchubar of the Red Branch." But Naoise said: "Lay down your dream, Deirdre, on the heights of the hills, lay down your dream on the sailors of the sea, lay down your dream on the rough gray stones, for we will give peace and we will get it from the king of the world and from Conchubar." But Deirdre spoke again, and it is what she said: 80
"There is the howling of dogs in my ears; a vision of the night is before my eyes; I see Fergus away from us; I see Conchubar without mercy in his dun; I see Naoise without strength in battle; I see Ainnle without his loud-sounding shield; I see Ardan without shield or breastplate, and the Hill of Atha without delight. I see Conchubar asking for blood; I see Fergus caught 90
with hidden lies; I see Deirdre crying with tears. I see Deirdre crying with tears."

"A thing that is unpleasing to me, and that I would never give in to," said Fergus, "is to listen to the howling of dogs and to the dreams of women;

68. *I had a dream*, etc., the beginning of the lyric laments of Deirdre, which should all be compared with the laments in Part IV of *Beowulf*, and Maurya's lamentation over the body of her dead son in Syngge's *Riders to the Sea* (page 126). 72. *Red Branch*. See note on line 23, page 55. 78. *king of the world*. Whether he means a god or a human being is uncertain. Perhaps it is the Roman Emperor. 85. *dun*, fortress. 88. *Hill of Atha*, a considerable hilly range near Emain Macha.

39. *foster-brothers*. In early Ireland children of one family were often sent to be reared in another family. The resulting foster-relationships were considered sacred and binding. Conchubar has apparently brought up his sister's sons, but treats them as foster-brothers.

and since Conchubar, the High King, has sent a message of friendship, it would not be right for you to refuse it." "It would not be right, indeed," said Naoise, "and we will go with you tomorrow." And Fergus gave his word, and he said, "If all the men of Ireland were against you, it would not profit them, for neither shield nor sword nor
10 a helmet itself would be any help or protection to them against you, and I myself to be with you." "That is true," said Naoise, "and we will go with you to Ireland."

They spent the night there until morning, and then they went where the ships were, and they went on the sea, and a good many of their people with them, and Deirdre looked back
20 on the land of Alban, and it is what she said:

"My love to you, O land to the east, and it goes ill with me to leave you; for it is pleasant are your bays and your harbors and your wide, flowery plains and your green-sided hills; and little need was there for us to leave you." And she made this complaint:

"Dear to me is that land, that land
30 to the east, Alban, with its wonders; I would not have come from it hither but that I came with Naoise.

"Dear to me Dun Fiodhaigh and Dun Fionn; dear is the dun above them; dear to me Inis Droignach; dear to me Dun Suibhne.

"O Coill Cuan! O chone! Coil Cuan! where Ainnle used to come. My grief!
40 it was short I thought his stay there with Naoise in Western Alban." Glen Laoi, O Glen Laoi, where I used to sleep under soft coverings; fish and

venison and badger's flesh, that was my portion in Glen Laoi.

"Glen Masan, my grief! Glen Masan! high its hart's-tongue, bright its stalks; we were rocked to pleasant sleep over the wooded harbor of Masan.

"Glen Archan, my grief! Glen Archan, the straight valley of the pleasant
50 ridge; never was there a young man more light-hearted than my Naoise used to be in Glen Archan.

"Glen Eitche, my grief! Glen Eitche, it was there I built my first house; beautiful were the woods on our rising; the home of the sun is Glen Eitche.

"Glen-da-Rua, my grief! Glen-da-Rua, my love to every man that belongs to it; sweet is the voice of the
60 cuckoo on the bending branch on the hill above Glen-da-Rua.

"Dear to me is Droighin over the fierce strand; dear are its waters over the clean sand. I would never have come out from it at all but that I came with my beloved!"

After she had made that complaint they came to Dun Borach, and Borach gave three fond kisses to Fergus and
70 to the sons of Usnach along with him. It was then Borach said he had a feast laid out for Fergus, and that it was *geasa* for him to leave it until he would have eaten it. But Fergus reddened with anger from head to foot, and it is what he said: "It is a bad thing you have done, Borach, laying out a feast for me, and Conchubar to have made me give my word that as soon as I
80 would come to Ireland, whether it would be by day or in the nighttime, I would send on the sons of Usnach to Emain Macha." "I hold you under bonds," said Borach, "to stop and use the feast."

Then Fergus asked Naoise what should he do about the feast. "You must choose," said Deirdre, "whether you will forsake the children of Usnach
90 or the feast, and it would be better for you to refuse the feast than to forsake the sons of Usnach." "I will not forsake them," said he, "for I will send my two sons, Fair-Haired Iollan and Rough-Red Buinne, with them,

22. *My love to you*, etc., the first important lament of Deirdre. Notice the vivid appreciation of nature, and the invocation of beloved natural objects in the wilds of Scotland as if they heard and understood.

33. *Dun Fiodhaigh*, etc. The localities Deirdre mentions are in general identified as follows: Dun Fiodhaigh (the Fort of the Thicket), Dun Fionn (the White Fort), and Dun Suibhne are all near Loch Etive. Inis Droignach is a rocky headland near Bunawe, Argyll. Coil Cuan (the Wood of Cuan), Glen Laoi (Glen Loch), Glen Masan (the head of Loch Striven), Glen Archan (Glen Orchy), Glen Eitche, and Glen-da-Rua (Glen Darill) are all woody valleys in Argyll. Droighin is possibly the Crinan River, which flows into Jura Sound. Scott and Stevenson knew this country well. It was outside of Jura Sound that Stevenson sailed when he was a boy. Its memories are enshrined in his poem "Sing Me a Song of a Lad That Is Gone" (page 598).

37. *O chone!* alas.

to Emain Macha." "On my word," said Naoise, "that is a great deal to do for us; for up to this no other person ever protected us but ourselves." And he went out of the place in great anger; and Ainnle, and Ardan, and Deirdre, and the two sons of Fergus followed him, and they left Fergus dark and sorrowful after them. But for all that, 10 Fergus was full sure that if all the provinces of Ireland would go into one council, they would not consent to break the pledge he had given.

As for the sons of Usnach, they went on their way by every short road, and Deirdre said to them, "I will give you a good advice, Sons of Usnach, though you may not follow it." "What is that advice, Queen?" said Naoise. "It is," said she, "to go to Rechrainn, 20 between Ireland and Scotland, and to wait there until Fergus has done with the feast; and that will be the keeping of his word to Fergus, and it will be the lengthening of your lives to you." "We will not follow that advice," said Naoise; and the children of Fergus said it was little trust she had in them, when she thought they would not protect her, though their hands might not be so strong as the hands of the sons of Usnach; and besides that, Fergus had given them his word. "Alas! it is sorrow came on us with the word of Fergus," said Deirdre, "and he to forsake us for a feast"; and she made this complaint:

"It is grief to me that ever I came from the east on the word of the unthinking son of Rogh. It is only lamentations I will make. Och! it is very sorrowful my heart is!" 40

"My heart is heaped up with sorrow; it is tonight my great hurt is. My grief! my dear companions, the end of your days is come."

And it is what Naoise answered her: "Do not say that in your haste, Deirdre, more beautiful than the sun. Fergus 50 would never have come for us eastward to bring us back to be destroyed."

And Deirdre said, "My grief! I think it too far for you, beautiful sons of Usnach, to have come from Alban of the rough grass; it is lasting will be its lifelong sorrow."

After that they went forward to Finncairn of the watch-tower on sharp-peaked Slieve Fuad, and Deirdre stayed after them in the valley, and sleep fell 60 on her there.

When Naoise saw that Deirdre was left after them, he turned back as she was rising out of her sleep, and he said, "What made you wait after us, Queen?" "Sleep that was on me," said Deirdre; "and I saw a vision in it." "What vision was that?" said Naoise. "It was," she said, "Fair-Haired Iollan that I saw without his head on him, and Rough- 70 Red Buinne with his head on him; and it is without help of Rough-Red Buinne you were, and it is with the help of Fair-Haired Iollan you were." And she made this complaint:

"It is a sad vision has been shown to me, of my four tall, fair, bright companions; the head of each has been taken from him, and no help to be had one from another." 80

But when Naoise heard this he reproached her, and said, "O fair, beautiful woman, nothing does your mouth speak but evil. Do not let the sharpness and the great misfortune that come from it fall on your friends." And Deirdre answered him with kind, gentle words, and it is what she said: "It would be better to me to see harm come on any other person than upon any 90 one of you three, with whom I have traveled over the seas and over the wide plains; but when I look on you, it is only Buinne I can see safe and whole, and I know by that his life will be longest among you; and indeed it is I that am sorrowful tonight."

After that they came forward to the high willows, and it was then Deirdre said: "I see a cloud in the air, and it 100

20. **Rechrainn**, the Island of Rathlin, off the coast of Antrim in the North Channel, between Ireland and Scotland. 40. **son of Rogh**, Fergus.

58. **Finncairn**, a pile of rocks on the crest of Slieve Fuad, which is itself a long mountainous range to the west and northwest of Slieve Gullion in the southern half of County Armagh in Ireland. From its crest Emain Macha and its plain were visible. *Slieve* is the Celtic word for *mountain*.

is a cloud of blood; and I would give you a good advice, Sons of Usnach," she said. "What is that advice?" said Naoise. "To go to Dundéalgan where Cuchulain is, until Fergus has done with the feast, and to be under the protection of Cuchulain, for fear of the treachery of Conchubar." "Since there is no fear on us, we will not follow that advice," said Naoise. And Deirdre complained, and it is what she said:

"O Naoise, look at the cloud I see above us in the air; I see a cloud over green Macha, cold and deep red like blood. I am startled by the cloud that I see here in the air; a thin, dreadful cloud that is like a clot of blood. I give a right advice to the beautiful sons of Usnach not to go to Emain tonight, because of the danger that is over them. We will go to Dundéalgan, where the Hound of the Smith is; we will come tomorrow from the south along with the Hound, Cuchulain."

But Naoise said in his anger to Deirdre, "Since there is no fear on us, we will not follow your advice." And Deirdre turned to the grandsons of Rogh, and it is what she said: "It is seldom until now, Naoise, that yourself and myself were not of the one mind. And I say to you, Naoise, that you would not have gone against me like this the day Manannan gave me the cup in the time of his great victory."

After that they went on to Emain Macha. "Sons of Usnach," said Deirdre, "I have a sign by which you will know if Conchubar is going to do treachery on you." "What sign is that?" said Naoise. "If you are let come into the house where Conchubar is, and the nobles of Ulster, then Conchubar is not going to do treachery

on you. But if it is in the House of the Red Branch you are put, then he is going to do treachery on you."

After that they came to Emain Macha, and they took the handwood and struck the door, and the doorkeeper asked who was there. They told him that it was the sons of Usnach, and Deirdre, and the two sons of Fergus were there.

When Conchubar heard that, he called his stewards and serving men to him, and he asked them how was the House of the Red Branch for food and for drink. They said that if all the seven armies of Ulster would come there, they would find what would satisfy them. "If that is so," said Conchubar, "bring the sons of Usnach into it."

It was then Deirdre said, "It would have been better for you to follow my advice, and never to have come to Emain, and it would be right for you to leave it, even at this time." "We will not," said Fair-Haired Iollan, "for it is not fear or cowardliness was ever seen on us, but we will go to the house." So they went on to the House of the Red Branch, and the stewards and the serving-men with them, and well-tasting food was served to them, and pleasant drinks, till they were all glad and merry, except only Deirdre and the sons of Usnach; for they did not use much food or drink, because of the length and the greatness of their journey from Dun Borach to Emain Macha. Then Naoise said, "Give the chessboard to us till we go playing." So they gave them the chessboard and they began to play.

It was just at that time Conchubar was asking, "Who will I send that will bring me word of Deirdre, and that will tell me if she has the same appearance and the same shape she had before, for if she has, there is not a woman in the world has a more beautiful shape or appearance than she has, and I will bring her out with edge of blade and

22. **Dundéalgan**, the stronghold of Cuchulain. Its remains are known as Castletown Moat, and are situated one mile inland from modern Dundalk. 23. **Hound of the Smith**, the literal meaning of *Cuchulain*. When he was a little boy, Setanta, as he was then called, killed the fierce hound of Chulain, the smith of Conchubar. In repayment the boy promised to take the hound's place. Hence he was called Cuchulain. 35. **Manannan**. During their flight from Ireland Naoise and Deirdre had stopped at a magic island and had committed their two children to Manannan Mac Lir, god of the sea, for protection. He gave Naoise a magic sword and Deirdre a cup. The great victory referred to here is not known. See note on line 33, page 58.

46. **House of the Red Branch**. Conchubar lived in the Royal House, but kept the spoils of his enemies in the House of the Red Branch. Hence it was ominous to be lodged in the latter.

point of sword in spite of the sons of Usnach, good though they be. But if not, let Naoise have her for himself." "I myself will go there," said Levarcham, "and I will bring you word of that." And it is how it was, Deirdre was dearer to her than any other person in the world; for it was often she went through the world looking for Deirdre and bringing news to her and from her. So Levarcham went over to the House of the Red Branch, and near it she saw a great troop of armed men, and she spoke to them, but they made her no answer, and she knew by that it was none of the men of Ulster were in it, but men from some strange country that Conchubar's messengers had brought to Emain.

20 And then she went in where Naoise and Deirdre were, and it is how she found them, the polished chessboard between them, and they playing on it; and she gave them fond kisses, and she said: "You are not doing well to be playing; and it is to bring Conchubar word if Deirdre has the same shape and appearance she used to have that he sent me here now; and there is grief on me for the deed that will be done in Emain tonight, treachery that will be done, and the killing of kindred, and the three bright candles of the Gael to be quenched, and Emain will not be the better of it to the end of life and time"; and she made this complaint sadly and wearily:

30 "My heart is heavy for the treachery that is being done in Emain this night; on account of this treachery, Emain will never be at peace from this out.

"The three that are most king-like today under the sun; the three best of all that live on the earth, it is grief to me tonight they to die for the sake of any woman. Naoise and Ainnle, whose deeds are known, and Ardán, their brother; treachery is to be done on the young, bright-faced three; it is not I that am not sorrowful tonight."

50 When she had made this complaint,

Levarcham said to the sons of Usnach and to the children of Fergus to shut close the doors and the windows of the house and to do bravery. "And, oh, sons of Fergus," she said, "defend your charge and your care bravely till Fergus comes, and you will have praise and a blessing for it." And she cried with many tears, and she went back to where Conchubar was, and he asked news of Deirdre of her. And Levarcham said, "It is good news and bad news I have for you." "What news is that?" said Conchubar. "It is the good news," she said, "the three sons of Usnach to have come to you and to be over there, and they are the three that are bravest and mightiest in form and in looks and in countenance, of all in the world; and Ireland will be yours from this out, since the sons of Usnach are with you; and the news that is worst with me is, the woman that was best of the women of the world in form and in looks, going out of Emain, is without the form and without the appearance she used to have."

When Conchubar heard that, much of his jealousy went backward, and he was drinking and making merry for a while, until he thought on Deirdre again the second time, and on that he asked, "Who will I get to bring me word of Deirdre?" But he did not find anyone would go there. And then he said to Gelban, the merry, pleasant son of the King of Lochlann: "Go over and bring me word if Deirdre has the same shape and the same appearance she used to have, for if she has, there is not on the ridge of the world or on the waves of the earth a woman more beautiful than herself."

So Gelban went to the House of the Red Branch, and he found the doors and the windows of the fort shut, and fear came on him. And it is what he said: "It is not an easy road for anyone that would get to the sons of Usnach, for I think there is very great anger on them." And after that he found a

17. *from some strange country.* Conchubar sought to avoid the appearance of treachery by bringing in distant allies to kill the Sons of Usnach, as if without his connivance.

88. *King of Lochlann,* one of Conchubar's subordinate chieftains, whose son was being trained at Conchubar's court.

window that was left open by forgetfulness in the house, and he was looking in. Then Deirdre saw him through the window, and when she saw him looking at her, she went into a red blaze of blushes, and Naoise knew that someone was looking at her from the window, and she told him that she saw a young man looking in at them. It is how Naoise was at that time, with a man of the chessmen in his hand, and he made a fair throw over his shoulder at the young man, that put the eye out of his head. The young man went back to where Conchubar was. "You were merry and pleasant going out," said Conchubar, "but you are sad and cheerless coming back." And then Gelban told him the story from beginning to end. "I see well," said Conchubar, "the man that made that throw will be king of the world, unless he has his life shortened. And what appearance is there on Deirdre?" he said. "It is this," said Gelban: "although Naoise put out my eye, I would have wished to stay there looking at her with the other eye, but for the haste you put on me; for there is not in the world a woman is better of shape or of form than herself."

When Conchubar heard that, he was filled with jealousy and with envy, and he bade the men of his army that were with him, and that had been drinking at the feast, to go and attack the place where the sons of Usnach were. So they went forward to the House of the Red Branch, and they gave three great shouts around it, and they put fires and red flames to it. When the sons of Usnach heard the shouts, they asked who those men were that were about the house. "Conchubar and the men of Ulster," they all said together: "Is it the pledge of Fergus you would break?" said Fair-Haired Iollan. "On my word," said Conchubar, "there will be sorrow on the sons of Usnach, Deirdre to be with them." "That is true," said Deirdre; "Fergus has deceived you." "By my oath," said Rough-Red Buinne, "if he betrayed, we will not betray."

It was then Buinne went out and killed three-fifths of the fighting men outside, and put great disturbance on the rest; and Conchubar asked who was there, and who was doing destruction on his men like that. "It is I, myself, Rough-Red Buinne, son of Fergus," said he. "I will give you a good gift if you will leave off," said Conchubar. "What gift is that?" said Rough-Red Buinne. "A hundred of land," said Conchubar. "What besides?" said Rough-Red Buinne. "My own friendship and my counsel," said Conchubar. "I will take that," said Rough-Red Buinne. It was a good mountain that was given him as a reward, but it turned barren in the same night, and no green grew on it again forever, and it used to be called the Mountain of the Share of Buinne.

Deirdre heard what they were saying. "By my word," she said, "Rough-Red Buinne has forsaken you, and, in my opinion, it is like the father the son is." "I give my word," says Fair-Haired Iollan, "that is not so with me; as long as this narrow, straight sword stays in my hand, I will not forsake the sons of Usnach."

After that Fair-Haired Iollan went out, and made three courses around the house, and killed three-fifths of the heroes outside, and he came in again where Naoise was, and he playing chess, and Ainnle with him. So Iollan went out the second time, and made three other courses round the fort, and he brought a lighted torch with him on the lawn, and he went destroying the hosts, so that they dared not come to attack the house. And he was a good son, Fair-Haired Iollan, for he never refused any person on the ridge of the world anything that he had, and he never took wages from any person but only Fergus.

55. It was then, etc. It is noticeable that much of the fighting in the Irish sagas is unearthly and magical, when compared with the fighting in *Beowulf*. The contrast is that between the more circumstantial Anglo-Saxon and the more naïve and imaginative Celt. 65. A hundred of land, one hundred hides. A hide was a measure of land, varying in Anglo-Saxon and Norman times from eighty to one hundred twenty acres. See *Beowulf*, page 39, line 68.

It was then Conchubar said: "What place is my own son, Fiacra the Fair?" "I am here, High Prince," said Fiacra. "By my word," said Conchubar, "it is on the one night yourself and Iollan were born, and as it is the arms of his father he has with him, let you take my arms with you, that is, my shield, the Ochain, my two spears, and my great sword, the Gorm Glas, the Blue Green—and do bravery and great deeds with them."

Then Fiacra took Conchubar's arms, and he and Fair-Haired Iollan attacked one another, and they made a stout fight, one against the other. But however it was, Fair-Haired Iollan put down Fiacra, so that he made him lie under the shelter of his shield, till it roared for the greatness of the strait he was in; for it was the way with the Ochain, the shield of Conchubar, to roar when the person on whom it would be was in danger; and the three chief waves of Ireland, the Wave of Tuagh, the Wave of Cliodna, and the Wave of Rudraige, roared in answer to it.

It was at that time Conall Cearnach was at Dun Sobairce, and he heard the Wave of Tuagh. "True it is," said Conall, "Conchubar is in some danger, and it is not right for me to be here listening to him."

Conall rose up on that, and he put his arms and his armor on him, and came forward to where Conchubar was at Emain Macha, and he found the fight going on on the lawn, and Fiacra, the son of Conchubar, greatly pressed by Fair-Haired Iollan, and neither the King of Ulster nor any other person dared to go between them. But Conall went aside, behind Fair-Haired Iollan, and thrust his sword through him.

9. the Ochain. Celtic heroes, like Anglo-Saxon heroes, had weapons with supernatural powers. Conchubar's shield, the Ochain, came from a queen of the Sea, and it would roar whenever its owner was hard pressed, and the three chief waves of Ireland, near the homes of the three champions of Ulster, would roar in answer. Naoise's magic sword had been given him by the god of the sea, just as Excalibur was given to Arthur by the Lady of the Lake. Neither the specific qualities of Conchubar's sword, Gorm Glas, which means "Blue Green," nor where he got it, are told us. 25. Wave of Tuagh, at the mouth of the River Bann, County Derry. 26. Wave of Cliodna, in Glandore Harbor, County Cork. 27. Wave of Rudraige, in the Bay of Dundrum, County Down. 29. Dun Sobairce, Dun Severick, in County Antrim.

"Who is it has wounded me behind my back?" said Fair-Haired Iollan. "Whoever did it, by my hand of valor, he would have got a fair fight, face to face, from myself." "Who are you yourself?" said Conall. "I am Iollan, son of Fergus, and are you yourself Conall?" "It is I," said Conall. "It is evil and it is heavy the work you have done," said Iollan, "and the sons of Usnach under my protection." "Is that true?" said Conall. "It is true, indeed," said Iollan. "By my hand of valor," said Conall, "Conchubar will not get his own son alive from me to avenge it," and he gave a stroke of the sword to Fiacra, so that he struck his head off, and he left them so. The clouds of death came upon Fair-Haired Iollan then, and he threw his arms toward the fortress, and called out to Naoise to do bravery, and after that he died.

It is then Conchubar himself came out and nineteen hundred men with him, and Conall said to him: "Go up now to the doorway of the fort, and see where your sister's children are lying on a bed of trouble." And when Conchubar saw them he said: "You are not sister's children to me; it is not the deed of sister's children you have done me, but you have done harm to me with treachery in the sight of all the men of Ireland." And it is what Ainnle said to him: "Although we took well-shaped, soft-handed Deirdre from you, yet we did a little kindness to you at another time, and this is the time to remember it. That day your ship was breaking up on the sea, and it full of gold and silver, we gave you up our own ship, and ourselves went swimming to the harbor."

But Conchubar said: "If you did fifty good deeds to me, surely this would be my thanks: I would not give you peace, and you in distress, but every great want I could put on you."

And then Ardan said: "We did another little kindness to you, and this is the time to remember it; the day the

79. And it is what Ainnle said, etc. Notice the three replies of the sons of Usnach.

speckled horse failed you on the green of Dundéalgan, it was we gave you the gray horse that would bring you fast on your road."

But Conchubar said: "If you had done fifty good deeds to me, surely this would be my thanks: I would not give you peace, and you in distress, but every great want I could put on you."

And then Naoise said: "We did you another good deed, and this is the time to remember it; we have put you under many benefits; it is strong our right is to your protection."

"The time when Murcael, son of Brian, fought the seven battles at Beinn Etair, we brought you, without fail, the heads of the sons of the King of the Southeast."

But Conchubar said: "If you had done me fifty good deeds, surely this is my thanks: I would not give you peace in your distress, but every great want I could put upon you."

"Your death is not a death to me now, young sons of Usnach, since he that was innocent fell by you, the third best of the horsemen of Ireland."

Then Deirdre said: "Rise up, Naoise, take your sword, good son of a king, mind yourself well, for it is not long that life will be left in your fair body."

It is then all Conchubar's men came about the house, and they put fires and burning to it. Ardan went out then, and his men, and put out the fires and killed three hundred men. And Ainnle went out in the third part of the night, and he killed three hundred, and did slaughter and destruction on them.

And Naoise went out in the last quarter of the night, and drove away all the army from the house.

He came into the house after that, and it is then Deirdre rose up and said to him: "By my word, it is well you won your way; and do bravery and valor from this out; and it was bad advice you took when you ever trusted Conchubar."

As for the sons of Usnach, after that they made a good protection with their

shields, and they put Deirdre in the middle and linked the shields around her, and they gave three leaps out over the walls of Émain, and they killed three hundred men in that sally.

When Conchubar saw that, he went to Cathbad the Druid, and said to him: "Go, Cathbad, to the sons of Usnach, and work enchantment on them; for unless they are hindered they will destroy the men of Ulster forever if they go away in spite of them; and I give the word of a true hero, they will get no harm from me, but let them only make agreement with me."

When Cathbad heard that, he agreed, believing him, and he went to the end of his arts and his knowledge to hinder the sons of Usnach, and he worked enchantment on them, so that he put the likeness of a dark sea about them, with hindering waves. And when Naoise saw the waves rising he put up Deirdre on his shoulder, and it is how the sons of Usnach were, swimming on the ground as they were going out of Émain; yet the men of Ulster did not dare to come near them until their swords had fallen from their hands. But after their swords fell from their hands, the sons of Usnach were taken. And when they were taken, Conchubar asked of the children of Durthacht to kill them. But the children of Durthacht said they would not do that. There was a young man with Conchubar whose name was Maine, and his surname Rough-Hand, son of the king of the fair Norwegians, and it is Naoise had killed his father and his two brothers; Athrac and Triathrach were their names. And he said he himself would kill the sons of Usnach. "If that is so," said Ardan, "kill me the first, for I am younger than my brothers, so that I will not see my brothers killed." "Let him not be killed but myself," said Ainnle. "Let that not be done," said Naoise, "for I have a sword 100

88. **Maine.** See note on line 17, page 64. Conchubar tries to have foreigners kill the sons of Usnach, in order to avoid a tribal feud, and he finally gets certain Norwegians who have taken part in a blood-feud with Usnach to do his will. 100. **sword.** See note on line 9, page 66. Cf. the magic sword of Grendel in *Beowulf* (page 31, line 92), and the ax of the Green Knight in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* (page 118, line 42).

that Manannan, son of Lir, gave me, and the stroke of it leaves nothing after it, track nor trace; and strike the three of us together, and we will die at the one time." "That is well," said they all, "and let you lay down your heads," they said. They did that, and Maine gave a strong quick blow of the sword on the three necks together on the block, and struck the three heads off them with one stroke; and the men of Ulster gave three loud sorrowful shouts, and cried aloud about them there.

As for Deirdre, she cried pitifully, wearily, and tore her fair hair, and she was talking on the sons of Usnach and on Alban, and it is what she said:

"A blessing eastward to Alban from me. Good is the sight of her bays and valleys; pleasant was it to sit on the slopes of her hills, where the sons of Usnach used to be hunting.

"One day, when the nobles of Scotland were drinking with the sons of Usnach, to whom they owed their affection, Naoise gave a kiss secretly to the daughter of the lord of Duntreon. He sent her a frightened deer, wild, and a fawn at its foot; and he went to visit her coming home from the host of Inverness. When myself heard that, my head filled full of jealousy; I put my boat on the waves; it was the same to me to live or to die. They followed me swimming, Ainnle and Ardan, that never said a lie; they turned me back again, two that would give battle to a hundred; Naoise gave me his true word, he swore three times, with his arms as witness, he would never put vexation on me again, until he would go from me to the hosts of the dead.

"Och! if she knew tonight, Naoise to be under a covering of clay, it is she would cry her fill, and it is I would cry along with her."

After she had made this complaint, seeing they were all taken up with one another, Deirdre came forward on the lawn, and she was running round and round, up and down, from one to another,

er, and Cuchulain met her, and she told him the story from first to last, how it had happened to the sons of Usnach. It is sorrowful Cuchulain was for that, for there was not in the world a man was dearer to him than Naoise. And he asked who killed him. "Maine Rough-Hand," said Deirdre. Then Cuchulain went away, sad and sorrowful, to Dundegalun.

After that Deirdre lay down by the grave, and they were digging earth from it, and she made this lament after the sons of Usnach:

"Long is the day without the sons of Usnach; it was never wearisome to be in their company; sons of a king that entertained exiles; three lions of the Hill of the Cave.

"Three darlings of the women of Britain; three hawks of Slieve Cuilenn; sons of a king served by valor, to whom warriors did obedience. The three mighty bears; three lions of the fort of Conrach; three sons of a king who thought well of their praise; three nurslings of the men of Ulster.

"Three heroes not good at homage; their fall is a cause of sorrow; three sons of the sister of a king; three props of the army of Cuailgne.

"Three dragons of Dun Monad, the three valiant men from the Red Branch; I myself will not be living after them, the three that broke hard battles.

"Three that were brought up by Aoife, to whom lands were under tribute; three pillars in the breach of battle; three pupils that were with Scathach.

"Three pupils that were with Uathach; three champions that were lasting in might; three shining sons of Usnach; it is weariness to be without them.

"The High King of Ulster, my first betrothed, I forsook for love of Naoise;

64. **lament.** This is really part of the preceding lament. 72. **Slieve Cuilenn**, in County Londonderry. 82. **Cuailgne**, Cooley, in County Louth. 83. **Dun Monad**, a mountain range in Scotland. 88. **Aoife**, a mighty Amazon queen of certain Scottish tribes against whom Cuchulain fought after he had been trained by Scathach. Aoife bore Cuchulain a son, Conlaach, whom he later killed in battle, not knowing who he was. 90. **Scathach**, a famous woman warrior who lived on a Scottish island, and who trained Cuchulain in the art of war. Her daughter was Uathach.

18. **A blessing eastward**, etc., the second important lament of Deirdre. Many of the localities cannot be identified.

short my life will be after him; I will make keening at their burial.

"That I would live after Naoise let no one think on the earth; I will not go on living after Ainnle and after Ardan.

"After them I myself will not live; three that would leap through the midst of battle; since my beloved is gone from me I will cry my fill over his grave.

"O young man, digging the new grave, do not make the grave narrow; I will be along with them in the grave, making lamentation and ochemes.

"Many the hardship I met with along with the three heroes. I suffered want of house, want of fire; it is myself that used not to be troubled.

"Their three shields and their spears made a bed for me often. O young man, put their three swords close over their grave.

"Their three hounds, their three hawks, will be from this time without huntsmen; three helpers of every battle; three pupils of Conall Cearnach.

"The three leashes of those three hounds have brought a sigh from my heart. It is I had the care of them; the sight of them is a cause of grief.

"I was never one day alone to the day of the making of this grave, though it is often that myself and yourselves were in loneliness.

"My sight is gone from me with looking at the grave of Naoise; it is short till my life will leave me, and those who would have keened me do not live.

"Since it is through me they were betrayed I will be tired out with sorrow; it is a pity I was not in the earth before the sons of Usnach were killed.

"Sorrowful was my journey with Fergus, betraying me to the Red Branch; we were deceived all together with his sweet, flowery words. I left the delights of Ulster for the three heroes that were bravest; my life will not be long, I myself am alone after them.

"I am Deirdre without gladness, and I at the end of my life; since it is grief

to be without them, I myself will not be long after them."

After that complaint Deirdre loosed out her hair, and threw herself on the body of Naoise before it was put into the grave and gave three kisses to him, and when her mouth touched his blood, the color of burning sods came into her cheeks, and she rose up like one that had lost her wits, and she went on through the night till she came to where the waves were breaking on the strand. And a fisherman was there and his wife, and they brought her into their cabin and sheltered her, and she neither smiled nor laughed, nor took food, drink, or sleep, nor raised her head from her knees, but was crying always after the sons of Usnach.

But when she could not be found at Emain, Conchubar sent Levarcham to look for her, and to bring her back to his palace, that he might make her his wife. And Levarcham found her in the fisherman's cabin, and she bade her come back to Emain, where she would have protection and riches and all that she would ask. And she gave her this message she brought from Conchubar: "Come up to my house, O branch with the dark eyelashes, and there need be no fear on your fair face, of hatred or of jealousy or of reproach." And Deirdre said: "I will not go up to his house, for it is not land or earth or food I am wanting, or gold or silver or horses, but leave to go to the grave where the sons of Usnach are lying, till I give the three honey kisses to their three white, beautiful bodies." And she made this complaint:

"Make keening for the heroes that were killed on their coming to Ireland; stately they used to be, coming to the house, the three great sons of Usnach.

"The sons of Usnach fell in the fight like three branches that were growing straight and nice, and they destroyed in a heavy storm that left neither bud nor twig of them.

"Naoise, my gentle, well-learned comrade, make no delay in crying him

2. **keening**, lamentations. 14. **ochemes**, Celtic exclamations of grief.

93. **Make keening**, etc., the third important lament of Deirdre.

with me; cry for Ardan that killed the wild boars; cry for Ainnle whose strength was great.

"It was Naoise that would kiss my lips, my first man and my first sweetheart; it was Ainnle would pour out my drink; and it was Ardan would lay my pillow.

10 "Though sweet to you is the mead that is drunk by the soft-living son of Ness, the food of the sons of Usnach was sweeter to me all through my lifetime.

"Whenever Naoise would go out to hunt through the woods or the wide plains, all the meat he would bring back was better to me than honey.

20 "Though sweet to you are the sounds of pipes and of trumpets, it is truly, I say to the King, I have heard music that is sweeter.

"Delightful to Conchubar, the king, are pipes and trumpets; but the singing of the sons of Usnach was more delightful to me.

30 "It was Naoise had the deep sound of the waves in his voice; it was the song of Ardan that was good, and the voice of Ainnle toward their green dwelling-place.

"Their birth was beautiful and their blossoming, as they grew to the strength of manhood; sad is the end today, the sons of Usnach to be cut down.

"Dear were their pleasant words, dear their young, high strength; in their going through the plains of Ireland there was a welcome before the coming of their strength.

40 "Dear their gray eyes that were loved by women; many looked on them as they went. When they went freely searching through the woods, their steps were pleasant on the dark mountain.

"I do not sleep at any time, and the color is gone from my face; there is no sound can give me delight since the sons of Usnach do not come.

50 "I do not sleep through the night; my senses are scattered away from me; I do not care for food or drink.

I have no welcome today for the pleasant drink of nobles, or ease, or comfort, or delight, or a great house, or the palace of a king.

"Do not break the strings of my heart as you took hold of my young youth, Conchubar; though my darling is dead, my love is strong to live. What is country to me, or land, or lordship? What are swift horses? What are jewels and gold? Och! it is I will be lying tonight on the strand like the beautiful sons of Usnach."

So Levarcham went back to Conchubar to tell him what way Deirdre was, and that she would not come with her to Emain Macha.

And when she was gone, Deirdre 70 went out on the strand, and she found a carpenter making an oar for a boat, and making a mast for it, clean and straight, to put up a sail to the wind. And when she saw him making it, she said: "It is a sharp knife you have, to cut the oar so clean and so straight, and if you will give it to me," she said, "I will give you a ring of the best gold in Ireland for it, the ring that belonged 80 to Naoise, and that was with him through the battle and through the fight; he thought much of it in his lifetime; it is pure gold, through and through." So the carpenter took the ring in his hand, and the knife in the other hand, and he looked at them together, and he gave her the knife for the ring, and for her asking and her tears. Then Deirdre went close 90 to the waves, and she said: "Since the other is not with me now, I will spend no more of my lifetime without him." And with that she drove the black knife into her side, but she drew it out again and threw it in the sea to her right hand, the way no one would be blamed for her death.

Then Conchubar came down to the strand and five hundred men along 100 with him, to bring Deirdre away to Emain Macha, but all he found before him was her white body on the ground, and it without life. And it is what he said: "A thousand deaths on the time I brought death on my sister's children;

now I am myself without Deirdre, and they themselves are without life.

"They were my sister's children, the three brothers I vexed with blows, Naoise, and Ainnle, and Ardan; they have died along with Deirdre."

And they took her white, beautiful body, and laid it in a grave, and a flagstone was raised over her grave, and over the grave of the sons of Usnach, and their names were written in Ogham, and keening was made for their burial.

And as to Fergus, son of Rogh, he came on the day after the children of Usnach were killed, to Emain Macha. And when he found they had been killed and his pledge to them broken, he himself, and Cormac Conloingeas, Conchubar's own son, and Dubthach, the Beetle of Ulster, with their men, made an attack on Conchubar's house and men, and a great many were killed by them, and Emain Macha was burned and destroyed.

And after doing that, they went into Connaught, to Ailell and to Maeve at Cruachan, and they were made welcome there, and they took service with them and fought with them against Ulster because of the treachery that was done by Conchubar. And that is the way Fergus and the others came to be on the side of the men of Connaught in the war for the Brown Bull of Cuailgne.

And Cathbad laid a curse on Emain Macha, on account of that great wrong. And it is what he said, that none of the race of Conchubar should have the kingdom, to the end of life and time.

And that came true, for the most of Conchubar's sons died in his own lifetime, and when he was near his death, he bade the men of Ulster bring

back Cormac Conloingeas out of Cruachan, and give him the kingdom.

So they sent messengers to Cormac, and he set out and his three troops of men with him, and he left his blessing with Ailell and with Maeve, and he promised them a good return for all the kind treatment they had given him. And they crossed the river at Athluain, and there they saw a red woman at the edge of the ford, and she washing her chariot and her harness. And after that they met a young girl coming toward them, and a light-green cloak about her, and a brooch of precious stones at her breast. And Cormac asked her was she coming with them, and she said she was not, and it would be better for himself to turn back, for the ruin of his life was come.

And he stopped for the night at the House of the Two Smiths on the hill of Bruighean Mor, the great dwelling-place.

But a troop of the men of Connaught came about the house in the night, for they were on the way home after destroying and robbing a district of Ulster, and they thought to make an end of Cormac before he would get to Emain.

And it chanced there was a great harper, Craiftine, living close by, and his wife, Sceanb, daughter of Scethern, a Druid of Connaught, loved Cormac Conloingeas, and three times she had gone to meet him at Athluain, and she planted three trees there—Grief, and Dark, and Dumbness.

And there was great hatred and jealousy of Cormac on Craiftine, so when he knew the men of Connaught were going to make an attack on him, he went outside the house with his harp, and played a soft, sleepy tune to him, the way he had not the strength to rouse himself up, and himself and the most of his people were killed. And Amergin, that had gone with the message to him, made his grave and his mound, and the place is called Cluain Duma, the Lawn of the Mound.

C. SEVENTH CENTURY

11. *Ogham*, secret writing of the Druids, which preceded the entrance of Latin writing into Ireland. 21. *the Beetle*, merely an epithet. 28. *Cruachan*, the ancient capital of Connaught, now called Rathcroghan, in County Roscommon. 35. *war for the Brown Bull of Cuailgne*. The subject of the most important Irish saga that has been preserved to us. Ailell and Maeve, king and queen of Connaught, waged war with Conchubar in order to obtain the famous brown bull of Cuailgne. The cause of the war was a simple cattle raid, but its consequences were disastrous for both kingdoms. 46. *Cormac Conloingeas*, a son of Conchubar, who has sided with Ailell and Maeve in the war for the Brown Bull.

54. *Athluain*, Athlone, meaning the Ford of the Loin. Athlone is now a town on the River Shannon.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)

NOTE

The chief ambition of John Milton was to write a great poem, and although his participation in the Civil War and the Commonwealth delayed its realization for twenty years, his determination did not weaken. When the Commonwealth failed in 1658, Milton took up the task of justifying the Puritan ideal in an epic upon the fall of man. Between 1658-1665, though blind, Milton composed *Paradise Lost*, and published it in 1667.

The construction of the complicated plot is masterly, and the significance of the fall of man is heightened by the revolt in heaven, the casting out of Satan, and the creation of the earth. The temptation of Eve, the sin of Adam and Eve, and their expulsion from the Garden of Eden do not, therefore, occupy the whole of the poem. The first two books describe the plight of the fallen angels in hell, and their plot to destroy man, God's new creature on his new creation, earth. In the third book the scene shifts to heaven, where God foretells the downfall of man, and Christ offers to redeem him. The fourth book narrates Satan's arrival in Eden, and describes the happy life of Adam and Eve. In the fifth, sixth, and seventh books the angel Raphael, sent by the Almighty to warn Adam, relates, at his request, the revolt of the angels, the ensuing war in heaven, the triumph of Christ, the casting down to hell of the revolting angels, and the creation of the earth. In the eighth book Adam relates what he remembers since his own creation, and thereafter Raphael departs. In the ninth book Satan secures the fall of man, and in the tenth book Satan returns to hell to lead out his hosts, but all are turned into serpents. God in heaven foretells the ultimate triumph of goodness, and sends the angel Michael to drive Adam and Eve from Eden. In the eleventh and twelfth books Michael foretells to Adam the history of the world as far as the redemption of man, and finally sends Adam and Eve forth on their journey saddened but comforted.

The style of *Paradise Lost*, which has a sustained nobility and beauty that *Beowulf* and *Deirdre* attain only at intervals, is reminiscent of every stage in the development of Milton as a poet. The sonorous tone of its blank verse reminds us that his father was a composer of distinction, and that from boyhood the poet had been educated to play the organ and had constantly heard the best music. Its beautiful pictures of nature go back to those five years after his graduation from the university when the poet lived at his father's country home at Horton, studying the classics, writing his minor poems, and communing with nature. No poet has left us lovelier pictures of the English countryside than has Milton, and in *Paradise Lost* the blind poet recalls again and again in his spiritual vision the scenes so loved in his youth. The tremendous wealth of literary reminiscence in *Paradise Lost* reflects a life dedicated not merely to poetry but to profound

scholarship, in spite of public service and failing eyesight. Its keen analysis of character reveals the observations of a lifetime, begun in the seclusion of a quiet home circle, continued through two years of European travel and twenty years of public service in contact with the most vigorous minds of the time in England, and concluded in the reflections of comparative solitude. Finally its profound religious faith in the justice of God arose first of all in the quiet Puritan home, was tested and strengthened during the era of the Commonwealth, and triumphed at last over the defeat of Puritanism by the Restoration in the composition of *Paradise Lost*.

The selection which follows narrates the revolt in heaven. The fifth book opens with a picture of primeval innocence in Eden on the morning after Satan had entered the Garden of Eden and had tempted Eve by night with a deceitful dream. At the command of God, Raphael visits Adam, and, by narrating to him the revolt of Satan and his fate, warns Adam to obey, especially since Adam is free to choose.

PARADISE LOST

BOOK V

THE ARGUMENT

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her; they come forth to their day labors; their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render Man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise; his appearance described; his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise, got together by Eve; their discourse at table. Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel, a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern
clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient
pearl,
When Adam waked, so customed; for
his sleep
Was æry light, from pure digestion
bred,

2. orient, eastern, bright.

And temperate vapors bland, which the
 only sound⁵
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's
 fan,
 Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin
 song
 Of birds on every bough. So much the
 more
 His wonder was to find unwakened
 Eve,
 With tresses discomposed, and glowing
 cheek,¹⁰
 As through unquiet rest. He, on his
 side
 Leaning half raised, with looks of cor-
 dial love
 Hung over her enamored, and be-
 held
 Beauty which, whether waking or
 asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces; then, with
 voice¹⁵
 Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora
 breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whispered thus:
 "Awake,
 My fairest, my espoused, my latest
 found,
 Heaven's last, best gift, my ever-new
 delight!
 Awake! the morning shines, and the
 fresh field²⁰
 Calls us; we lose the prime to mark how
 spring
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron
 grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the
 balmy reed,
 How Nature paints her colors, how the
 bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid
 sweet."²
 Such whispering waked her, but with
 startled eye
 On Adam; whom embracing, this she
 spake:

"O sole in whom my thoughts find all
 repose,
 My glory, my perfection! glad I
 see
 Thy face, and morn returned; for I this
 night³⁰
 (Such night till this I never passed) have
 dreamed,
 If dreamed, not, as I oft am wont, of
 thee,
 Works of day past, or morrow's next
 design,
 But of offense and trouble, which my
 mind
 Knew never till this irksome night.
 Methought³⁵
 Close at mine ear one called me forth to
 walk,
 With gentle voice; I thought it thine.
 It said,
 'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? Now is the
 pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence
 yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that, now
 awake,⁴⁰
 Tunes sweetest his love-labored song;
 now reigns
 Full-orbed the moon, and, with more
 pleasing light,
 Shadowy sets off the face of things—in
 vain,
 If none regard. Heaven wakes with all
 his eyes;
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's
 desire,⁴⁵
 In whose sight all things joy, with rav-
 ishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to
 gaze?'
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee
 not.
 To find thee I directed then my
 walk;
 And on, methought, alone I passed
 through ways⁵⁰
 That brought me on a sudden to the
 tree
 Of interdicted knowledge. Fair it
 seemed,

6. *Aurora*, the Greek goddess of dawn. *fan*, the wind of morning. The literary epic often supplements a natural description with a mythological allusion. 16. *Zephyrus*, the West Wind, personified by the Greeks and Romans. *Flora*, the Roman goddess of flowers. 21. *prime*, the early morning, approximately from 6-9 A.M. Compare this speech with such morning songs, or *aubades*, as Shakespeare's "Hark, Hark, the Lark!" (page 369) and Herrick's "Corinna's Going a-Maying" (page 381).

38. *Why sleep'st thou, Eve?* Compare with Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" (page 510) and Shelley's "The Indian Serenade" (page 502). 52. *interdicted*, forbidden.

Much fairer to my fancy than by day;
 And, as I wondering looked, beside it
 stood
 One shaped and winged like one of those
 from heaven 55
 By us oft seen. His dewy locks distilled
 Ambrosia. On that tree he also gazed;
 And, 'O fair plant,' said he, 'with fruit
 surcharged,
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste
 thy sweet,
 Nor God nor Man? Is knowledge so
 despised? 60
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to
 taste?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me
 withhold
 Longer thy offered good, why else set
 here?'
 This said, he paused not, but with
 venturous arm
 He plucked, he tasted. Me damp horror
 chilled 65
 At such bold words vouched with a deed
 so bold;
 But he thus, overjoyed: 'O fruit divine,
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet
 thus cropped,
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
 For gods, yet able to make gods of men!
 And why not gods of men, since good,
 the more 71
 Communicated, more abundant grows,
 The author not impaired, but honored
 more?
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve!
 Partake thou also. Happy though
 thou art, 75
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst
 not be.
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the
 gods
 Thyself a goddess; not to earth confined,
 But sometimes in the air, as we; some-
 times
 Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and see
 What life the gods live there, and such
 live thou.' 81
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Even to my mouth, of that same fruit
 held part

57. *Ambrosia*, the substance upon which the Greek gods dined. They drank nectar. 58. *surcharged*, over-laden.

Which he had plucked. The pleasant
 savory smell
 So quickened appetite that I, me-
 thought, 85
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to
 the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath be-
 held
 The earth outstretched immense, a
 prospect wide
 And various. Wondering at my flight
 and change
 To this high exaltation, suddenly 90
 My guide was gone, and I, methought,
 sunk down,
 And fell asleep; but, oh, how glad I
 waked
 To find this but a dream!" Thus Eve
 her night
 Related, and thus Adam answered sad:
 "Best image of myself, and dearer
 half, 95
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night
 in sleep
 Affects me equally; nor can I like
 This uncouth dream—of evil sprung, I
 fear;
 Yet evil whence? In thee can harbor
 none,
 Created pure. But know that in the
 soul 100
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve
 Reason as chief. Among these *Fancy*
 next
 Her office holds; of all external things,
 Which the five watchful senses repre-
 sent,
 She forms imaginations, æry shapes, 105
 Which Reason, joining or disjoining,
 frames
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
 Into her private cell when Nature rests.
 Oft, in her absence, *mimic Fancy* wakes
 To imitate her; but, *misjoining* shapes,
 Wild work produces oft, and most in
 dreams, 112
 Ill matching words and deeds long past
 or late.
 Some such resemblances, methinks, I
 find

98. *uncouth*, unknown, strange. 102. *Fancy*, imagination, emotion, as distinguished from reason and intellect.

Of our last evening's talk in this thy
 dream, 115
 But with addition strange. Yet be not
 sad.
 Evil into the mind of God or Man
 May come and go, so unapproved, and
 leave
 No spot or blame behind; which gives
 me hope
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor
 to dream 120
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
 Be not disheartened, then, nor cloud
 those looks,
 That wont to be more cheerful and
 serene
 Than when fair morning first smiles on
 the world;
 And let us to our fresh employments
 rise 125
 Among the groves, the fountains, and
 the flowers,
 That open now their choicest bosomed
 smells,
 Reserved from night, and kept for thee
 in store."
 So cheered he his fair spouse; and
 she was cheered,
 But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
 From either eye, and wiped them with
 her hair;
 Two other precious drops that ready
 stood,
 Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere
 they fell,
 Kissed as the gracious signs of sweet
 remorse
 And pious awe, that feared to have
 offended. 135
 So all was cleared, and to the field
 they haste.
 But first, from under shady arborous
 roof
 Soon as they forth were come to open
 sight
 Of day-spring, and the sun—who, scarce
 uprisen,
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean-
 brim, 140
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,

Discovering in wide landskip all the
 east
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains—
 Lowly they bowed, adoring, and be-
 gan
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid
 In various style; for neither various
 style 146
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced,
 or sung
 Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
 Flowed from their lips, in prose or
 numerous verse, 150
 More tunable than needed lute or harp
 To add more sweetness. And they
 thus began:
 "These are thy glorious works, Parent
 of good,
 Almighty! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair. Thyself how
 wondrous then! 155
 Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these
 heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works; yet these
 declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and
 power divine.
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons
 of Light, 160
 Angels—for ye behold him, and with
 songs
 And choral symphonies, day without
 night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing — ye in
 heaven;
 On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and
 without end. 165
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of
 night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the
 smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in
 thy sphere
 While day arises, that sweet hour of
 prime. 170

115. *our last evening's talk.* Adam had explained to Eve that, while he and she slept, God was worshiped by angelic spirits who rejoiced in contemplating the uni-verse.

145. *orisons*, prayers. 150. *numerous*, numbered, rhythmic, poetic. 151. *tunable*, musical. 153. *These are thy glorious works*, etc. Cf. Psalms civ, cxlviii; also Addison's "Hymn" (page 412). Such sustained grandeur is not to be found in either *Beowulf* or *Deirdre*. Cf. with this passage Hrothgar's speech (page 33, lines 87 ff.) or Deirdre's lament (page 61, lines 22 ff.).

Thou sun, of this great world both eye
 and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater; sound
 his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou
 climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gained, and
 when thou fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun,
 now fliest, 175
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their
 orb that flies;
 And ye five other wandering fires, that
 move
 In mystic dance, not without song,
 resound
 His praise who out of darkness called
 up light.
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion
 run 181
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless
 change
 Vary to our great Maker still new
 praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now
 rise 185
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or
 gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with
 gold,
 In honor to the world's great Author
 rise;

176. *fixed stars.* Although in Milton's day the Copernican belief that the earth revolved about the sun was coming into recognition, yet, for the purpose of *Paradise Lost*, Milton adhered chiefly to the ancient Ptolemaic system, in which the earth is the fixed center of the universe, which revolves about it in ten concentric spheres in the following order from within out: the moon, Mercury, Venus, the sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the fixed stars, the Crystalline sphere, and the Primum Mobile. Beyond the Primum Mobile, in Milton's conception, was the Empyrean, or fiery heaven, the dwelling place of God and the angels. The ancients also believed that the spheres in rotating made celestial music, which mortal ears were rarely, if ever, able to hear.

With this system Milton coupled the medieval conception of the hierarchies of heaven, nine in all; to each one was assigned the care of one of the inner nine Ptolemaic spheres. There were three main divisions of the heavenly host, each containing three ranks. From the lowest to the highest they are: angels, archangels, principalities, powers, virtues, dominions, thrones, cherubim, and seraphim. The Empyrean, or Tenth sphere, was common to all, as the spiritual heaven wherein God resided. Milton slightly changed the hierarchical order by placing the archangels nearest God, and by placing principalities above virtues, but in general the scheme is clear. 181. *quaternion.* The ancients believed that the earth consisted of four elements—earth, air, water, fire—which rose or developed one from the other, so that a ceaseless circle or flux of activity could be discerned.

Whether to deck with clouds the un-
 colored sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling
 showers, 190
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four
 quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your
 tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship
 wave.
 Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye
 flow, 195
 Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune
 his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls. Ye
 birds,
 That, singing, up to heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes
 his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that
 walk 200
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly
 creep,
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh
 shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught
 his praise.
 Hail, universal Lord! Be bounteous
 still 205
 To give us only good; and, if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil, or con-
 cealed,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the
 dark."

So prayed they innocent, and to their
 thoughts
 Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted
 calm. 210
 On to their morning's rural work they
 haste,
 Among sweet dews and flowers, where
 any row
 Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reached too
 far
 Their pampered boughs, and needed
 hands to check
 Fruitless embraces. Or they led the
 vine 215
 To wed her elm; she, spoused, about
 him twines
 Her marriageable arms, and with her
 brings

Her dower, the adopted clusters, to
adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus em-
ployed beheld
With pity heaven's high King, and to
him called ²²⁰
Raphael, the sociable spirit, that
deigned
To travel with Tobias, and secured
His marriage with the seven-times-
wedded maid.
"Raphael," said he, "thou hear'st
what stir on earth
Satan, from hell scaped through the
darksome gulf, ²²⁵
Hath raised in Paradise, and how dis-
turbed
This night the human pair; how he
designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go, therefore; half this day, as friend
with friend,
Converse with Adam, in what bower
or shade ²³⁰
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon
retired
To respite his day-labor with repast
Or with repose; and such discourse
bring on
As may advise him of his happy state—
Happiness in his power left free to
will, ²³⁵
Left to his own free will, his will though
free
Yet mutable. Whence warn him to
beware
He swerve not, too secure; tell him
withal
His danger, and from whom; what
enemy,
Late fallen himself from heaven, is
plotting now ²⁴⁰
The fall of others from like state of bliss.
By violence? no, for that shall be with-
stood;
But by deceit and lies. This let him
know,

222. *Tobias, and . . . the seven-times-wedded maid*, a story in the Book of Tobit in the Apocrypha, relating how Tobias, under the guidance of Raphael, put to flight the evil spirit, Asmodeus, who had slain the successive husbands of the daughter of Raguel. Tobit later married her. 236. *free will*. The Puritan doctrine of foreordination and predestination either to salvation or damnation was tempered by the doctrine of free will. The Puritans believed that God knew what Adam would do, but left him free to choose (see lines 524 ff.).

Lest, willfully transgressing, he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonished, unforwarned."
So spake the Eternal Father, and
fulfilled ²⁴⁶
All justice. Nor delayed the wingéd
Saint
After his charge received; but from
among
Thousand celestial Ardors, where he
stood
Veiled with his gorgeous wings, up-
springing light, ²⁵⁰
Flew through the midst of heaven. The
angelic choirs,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave
way
Through all the empyreal road, till,
at the gate
Of heaven arrived, the gate self-opened
wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work ²⁵⁵
Divine the sovran Architect had framed.
From hence—no cloud or, to obstruct
his sight,
Star interposed, however small—he
sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth, and the Garden of God, with
cedars crowned ²⁶⁰
Above all hills; as when by night the
glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the
moon;
Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing kens ²⁶⁵
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in
flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal
sky

248. *After his charge received*, a Latinism meaning "after having received his charge." Milton frequently employs Latin words and style in his English. 249. *Ardors*, Seraphim. 253. *empyreal*, heavenly, pertaining to the tenth, or highest, heaven. 259. *unconform to*, unlike. 261. *as when*, an elaborate simile characteristic of the literary epic. Appeal here is made to the mind, not to the emotions. 262. *Galileo*. In the *Areopagitica*, written in 1644, Milton says, "There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." The meeting probably took place at the astronomer's home and observatory at Arcetri, near Florence. See also *Paradise Lost*, Bk. I, 283-291. 264. *Cyclades*, a large group of islands in the Aegean Sea between Greece and Crete, of which Delos (line 265), sacred to Apollo, is one. 265. *Samos*, not one of the Cyclades, as it is adjacent to Asia Minor near Ephesus. *kens*, perceives.

Sails between worlds and worlds, with
 steady wing
 Now on the polar winds; then with
 quick fan
 Winnows the buxom air, till, within
 soar 270
 Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he
 teems
 A phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole
 bird,
 When, to enshrine his relics in the
 sun's
 Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he
 flies.
 At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
 He lights, and to his proper shape
 returns, 276
 A Seraph winged. Six wings he wore to
 shade
 His lineaments divine. The pair that
 clad
 Each shoulder broad came mantling
 o'er his breast
 With regal ornament; the middle pair 280
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and
 round
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy
 gold
 And colors dipped in heaven; the third
 his feet
 Shadowed from either heel with feath-
 ered mail,
 Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son
 he stood, 285
 And shook his plumes, that heavenly
 fragrance filled
 The circuit wide. Straight knew him
 all the bands
 Of Angels under watch, and to his state
 And to his message high in honor rise;
 For on some message high they guessed
 him bound. 290
 Their glittering tents he passed, and
 now is come
 Into the blissful field, through groves
 of myrrh,

270. **buxom**, yielding, obedient. 272. **phoenix**, a mythological bird, fabled by the Egyptians and early Greeks to be an embodiment of the sun god, whose principal Egyptian temple stood in Thebes. Only one existed at a time, and the life of the bird was five hundred years, at the end of which period it buried itself in a perfumed nest or coffin-like case, from which its successor burst after the case had been consumed by fire. For this reason the phoenix has been used as an emblem of immortality. 285. **grain**, purple. **Maia's son**, Hermes, or Mercury, as the Romans called him.

And flowering odors, cassia, nard, and
 balm,
 A wilderness of sweets; for Nature
 here
 Wantoned as in her prime, and played
 at will 295
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more
 sweet,
 Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.
 Him, through the spicy forest onward
 come,
 Adam discerned, as in the door he sat
 Of his cool bower, while now the mount-
 ed sun 300
 Shot down direct his fervid rays, to
 warm
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmth
 than Adam needs;
 And Eve, within, due at her hour, pre-
 pared
 For dinner savory fruits, of taste to
 please
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
 Of nectarous drafts between, from milky
 stream, 306
 Berry or grape. To whom thus Adam
 called:
 "Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy
 sight, behold
 Eastward among those trees what
 glorious shape
 Comes this way moving; seems another
 morn 310
 Risen on mid-noon. Some great behest
 from heaven
 To us perhaps he brings, and will
 vouchsafe
 This day to be our guest. But go with
 speed,
 And what thy stores contain bring
 forth, and pour
 Abundance fit to honor and receive 315
 Our heavenly stranger; well we may
 afford
 Our givers their own gifts, and large
 bestow
 From large bestowed, where Nature
 multiplies
 Her fertile growth, and by disburdening
 grows
 More fruitful; which instructs us not
 to spare." 320
 To whom thus Eve: "Adam, earth's
 hallowed mold,

Of God inspired, small store will serve
 where store,
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the
 stalk,
 Save what, by frugal storing, firmness
 gains
 To nourish, and superfluous moist con-
 sumes. 325
 But I will haste, and from each bough
 and brake,
 Each plant and juiciest gourd, will
 pluck such choice,
 To entertain our Angel-guest, as he,
 Beholding, shall confess that here on
 earth
 God hath dispensed his bounties as in
 heaven." 330
 So saying, with dispatchful looks in
 haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
 What choice to choose for delicacy best,
 What order so contrived as not to mix
 Tastes, not well joined, inelegant, but
 bring 335
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest
 change.
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender
 stalk
 Whate'er earth, all-bearing mother,
 yields
 In India east or west, or middle shore
 In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
 Alcinoüs reigned, fruit of all kinds, in
 coat 341
 Rough or smooth rined, or bearded
 husk, or shell,
 She gathers, tribute large, and on the
 board
 Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink
 the grape
 She crushes, inoffensive must, and
 meaths 345
 From many a berry, and from sweet
 kernels pressed
 She tempers dulcet creams—nor these
 to hold

Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews
 the ground
 With rose and odors from the shrub
 unfumed.
 Meanwhile our primitive great Sire,
 to meet 350
 His godlike guest, walks forth, without
 more train
 Accompanied than with his own com-
 plete
 Perfections; in himself was all his state,
 More solemn than the tedious pomp
 that waits
 On princes, when their rich retinue long
 Of horses led and grooms besmeared
 with gold 356
 Dazzles the crowd and sets them all
 agape.
 Nearer his presence, Adam, though not
 awed,
 Yet with submissive approach and rever-
 ence meek,
 As to a superior nature, bowing low, 360
 Thus said: "Native of heaven (for
 other place
 None can than heaven such glorious
 shape contain),
 Since, by descending from the thrones
 above,
 Those happy places thou hast deigned a
 while
 To want, and honor these, vouchsafe
 with us, 365
 Two only, who yet by sovran gift
 possess
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady
 bower
 To rest, and what the Garden choicest
 bears
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline."
 Whom thus the angelic Virtue an-
 swered mild: 371
 "Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou
 such
 Created, or such place hast here to
 dwell,

322. *store*, abundance. 340. *Pontus*, the region along the southeast shore of the Black Sea. *Punic coast*, the Carthaginian coast. *where Alcinoüs reigned*, the mythical island of Phaeacia, which Odysseus visited in his wanderings. It was a veritable paradise. 342. *rined*. Milton used the substantive *rind* as a verb. We should say *rinded*. 345. *must*, unfermented wine. *meath*, mead, a fermented drink made with honey. Here Milton may be thinking merely of the juice of berries sweetened with honey and not fermented.

348. *Wants her*, lacks her. Note the inverted Latin construction. 349. *unfumed*, not burned to produce incense smoke. 350. *primitive*, first, primeval. 354. *the tedious pomp*. Cf. Pepys's account of the coronation ceremonies of Charles II on April 22-23, 1661 (pages 847 ff.). Milton probably is alluding to these ceremonies. 359. *submit*, submissive. 365. *want*, feel the absence of, lack, be without.

As may not oft invite, though Spirits of
 heaven,
 To visit thee. Lead on, then, where thy
 bower 375
 O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till
 evening rise,
 I have at will." So to the silvan lodge
 They came, that like Pomona's arbor
 smiled,
 With flowerets decked and fragrant
 smells. But Eve,
 Undecked, save with herself, more lovely
 fair 380
 Than wood-nymph, or the fairest god-
 dess feigned
 Of three that in Mount Ida naked
 strove,
 Stood to entertain her guest from
 heaven; no veil
 She needed, virtue-proof; no thought
 infirm
 Altered her cheek. On whom the Angel
 "Hail!" 385
 Bestowed—the holy salutation used
 Long after to blest Mary, second Eve:
 "Hail! Mother of mankind, whose
 fruitful womb
 Shall fill the world more numerous with
 thy sons
 Than with these various fruits the trees
 of God 390
 Have heaped this table!" Raised of
 grassy turf
 Their table was, and mossy seats had
 round,
 And on her ample square, from side to
 side,
 All Autumn piled, though Spring and
 Autumn here
 Danced hand-in-hand. A while dis-
 course they hold— 395
 No fear lest dinner cool—when thus
 began
 Our Author: "Heavenly Stranger.
 please to taste
 These bounties, which our Nourisher,
 from whom

All perfect good, unmeasured-out,
 descends,
 To us for food and for delight hath
 caused 400
 The earth to yield; unsavory food, per-
 haps,
 To spiritual natures; only this I know,
 That one Celestial Father gives to all."
 To whom the Angel: "Therefore,
 what he gives
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to Man, in
 part 405
 Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
 No ingrateful food. And food alike
 those pure
 Intelligential substances require
 As doth your rational; and both contain
 Within them every lower faculty 410
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell,
 touch, taste,
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
 For know, whatever was created needs
 To be sustained and fed. Of elements
 The grosser feeds the purer: earth the
 sea; 416
 Earth and the sea feed air; the air those
 fires
 Ethereal, and, as lowest, first the moon;
 Whence in her visage round those spots,
 unpurged
 Vapors not yet into her substance
 turned. 420
 Nor doth the moon no nourishment
 exhale
 From her moist continent to higher orbs.
 The sun, that light imparts to all,
 receives
 From all his alimential recompense
 In humid exhalations, and at even 425
 Sups with the ocean. Though in heaven
 the trees
 Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
 Yield nectar—though from off the
 boughs each morn
 We brush mellifluous dew and find
 the ground
 Covered with pearly grain—yet God
 hath here 430
 Varied his bounty so with new delights

378. *Pomona*, the goddess whom the Romans thought responsible for the fruit of trees. 382. *strove*. When at the marriage feast of Peleus and Thetis the goddess of discord threw among the gods a golden apple inscribed "To the fairest," Hera, Athena, and Aphrodite each claimed it. They took their difficulty to Paris, son of King Priam of Troy, for solution. When he decided in favor of Aphrodite, she repaid him by giving him Helen, the most beautiful of women, as his beloved. From this episode sprang the Trojan war. Cf. Tennyson's "Oenone" (page 522).

408. *Intelligential substances* . . . *rational*, substances of which the all-knowing angels are composed, and substances of which reasoning human beings are composed. 420. *Vapors*. See note on line 181, page 76. 430. *pearly grain*, probably manna (Exodus xvi).

As may compare with heaven; and to
taste
Think not I shall be nice." So down
they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist—the common
gloss 435
Of theologians—but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate; what redounds
transpires
Through spirits with ease; nor wonder,
if by fire
Of sooty coal the empiric alchemist 440
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
As from the mine. Meanwhile at table
Eve
Ministered naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crowned. O
innocence 445
Deserving Paradise! If ever, then,
Then had the Sons of God excuse to
have been
Enamored at that sight. But in those
hearts
Love unlibidinous reigned, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injured lover's hell.
Thus when with meats and drinks
they had sufficed, 451
Not burdened nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam not to let the occasion pass,
Given him by this great conference, to
know
Of things above his world, and of their
being 455
Who dwell in heaven, whose excellence
he saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant
forms,
Divine effulgence, whose high power so
far
Exceeded human; and his wary speech
Thus to the empyreal minister he
framed: 460
"Inhabitant with God, now know I
well
Thy favor, in this honor done to
Man;

433. *nice*, fastidious. 436. *with keen dispatch*. In the Old Testament certain passages say that the angels eat mortal food and others deny it. Cf. Genesis xviii, xix, and Tobit xii. 438. *what redounds*, etc. Raphael digested what his spiritual nature needed; the rest was refined away. 440. *empiric*, experimenting. 449. *unlibidinous*, not fleshly or sensual.

Under whose lowly roof thou hast
vouchsafed
To enter, and these earthly fruits to
taste,
Food not of angels, yet accepted so 465
As that more willingly thou couldst not
seem
At heaven's high feasts to have fed; yet
what compare!"
To whom the wingéd Hierarch replied:
"O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him
return, 470
If not depraved from good, created all
Such to perfection; one first matter all,
Endued with various forms, various
degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live,
of life;
But more refined, more spiritous and
pure, 475
As nearer to him placed or nearer
tending
Each in their several active spheres
assigned,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportioned to each kind. So from the
root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from
thence the leaves 480
More æry, last the bright consummate
flower
Spirits odorous breathes. Flowers and
their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale
sublimed,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and
sense, 485
Fancy and understanding; whence the
soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive, or intuitive. Discourse
Is ofttest yours; the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the
same. 490

467. *compare*, comparison. 468. *Hierarch*, sacred ruler: here, one of those ruling in heaven. 476. *nearer tending*, etc. The idea is that God, who is pure spirit, drew to him the inferior combinations of spirit and matter; and that as they perceived him and aspired to be united with him they purged away gradually the dross of matter and became more nearly like him in spirit. Cf. Brown-ing's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" (page 558). 488. *Discursive*, or *intuitive*, reasoning either by elaborate processes or by direct perception.

Wonder not, then, what God for you
 saw good
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
 To proper substance. Time may come
 when men
 With angels may participate, and find
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light
 fare; 495
 And from these corporal nutriments,
 perhaps,
 Your bodies may at last turn all to
 spirit,
 Improved by tract of time, and wing'd
 ascend
 Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
 Here or in heavenly paradises dwell, 500
 If ye be found obedient, and retain
 Unalterably firm his love entire
 Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile
 enjoy
 Your fill, what happiness this happy
 state
 Can comprehend, incapable of more."
 To whom the Patriarch of Mankind
 replied: 506
 "O favorable Spirit, propitious guest,
 Well hast thou taught the way that
 might direct
 Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature
 set
 From center to circumference, whereon,
 In contemplation of created things, 511
 By steps we may ascend to God. But
 say,
 What meant that caution joined, *If ye
 be found*
Obedient? Can we want obedience, then,
 To him, or possibly his love desert, 515
 Who formed us from the dust, and
 placed us here
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?"
 To whom the Angel: "Son of heaven
 and earth,
 Attend! That thou art happy, owe to
 God; 520
 That thou continuest such, owe to thy-
 self,
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
 This was that caution given thee; be
 advised.

God made thee perfect, not immutable;
 And good he made thee; but to per-
 severe 525
 He left it in thy power—ordained thy
 will
 By nature free, not overruled by fate
 Inextricable, or strict necessity.
 Our voluntary service he requires,
 Not our necessitated. Such with him 530
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for
 how
 Can hearts not free be tried whether
 they serve
 Willing or no, who will but what they
 must
 By destiny, and can no other choose?
 Myself, and all the Angelic Host, that
 stand 535
 In sight of God enthroned, our happy
 state
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience
 holds.
 On other surety none; freely we serve,
 Because we freely love, as in our will
 To love or not; in this we stand or
 fall. 540
 And some are fallen, to disobedience
 fallen,
 And so from heaven to deepest hell.
 O fall
 From what high state of bliss into what
 woe!"
 To whom our great Progenitor: "Thy
 words
 Attentive, and with more delighted
 ear, 545
 Divine instructor, I have heard, than
 when
 Cherubic songs by night from neigh-
 boring hills
 Aërial music send. Nor knew I not
 To be, both will and deed, created free.
 Yet that we never shall forget to love 550
 Our Maker, and obey him whose com-
 mand
 Single is yet so just, my constant
 thoughts
 Assured me, and still assure; though
 what thou tell'st
 Hath passed in heaven some doubt
 within me move,
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
 The full relation, which must needs be
 strange, 556

522. **thy obedience.** See note on line 236. Compare with Hrothgar's reflections on life in *Beowulf*, page 33, lines 87 ff.

Worthy of sacred silence to be heard.
 And we have yet large day, for scarce
 the sun
 Hath finished half his journey, and
 scarce begins
 His other half in the great zone of
 heaven." 560
 Thus Adam made request; and Raphael,
 After short pause assenting, thus began:
 "High matter thou enjoin'st me, O
 prime of Men—
 Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate
 To human sense the invisible exploits 565
 Of warring Spirits? how, without re-
 morse,
 The ruin of so many, glorious once
 And perfect while they stood? how, last,
 unfold
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal? Yet for thy good
 This is dispensed; and what surmounts
 the reach 571
 Of human sense I shall delineate so,
 By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
 As may express them best—though
 what if earth
 Be but the shadow of heaven, and things
 therein 575
 Each to other like more than on earth
 is thought!
 "As yet this world was not, and chaos
 wild
 Reign'd where these heavens now roll,
 where earth now rests
 Upon her center poised, when on a day
 (For time, though in eternity, applied
 To motion, measures all thing durable
 By present, past, and future), on such
 day 582
 As heaven's great year brings forth, the
 empyrean host
 Of angels, by imperial summons called,
 Innumerable before the Almighty's
 throne 585
 Forthwith from all the ends of heaven
 appeared
 Under their hierarchs in orders bright.
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high
 advanced,
 Standards and gonfalons, 'twixt van
 and rear

589. *gonfalon*, an Italian word applied to the banners of certain medieval Italian cities or republics. Frequently the *gonfalonier*, or flag-bearer, was the chief magistrate of the city or republic.

Stream in the air, and for distinction
 serve 590
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
 Or in their glittering tissues bear
 emblazed
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595
 Orb within orb, the Father Infinite,
 By whom in bliss embosomed sat the
 Son,
 Amidst, as from a flaming mount, whose
 top
 Brightness had made invisible, thus
 spake:
 "Hear, all ye Angels, Progeny of
 Light, 600
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vir-
 tues, Powers,
 Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall
 stand!
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My only Son, and on this holy hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now be-
 hold 605
 At my right hand. Your head I him
 appoint,
 And by myself have sworn to him shall
 bow
 All knees in heaven, and shall confess
 him Lord.
 Under his great vicegerent reign abide,
 United as one individual soul, 610
 Forever happy. Him who disobeys
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and, that
 day,
 Cast out from God and blessed vision,
 falls
 Into utter darkness, deep engulfed, his
 place
 Ordained without redemption, without
 end.' 615
 "So spake the Omnipotent. And with
 his words
 All seemed well pleased; all seemed, but
 were not all.
 That day, as other solemn days, they
 spent
 In song and dance about the sacred hill,
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry
 sphere 620

601. *Thrones*, etc. See note on line 176, page 76.
 609. *vicegerent*, delegated.

Of planets and of fixed in all her wheels
 Resembles nearest; mazes intricate,
 Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular
 Then most when most irregular they
 seem;
 And in their motions harmony divine ⁶²⁵
 So smooths her charming tones that
 God's own ear
 Listens delighted. Evening, now ap-
 proached
 (For we have also our evening and our
 morn—
 We ours for change delectable, not
 need),
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast
 they turn ⁶³⁰
 Desirous. All in circles as they stood,
 Tables are set, and on a sudden piled
 With angels' food; and rubied nectar
 flows
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of
 heaven. ⁶³⁵
 On flowers reposed, and with fresh
 flowerets crowned,
 They eat, they drink, and in commun-
 ion sweet
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure
 Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
 Excess, before the all-bounteous King,
 who showered ⁶⁴⁰
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
 Now when ambrosial night, with clouds
 exhaled
 From that high mount of God whence
 light and shade
 Spring both, the face of brightest heaven
 had changed
 To grateful twilight (for night comes not
 there ⁶⁴⁵
 In darker veil) and roseate dews disposed
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to
 rest,
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far
 Than all this globous earth in plain
 outspread
 (Such are the courts of God) the angelic
 throng, ⁶⁵⁰
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp
 extend

621. *fixed*, i. e., fixed stars. 639. *surfeit*, indigestion due to overeating. 646. *roseate*, a word usually applied to the rosy color of dawn. The rose color may here be meant, or else the moist quality of dew as implied in the Latin word for dewy dampness, *ros*.

By living streams among the trees of
 life—
 Pavilions numberless and sudden reared,
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept,
 Fanned with cool winds; save those who,
 in their course, ⁶⁵⁵
 Melodious hymns about the sovran
 throne
 Alternate all night long. But not so
 waked
 Satan—so call him now; his former name
 Is heard no more in heaven. He, of
 the first,
 If not the first Archangel, great in
 power, ⁶⁶⁰
 In favor, and preëminence, yet fraught
 With envy against the Son of God, that
 day
 Honored by his great Father, and pro-
 claimed
 Messiah, King Anointed, could not bear,
 Through pride, that sight, and thought
 himself impaired. ⁶⁶⁵
 Deep malice thence conceiving and
 disdain,
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky
 hour
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he
 resolved
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
 Unworshiped, unobeyed, the Throne
 supreme, ⁶⁷⁰
 Contemptuous, and, his next sub-
 ordinate
 Awakening, thus to him in secret spake:
 "Sleep'st thou, companion dear?
 what sleep can close
 Thy eyelids? and rememberest what
 decree,
 Of yesterday, so late hath passed the lips
 Of heaven's Almighty? Thou to me
 thy thoughts ⁶⁷⁶
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont, to
 impart;
 Both waking we were one; how, then,
 can now
 Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest
 imposed;
 New laws from him who reigns new
 minds may raise ⁶⁸⁰
 In us who serve—new counsels, to
 debate

658. *his former name*, Lucifer (the light-bearer, or morning star).

What doubtful may ensue. More in
 this place
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
 Of all those myriads which we lead the
 chief;
 Tell them that, by command, ere yet
 dim night 685
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am
 to haste,
 And all who under me their banners
 wave,
 Homeward with flying march where we
 possess
 The quarters of the North, there to
 prepare
 Fit entertainment to receive our King,
 The great Messiah, and his new com-
 mands, 691
 Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give
 laws.
 "So spake the false Archangel, and
 infused
 Bad influence into the unwary breast 695
 Of his associate. He together calls,
 Or several one by one, the regent
 Powers,
 Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
 That, the Most High commanding, now
 ere night,
 Now ere dim night had disencumbered
 heaven, 700
 The great hierarchal standard was to
 move;
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts
 between
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to
 sound
 Or taint integrity. But all obeyed
 The wonted signal and superior voice
 Of their great Potentate; for great
 indeed 706
 His name, and high was his degree in
 heaven:
 His countenance, as the morning-star
 that guides
 The starry flock, allured them, and with
 lies
 Drew after him the third part of heav-
 en's host. 710
 Meanwhile, the Eternal Eye, whose
 sight discerns

Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his
 holy mount,
 And from within the golden lamps that
 burn
 Nightly before him, saw without their
 light
 Rebellion rising—saw in whom, how
 spread 715
 Among the Sons of Morn, what multi-
 tudes
 Were banded to oppose his high decree;
 And, smiling, to his only Son thus said:
 "Son, thou in whom my glory I
 behold
 In full resplendence, Heir of all my
 might, 720
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
 Of our omnipotence, and with what
 arms
 We mean to hold what anciently we
 claim
 Of deity or empire. Such a foe
 Is rising, who intends to erect his
 throne 725
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious
 North;
 Nor so content, hath in his thought
 to try
 In battle what our power is or our right.
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
 With speed what force is left, and all
 employ 730
 In our defense, lest unawares we lose
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our
 hill.
 "To whom the Son, with calm aspect
 and clear
 Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
 Made answer: 'Mighty Father, thou
 thy foes 735
 Justly hast in derision, and secure
 Laugh'st at their vain designs and
 tumults vain—
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
 Illustrates, when they see all regal power
 Given me to quell their pride, and in
 event 740
 Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
 Thy rebels, or be found the worst in
 heaven.'
 "So spake the Son; but Satan with
 his Powers
 Far was advanced on wingéd speed, an
 host

689. the North, where some ancient and medieval theologians located hell.

Innumerable as the stars of night, 745
Or stars of morning, dewdrops which the
sun

Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they passed, the mighty re-
gencies

Of Seraphim and Potentates and
Thrones

In their triple degrees—regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more 751
Than what this Garden is to all the earth
And all the sea, from one entire globe
Stretched into longitude; which having
passed,

At length into the limits of the North 755
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far-blazing, as a mount
Raised on a mount, with pyramids and
towers

From diamond quarries hewn and rocks
of gold—

The palace of great Lucifer (so call 760
That structure, in the dialect of men
Interpreted) which, not long after, he,
Affecting all equality with God,

In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declared in sight of
heaven, 765

The Mountain of the Congregation
called;

For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their King,
Thither to come, and with calumnious
art 770

Of counterfeited truth thus held their
ears:

“Thrones, Dominations, Prince-
doms, Virtues, Powers—

If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself engrossed
All power, and us eclipsed under the
name 776

Of King Anointed; for whom all this
haste

Of midnight march, and hurried meeting
here,

749. **Seraphim**. See note on line 176, page 76. 753. **globe**, globe. Here the adjective is used for the noun. 766. **Mountain of the Congregation**. Isaiah's name (Isaiah xiv, 13) for the gathering place of Lucifer's hosts. 773. **magnific**, magnificent, but meaning here "making great." 774. **ritular**, empty, with no prerogatives or real significance. 775. **engrossed**, taken possession of, absorbed.

This only to consult, how we may best,
With what may be devised of honors
new, 780

Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration
vile!

Too much to one! but double how en-
dured—

To one and to his image now pro-
claimed?

But what if better counsels might
erect 785

Our minds, and teach us to cast off this
yoke!

Will ye submit your necks, and choose
to bend

The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know your-
selves

Natives and Sons of Heaven possessed
before 790

By none, and, if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason, then, or right,
assume

Monarchy over such as live by right 795
His equals—if in power and splendor
less,

In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much less for this to be our
Lord,

And look for adoration, to the abuse 800
Of those imperial titles which assert
Our being ordained to govern, not to
serve!

“Thus far his bold discourse without
control

Had audience, when, among the Sera-
phim,

Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal
adored 805

The Deity, and divine commands
obeyed,

Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
The current of his fury thus opposed:

“O argument blasphemous, false,
and proud—

Words which no ear ever to hear in
heaven 810

Expected; least of all from thee, ingrate,

793. **well consist**, stand with it well, harmonize. 805. **Abdiel**, meaning servant of God.

In place thyself so high above thy peers!
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn

The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,

That to his only Son, by right endued⁸¹⁵
With regal scepter, every soul in heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due

Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,

Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,⁸²⁰
One over all with unsucceeded power!

Shalt thou give law to God? shalt thou dispute

With him the points of liberty, who made

Thee what thou art, and formed the Powers of Heaven

Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being?⁸²⁵

Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,

And of our good and of our dignity
How provident, he is—how far from thought

To make us less; bent rather to exalt
Our happy state, under one head more near⁸³⁰

United. But—to grant it thee unjust
That equal over equals monarch reign—
Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,

Or all angelic nature joined in one,
Equal to him, begotten Son, by whom,
As by his Word, the mighty Father made⁸³⁶

All things, even thee, and all the Spirits of heaven

By him created in their bright degrees,
Crowned them with glory, and to their glory named

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers?—⁸⁴⁰

Essential Powers; nor by his reign obscured,

But more illustrious made; since he, the head,

One of our number thus reduced becomes;

His laws our laws; all honor to him done

Returns our own. Cease, then, this impious rage,⁸⁴⁵

And tempt not these; but hasten to appease

The incenséd Father and the incenséd Son

While pardon may be found, in time besought.

“So spake the fervent Angel; but his zeal

None seconded, as out of season judged,
Or singular and rash. Whereat rejoiced
The Apostate, and, more haughty, thus replied:⁸⁵²

“That we were formed, then, say'st thou? and the work

Of secondary hands, by task transferred
From Father to his Son? Strange point and new!⁸⁵⁵

Doctrine which we would know whence learned! Who saw

When this creation was? Remember'st thou

Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?

We know no time when we were not as now;

Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised⁸⁶⁰

By our own quickening power when fatal course

Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native heaven, Ethereal Sons.

Our puissance is our own; our own right hand

Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try⁸⁶⁵

Who is our equal. Then thou shalt behold

Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt the Almighty Throne

Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings, carry to the Anointed King;⁸⁷⁰

And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.’
“He said; and, as the sound of waters deep,

Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause

Through the infinite host. Nor less for that

813. *obloquy*, censorious or criticizing speech.

852. *Apostate*, the renegade.

The flaming Seraph, fearless, though
alone, 875
Encompassed round with foes, thus
answered bold:

“O alienate from God, O spirit
accursed,
Forsaken of all good! I see thy fall
Determined, and thy hapless crew in-
volved

In this perfidious fraud, contagion
spread 880

Both of thy crime and punishment.
Henceforth

No more be troubled how to quit the
yoke

Of God's Messiah. Those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsafed; other
decrees

Against thee are gone forth without
recall; 885

That golden scepter which thou didst
reject

Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst
advise.

Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the
wrath 890

Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
Distinguish not; for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn
When who can uncreate thee thou
shalt know.' 895

“So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful
found;

Among the faithless faithful only he;
Among innumerable false unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal; 900
Nor number nor example with him
wrought

To swerve from truth, or change his
constant mind,

Though single. From amidst them forth
he passed,

Long way through hostile scorn which
he sustained

Superior, nor of violence feared aught;
And with retorted scorn his back he
turned 906

On those proud towers, to swift destruc-
tion doomed.”

890. devoted, doomed. 906. retorted, cast back again.

BOOK VI

THE ARGUMENT

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first fight described: Satan and his Powers retire under night. He calls a council; invents devilish engines, which, in the second day's fight, put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan. Yet, the tumult not so ending, God, on the third day, sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory. He, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, toward the wall of heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

“All night the dreadless Angel, un-
pursued,

Through heaven's wide champaign held
his way, till Morn,

Waked by the circling Hours, with rosy
hand

Unbarred the gates of light. There is
a cave

Within the Mount of God, fast by his
throne, 5

Where Light and Darkness in perpetual
round

Lodge and dislodge by turns—which
makes through heaven

Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious Darkness enters, till her
hour 10

To veil the heaven, though darkness
there might well

Seem twilight here. And now went
forth the Morn

Such as in highest heaven, arrayed in
gold

Empyrean; from before her vanished
Night,

Shot through with orient beams; when
all the plain 15

Covered with thick embattled squad-
rons bright,

Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery
steeds,

2. champaign, country. 8. vicissitude. change.

Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his
 view.
 War he perceived, war in procinct, and
 found
 Already known what he for news had
 thought 20
 To have reported. Gladly then he
 mixed
 Among those friendly Powers, who him
 received
 With joy and acclamations loud, that
 one,
 That of so many myriads fallen yet one,
 Returned not lost. On to the sacred
 hill 25
 They led him, high applauded, and
 present
 Before the seat supreme; from whence a
 voice,
 From midst a golden cloud, thus mild
 was heard:
 "Servant of God, well done! Well
 hast thou fought
 The better fight, who single hast main-
 tained 30
 Against revolted multitudes the cause
 Of truth, in word mightier than they
 in arms,
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear
 Than violence; for this was all thy
 care— 35
 To stand approved in sight of God,
 though worlds
 Judged thee perverse. The easier con-
 quest now
 Remains thee—aided by this host of
 friends,
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return
 Than scorned thou didst depart; and
 to subdue 40
 By force who reason for their law re-
 fuse—
 Right reason for their law, and for their
 King
 Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
 Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,
 And thou, in military prowess next, 45
 Gabriel; lead forth to battle these my
 sons
 Invincible; lead forth my armed Saints,

By thousands and by millions ranged
 for fight,
 Equal in number to that godless crew
 Rebellious. Them with fire and hostile
 arms 50
 Fearless assault; and, to the brow of
 heaven
 Pursuing, drive them out from God and
 bliss
 Into their place of punishment, the gulf
 Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
 His fiery chaos to receive their fall.' 55
 "So spake the Sovran Voice; and
 clouds began
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
 In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the
 sign
 Of wrath awaked; nor with less dread
 the loud,
 Ethereal trumpet from on high gan
 blow. 60
 At which command the Powers Militant
 That stood for heaven, in mighty quad-
 rate joined
 Of union irresistible, moved on
 In silence their bright legions to the
 sound
 Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
 Heroic ardor to adventurous deeds 66
 Under their godlike leaders, in the cause
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move,
 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
 Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor
 stream, divides 70
 Their perfect ranks; for high above the
 ground
 Their march was, and the passive air
 upbore
 Their nimble tread. As when the total
 kind
 Of birds, in orderly array on wind,
 Came summoned over Eden to receive 75
 Their names of thee; so over many a
 tract
 Of heaven they marched, and many a
 province wide,
 Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,
 Far in the horizon, to the north, ap-
 peared
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region,
 stretched 80

19. in procinct, in preparation; Roman soldiers when standing equipped for battle were spoken of as in *procinctu*.

54. Tartarus, the lowest quarter of the Greek Hades.
 58. reluctant, struggling. 62. quadrata, square.
 78. terrene, land, earth.

In battailous aspect; and, nearer view,
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets thronged,
 and shields
 Various, with boastful argument portrayed,
 The banded Powers of Satan hasting on
 With furious expedition; for they
 weened 86
 That selfsame day, by fight or by surprise,
 To win the Mount of God, and on his throne
 To set the envier of his state, the proud Aspirer. But their thoughts proved
 fond and vain 90
 In the mid-way; though strange to us
 it seemed
 At first that angel should with angel
 war,
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to
 meet
 So oft in festivals of joy and love
 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
 Hymning the Eternal Father. But
 the shout 96
 Of battle now began, and rushing sound
 Of onset ended soon each milder
 thought.
 High in the midst, exalted as a god,
 The Apostate in his sun-bright chariot
 sat, 100
 Idol of majesty divine, inclosed
 With flaming Cherubim and golden
 shields;
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne
 —for now
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space
 was left,
 A dreadful interval, and front to front
 Presented stood, in terrible array 106
 Of hideous length. Before the cloudy
 van,
 On the rough edge of battle ere it joined,
 Satan, with vast and haughty strides
 advanced,
 Came towering, armed in adamant and
 gold. 110
 Abdiel that sight endured not, where he
 stood

90. *fond*, weak, foolish. 93. *hosting*, assembly of armed men. 110. *adamant*, a fictitious stone or metal of great hardness.

Among the mightiest, bent on highest
 deeds,
 And thus his own undaunted heart
 explores:
 "O Heaven! that such resemblance
 of the Highest
 Should yet remain, where faith and
 realty 115
 Remain not! Wherefore should not
 strength and might
 There fail where virtue fails, or weakest
 prove
 Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
 His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's
 aid,
 I mean to try, whose reason I have
 tried 120
 Unsound and false; nor is it aught but
 just
 That he who in debate of truth hath
 won
 Should win in arms, in both disputes
 alike
 Victor. Though brutish that contest
 and foul,
 When reason hath to deal with force,
 yet so 125
 Most reason is that reason overcome.'
 "So pondering, and from his armed
 peers
 Forth-stepping opposite, halfway he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incensed, and thus securely him defied:
 "Proud, art thou met? Thy hope
 was to have reached 131
 The height of thy aspiring unopposed—
 The throne of God unguarded, and his
 side
 Abandoned at the terror of thy power
 Or potent tongue. Fool! not to think
 how vain 135
 Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;
 Who, out of smallest things, could with-
 out end
 Have raised incessant armies to defeat
 Thy folly; or with solitary hand,
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
 Unaided could have finished thee, and
 whelmed 141
 Thy legions under darkness! But thou
 seest

115. *realty*, royalty or loyalty.

All are not of thy train; there be who
 faith
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then
 To thee not visible when I alone 145
 Seemed in thy world erroneous to dissent
 From all. My sect thou seest; now learn
 too late
 How few sometimes may know when
 thousands err.’
 “Whom the grand Foe, with scornful
 eye askance,
 Thus answered: ‘Ill for thee, but in
 wished hour 150
 Of my revenge, first sought for, thou
 return’st
 From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first assay
 Of this right hand provoked, since first
 that tongue,
 Inspired with contradiction, durst op-
 pose 155
 A third part of the gods, in synod met
 Their deities to assert; who, while they
 feel
 Vigor divine within them, can allow
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou
 com’st
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
 From me some plume, that thy success
 may show
 Destruction to the rest. This pause
 between
 (Unanswered lest thou boast) to let thee
 know.—
 At first I thought that liberty and
 heaven
 To heavenly souls had been all one;
 but now 165
 I see that most through sloth had rather
 serve,
 Ministering spirits, trained up in feast
 and song.
 Such hast thou armed, the minstrelsy
 of heaven—
 Servility with freedom to contend,
 As both their deeds compared this day
 shall prove.’ 170
 “To whom, in brief, thus Abdiel
 stern replied:
 ‘Apostate! still thou err’st, nor end wilt
 find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote.

147. My sect, my followers, who think as I do. 156.
 synod, church council.

Unjustly thou deprav’st it with the
 name
 Of servitude, to serve whom God or-
 dains, 175
 Or Nature. God and Nature bid the
 same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and
 excels
 Them whom he governs. This is servi-
 tude—
 To serve the unwise, or him who hath
 rebelled
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve
 thee, 180
 Thyself not free, but to thyself en-
 thrall’d;
 Yet lewdly dar’st our ministering up-
 braid.
 Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom; let
 me serve
 In heaven God ever blest, and his divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obeyed.
 Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect.
 Meanwhile, 186
 From me returned, as erst thou saidst,
 from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious crest
 receive.’
 “So saying, a noble stroke he lifted
 high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with
 tempest fell 190
 On the proud crest of Satan that no
 sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could
 his shield,
 Such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge
 He back recoiled; the tenth on bended
 knee
 His massy spear upstayed; as if, on
 earth, 195
 Winds under ground, or waters forcing
 way,
 Sidelong had pushed a mountain from
 his seat,
 Half-sunk with all his pines. Amaze-
 ment seized
 The rebel Thrones, but greater rage,
 to see
 Thus foiled their mightiest. Ours joy
 filled, and shout, 200
 Presage of victory, and fierce desire
 Of battle; whereat Michael bid sound

182. lewdly, ignorantly, basely.

The Archangel trumpet. Through the
 vast of heaven
 It sounded, and the faithful armies
 rung
 Hosanna to the Highest; nor stood at
 gaze 205
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous
 joined
 The horrid shock. Now storming fury
 rose,
 And clamor such as heard in heaven till
 now
 Was never; arms on armor clashing
 brayed
 Horrible discord, and the madding
 wheels 210
 Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the
 noise
 Of conflict; overhead the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 And, flying, vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery cope together rushed 215
 Both battles main with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage. All heaven
 Resounded; and had earth been then,
 all earth
 Had to her center shook. What wonder,
 when
 Millions of fierce encountering Angels
 fought 220
 On either side, the least of whom could
 wield
 These elements, and arm him with the
 force
 Of all their regions? How much more of
 power
 Army against army numberless to raise
 Dreadful combustion warring, and dis-
 turb, 225
 Though not destroy, their happy native
 seat;
 Had not the Eternal King Omnipotent
 From his strong hold of heaven high
 overruled
 And limited their might, though
 numbered such
 As each divided legion might have
 seemed 230
 A numerous host, in strength each
 armed hand
 A legion! Led in fight, yet leader seemed

Each warrior single as in chief; expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the
 sway
 Of battle, open when, and when to
 close 235
 The ridges of grim war. No thought of
 flight,
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argued fear; each on himself relied
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame 240
 Were done, but infinite; for wide was
 spread
 That war, and various: sometimes on
 firm ground
 A standing fight; then, soaring on main
 wing,
 Tormented all the air; all air seemed
 then
 Conflicting fire. Long time in even
 scale 245
 The battle hung; till Satan, who that
 day
 Prodigious power had shown, and met
 in arms
 No equal, ranging through the dire
 attack
 Of fighting Seraphim confused, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote,
 and felled 250
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-
 handed sway
 Branished aloft, the horrid edge came
 down
 Wide-wasting. Such destruction to
 withstand
 He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield, 255
 A vast circumference. At his approach
 The great Archangel from his warlike
 toil
 Surceased, and, glad, as hoping here to
 end
 Intestine war in heaven, the Arch-foe
 subdued,
 Or captive dragged in chains, with
 hostile frown 260
 And visage all inflamed, first thus began:
 " 'Author of evil, unknown till thy
 revolt,

215. *cope*, an ecclesiastical rounded cape; hence used of a vault of masonry or of heaven itself. 216. *battles*, armies.

233. *in chief*. Each angel fought as if he were the leader, or, to give *in chief* its original feudal meaning, each angel fought as if he had been given his authority directly from God. 258. *Surceased*, stopped. 259. *Intestine*, civil.

Unnamed in heaven, now plenteous as
 thou seest
 These acts of hateful strife—hateful
 to all,
 Though heaviest, by just measure, on
 thyself 265
 And thy adherents—how hast thou dis-
 turbed
 Heaven's blessed peace, and into Na-
 ture brought
 Misery, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instilled
 Thy malice into thousands, once up-
 right 270
 And faithful, now proved false! But
 think not here
 To trouble holy rest; heaven casts thee
 out
 From all her confines; heaven, the seat
 of bliss,
 Brooks not the works of violence and
 war.
 Hence, then, and evil go with thee
 along, 275
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell,
 Thou and thy wicked crew! there mingle
 broils!
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
 Or some more sudden vengeance, winged
 from God,
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain.
 "So spake the Prince of Angels; to
 whom thus 281
 The Adversary: 'Nor think thou with
 wind
 Of airy threats to awe whom yet with
 deeds
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turned the
 least of these
 To flight—or, if to fall, but that they
 rise 285
 Unvanquished—easier to transact with
 me
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and
 with threats
 To chase me hence? Err not that so
 shall end
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but
 we style
 The strife of glory; which we mean to
 win, 290
 Or turn this heaven itself into the hell
 Thou fablest; here, however, to dwell
 free,

If not to reign. Meanwhile, thy utmost
 force—
 And join him named Almighty to thy
 aid—
 I fly not, but have sought thee far and
 nigh. 295
 "They ended parle, and both ad-
 dressed for fight
 Unspeakable; for who, though with the
 tongue
 Of angels, can relate, or to what things
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
 Human imagination to such height 300
 Of godlike power? for likest gods they
 seemed,
 Stood they or moved, in stature, mo-
 tion, arms,
 Fit to decide the empire of great heaven.
 Now waved their fiery swords, and in
 the air
 Made horrid circles; two broad suns
 their shields 305
 Blazed opposite, while expectation
 stood
 In horror; from each hand with speed
 retired,
 Where erst was thickest fight, the
 angelic throng,
 And left large field, unsafe within the
 wind
 Of such commotion; such as (to set
 forth 310
 Great things by small) if, Nature's
 concord broke,
 Among the constellations war were
 sprung,
 Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres
 confound. 315
 Together both, with next to almighty
 arm
 Uplifted imminent, one stroke they
 aimed
 That might determine, and not need
 repeat
 As not of power, at once; nor odds
 appeared
 In might or swift prevention. But the
 sword 320
 Of Michael from the armory of God
 Was given him tempered so that neither
 keen

Nor solid might resist that edge. It
met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to
smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor
stayed, 325
But, with swift wheel reverse, deep
entering, shared
All his right side. Then Satan first
knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro convolved;
so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous
wound
Passed through him. But the ethereal
substance closed, 330
Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humor issuing
flowed
Sanguine, such as celestial Spirits may
bleed,
And all his armor stained, erewhile so
bright,
Forthwith, on all sides, to his aid was
run 335
By Angels many and strong, who inter-
posed
Defense, while others bore him on their
shields
Back to his chariot where it stood
retired
From off the files of war. There they
him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and
shame 340
To find himself not matchless, and his
pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he healed; for Spirits, that
live throughout
Vital in every part—not, as frail
Man, 345
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins—
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air.
All heart they live, all head, all eye,
all ear, 350
All intellect, all sense; and as they please
They limb themselves, and color, shape,
or size

329. *griding*, cutting. *discontinuous*, because it separated the tissues. 346. *reins*, intestines.

Assume, as likes them best, condense
or rare.
“Meanwhile, in other parts, like
deeds deserved
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel
fought, 355
And with fierce ensigns pierced the
deep array
Of Moloch, furious king, who him defied,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him
bound
Threatened, nor from the Holy One of
heaven
Refrained his tongue blasphemous, but
anon, 360
Down cloven to the waist, with shat-
tered arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On
each wing
Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,
Though huge and in a rock of diamond
armed,
Vanquished—Adramelech and Asmadai,
Two potent Thrones, that to be less
than gods 366
Disdained; but meaner thoughts learned
in their flight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds through
plate and mail.
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled
blow 370
Ariel, and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel, scorched and blasted, over-
threw.
I might relate of thousands, and their
names
Eternize here on earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in
heaven, 375
Seek not the praise of men. The others sort,
In might though wondrous and in acts
of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Canceled from heaven and sacred
memory,

357. *Moloch*, the fire-god of the Phoenicians, to whom little children were sacrificed by being cast into the flames. All of the heathen gods are pictured by Milton as having been originally revolted angels. 364. *rock of diamond armed*, in armor hewn from a gigantic diamond, which is the hardest form of carbon. 365. *Adramelech*, a Babylonian fire-god worshiped like Moloch. *Asmadai*, the destructive demonic spirit described in the book of Tobit. See note on line 222, page 77. 371-372. *Ariel*, *Arioch*, *Ramiel*, heavenly spirits whom Milton invented.

Nameless in dark oblivion let them
 dwell 380
 For strength from truth divided, and
 from just,
 Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires,
 Vainglorious, and through infamy seeks
 fame.
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom!
 "And now, their mightiest quelled,
 the battle swerved, 386
 With many an inroad gored; deformed
 rout
 Entered, and foul disorder; all the
 ground
 With shivered armor strown, and on a
 heap
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturned,
 And fiery, foaming steeds; what stood
 recoiled, 391
 O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic
 host,
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear sur-
 prised—
 Then first with fear surprised and sense
 of pain—
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour 396
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
 Far otherwise the inviolable Saints
 In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably armed; 400
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes—not to
 have sinned,
 Not to have disobeyed; in fight they
 stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pained
 By wound, though from their place by
 violence moved. 405
 "Now Night her course began, and,
 over heaven
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce im-
 posed,
 And silence on the odious din of war.
 Under her cloudy covert both retired,
 Victor and vanquished. On the foughten
 field 410
 Michael and his Angels, prevalent
 Encamping, placed in guard their
 watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires. On the other part,

Satan with his rebellious disappeared,
 Far in the dark dislodged, and, void
 of rest, 415
 His potentates to council called by
 night,
 And in the midst thus undismayed
 began:
 " 'O now in danger tried, now known
 in arms
 Not to be overpowered, companions
 dear,
 Found worthy not of liberty alone— 420
 Too mean pretense—but, what we more
 affect,
 Honor, dominion, glory, and renown;
 Who have sustained one day in doubt-
 ful fight
 (And, if one day, why not eternal days?)
 What heaven's Lord had powerfullest
 to send 425
 Against us from about his throne, and
 judged
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
 But proves not so. Then fallible, it
 seems,
 Of future we may deem him, though till
 now
 Omniscient thought! True is, less firmly
 armed, 430
 Some disadvantage we endured, and
 pain—
 Till now not known, but, known, as
 soon condemned;
 Since now we find this our empyreal
 form
 Incapable of mortal injury,
 Imperishable, and, though pierced with
 wound, 435
 Soon closing, and by native vigor healed.
 Of evil, then, so small as easy think
 The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
 Weapons more violent, when next we
 meet,
 May serve to better us and worse our
 foes, 440
 Or equal what between us made the
 odds,
 In nature none. If other hidden cause
 Left them superior, while we can pre-
 serve
 Unhurt our minds, and understanding
 sound,

404. **unobnoxious**, not liable to injury. 411. **pre-
valent**, victorious.

414. **rebellious**. Some word like *host* is to be under-
stood.

Due search and consultation will disclose.' 445

"He sat; and in the assembly next upstood

Nisroch, of Principalities the prime.

As one he stood escaped from cruel fight

Sore toiled, his riven arms to havoc hewn,

And, cloudy in aspect, thus answering spake: 450

"'Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free

Enjoyment of our right as gods! yet hard

For gods, and too unequal work, we find

Against unequal arms to fight in pain, Against unpained, impassive; from which evil 455

Ruin must needs ensue. For what avails Valor or strength, though matchless, quelled with pain,

Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands

Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well

Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine, 460

But live content—which is the calmest life;

But pain is perfect misery, the worst Of evils, and, excessive, overturns

All patience. He who, therefore, can invent

With what more forcible we may offend 465

Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm Ourselves with like defense, to me deserves

No less than for deliverance what we owe.'

"Where to, with look composed, Satan replied:

'Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470

Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.

Which of us who beholds the bright surface

Of this ethereous mold whereon we stand—

This continent of spacious heaven, adorned

With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems and gold— 475

Whose eye so superficially surveys

These things as not to mind from whence they grow

Deep under ground: materials dark and crude,

Of spiritous and fiery spume, till, touched

With heaven's ray, and tempered, they shoot forth 480

So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?

These in their dark nativity the deep Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;

Which, into hollow engines long and round

Thick-rammed, at the other bore with touch of fire 485

Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth From far, with thundering noise, among our foes

Such implements of mischief as shall dash

To pieces and o'erwhelm whatever stands

Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarmed 490

The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt. Nor long shall be our labor; yet ere dawn

Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;

Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joined

Think nothing hard, much less to be despaired.' 495

"He ended; and his words their drooping cheer

Enlightened, and their languished hope revived.

The invention all admired, and each how he

To be the inventor missed; so easy it seemed

Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought 500

Impossible! Yet, haply, of thy race, In future days, if malice should abound, Someone, intent on mischief, or inspired

447. **Nisroch**, an Assyrian god. **prime**, chief. 455. **impassive**, unsuffering. 471. **main**, essential.

479. **spume**, froth, foam. 498. **admired**, wondered at.

With devilish machination, might devise
 Like instrument to plague the sons of
 men 505
 For sin, in war and mutual slaughter
 bent.
 Forthwith from council to the work
 they flew;
 None arguing stood; innumerable hands
 Were ready; in a moment up they turned
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw be-
 neath 510
 The originals of Nature in their crude
 Conception; sulphurous and nitrous
 foam
 They found, they mingled, and, with
 subtle art
 Concocted and adusted, they reduced
 To blackest grain, and into store con-
 veyed. 515
 Part hidden veins digged up—nor hath
 this earth
 Entrails unlike—of mineral and stone,
 Whereof to found their engines and
 their balls
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to
 fire. 520
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious
 night,
 Secret they finished, and in order set,
 With silent circumspection, unespied.
 “Now, when fair morn orient in
 heaven appeared,
 Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms
 The matin trumpet sung. In arms they
 stood 526
 Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
 Soon banded; others from the dawning
 hills
 Looked round, and scouts each coast
 light-armed scour,
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
 Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for
 fight, 531
 In motion or in halt. Him soon they met
 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in
 slow
 But firm battalion. Back with speed-
 iest sail
 Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came flying, and in mid-air aloud thus
 cried: 536

“ ‘Arm, warriors, arm for fight! The
 foe at hand,
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long
 pursuit
 This day; fear not his flight; so thick a
 cloud
 He comes, and settled in his face I see 540
 Sad resolution and secure. Let each
 His adamantine coat gird well, and
 each
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbéd
 shield,
 Borne even or high; for this day will
 pour down,
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling
 shower, 545
 But rattling storm of arrows barbed
 with fire.’
 “So warned he them, aware them-
 selves, and soon
 In order, quit of all impediment.
 Instant, without disturb, they took
 alarm,
 And onward move embattled; when,
 behold, 550
 Not distant far, with heavy pace the foe
 Approaching gross and huge, in hollow
 cube
 Training his devilish enginery, impaled
 On every side with shadowing squadrons
 deep,
 To hide the fraud. At interview both
 stood 555
 Awhile; but suddenly at head appeared
 Satan, and thus was heard commanding
 loud:
 “ ‘Vanguard, to right and left the
 front unfold,
 That all may see who hate us how we
 seek
 Peace and composure, and with open
 breast 560
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like
 Our overture, and turn not back per-
 verse.
 But that I doubt. However, witness
 Heaven!
 Heaven, witness thou anon! while we
 discharge
 Freely our part. Ye, who appointed
 stand, 565

514. *adusted*, dried to powder. 526. *matin*, morn-
 ing.

548. *impediment*, baggage. 552. *cube*, square of
 troops. 553. *Training*, dragging. *impaled*, walled in.
 555. *At interview*, face to face, opposed.

Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear.
 "So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
 Had ended, when to right and left the front
 Divided, and to either flank retired; 570
 Which to our eyes discovered, new and strange,
 A triple mounted row of pillars laid
 On wheels (for like to pillars most they seemed,
 Or hollowed bodies made of oak or fir,
 With branches lopped, in wood or mountain felled), 575
 Brass, iron, stony mold, had not their mouths
 With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,
 Portending hollow truce. At each, behind,
 A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
 Stood waving tipped with fire; while we, suspense, 580
 Collected stood within our thoughts amused.
 Not long! for sudden all at once their reeds
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
 With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
 But soon obscured with smoke, all heaven appeared, 585
 From those deep-throated engines belched, whose roar
 Emboweled with outrageous noise the air,
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
 Their devilish glut, chained thunderbolts and hail
 Of iron globes; which, on the victor host
 Leveled, with such impetuous fury smote 591
 That whom they hit none on their feet might stand,
 Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
 By thousands, Angel on Archangel rolled,
 The sooner for their arms. Unarmed, they might 595
 Have easily, as Spirits, evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove; but now

Foul dissipation followed, and forced rout;
 Nor served it to relax their serried files.
 What should they do? If on they rushed, repulse 600
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubled, would render them yet more despised,
 And to their foes a laughter—for in view
 Stood ranked of Seraphim another row,
 In posture to displode their second tire
 Of thunder; back defeated to return 605
 They worse abhorred. Satan beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision called:
 "O friends, why come not on these victors proud?
 Erewhile they fierce were coming; and, when we, 610
 To entertain them fair with open front
 And breast (what could we more?), propounded terms
 Of composition, straight they changed their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance. Yet for a dance they seemed 615
 Somewhat extravagant and wild; perhaps
 For joy of offered peace. But I suppose,
 If our proposals once again were heard,
 We should compel them to a quick result.
 "To whom thus Belial, in like game-some mood: 620
 'Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urged home,
 Such as we might perceive amused them all,
 And stumbled many. Who receives them right
 Had need from head to foot well understand; 625
 Not understood, this gift they have besides—
 They show us when our foes walk not upright.'
 "So they among themselves in pleasant vein

599. *serried*, closely massed. 620. *Belial*, a Hebrew word meaning *worthless*. Frequently an evil man in the Bible is called a son of Belial. Milton personifies the word as a subtle, deceitful spirit.

Stood scoffing, heightened in their
 thoughts beyond
 All doubt of victory; Eternal Might 630
 To match with their inventions they
 presumed
 So easy, and of his thunder made a
 scorn,
 And all his host derided, while they
 stood
 Awhile in trouble. But they stood not
 long;
 Rage prompted them at length, and
 found them arms 635
 Against such hellish mischief fit to
 oppose.
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the
 power,
 Which God hath in his mighty Angels
 placed!)
 Their arms away they threw, and to
 the hills
 (For earth hath this variety from heaven
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale) 641
 Light as the lightning-glimpse they ran,
 they flew;
 From their foundations, loosening to
 and fro,
 They plucked the seated hills, with all
 their load,
 Rocks, waters, woods, and, by the
 shaggy tops 645
 Uplifting, bore them in their hands.
 Amaze,
 Be sure, and terror, seized the rebel host,
 When coming toward them so dread
 they saw
 The bottom of the mountains upward
 turned,
 Till on those cursed engines' triple row
 They saw them whelmed, and all their
 confidence 651
 Under the weight of mountains buried
 deep;
 Themselves invaded next, and on their
 heads
 Main promontories flung, which in the
 air
 Came shadowing, and oppressed whole
 legions armed. 655
 Their armor helped their harm, crushed
 in and bruised,
 Into their substance pent — which
 wrought them pain

654. Main, mighty.

Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
 Long struggling underneath, ere they
 could wind
 Out of such prison, though Spirits of
 purest light, 660
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning
 grown.
 The rest, in imitation, to like arms
 Betook them, and the neighboring hills
 uptore;
 So hills amid the air encountered hills,
 Hurled to and fro with jaculation dire,
 That underground they fought in dis-
 mal shade. 666
 Infernal noise! war seemed a civil game
 To this uproar; horrid confusion heaped
 Upon confusion rose. And now all
 heaven
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin over-
 spread, 670
 Had not the Almighty Father, where he
 sits
 Shrined in his sanctuary of heaven
 secure,
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
 This tumult, and permitted all, advised,
 That his great purpose he might so
 fulfill, 675
 To honor his Anointed Son, avenged
 Upon his enemies, and to declare
 All power on him transferred. Whence
 to his Son,
 The assessor of his throne, he thus be-
 gan:
 "Efulgence of my glory, Son be-
 loved, 680
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld
 Visibly, what by Deity I am,
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,
 Second Omnipotence! two days are
 passed,
 Two days, as we compute the days of
 heaven, 685
 Since Michael and his Powers went
 forth to tame
 These disobedient. Sore hath been their
 fight,
 As likeliest was when two such foes met
 armed;
 For to themselves I left them; and thou
 know'st

665. jaculation, tossing. 679. assessor, He who sits beside. Christ is spoken of as sitting at the right hand of God.

Equal in their creation they were
 formed, 690
 Save what sin hath impaired—which
 yet hath wrought
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs
 must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found.
 War wearied hath performed what war
 can do, 695
 And to disordered rage let loose the
 reins,
 With mountains, as with weapons,
 armed; which makes
 Wild work in heaven, and dangerous to
 the main.
 Two days are, therefore, passed; the
 third is thine.
 For thee I have ordained it, and thus far
 Have suffered, that the glory may be
 thine 701
 Of ending this great war, since none but
 thou
 Can end it. Into thee such virtue and
 grace
 Immense I have transfused, that all
 may know
 In heaven and hell thy power above
 compare, 705
 And this perverse commotion governed
 thus,
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
 Of all things—to be Heir, and to be King
 By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
 Go, then, thou Mightiest, in thy
 Father's might; 710
 Ascend my chariot; guide the rapid
 wheels
 That shake heaven's basis; bring forth
 all my war;
 My bow and thunder, my almighty
 arms,
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant
 thigh;
 Pursue these Sons of Darkness, drive
 them out 715
 From all heaven's bounds into the utter
 deep;
 There let them learn, as likes them, to
 despise
 God, and Messiah, his anointed King.'

698. **the main**, either the world or the universe. 709. **unction**, anointing, as the kings of Israel and Judah were anointed with holy oil at their consecration and coronation.

"He said, and on his Son with rays
 direct
 Shone full. He all his Father full
 expressed 720
 Ineffably into his face received;
 And thus the Filial Godhead answering
 spake:
 "O Father, O Supreme of Heavenly
 Thrones,
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou
 always seek'st
 To glorify thy Son; I always thee, 725
 As is most just. This I my glory
 account,
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That thou in me, well pleased, declar'st
 thy will
 Fulfilled, which to fulfill is all my bliss.
 Scepter and power, thy giving, I assume,
 And gladlier shall resign when in the
 end 731
 Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
 Forever, and in me all whom thou lov'st
 But whom thou hat'st I hate, and can
 put on
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on, 735
 Image of thee in all things; and shall
 soon,
 Armed with thy might, rid heaven of
 these rebelled,
 To their prepared ill mansion driven
 down,
 To chains of darkness and the undying
 worm,
 That from thy just obedience could
 revolt, 740
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.
 Then shall thy Saints, unmixed, and
 from the impure
 Far separate, circling thy holy Mount,
 Unfeigned hallelujahs to thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them
 chief. 745
 "So said, he, o'er his scepter bowing, rose
 From the right hand of Glory where he
 sat;
 And the third sacred morn began to
 shine,
 Dawning through heaven. Forth rushed
 with whirlwind sound
 The chariot of Paternal Deity, 750
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within
 wheel; undrawn,

739. **undying worm**, eternal corruption.

Itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed
 By four cherubic shapes. Four faces each
 Had wondrous; as with stars, their
 bodies all
 And wings were set with eyes; with eyes
 the wheels 755
 Of beryl, and careering fires between;
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with
 pure
 Amber and colors of the showery arch
 He, in celestial panoply all armed 760
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended; at his right hand Victory
 Sat eagle-winged; beside him hung his
 bow,
 And quiver, with three-bolted thunder
 stored;
 And from about him fierce effusion
 rolled 765
 Of smoke and bickering flame and
 sparkles dire.
 Attended with ten thousand thousand
 Saints,
 He onward came; far off his coming
 shone;
 And twenty thousand—I their number
 heard—
 Chariots of God, half on each hand,
 were seen. 770
 He on the wings of Cherub rode sub-
 lime
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire
 throned—
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
 First seen. Them unexpected joy sur-
 prised
 When the great ensign of Messiah
 blazed 775
 Aloft, by Angels borne, his sign in
 heaven;
 Under whose conduct Michael soon
 reduced
 His army, circumfused on either wing,
 Under their Head embodied all in one.
 Before him Power Divine his way pre-
 pared; 780
 At his command the uprooted hills
 retired

Each to his place; they heard his voice,
 and went
 Obsequious; heaven his wonted face
 renewed,
 And with fresh flowerets hill and valley
 smiled.
 “This saw his hapless foes, but stood
 obdured, 785
 And to rebellious fight rallied their Pow-
 ers,
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
 In heavenly Spirits could such perverse-
 ness dwell?
 But to convince the proud what signs
 avail,
 Or wonders move the obdurate to
 relent? 790
 They, hardened more by what might
 most reclaim,
 Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
 Took envy, and, aspiring to his height,
 Stood reëmbattled fierce, by force or
 fraud
 Weening to prosper, and at length pre-
 vail 795
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall
 In universal ruin last; and now
 To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of
 God
 To all his host on either hand thus
 spake: 800
 “Stand still in bright array, ye
 Saints; here stand,
 Ye Angels armed; this day from battle
 rest.
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and
 of God
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;
 And, as ye have received, so have ye
 done, 805
 Invincibly. But of this cursed crew
 The punishment to other hand belongs;
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole
 appoints.
 Number to this day’s work is not
 ordained,
 Nor multitude; stand only and behold
 God’s indignation on these godless
 poured 811
 By me. Not you, but me, they have
 despised,
 Yet envied; against me is all their rage,

752. *instinct*, filled from within, inspired. 761. *Urim*.
 Exodus xxviii, 30, speaks of Urim and Thummim as to
 be borne upon the breast of the high priest. Though
 nowhere described, we know they were used by the He-
 brews to ascertain the will of God. 777. *reduced*,
 rearranged.

785. *obdured*, obdurate.

Because the Father, to whom in heaven
 supreme
 Kingdom and power and glory apper-
 tains, ⁸¹⁵
 Hath honored me, according to his will.
 Therefore to me their doom he hath
 assigned,
 That they may have their wish, to try
 with me
 In battle which the stronger proves—
 they all,
 Or I alone against them; since by
 strength ⁸²⁰
 They measure all, of other excellence
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
 Nor other strife with them do I vouch-
 safe.
 "So spake the Son," and into terror
 changed
 His countenance, too severe to be
 beheld, ⁸²⁵
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
 At once the Four spread out their starry
 wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and
 the orbs
 Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the
 sound
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
 He on his impious foes right onward
 drove, ⁸³¹
 Gloomy as night. Under his burning
 wheels
 The steadfast Empyrean shook through-
 out,
 All but the throne itself of God. Full
 soon
 Among them he arrived, in his right
 hand ⁸³⁵
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which
 he sent
 Before him, such as in their souls infixed
 Plagues. They, astonished, all resist-
 ance lost,
 All courage; down their idle weapons
 dropped;
 O'er shields, and helms, and helméd
 heads he rode ⁸⁴⁰
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim pros-
 trate,
 That wished the mountains now might
 be again
 Thrown on them, as a shelter from his
 ire.

Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged
 Four, ⁸⁴⁵
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living
 wheels,
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
 One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
 Glared lightning, and shot forth per-
 nicious fire
 Among the accursed, that withered all
 their strength, ⁸⁵⁰
 And of their wonted vigor left them
 drained,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth,
 but checked
 His thunder in mid-volley; for he
 meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of
 heaven. ⁸⁵⁵
 The overthrown he raised, and, as a herd
 Of goats or timorous flock together
 thronged,
 Drove them before him thunderstruck,
 pursued
 With terrors and with furies to the
 bounds
 And crystal wall of heaven; which,
 opening wide, ⁸⁶⁰
 Rolled inward, and a spacious gap dis-
 closed
 Into the wasteful deep. The monstrous
 sight
 Strook them with horror backward; but
 far worse
 Urged them behind. Headlong them-
 selves they threw
 Down from the verge of heaven; eternal
 wrath ⁸⁶⁵
 Burned after them to the bottomless pit.
 "Hell heard the unsufferable noise;
 hell saw
 Heaven ruining from heaven, and would
 have fled
 Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too
 deep
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had
 bound. ⁸⁷⁰
 Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos
 roared,
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
 Through his wild anarchy; so huge a
 rout
 Encumbered him with ruin. Hell at last,

Yawning, received them whole, and on
 them closed— 875
 Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with
 fire
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and
 pain.
 Disburdened heaven rejoiced, and soon
 repaired
 Her mural breach, returning whence it
 rolled.
 Sole victor, from the expulsion of his
 foes 880
 Messiah his triumphal chariot turned.
 To meet him all his Saints, who silent
 stood
 Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
 With jubilee advanced; and, as they
 went,
 Shaded with branching palm, each order
 bright 885
 Sung triumph, and him sung victorious
 King,
 Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion
 given,
 Worthiest to reign. He celebrated rode,
 Triumphant through mid-heaven, into
 the courts
 And temple of his mighty Father
 thronged 890
 On high; who into glory him received,
 Where now he sits at the right hand of
 bliss.

"Thus, measuring things in heaven
 by things on earth,
 At thy request, and that thou may'st
 beware
 By what is past, to thee I have revealed
 What might have else to human race
 been hid— 896
 The discord which befell, and war in
 heaven
 Among the Angelic Powers, and the
 deep fall
 Of those too high aspiring who rebelled
 With Satan; he who envies now thy
 state, 900
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce
 Thee also from obedience, that, with
 him
 Bereaved of happiness, thou may'st
 partake
 His punishment, eternal misery;
 Which would be all his solace and
 revenge, 905
 As a despite done against the Most High,
 Thee once to gain companion of his woe,
 But listen not to his temptations; warn
 Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have
 heard,
 By terrible example, the reward 910
 Of disobedience. Firm they might have
 stood,
 Yet fell. Remember, and fear to trans-
 gress." c. 1658 - c. 1665 (1667)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

General References

POPULAR AND LITERARY EPIC

General Note. Instead of giving extended critical references, it is preferable here to refer the student to a few standard works on the epic from the bibliographies of which he can branch out in any direction. Since general treatises on the epic usually omit adequate notice of the Celtic epics, mention is here made of one or two literary histories of Ireland which include the necessary material. Abercrombie, Lascelles, *The Epic*. Doran, New York (no date). A book of ninety-six pages in which the author gives a clear general survey of the nature and history of the epic. It will answer the needs of the general student.

Chadwick, H. M., *The Heroic Age*. Cambridge

University Press, London, 1912. A scholarly treatise on the heroic age both in Greece and England, describing the society which produced the popular epic.

Clark, John, *A History of Epic Poetry*. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh, 1900. A somewhat more complete treatment than that of Abercrombie, both in the number of epics studied and in criticism. A valuable book for the general student, though somewhat superficial.

Dixon, W. MacN., *English Epic and Heroic Poetry*. Dutton, New York, 1912. The most comprehensive treatise written on English narrative poetry, surveying the type from Anglo-Saxon times through the nineteenth century.

Gayley, Charles M., and Kurtz, Benjamin P., *Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism: Lyric, Epic, and Allied Forms of Poetry*. Ginn, New York, 1920. A first-aid book for teachers in the study of the subjects listed. Part II, Chapters III-IV, deals with the epic from the point of view of theory, technique, and historical development. The problems of the epic are presented with ample bibliographical references. This is not a book for the general student, but will be valuable for the teacher.

Guerber, H. A., *The Book of the Epic*. Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1913. A popular and adequate prose summary of the best-known epics, though the great Celtic epics are not included. The book contains much material that is romance rather than epic. It is an excellent supplement to Abercrombie's critical treatise.

Hull, Eleanor, *A Text Book of Irish Literature*, 2 vols. David Nutt, London, 1910. The first volume contains an adequate history of the literature of the heroic age of the Celts.

Hyde, Douglas, *A Literary History of Ireland*. Unwin, London, 1899. An excellent literary history of Ireland, the first part of which explains the growth of literature in the Celtic heroic age.

Ker, W. P., *Epic and Romance*. Macmillan, New York, 1922. An accurate and scholarly treatise on the heroic age. It is difficult reading, but explains clearly the research upon which are based present beliefs about the conditions in which the popular epic arose.

O'Connor, Norreys J., *Changing Ireland*. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1924. The first three chapters contain an interesting picture of early Celtic literature.

List of Epics

The following list is not intended to be complete, but merely to represent in easily available editions and in good translations, wherever necessary, those epics which have exercised a considerable literary influence.

A. POPULAR EPICS

1. Greek

The Iliad. An epic poem of twenty-four books in dactylic hexameter which describes the disasters brought upon the Greek army at the siege of Troy because of the wrath of Achilles, the greatest Greek champion. The poem is attributed to Homer. No translation approaches the grandeur of the original. In poetry Chapman (2 vols., Temple Edition,

Dent) and Pope (World's Classics, Oxford Press) are the best. In prose the translation by Lang, Leaf, and Myer (Macmillan) is by far the best. The probable date of composition of the poem was during the ninth century B. C. It was first written down during the tyranny of Pisistratus of Athens between 560 and 530 B. C. The style of *The Iliad* is vivid and realistic.

The Odyssey. An epic poem of twenty-four books in dactylic hexameter which describes the wanderings of Odysseus after the sack of Troy. The poem is attributed to Homer. As in the case of *The Iliad* no translation approaches the grandeur of the original. In poetry Pope (World's Classics, Oxford Press) is the best translator. In prose G. H. Palmer (Houghton Mifflin) has by far the best version. The probable date of composition of the poem was during the eighth century B. C. It was first written down during the tyranny of Pisistratus of Athens between 550 and 530 B. C. The style of *The Odyssey* is romantic and imaginative.

2. French

The Song of Roland. An epic poem of about 4000 decasyllabic lines grouped according to assonance in strophes of varying lengths. The poem tells how Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, was cut down with his warriors by the Saracens in the passes of the Pyrenees near Roncevaux, while serving as a rear guard to the army of Charlemagne, who was passing out of Spain to France. The catastrophe was caused by the treachery of a jealous warrior named Ganelon. The poem was probably composed in the tenth century, since the event upon which it is based occurred August 15, 778, and since at the battle of Hastings in 1066 the Norman army of William was preceded by the minstrel Taillefer, who sang the exploits of Roland. No English poetic translation reproduces the assonance of the original. The best prose translation is that of Miss Isobel Butler (Houghton Mifflin).

3. Spanish

The Cid. An epic poem of approximately 3700 lines of irregular metrical length grouped loosely by assonance in strophes of varying lengths. It tells of the heroic deeds of Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, surnamed "The Cid," or "The Lord." The events upon which the poem is based occurred in the eleventh century. The poem was probably composed in the twelfth century. The best translation available is either that of J. Ormsby (Stechert, 1915) or Southey (several editions available).

4. Anglo-Saxon
Beowulf. An epic poem of approximately 3000 roughly accentual alliterative lines with two principal stresses in each half line, which relates the deeds of the hero Beowulf—first, against the monster Grendel and his mother, both of whom had harassed the tribe of the Danes ruled by Hrothgar; and second, of his battle with a dragon which was ravaging the land of his own people, the Geats, in which battle Beowulf lost his life. One of the events upon which the poem is based occurred about 520 A. D. The poem was probably composed by the Anglo-Saxon bards before the migration to England in the fifth and sixth centuries. Its final form was attained in England about the seventh century A. D., and it was probably written down shortly after. No poetic translation is completely successful. In prose either the version of Child (Houghton Mifflin) or Gummere (Macmillan) is satisfactory.
5. Celtic
Tain Bó Cuailnge (i. e., *The Cattle Raid of Cooley*). The material of the Celtic epics is partly in prose, partly in poetry. *The Cattle Raid of Cooley* is an account of a war between Conchubar, king of Ulster, and Ailell and Maeve, king and queen of Connaught, over a wonderful brown bull in the possession of Conchubar. The main character is the young hero Cuchulain, who fights on the side of Conchubar. There are many beautiful episodes, among which one of the finest tells the tragic death of the sons of Usnach, or the life and death of Deirdre. Whatever historic background there may be for the epic is based upon events which took place about the first century A. D. The epic was probably brought into its present form between the seventh and ninth centuries A. D., and was written down in the tenth century A. D. The best translation is that of Lady Gregory, entitled *Cuchulain of Muirthemne* (John Murray, London, 1902).
The Fianna, or the Story of the Deeds of Finn and of the Children of Ossian. A fragmentary epic, partly in prose and partly in poetry, which relates the deeds of Finn and of his picked band of warriors who repelled all invasions of Ireland. The deeds of Ossian, son of Finn, and the deeds of the sons of Ossian are also included. The historic facts upon which the epic is based occurred about the fourth century A. D. It is impossible to date the formation of the epic more closely than between the seventh and ninth centuries A. D. The epic was probably written down in the tenth century A. D. The best translation is that of Lady Gregory, entitled *Gods and Fighting Men* (John Murray, London, 1904).
6. Scandinavian
The Volsung Saga. The epic lays of the Scandinavian tribes have survived either in fragmentary ballad form, or in prose. It is necessary to mention these lays and the prose sagas which came from them because of the fact that they influenced powerfully German epic poetry and German medieval romance, were profoundly influential in starting the romantic movement in English poetry in the nineteenth century, and since that time have commanded the attention of English poets, especially of William Morris. The story of the Volsungs is the most famous example of Scandinavian epic story. It has been well translated by William Morris (numerous editions are available).
The Elder Edda, a collection of the fragmentary Scandinavian epic lays translated in the *Poetic Edda*, by H. A. Bellows (American Scandinavian Foundation, New York, 1923).
7. German
The Nibelungenlied (i. e., *The Lay of the Nibelungs*). An epic poem of approximately 2400 four-line stanzas. The meter is roughly accentual, with three stresses to each half line, each stanza being composed of two rimed couplets. The poem, which relates the tragic story of Siegfried, including the vengeance meted out to his murderers, is probably derived from a Norse Saga. The *Gudrun* is a companion epic, but it is not so well known as the *Nibelungenlied*. In its present form the *Nibelungenlied* is medieval and was composed in the twelfth century, but there is no doubt as to the great antiquity of the material upon which the present version is based. Several good translations are available. In verse that of W. N. Lettsom (London, 1894, but frequently reprinted) is most acceptable, and the same may be said for the prose translation of D. B. Shumway (Houghton Mifflin).
8. Finnish
The Kalevala, or The Land of Heroes. An epic poem of approximately 22,000 unrimed octosyllabic lines, in which are related the creation of the world and the magic adventures of the three sons of Kalevala or Finland—Vainamoinen, Ilmarinen, and Lemminkainen, centering about their love for Louhi, who lives in Pohjola, the country of the Arctic North. The poem, the material of which is very old, was taken down from the

lips of peasants during the early nineteenth century by a Finnish scholar. The *Kalevala*, therefore, is the most perfect example of how a popular epic is handed down orally for generations. The most recent literary manifestation of its influence is Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. The most complete translation is in verse by W. F. Kirby (Everyman Edition).

B. LITERARY EPICS

1. Roman

The Aeneid, Vergil. An epic poem of twelve books written in unrimed dactylic hexameter, about the adventures of Aeneas in proceeding from Troy to found the Roman state. Vergil fortified his literary technique in the *Aeneid* by a skillful borrowing from the substance of the Homeric epics, and by a refined and chastened adaptation of their style. The poem was composed between 29 and 19 B. C. The best verse translations are those of Dryden (several editions), Conington (several editions), and T. C. Williams (Houghton Mifflin). In prose that of J. W. Mackail (Macmillan) is most satisfactory.

2. Italian

The *Divine Comedy*, Dante. An epic poem of one hundred cantos divided into three parts: the Inferno, thirty-four cantos; the Purgatorio, thirty-three cantos; and the Paradiso, thirty-three cantos. It reveals the medieval conception of the universe as seen through the medium of a dream in which the poet, with Vergil as his first guide, and Beatrice as his second, passes through hell, purgatory, and heaven in order that he may be united mystically with the spirit of his dead love, Beatrice. The poem affords, incidentally, a vivid picture of medieval life in Dante's time. The verse is hendecasyllabic, arranged in rimed tercets, of which the first and third lines of a tercet rime, while the second line rimes with the first and third lines of the next tercet. The poem was composed between 1290-1321. No translation reproduces the original meter satisfactorily. The most acceptable verse translation is that of Cary (many editions are available), while in prose the translation of C. E. Norton (Houghton Mifflin) is very satisfactory.

Note: Renaissance Italian epics. During the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries several Italian poets were interested in composing literary epics, which combined the machinery of Vergil's *Aeneid* with the stories of medieval chivalry and allegory. The two most famous examples are the

Orlando Furioso by Ariosto, published 1516 (translated by W. S. Rose, Macmillan), and the *Gerusalemme Liberata* by Tasso, published 1581 (translated by J. H. Whiffen in Spenserian verse, Macmillan). The permanent influence of the poems has not been considerable outside of their own country, but they are as interesting in many ways as the *Faerie Queene*, by Spenser.

3. English

Paradise Lost, Milton. An epic poem in twelve books written in unrimed iambic pentameter. The date of publication was 1667. The subject is the fall of man, set against a background of the revolt of Lucifer and the creation of the world. *Paradise Regained*, a companion epic in four books, published in 1671, relates the temptation of Christ by Satan in the wilderness. The poem is by no means as effective as *Paradise Lost*.

Note: Spenser's *Faerie Queene* is on the line between epic and romance. Its influence as an example of poetic technique has been great, but as a story, it has had only slight influence.

4. German

No literary epics of note have been produced in Germany, but mention should be made of two beautiful romantic epics of chivalry: *Parzifal*, written about 1200 by Wolfram von Eschenbach (translated by Jessie L. Weston, David Nutt, London), and *Tristan*, written about 1150 by Gottfried von Strassburg (Jessie L. Weston has published an abbreviated translation in two volumes, David Nutt, London).

5. Scandinavian

No literary epics of note were written by the Scandinavians, but the *Prose Edda*, a collection of epic material made by Snorri Sturlason (translated by A. G. Brodeur for the American Scandinavian Foundation, New York, 1916), influenced subsequent Germanic literature to a considerable degree. The same may be said in a lesser degree of the *Heimskringla* or *Saga of the Kings* written by Snorri Sturlason, of which the *Saga of Olaf* has been translated by S. Laing in the Everyman Library. A vast collection of heroic prose sagas also exists.

6. American

Hiawatha, Longfellow. An epic of the adventures of the Indian hero, Hiawatha, written in 1855. Longfellow drew the style and scheme of his poem from the *Kalevala*, a Finnish popular epic.

CHAPTER II

MEDIEVAL NARRATIVE POETRY AND MODERN IMITATIONS

AN INTRODUCTION

I. THE SPIRIT OF MEDIEVAL LITERATURE

When William of Normandy completed the conquest of England, he was probably unaware that he had incidentally effected both the termination of that period of English literature known to us as Anglo-Saxon, and the beginning of that period known to us as Middle English. As William and his barons were Norman French, any appreciation of English literature was far from their thoughts. They were steeped in the continental medieval tradition, and it was this tradition which was largely to govern the realm of England, both political and literary, until the coming of the Tudors in 1485 inaugurated both the Renaissance and the period of modern English history and literature.

The thought of the Middle Ages, whether expressed in government, teaching, religion, or literature, was dominated by the tradition of authority emanating from the Roman Empire and the Christian Church. Although the Roman Empire had long since ceased to exist as a fact, yet the slowly forming nations of Europe looked back on it with awe and preserved scrupulously traditions which truly or falsely they associated with its manners, customs, literature, and government. A similar glory had come to surround the history and doctrines of the early Christian Church and its visible descendant organization, until the creeds and teachings of the early saints and fathers were involved in an ever-increasing bulk of authorized interpretative comment. The term Scholasticism, which symbolizes all the formal teaching of the Middle Ages, means in brief the teaching of authorized doctrines by authorized teachers. The doctrines were those which had been ac-

cepted and handed down by the Christian Church, and the teachers were the clergy. Consequently, new lines of thought were not initiated; instead, the heritage of the past was gathered together and commented upon.

The Schoolmen delighted in interpretation, harmonization, and codification, and the direction of medieval thought lay in their hands. It was inevitable, therefore, that some point of fusion should be found by them for the traditions of the Roman Empire and the early Christian Church. A Holy Roman Empire might be impossible as a fact, but it was possible as an ideal. Accordingly the Schoolmen attempted to realize it through their titular leader, the Pope, who crowned Charlemagne Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire at Rome on Christmas day 800 A.D. Out of the new ideal that the Pope was the ecclesiastical head of Christendom, and that the Emperor was under him as secular ruler—or perhaps one had better say the amalgamation of two old ideals—sprang the conception of a feudal government and a system of chivalry which knew no national boundaries. Feudalism was practical enough as a method of government to function without an interpretative literature; but chivalry, which embodied the ideals of the nobility, needed such literary interpretation and received it in a type of narrative known as the romance, which flourished between the twelfth and the fourteenth centuries.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the literature of the Middle Ages was confined to chivalric romances, or that the noble class was the only class provided with literature. It is true that until printing was invented, about 1450, books were circulated only in manuscript and could be possessed

only by the nobles or the larger monastic foundations; and we should recall that literature as such was kept alive chiefly by the clergy, in whose libraries remained the manuscripts of classical antiquity. Yet the common people still had their unwritten popular ballads and fabliaux, and the clergy sought to instruct their congregations in their religious duties by means of didactic stories, saints' lives, moral examples gathered from the church fathers, and the Bible itself. But while many variations of the poetic narrative were developed during the Middle Ages, the chief interest of every social class seemed to lie in story-telling, and each class had its variant of the type. For the knight it was the romance; for the priest it was a legend of a saint, a story from a sermon book, or the Bible; for the peasant it was either ballad or fabliau, the latter being a short story running from beast fables to rather salty chronicles of domestic misadventures. There were other variations of the narrative type, but these predominated, and it is of them that we think chiefly in recalling the medieval narrative.

True to the medieval instinct for codification, the professional minstrels arranged their romances in cycles about the chief chivalric characters; the priests arranged collections of the lives of the saints, sermon books with stories suitable for any occasion, and manuals setting forth examples of what had happened to those who had professed scrupulously any of the cardinal vices or virtues; while the jongleurs, or professional entertainers of the folk, with the help, perhaps, of some not too churchly priests, gathered together collections of fabliaux, folk tales, and ballads. The style of these narratives was as stereotyped as their content. The medieval story-teller preferred a moral to an interest in human life, and his figures are superficially as unlikelike as the tapestries which rippled in the windy castle halls or the sculptured figures which adorned the cathedrals. But like Gothic tapestry and sculpture, medieval literature has frequently an inherent vigor and humor, or beauty and spiritual aspiration, which not even the dictates of scholasticism and chivalry could completely eradicate.

We are concerned only with the English development of the medieval narrative, especially with the medieval romance and

its modern imitations, and with Chaucer, the father of modern English narrative poetry, in whose stories we catch not only a glimpse of what medieval folk tales were, but what their material might become in the hands of one who fixed his eyes directly on life.

II. THE ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY

Feudalism and chivalry were destined to furnish one of the chief themes of Middle English literature. The medium for their expression was the so-called romance of chivalry, and the audience was the small group of feudal lords and ladies who ruled over the conquered Anglo-Saxon population. In many ways the age of medieval romance was similar to the epic age which had preceded it. In both ages one literary type represented the code of the dominant group, though the epic appealed to a wider circle than the romance. Both types of poetry sought to instill in the listeners the ideals of the group to which they belonged, both dealt with the exploits of heroes whose stories were drawn from a mythical past, and both were composed by minstrels—in epic times known as "scöps," and in medieval times as troubadours and jongleurs. But here the similarity ends. The composition of the romances of chivalry differed somewhat from that of the popular epic. The chivalric code with its attendant ideas about courtly love was frequently discussed by knights and ladies, either informally, as we shall see in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, or formally, as in the so-called Courts of Love. Moreover, the troubadours, who were frequently wealthy men of noble birth, traveled extensively from court to court, singing their own lyrics and romances.

Medieval romances confessedly inculcated the ideals and code of conduct of chivalry and of courtly love. Through the stories of valiant knights, proper etiquette for all occasions was taught either on the positive or the negative side, and a knowledge of romances was held to be a necessary accomplishment of knighthood. But as the blighting hand of medieval allegory and didacticism fell heavily upon the romances, many of their figures became stiff and lifeless symbols, who moved only as the etiquette of chivalry

dictated. Fortunately, the continental yearning for allegory and symbolism was accompanied in England by such intense love of a story for its own sake, interwoven with a strand of Celtic imagination, that in certain English romances the characters stand out in the flaming beauty of youth, untrammelled by the conventional expressions of the average romance.

Medieval romances were not native to England before the Norman Conquest, when the last of the Anglo-Saxon warrior bands went down to defeat before the new medieval continental chivalry. For two hundred years after the Conquest such romances as were created in England were written in French at the court, or in the feudal castle. On the Continent romances of chivalry flourished during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and decayed just at the time the Holy Roman Empire was losing its power before the approaching Renaissance and the rise of nationalism in Europe. Meanwhile a large number of romances were written in French at the court of the Anglo-Norman kings. The material from which these romances were written, whether on the Continent or in England, was drawn in general from three sources: stories of Greece and Rome about the heroes of classical antiquity, metamorphosed into knights; stories of France, chiefly about Charlemagne and his knights; and stories of Britain, chiefly about Arthur and his knights. Now although we are interested mainly in the last group, we must pause long enough to explain how the troubadour adapted for his purposes the material contained in the other groups.

The myths and history of Greece and Rome were handed down to the Middle Ages in prose summaries. However, these dry compilations did not dismay the inventive troubadour, who straightway transformed the heroes of Homer and Vergil or the quasi-historical figures of the Roman Empire into medieval knights, who lived in castles and followed the way of life advocated by chivalry. To us it seems not merely anachronistic but amusing to notice the transformation of heathen sorcerers and prophets into Christian priests, and to hear Andromache, Cressida, and Helen speak as medieval ladies. Yet the medieval audience was blissfully ignorant of any such incon-

sistency; for, as it was their ambition to trace their lineage back to Greek and Roman heroes, they were willing to take much for granted.

The Charlemagne legends underwent a similar metamorphosis. The great emperor appeared not merely as a shining star of chivalry and feudalism, but as the man in whom the traditions of the Roman Empire and of the Christian Church were united under the mystic and somewhat nebulous title of Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. That Charlemagne must have been ignorant of the niceties of chivalry was fortunately veiled from the adoring gaze of knightly posterity by the mists of adulation which raised him to the heights of the great mythical patron of chivalry. With him were raised his twelve peers, chief of whom were Roland and Oliver. To the feudal courts of continental Europe Charlemagne symbolized, with a large basis of historic truth, the foundation of their greatness, and to him they could with ease ascribe the virtues of a chivalric saint.

During the first two hundred years of Norman rule in England, when the court and the feudal nobility were content to consider themselves still part and parcel of the Continent, the romances of Greece, Rome, and Charlemagne satisfied them. But as the center of their lives and interests shifted to England, and they perceived that their destiny was wrapped up in their English possessions, they felt a desire to build up an English feudal tradition with a body of romance which would rival that of the continental Charlemagne. The Arthurian material as we know it in the early forms of monkish sixth and seventh century chronicles was unpromising enough, but when, in the twelfth century, the Celtic genius of two romancers, Wace and Layamon, coupled on the Continent with the superbly romantic spirit of Chrétien de Troyes, had worked upon it, the figures of Arthur and his knights became as popular as Frankish Charlemagne and his peers. It did not matter that the earliest English accounts had made Arthur nothing more than a British tribal chief who had battled against the Romans, or that in Celtic and Welsh folk tales he and his companions were merely grotesque and superhuman savages. By the end of the thirteenth century the

transfiguration was complete, and Arthur and his knights appeared in knightly perfection with the glory of Celtic imagination playing upon their faces, and the vigor of the old Anglo-Saxon heroes in their hearts. A wonderful fusion of Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, and Norman literary characteristics had taken place, the chief product of which was the Arthurian romances.

These Arthurian romances sprang in part from the tales, or lays, of Brittany. When the Celts were driven from Europe about the third century B.C., they maintained a stronghold in the peninsula of Brittany. Consequently, the Celtic imagination which we have observed in *Deirdre* was operating in Brittany, Wales, and Ireland upon both medieval folklore and the romances of chivalry connected with Arthur. The continental troubadours noted the difference in the romance material of Brittany and in the literary attitude of the Breton poets. Accordingly, the troubadours set the literary productions of these poets apart from the rest of continental medieval romances by the name of Breton lays. The characteristics of these lays are exactly what our reading of Celtic epic material has led us to observe: a vivid and naïve imagination; a love of the supernatural, especially of fairies, magicians, spells, love potions, transformations of human beings into other shapes either human or animal, and a haunting sense of the mystery and beauty of life; the whole being crowned by a radiant and childlike optimism. Moreover, the lack of continuity of purpose which may be noticed in the Celtic sagas kept the Celtic romances much shorter than those of their continental contemporaries, and earned for them the name of lays, or lyric ballads. We should also note that the Bretons never gathered the separate lays concerned with any knight into such groups of romances as the Arthurian cycle was to become in England.

A cycle of romance is a term for a collection of romances which deal with the adventures of a single knight or any closely associated group of knights. Thus there are cycles about many of the chief knights of the Round Table, as well as about the Round Table itself, and the Holy Grail. Each romance was a rather long, rimed narra-

tive, dealing with some phase of chivalric adventures. Yet nearly all the continental medieval romances are so intent upon depicting chivalric ideals, and so bound up by the conventions of the chivalric code, that, as we have said, they emphasize the code at the expense of the emotional experiences of human life. Life was not the main interest; chivalry was.

In England, however, where the native poets were shaping the romances of Arthur, the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt asserted themselves. In some romances the knights are almost somber copies of Beowulf. Such a romance is *King Horn*. In others the Celtic love of fun creeps in, until the austere and courteous attitude of chivalry is nearly banished. Such romances are *The Boy and the Mantle* and *Arthur at the Tarn Wadling*. The fusion of both spirits produced from the Arthurian material certain romances which compare favorably, as vivid and abiding manifestations of racial characteristics and ideals, with the previous achievements of the Anglo-Saxons and the Celts in the epic.

Partly because of its insular position, England did not feel so quickly as did the Continent the forces which led to the decay of feudalism and chivalry in the fourteenth century. In fact, the flourishing of English romance written in English occurred in the fourteenth century and culminated in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, composed about 1375 in the northwest of England. Here, an ancient story, which includes a magician whose conjuring haunt is an old burial mound such as that which contained the ashes of Beowulf, a supernatural test in a decapitation episode, and the enchantress Morgan le Fay, is renovated in the guise of a chivalric romance wherein Sir Gawain, as hero, embodies the virtues of courtesy and chastity for which he was famed. The characters and descriptions are like neither Gothic tapestry nor sculpture. Nature appears as seen by the keen eye of an Anglo-Saxon huntsman, and as colored by the radiant sense of beauty of a Celtic poet, while the characters live and move as vigorously and with the same motives as those who inhabited the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic epic world. Courageous determination to fulfill one's oath, personal reticence and modesty,

a sense of the inscrutability and beauty of life, are again present as in *Beowulf* and *Deirdre*. Even the verse form of the poem marks a fusion of the old and the new, for it is both alliterative and rimed.

In England and on the Continent the age of chivalry ended in the fifteenth century, having outgrown its usefulness. A new social order was arising, due to three distinct causes. The first cause was the ideals of the Renaissance, which replaced the Scholasticism of the Middle Ages by Humanism—a belief in the dignity and worth of the mind of the individual, and in his ability and right to reason and to interpret for himself not only life, but also the Bible and the masterpieces of classical antiquity which were believed to reveal life best. The second cause was the breaking down of the old order of classes by a dearth of labor and a subsequent rise in power of the common people. The third cause was the better economic conditions for the laborer brought about by town life, trade guilds, foreign trade, and the beginning of the age of exploration. The battle-cry of the new era was sounded when Wat Tyler led the peasant rebels to London in 1381:

When Adam delved and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?

All this was very disheartening to the followers of chivalry, for by the Civil Wars of the Roses the nobles had so weakened their strength that it could not be recovered, and when the battle of Bosworth Field, in 1485, ended the reign of Richard III and feudal wars once and for all, England was ready for a new dynasty and a new set of ideals.

Fortunately for us the leaders of the new age did not destroy all literary vestiges of the old age, as happened in the case of the monasteries, libraries, and manuscripts under Henry VIII. In fact, the discovery of printing in the second half of the fifteenth century was to preserve and disseminate literature far more widely than had been done in the Middle Ages. The traditions of chivalry were thus enshrined in permanent literary form by Sir Thomas Malory, who, as a lover of chivalry, saw it fading, and gathered together, while the daylight lasted, the chief versions of the main Arthurian ro-

mances and embodied them in the prose romance known to us as *Le Morte Darthur*, written about 1470, and published by Caxton, the first English printer, in 1485. In spite of its many faults and omissions, *Le Morte Darthur* is the most comprehensive collection of Arthurian romances extant, including in addition many romances which have only the most remote connection with Arthur, such as *Tristram and Iseult*. Moreover, it catches perfectly the spirit of medieval romance. With high seriousness and devoted idealism the author sets forth in each romance some tenet of chivalry. He believes still in the chivalric world of magicians and their castles, in dragons, witches, and enchanted forests. To him the chivalric code is still a living ideal, and his faith in it often redeems by a vivid, lifelike, and passionate episode the stiff literary embroidery of the medieval romance with its shallow and conventionalized characterizations and descriptions of nature. Unfortunately, Malory lacks a saving sense of humor. He is, however, unconsciously humorous, as when, after the last battle with Mordred, Gawain writes Lancelot a letter in which he says that he is finishing this epistle two and one half hours before his own death. But this is a small matter, for in all his stories Malory exhibits the ideals and moods which are beloved by the English: a high moral consciousness; tenacity of purpose; clear vision; a sense of the mystery and challenge of life; a belief in the inscrutability of Fate; and, finally, a consciousness of the haunting beauty and significance of nature in the life of man. It is no wonder that Malory, believing firmly in the eternal values and ultimate return of the ideals of chivalry, gave as part of the epitaph of Arthur: "King once and King again to be."

III. THE LITERATURE OF THE PEOPLE

Because of the stratification of medieval society, we are likely to have our attention caught and held by the topmost layer, where the nobility lived the brilliant and appealing life of chivalry. It was they who built castles, endured sieges, engaged in tournaments, and set forth on crusades. But beneath them were other strata with as real a life,

although they have not left as articulate memorials in architecture or literature—the middle and lower classes, who inhabited the farms and the towns. Though generally illiterate, they loved stories, and they were generously supplied, not only with their own indigenous popular ballads, but with tales drawn from the mighty reservoir of folklore, which knows no nationality. These narratives ranged from sacred to profane, from subjects of high moral import to salacious nothings, from saints' lives to peasant doings, from the supernatural and the monstrous to the commonplace. In reviewing the mass of this material preserved in medieval manuscripts one is struck by the emphasis upon the thing done and not upon the doer, upon the naïve credulity of the audience, and the elemental nature of the appeal made to it. There is nothing subtle about the medieval English folk tale, unless it be a descendant of some European-classical original, and even then its edge is usually worn off. More amazing still, there seems to be no first-hand interest in characterization or in an attempt to explain the causes motivating the events of any story. Apparently it was enough to interest the medieval audience that an event should have occurred, and that it was unusual.

Another principle governing English medieval narrative is very difficult for us to appreciate today, but a knowledge of it is essential to an understanding of the Middle Ages, especially of the poetry of Gower and Chaucer. The Middle Ages were bound intellectually by the past, and their general mental attitude was to conserve and accumulate traditions. Consequently, with peasant as with troubadour and cleric, interpretation and adaptation of past performances took the place of originality and invention. A detailed systematization of literary types both in poetry and prose was accompanied by an accumulation of stock examples to be used in exemplifying the creed which had been built up on any subject. The stereotyping of form and material, and the conception that the poet was a moral teacher, were universal. Metrical romances and romance cycles were glorified examples of the chivalric code; sermon books were filled with short stories reaching from

classical myth to medieval legend, all ending with a moral and elucidating some belief of the medieval church; while the fabliaux and beast-fables contained lively tales, mocking in manner and concluding with an implied or plainly stated moral.

By the fourteenth century the codification was complete, as is shown in the poetry of John Gower, Chaucer's contemporary and friend, who continued the traditions without assuming a new attitude toward his material, although in his second literary period he saw the manifestations foreshadowing the breakdown of medieval society. His work falls into three periods, each signalized chiefly by one principal work: first, the French period, represented by a poem of great length upon the vices and the virtues entitled *Miroir de l'Homme* (The Mirror of Man), or the *Speculum Meditantis* (The Mirror of the Sage); second, a Latin period, when, under the guise of a dream allegory written in Latin, entitled *Vox Clamantis* (The Voice of the Crier), the poet depicts contemporary English society, contrasts it with the past, and brands it as inferior; and the third, the English period, in which the poet definitely abandons his protest against the degeneracy of the age and returns once more to the pleasure of medieval story-telling, this time about love; hence the title—*Confessio Amantis* (The Lover's Confession), under cover of which he charts in a poem of many thousand lines the entire medieval philosophy of life, illustrated profusely by examples. Thus Gower, though brought into contact with the facts of life, turned his back on them in favor of the old system with its beautiful yet lifeless symbolism. It is strange to observe also that whoever made that fierce protest against contemporary misery known as *The Vision of Piers Plowman* invented no new literary form, but told his story under the guise of an allegorical medieval dream-vision. The Renaissance, which was to change the emphasis of literature from the objective to the subjective, from the universal to the particular, from the event to the cause, though it started in Italy in the fourteenth century, did not reach England until the sixteenth century, partly because of the exhausting effect upon England of the Hundred Years' War and of the Wars of the Roses.

IV. CHAUCER AND THE CANTERBURY TALES

Yet even in the fourteenth century there lived a man who combined in himself the practical politician and the poet; who saw life as it was, and who, over two hundred years before Shakespeare, put into his work the doctrine expressed in Hamlet's speech to the players, for "he held the mirror up to nature, and showed the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." This man took the medieval narrative, filled it with life and characterization, and made it eternally interesting, beautiful, humorous, pathetic, and true. By his manner of fusing his observations of life with appropriate literary form, Chaucer, although he thoroughly appreciated his own time, deserves to be recognized as the originator of modern narrative poetry. His life made him at home with all classes of medieval society, and his thoughts ran across social strata and not along them. He was equally at home at the court of the king, on a diplomatic expedition for him to the Continent, or in any one of the political offices which he held during a long lifetime. But whatever he did, Chaucer observed men and gathered material for his poetry. From his diplomatic missions to France and Italy he became acquainted with the Renaissance, and brought back with him in manuscript the very best of its productions. The amazing fact is that Chaucer was not content to be either a medieval story-teller or an imitator of the new literary styles introduced by the Renaissance. He was influenced greatly both by the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, but in his last and greatest work he was influenced most by his observation of contemporary life. To its portrayal in *The Canterbury Tales* Chaucer subordinated his medieval literary heritage, and commenced the development of modern narrative poetry by the very determination which he manifests in every page to mingle types and alter hitherto accepted literary canons in order to share with his audience the picture of life as he saw it.

Chaucer looked deeply, tenderly, smilingly on life, and his characters are stirred by the ideas which have always stirred the English. Beowulf and Gawain would recognize Chaucer's Knight as actuated by their ideals:

And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
And of his port¹ as meeke as is a mayde.
He nevere yet no vileynye ne sayde
In al his lyf unto no maner wight.
He was a verray parfit, gentil knyght.

Especially would they have sympathized with the comment upon life of the aged Egeus in *The Knight's Tale*:

This world ys but a thurghfare ful of wo,
And we been pilgrymes passynge to and fro;
Death is an ende of every worldly sore,

though, of course, neither they nor Chaucer had any distaste for living, but felt intensely the delight of the struggle to which man is subjected here. If any one passage in Chaucer more than another shows his attitude toward life it is the reflection of the Wife of Bath upon her long and varied career—a reflection, by the way, of which Mr. Samuel Pepys would especially have approved:

But, lord Christ! whan it remembreth me
Up-on my youthe, and on my iolitee,²
It tikleth me about myn herte rote.³
Unto this day it dooth myn herte bote⁴
That I have had my world as in my time.

That at least could not be taken away from her. Life had been fascinating and had held for her the infinite zest of a struggle in which no quarter is given. And the struggle is still amazingly mysterious, alluring, and worth while, as English literature testifies throughout every manifestation of its history.

V. MODERN IMITATIONS

Ever since the close of the Middle Ages English poets have attempted to recapture the spirit of its narrative poetry, especially in the field of romance. Of course they have not been concerned with a meticulous re-creation of the ideals of chivalry, but rather with the supposed attitude toward life which actuated the chivalric age. From the time of Chaucer, who lived a century before Malory, romances have been written frequently; many have been successful narratives, and some few have attained surpassing poetic beauty. *The Knight's Tale*, *The*

¹port, demeanor. ²iolitee, good times. ³rote, root.
⁴bote, solace.

Squire's Tale, both by Chaucer, and the *Faerie Queene* by Spenser are outstanding examples previous to the nineteenth century. During the late eighteenth century an interest in medieval narrative poetry, especially in ballads and romances, was aroused by the recovery of the Norse Sagas, and of much medieval English poetry in Percy's *Reliques*, by the recognition of its beauty, and consequently of the beauty of English and Celtic folklore. Accordingly, when the Romantic Movement developed in the nineteenth century, many imitations of medieval narrative were attempted. The place of Scott in this development is hard to define. His longer poems are unquestionably superb narrative, but it is difficult to determine whether they are conscious imitations of medieval narrative poetry, or outpourings of Scottish romance with no idea of imitation. Whether they belong with the former type or with that of modern narrative poetry, it is certain that Scott popularized the long narrative poem as Cowper and Southey had not been able to do, and it is not an exaggeration to say that today Scott's longer narrative poems are read more than those of any Englishman, except perhaps Coleridge and Masfield. Scott certainly did more than anyone else at the beginning of the nineteenth century to show the possibilities of the long narrative poem, and while most of his narrative poetry has as its chief interest Scottish lore in times subsequent to the medieval age, yet there is no question but that it made many poets see in medieval narrative a type of poetry to be imitated. Most successful of the early nineteenth-century poets in such adaptation or imitation is Coleridge in the unfinished *Christabel* and Keats in "The Eve of St. Agnes." Here, as in all modern imitations of medieval narrative, especially of medieval romance, the subjective attitude of the poet rather than the ideals of chivalry dominates his creations. The poems recall medieval romance chiefly in their settings and

figures, but not in the treatment given by the poet to his plot and characterization. In the middle of the nineteenth century Tennyson, the poet laureate of Victorian England, consciously used the Arthurian romances in the *Idylls of the King* as a medium for expressing the moral code of his day. Spiritually beautiful though they are in thought and expression, they do not recreate the spirit of medieval romance. At the end of the century, Swinburne in *Tristram in Lyonesse*, William Morris in parts of *The Earthly Paradise*, and Rossetti in his short narratives come nearest to recapturing the medieval atmosphere. Rossetti and Swinburne fuse the medieval atmosphere with a vibrant passion for the beauty and imaginative mystery of life, while Morris delights in the opportunity of weaving wonderful storied tapestries from medieval narrative, for he did not confine himself to the romance but used the folk tale as well.

It is not rash to state from what we know of the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon characteristics and ideas which have persisted throughout English literature that the love of some of them can be satisfied best by imitations of medieval romance. True it is that this field is not so broad as that occupied by modern narrative poetry, but it is a field which is especially dear to the English, for it combines as they do, both sentiment and practicality. Nowhere is this combination better revealed than at the end of Malory's *Le Morte Darthur*. "Yet some say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu into another place; and men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say, here in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse: Hic Jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rexque futurus (Here lies Arthur, once King, and King again to be)."

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT

Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, the most famous medieval romance written in English, was composed in the northwest of England about 1375 by an unknown poet of considerable literary power. The poem is not a mere adaptation of a French original. The poet came from that part of England which Wordsworth and Coleridge were later to immortalize, and he, too, loved nature for its mysterious beauty. The natural descriptions of the seasons and of hunting are vivid, brilliant, and lifelike, while the poet knew English and Celtic folklore well enough to make the element of the supernatural live again, as it did in the Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic sagas. The Green Knight appears superficially as a cultured product of chivalry, but his test, his ax, and his chapel all remind us of primitive days when superhuman monsters inhabited the earth and lurked in caves or burial-mounds. The green chapel is probably either an old Celtic fairy-ring, or the funeral-mound of an Anglo-Saxon hero. In addition, the characters of the poem are more real and vital than those of conventional French metrical romances—as if the poet had fused the French chivalric traditions with the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic ideals of life. Even the metrical form of the poem shows a similar fusion, for there are both Anglo-Saxon alliteration and the half line, with the French rime-scheme and meter. The following stanza commences the poem:

& neueres hit his aune nome, as hit now hat;
Ticius (turnes) to Tuskan, & teldes bigynnes;
Langaberde in Lumbardie lyftes vp homes;
& fer ouer þe French flod Felix Brutus
On many bonkkes ful brode Bretayn he setteþ,
 wyth wyne;

Where werre, & wrake, & wonder,
Bi sypez hat3 wont per-inne,
& oft bope blysse & blunder
Ful skete hat3 skyfted synne.

I

After the siege and the assault of Troy, when that burg was destroyed and burned to ashes, and the traitor tried for his treason, the noble Aeneas and his kin sailed forth to become princes and patrons of well-nigh all the Western Isles. Thus Romulus built Rome, and gave to the city his own name, which it bears even to this day; and Ticius turned him to Tuscany; and Langobard raised him up dwellings in Lombardy; and Felix Brutus sailed far over the French flood, and founded the kingdom of Britain, wherein have been war and waste and wonder, and bliss and bale, oft times since.

And in that kingdom of Britain have
been wrought more gallant deeds than
in any other; but of all British kings
Arthur was the most valiant, as I have
heard tell; therefore will I set forth a 20
wondrous adventure that fell out in his
time. And if ye will listen to me but for a
little while, I will tell it even as it stands
in story stiff and strong, fixed in the letter,
as it hath long been known in the land.

King Arthur lay at Camelot upon a
Christmas-tide, with many a gallant

2. **burg**, town, fortress. 3. **traitor**. In certain medieval versions of the Troy story Antenor and Aeneas betray the town to the Greeks on the promise of safety for themselves. Strangely enough this does not seem to have damaged the reputation of Aeneas with medieval romance writers, who place the blame upon Antenor. 4. **Aeneas**. The tradition of Rome during the Middle Ages was so powerful that not only did the Holy Roman Empire come into being as the spiritual and temporal heir of ancient Rome, but the chief noble families of every European country which was influenced by the Roman tradition sought to trace their ancestry either to Rome or to Greece as far back as the Trojan War. The British, through the Normans, favored the Trojans rather than the Romans, and traced their royal line back to a certain Brutus descended from Priam through the line of Aeneas. Brutus came from Italy to Britain and brought civilization to the country. This pedigree satisfied the medieval English in their search for connection with the myths and history of classical antiquity. 15. **bale**, calamity. 23. **I will tell it**. Notice that the oral tradition was being written down, and that the medieval poet delighted in preserving the ancient story. 26. **Camelot**, his mythical fortress. Some place it in Winchester and others near the border of Wales.

1. *þ* is the Anglo-Saxon *th*. 2. *ȝ* is the Anglo-Saxon *g*, used for *y*, *gh*, and final *z*. Its use here as final *s* is peculiar.
3. *u* was written for both *u* and *v* in Middle English.

lord and lovely lady, and all the noble brotherhood of the Round Table. There they held rich revels with gay talk and jest; one while they would ride forth to just and tourney, and again back to the court to make carols; for there was the feast holden fifteen days with all the mirth that men could devise, song and glee, glorious to hear, in the day-
 10 time, and dancing at night. Halls and chambers were crowded with noble guests, the bravest of knights and the loveliest of ladies, and Arthur himself was the comeliest king that ever held a court. For all this fair folk were in their youth, the fairest and most fortunate under heaven, and the King himself of such fame that it were hard now to name so valiant a hero.

20 Now the New Year had but newly come in, and on that day a double portion was served on the high table to all the noble guests, and thither came the King with all his knights, when the service in the chapel had been sung to an end. And they greeted each other for the New Year, and gave rich gifts, the one to the other (and they that received them were not wroth, that may
 30 ye well believe!); and the maidens laughed and made mirth till it was time to get them to meat. Then they washed and sat them down to the feasting in fitting rank and order; and Guinevere the queen, gayly clad, sat on the high dais. Silken was her seat, with a fair canopy over her head, of rich tapestries of Tars, embroidered, and studded with costly gems; fair she was to look upon,
 40 with her shining gray eyes; a fairer woman might no man boast himself of having seen.

But Arthur would not eat till all were served, so full of joy and gladness was he, even as a child; he liked not either to lie long, or to sit long at meat, so worked upon him his young blood and his wild brain. And another custom he had also, that came of his nobility, that
 50 he would never eat upon an high day

till he had been advised of some knightly deed, or some strange and marvelous tale, of his ancestors, or of arms, or of other ventures; or till some stranger knight should seek of him leave to just with one of the Round Table, that they might set their lives in jeopardy, one against another, as fortune might favor them. Such was the King's custom when he sat in hall at each high feast with his noble knights; therefore on that New Year tide, he abode, fair of face, on the throne, and made much mirth withal.

Thus the King sat before the high tables, and spake of many things; and there good Sir Gawain was seated by Guinevere the queen, and on her other side sat Agravain, *à la dure main*; both were the King's sister's sons and full gallant knights. And at the end of the table was Bishop Bawdewyn, and Ywain, King Urien's son, sat at the other side alone. These were worthily served on the dais, and at the lower tables sat many valiant knights. Then they bare the first course with the blast of trumpets and waving of banners, with the sound of drums and pipes, of song and lute, that many a heart was uplifted at the melody. Many were the dainties, and rare the meats; so great was the plenty they might scarce find room on the board to set on the dishes. Each helped himself as he liked best, and to each two were twelve dishes, with great plenty of beer and wine.

Now I will say no more of the service but that ye may know there was no lack, for there drew near a venture that the folk might well have left their labor to gaze upon. As the sound of the music ceased, and the first course had been fitly served, there came in at the hall door one terrible to behold, of stature greater than any on earth; from neck to loin so strong and thickly made, and with limbs so long and so great that he seemed even as a giant. And yet he was but a man, only the mightiest that might mount a steed; broad of chest and 100

6. carol, a round dance accompanied by a song. 36. dais, a raised platform at one end of a medieval great hall, upon which sat and dined the lord and his immediate family. 38. Tars, Tartary. The Crusades brought Europe in touch with Eastern art and culture.

66. Sir Gawain, the nephew of King Arthur, and the embodiment both of knightly courtesy and chastity. 68. *à la dure main*, with mighty hand, i.e., a hard hitter. 72. Ywain, the knight who incarnated faithfulness in love.

shoulders and slender of waist, and all his features of like fashion; but men marveled much at his color, for he rode even as a knight, yet was green all over.

For he was clad all in green, with a straight coat, and a mantle above; all decked and lined with fur was the cloth and the hood that was thrown back from his locks and lay on his shoulders. 10
Hose had he of the same green, and spurs of bright gold with silken fastenings richly worked; and all his vesture was verily green. Around his waist and his saddle were bands with fair stones set upon silken work; 'twere too long to tell of all the trifles that were embroidered thereon—birds and insects in gay gauds of green and gold. All the trappings of his steed were of metal of like enamel, even the stirrups that he stood 20
in stained of the same, and stirrups and saddlebow alike gleamed and shone with green stones. Even the steed on which he rode was of the same hue, a green horse, great and strong, and hard to hold, with broidered bridle, meet for the rider.

The knight was thus gayly dressed in green, his hair falling around his shoulders; on his breast hung a beard, as 30
thick and green as a bush, and the beard and the hair of his head were clipped all round above his elbows. The lower part of his sleeves was fastened with clasps in the same wise as a king's mantle. The horse's mane was crisp and plaited with many a knot folded in with gold thread about the fair green, here a twist of the hair, here 40
another of gold. The tail was twined in like manner, and both were bound about with a band of bright green set with many a precious stone; then they were tied aloft in a cunning knot, whereon rang many bells of burnished gold. Such a steed might no other ride, nor had such ever been looked upon in that hall ere that time; and all who saw that knight spake and said that a man 50
might scarce abide his stroke.

The knight bore no helm nor hauberk, neither gorget nor breastplate, neither

shaft nor buckler to smite nor to shield, but in one hand he had a holly-bough, that is greenest when the groves are bare, and in his other an ax, huge and uncomely, a cruel weapon in fashion, if one would picture it. The head was an ell-yard long, the metal all of green steel and gold, the blade burnished bright, 60
with a broad edge, as well shapen to shear as a sharp razor. The steel was set into a strong staff, all bound round with iron, even to the end, and engraved with green in cunning work. A lace was twined about it, that looped at the head, and all adown the handle it was clasped with tassels on buttons of bright green richly broidered.

The knight rideth through the entrance of the hall, driving straight to 70
the high dais, and greeted no man, but looked ever upward; and the first words he spake were, "Where is the ruler of this folk? I would gladly look upon that hero, and have speech with him." He cast his eyes on the knights, and mustered them up and down, striving ever to see who of them was of most renown.

Then was there great gazing to behold 80
that chief, for each man marveled what it might mean that a knight and his steed should have even such a hue as the green grass; and that seemed even greener than green enamel on bright gold. All looked on him as he stood, and drew near unto him, wondering greatly what he might be; for many marvels had they seen, but none such as this, and phantasm and faërie did the folk 90
deem it. Therefore were the gallant knights slow to answer, and gazed astounded, and sat stone still in a deep silence through that goodly hall, as if a slumber were fallen upon them. I deem it was not all for doubt, but somewhat for courtesy that they might give ear unto his errand.

Then Arthur beheld this adventurer before his high dais, and knightly he 100
greeted him, for fearful was he never. "Sir," he said, "thou art welcome to

18. *gauds*, adornments. 37. *crisp*, curly. 51. *hauberk*, coat-of-mail. 52. *gorget*, neckpiece to protect the throat.

59. *ell-yard*, between twenty-seven and forty-eight inches; a medieval measure for cloth. 66. *lace*, a cord, usually an ornamental one, by which weapons were fastened either to the knight or to his saddle. 77. *mustered*, sized up, inspected.

this place—lord of this hall am I, and men call me Arthur. Light thee down, and tarry a while, and what thy will is, that shall we learn after.”

“Nay,” quoth the stranger, “so help me He that sitteth on high, ’twas not mine errand to tarry any while in this dwelling; but the praise of this thy folk and thy city is lifted up on high, and
10 thy warriors are holden for the best and the most valiant of those who ride mail-clad to the fight. The wisest and the worthiest of this world are they, and well proved in all knightly sports. And here, as I have heard tell, is fairest courtesy; therefore have I come hither as at this time. Ye may be sure by the branch that I bear here that I come in
20 peace, seeking no strife. For had I willed to journey in warlike guise I have at home both hauberk and helm, shield and shining spear, and other weapons to mine hand, but since I seek no war, my raiment is that of peace. But if thou be as bold as all men tell, thou wilt freely grant me the boon I ask.”

And Arthur answered, “Sir Knight, if thou cravest battle here, thou shalt not
30 fail for lack of a foe.”

And the knight answered, “Nay, I ask no fight; in faith here on the benches are but beardless children; were I clad in armor on my steed, there is no man here might match me. Therefore I ask in this court but a Christmas jest, for that it is Yule-tide, and New Year, and there are here many fain for sport. If
40 anyone in this hall holds himself so hardy, so bold both of blood and brain, as to dare strike me one stroke for another, I will give him as a gift this ax, which is heavy enough, in sooth, to handle as he may list, and I will abide the first blow, unarmed as I sit. If any knight be so bold as to prove my words, let him come swiftly to me here, and take this weapon; I quit claim to it; he may keep it as his own, and I will abide
50 his stroke, firm on the floor. Then shalt thou give me the right to deal him

another—the respite of a year and a day shall he have. Now haste, and let see whether any here dare say aught.”

Now if the knights had been astounded at the first, yet stiller were they all, high and low, when they had heard his words. The knight on his steed straightened himself in the saddle, and rolled his eyes fiercely round the
60 hall; red they gleamed under his green and bushy brows. He frowned and twisted his beard, waiting to see who should rise, and when none answered he cried aloud in mockery: “What! is this Arthur’s hall, and these the knights whose renown hath run through many realms? Where are now your pride and your conquests, your wrath, and anger, and mighty words? Now are the praise
70 and the renown of the Round Table overthrown by one man’s speech, since all keep silence for dread ere ever they have seen a blow!”

With that he laughed so loudly that the blood rushed to the King’s fair face for very shame; he waxed wroth, as did all his knights, and sprang to his feet, and drew near to the stranger and said: “Now by heaven, foolish is thy asking,
80 and thy folly shall find its fitting answer. I know no man aghast at thy great words. Give me here thine ax and I shall grant thee the boon thou hast asked.” Lightly he sprang to him and caught at his hand, and the knight, fierce of aspect, lighted down from his charger.

Then Arthur took the ax and gripped the haft, and swung it round, ready to
90 strike. And the knight stood before him, taller by the head than any in the hall; he stood, and stroked his beard, and drew down his coat, no more dismayed for the King’s threats than if one had brought him a drink of wine.

Then Gawain, who sat by the Queen, leaned forward to the King and spake: “I beseech ye, my lord, let this venture be mine. Would ye but bid me rise from
100 this seat, and stand by your side, so that my liege Lady thought it not ill, then would I come to your counsel before this goodly court; for I think it not seemly when such challenges be

37. **Yule-tide.** Originally for the Anglo-Saxons this term meant mid-winter, but later it became associated with Christmas.

made in your hall that ye yourself should undertake it. While there are many bold knights who sit beside ye, none are there, methinks, of readier will under heaven, or more valiant in open field. I am the weakest, I wot, and the feeblest of wit, and it will be the less loss of my life if ye seek sooth. For save that ye are mine uncle, naught is there in me to praise, no virtue is there in my body save your blood, and since this challenge is such folly that it be seems ye not to take it, and I have asked it from ye first, let it fall to me, and if I bear myself ungallantly, then let all this court blame me."

Then they all spake with one voice that the King should leave this venture and grant it to Gawain.

Then Arthur commanded the knight to rise, and he rose up quickly and knelt down before the King, and caught hold of the weapon; and the King loosed his hold of it, and lifted up his hand, and gave him his blessing, and bade him be strong both of heart and hand. "Keep thee well, nephew," quoth Arthur, "that thou give him but the one blow, and if thou redest him rightly, I trow thou shalt well abide the stroke he may give thee after."

Gawain stepped to the stranger, ax in hand, and he, never fearing, awaited his coming. Then the Green Knight spake to Sir Gawain, "Make we our covenant ere we go further. First, I ask thee, knight, what is thy name? Tell me truly, that I may know thee."

"In faith," quoth the good knight, "Gawain am I, who give thee this buffet, let what may come of it; and at this time twelvemonth will I take another at thine hand with whatsoever weapon thou wilt, and none other."

Then the other answered again, "Sir Gawain, so may I thrive as I am fain to take this buffet at thine hand"; and he quoth further: "Sir Gawain, it liketh me well that I shall take at thy fist that which I have asked here, and thou hast readily and truly rehearsed all the covenant that I asked of the King, save that

thou shalt swear me, by thy troth, to seek me thyself wherever thou hopest that I may be found, and win thee such reward as thou dealest me today, before this folk."

"Where shall I seek thee?" quoth Gawain. "Where is thy place? By Him that made me, I wot never where thou dwellest, nor know I thee, knight, thy court, nor thy name. But teach me truly all that pertaineth thereto, and tell me thy name, and I shall use all my wit to win my way thither, and that I swear thee for sooth, and by my sure troth."

"That is enough in the New Year—it needs no more"—quoth the Green Knight to the gallant Gawain, "if I tell thee truly when I have taken the blow, and thou hast smitten me. Then will I teach thee of my house and home, and mine own name; then mayest thou ask thy road and keep covenant. And if I waste no words, then farest thou the better, for thou canst dwell in thy land, and seek no further. But take now thy toll, and let see how thou strikest."

"Gladly will I," quoth Gawain, handling his ax.

Then the Green Knight swiftly made him ready, he bowed down his head, and laid his long locks on the crown that his bare neck might be seen. Gawain gripped his ax and raised it on high, the left foot he set forward on the floor, and let the blow fall lightly on the bare neck. The sharp edge of the blade sundered the bones, smote through the neck, and clave it in two, so that the edge of the steel bit on the ground, and the fair head fell to the earth that many struck it with their feet as it rolled forth. The blood spurted forth, and glistened on the green raiment, but the knight neither faltered nor fell; he started forward with outstretched hand, and caught the head, and lifted it up; then he turned to his steed, and took hold of the bridle, set his foot in the stirrup, and mounted. His head he held by the hair, in his hand. Then he seated himself in his saddle as if naught ailed him, and he were not headless. He turned his steed about, the grim

8. sooth, the truth. 29. redest, counselest—ironical.

corpse bleeding freely the while, and they who looked upon him doubted them much for the covenant.

For he held up the head in his hand, and turned the face toward them that sat on the high dais, and it lifted up the eyelids and looked upon them and spake as ye shall hear. "Look, Gawain, that thou art ready to go as thou hast
10 promised, and seek leally till thou find me, even as thou hast sworn in this hall in the hearing of these knights. Come thou, I charge thee, to the Green Chapel; such a stroke as thou hast dealt thou hast deserved, and it shall be promptly paid thee on New Year's morn. Many men know me as the Knight of the Green Chapel, and if thou askest, thou shalt not fail to find me. Therefore it be-
20 hooves thee to come, or to yield thee as recreant."

With that he turned his bridle, and galloped out at the hall door, his head in his hands, so that the sparks flew from beneath his horse's hoofs. Whither he went none knew, no more than they wist whence he had come; and the King and Gawain they gazed and laughed, for in sooth this had proved a greater
30 marvel than any they had known aforetime.

Though Arthur, the king, was astonished at his heart, yet he let no sign of it be seen, but spake in courteous wise to the fair Queen: "Dear lady, be not dismayed; such craft is well suited to Christmas-tide when we seek jesting, laughter, and song, and fair carols of knights and ladies. But now I may
40 well get me to meat, for I have seen a marvel I may not forget." Then he looked on Sir Gawain, and said gayly, "Now, fair nephew, hang up thine ax, since it has hewn enough," and they hung it on the dossal above the dais, where all men might look on it for a marvel, and by its true token tell of the wonder. Then the twain sat them down together, the King and the good
50 knight, and men served them with a double portion, as was the share of the noblest, with all manner of meat and of

minstrelsy. And they spent that day in gladness, but Sir Gawain must well bethink him of the heavy venture to which he had set his hand.

II

This beginning of adventures had Arthur at the New Year; for he yearned to hear gallant tales, though his words were few when he sat at the feast. But
60 now had they stern work on hand. Gawain was glad to begin the jest in the hall, but ye need have no marvel if the end be heavy. For though a man be merry in mind when he has well drunk, yet a year runs full swiftly, and the beginning but rarely matches the end.

For Yule was now overpast, and the year after, each season in its turn following the other. For after Christmas
70 comes crabbed Lent, that will have fish for flesh and simpler cheer. But then the weather of the world chides with winter; the cold withdraws itself, the clouds uplift, and the rain falls in warm showers on the fair plains. Then the flowers come forth, meadows and grove are clad in green, the birds make ready to build, and sing sweetly for solace of the soft summer that follows there-
80 after. The blossoms bud and blow in the hedgerows rich and rank, and noble notes enough are heard in the fair woods.

After the season of summer, with the soft winds, when zephyr breathes lightly on seeds and herbs, joyous indeed is the growth that waxes thereout when the dew drips from the leaves beneath the blissful glance of the bright sun. But
90 then comes harvest and hardens the grain, warning it to wax ripe ere the winter. The drought drives the dust on high, flying over the face of the land; the angry wind of the welkin wrestles with the sun; the leaves fall from the trees and light upon the ground, and all brown are the groves that but now were green, and ripe is the fruit that once was flower. So the year passes 100

10. *leally*, loyally. 45. *dossal*, a cloth or tapestry covering hung over the back of a chair or a dais.

95. *welkin*, sky. Compare these descriptions of the seasons with those of William Morris and Wordsworth, as well as with Browning's "Home-Thoughts, from Abroad" (page 550).

into many yesterdays, and winter comes again, as it needs no sage to tell us.

When the Michaelmas moon was come in with warnings of winter, Sir Gawain bethought him full oft of his perilous journey. Yet till All Hallows Day he lingered with Arthur, and on that day they made a great feast for the hero's sake, with much revel and richness of the Round Table. Courteous knights and comely ladies, all were in sorrow for the love of that knight, and though they spake no word of it, many were joyless for his sake.

And after meat, sadly Sir Gawain turned to his uncle, and spake of his journey, and said, "Liege lord of my life, leave from you I crave. Ye know well how the matter stands without more words; tomorrow am I bound to set forth in search of the Green Knight."

Then came together all the noblest knights, Ywain and Erec, and many another—Sir Dodinel le Sauvage, the Duke of Clarence, Lancelot and Lionel, and Lucan the Good, Sir Bors and Bedivere, valiant knights both, and many another hero, with Sir Mador de la Porte; and they all drew near, heavy at heart, to take counsel with Sir Gawain. Much sorrow and weeping was there in the hall to think that so worthy a knight as Gawain should wend his way to seek a deadly blow, and should no more wield his sword in fight. But the knight made ever good cheer, and said, "Nay, wherefore should I shrink? What may a man do but prove his fate?"

He dwelt there all that day, and on the morn he arose and asked betimes for his armor; and they brought it unto him on this wise: first, a rich carpet was stretched on the floor, and brightly did the gold gear glitter upon it; then the knight stepped on to it, and handled the steel; clad he was in a doublet of silk, with a close hood, lined fairly through-

out. Then they set the steel shoes upon his feet, and wrapped his legs with greaves, with polished knee-caps, fastened with knots of gold. Then they cased his thighs in cuisses closed with thongs, and brought him the byrnie of bright steel rings sewed upon a fair stuff. Well-burnished braces they set on each arm with good elbow-pieces, and gloves of mail, and all the goodly gear that should shield him in his need. And they cast over all a rich surcoat, and set the golden spurs on his heels, and girt him with a trusty sword fastened with a silken bawdrick. When he was thus clad, his harness was costly, for the least loop or latchet gleamed with gold. So armed as he was he hearkened Mass and made his offering at the high altar. Then he came to the King, and the knights of his court, and courteously took leave of lords and ladies, and they kissed him, and commended him to Christ.

With that was Gringalet ready, girt with a saddle that gleamed gayly with many golden fringes, enriched and decked anew for the venture. The bridle was all barred about with bright gold buttons, and all the covertures and trappings of the steed, the crupper and the rich skirts, accorded with the saddle; spread fair with the rich red gold that glittered and gleamed in the rays of the sun.

Then the knight called for his helmet, which was well lined throughout, and set it high on his head, and hasped it behind. He wore a light kerchief over the ventail, that was brodered and studded with fair gems on a broad silken ribbon, with birds of gay color, and many a turtle and true-lover's knot interlaced thickly, even as many a maiden had wrought diligently for seven winters long. But the circlet

52. *greaves*, armor which incased the leg below the knee. 54. *cuisses*, armor which protected the leg above the knee to the thigh; usually it protected only the front. 55. *byrnie*, a coat of chain mail. 57. *braces*, armor for the arms, jointed at the elbow by the elbow pieces. 64. *bawdrick*, a belt which runs over one shoulder and under the other. It was used to hang a sword or horn upon. 80. *crupper*, that piece of harness which passes under a horse's tail. 89. *ventail*, that part of the helmet which protected the face, and which could be raised when the knight was not jousting or in battle.

3. *Michaelmas moon*, the feast of the archangel Michael, on September 29. 6. *All Hallows Day*, All Saints' Day, November 1. 39. *prove his fate*. Beowulf and Sir Gawain first utter this basic belief of the English. Trace its development in subsequent English literature, especially in lyric poetry and biography.

which crowned his helmet was yet more precious, being adorned with a device in diamonds. Then they brought him his shield, which was of bright red, with the pentangle painted thereon in gleaming gold. And why that noble prince bare the pentangle I am minded to tell you, though my tale tarry thereby. It is a sign that Solomon set erewhile, as
 10 betokening truth; for it is a figure with five points and each line overlaps the other, and nowhere hath it beginning or end, so that in English it is called "the endless knot." And therefore was it well suiting to this knight and to his arms, since Gawain was faithful in five and fivefold, for pure was he as gold, void of all villainy, and endowed with all virtues. Therefore he bare
 20 the pentangle on shield and surcoat as truest of heroes and gentlest of knights.

For first he was faultless in his five senses; and his five fingers never failed him; and all his trust upon earth was in the five wounds that Christ bare on the cross, as the Creed tells. And wherever this knight found himself in stress of battle he deemed well that he drew his
 30 strength from the five joys which the Queen of Heaven had of her Child. And for this cause did he bear an image of Our Lady on the one half of his shield, that whenever he looked upon it he might not lack for aid. And the fifth five that the hero used were frankness and fellowship, above all, purity and courtesy that never failed him, and compassion that surpasses all; and in
 40 these five virtues was that hero wrapped and clothed. And all these, fivefold, were linked one in the other, so that they had no end, and were fixed on five points that never failed, neither at any side were they joined or sundered, nor could ye find beginning or end. And therefore on his shield was the knot shapen, red-gold upon red, which is the pure pentangle. Now was Sir Gawain
 50 ready, and he took his lance in hand,

and bade them all farewell—he deemed it had been forever.

Then he smote the steed with his spurs, and sprang on his way, so that sparks flew from the stones after him. All that saw him were grieved at heart, and said one to the other: "By Christ, 'tis great pity that one of such noble life should be lost! I' faith, 'twere not
 60 easy to find his equal upon earth. The King had done better to have wrought more warily. Yonder knight should have been made a duke; a gallant leader of men is he, and such a fate had beseeemed him better than to be hewn in pieces at the will of an elfish man, for mere pride. Who ever knew a king to take such counsel as to risk his knights on a Christmas jest?" Many were the tears that flowed from their eyes when that goodly knight rode from the hall. He made no delaying, but went his way
 70 swiftly, and rode many a wild road, as I heard say in the book.

So rode Sir Gawain through the realm of Logres, on an errand that he held for no jest. Often he lay companionless at night, and must lack the fare that he liked. No comrade had he save his steed, and none save God with
 80 whom to take counsel. At length he drew nigh to North Wales, and left the isles of Anglesey on his left hand, crossing over the fords by the foreland over at Holyhead, till he came into the wilderness of Wirral, where but few dwell who love God and man of true heart. And ever he asked, as he fared, of all whom he met, if they had heard any tidings of a Green Knight in the
 90 country thereabout, or of a Green Chapel. And all answered him, Nay, never in their lives had they seen any man of such a hue. And the knight wended his way by many a strange road and many a rugged path, and the

5. **pentangle**, a magic symbol in the form of a five-pointed star. 23. **faultless**, etc., an example of medieval codification. 30. **five joys**, the Annunciation, the Visitation to St. Elizabeth, the Nativity, the Presentation in the Temple, and the Finding in the Temple.

66. **elfish**, other-world, supernatural; like Grendel and the giants which are described in *Beowulf*. 76. **Logres**, the medieval name for England, so-called from the mythical King Logris, or Lochrine. 86. **Wirral**, probably in Cheshire. It should be noted that Gawain's journey took him through the Celtic country of North Wales with its outlying islands, and that from thence he started north toward the Anglian country of Northumberland, where *Beowulf* was probably set down in writing, and where lay the lake district in which Wordsworth was later to live.

fashion of his countenance changed full often ere he saw the Green Chapel.

Many a cliff did he climb in that unknown land, where afar from his friends he rode as a stranger. Never did he come to a stream or a ford but he found a foe before him, and that one so marvelous, so foul and fell, that it behooved him to fight. So many wonders did that knight behold that it were too long to tell the tenth part of them. Sometimes he fought with dragons and wolves; sometimes with wild men that dwelt in the rocks; another while with bulls, and bears, and wild boars, or with giants of the high moorland that drew near to him. Had he not been a doughty knight, enduring, and of well-proved valor, and a servant of God, doubtless he had been slain, for he was oft in danger of death. Yet he cared not so much for the strife; what he deemed worse was when the cold, clear water was shed from the clouds, and froze ere it fell on the fallow ground. More nights than enough he slept in his harness on the bare rocks, near slain with the sleet, while the stream leaped bubbling from the crest of the hills, and hung in hard icicles over his head.

Thus in peril and pain, and many a hardship, the knight rode alone till Christmas Eve, and in that tide he made his prayer to the Blessed Virgin that she would guide his steps and lead him to some dwelling. On that morning he rode by a hill, and came into a thick forest, wild and drear; on each side were high hills, and thick woods below them of great hoar oaks, a hundred together, of hazel and hawthorn with their trailing boughs intertwined, and rough ragged moss spreading everywhere. On the bare twigs the birds chirped piteously, for pain of the cold. The knight upon Gringalet rode lonely beneath them, through marsh and mire, much troubled at heart lest he should fail to see the service of the Lord, who on that selfsame night was born of a maiden for the cure of our grief; and therefore he said, sighing, "I beseech thee, Lord, and Mary, thy gentle Mother, for some shelter where I

may hear Mass, and thy matins at morn. This I ask meekly, and thereto I pray my Paternoster, Ave, and Credo." Thus he rode praying, and lamenting his misdeeds, and he crossed himself, and said, "May the Cross of Christ speed me."

Now that knight had crossed himself but thrice ere he was aware in the wood of a dwelling within a moat, above a lawn, on a mound surrounded by many mighty trees that stood round the moat. 'Twas the fairest castle that ever a knight owned; built in a meadow with a park all about it, and a spiked palisade, closely driven, that inclosed the trees for more than two miles. The knight was ware of the hold from the side, as it shone through the oaks. Then he lifted off his helmet, and thanked Christ and Saint Julian that they had courteously granted his prayer, and hearkened to his cry. "Now," quoth the knight, "I beseech ye, grant me fair hostel." Then he pricked Gringalet with his golden spurs, and rode gayly toward the great gate, and came swiftly to the bridge end.

The bridge was drawn up and the gates close shut; the walls were strong and thick, so that they might fear no tempest. The knight on his charger abode on the bank of the deep double ditch that surrounded the castle. The walls were set deep in the water, and rose aloft to a wondrous height; they were of hard hewn stone up to the corbels, which were adorned beneath the battlements with fair carvings, and turrets set in between with many a loophole; a better barbican Sir Gawain had never looked upon. And within he beheld the high hall, with its tower and many windows with carven cornices, and chalk-white chimneys on the turret-roofs that shone fair in the sun. And everywhere, thickly scattered on the castle battlements, were pinnacles, so many that it seemed as if it were all wrought out of paper, so white was it.

57. *Paternoster*, etc., Latin prayers of the Catholic church. 72. *hold*, castle. 75. *Saint Julian*, patron saint of hospitality. 78. *hostel*, shelter accorded a guest. 91. *corbel*, a projection which protrudes from a wall to support a balcony or tower. 94. *barbican*, the outer defense of a medieval castle, especially a large tower through which entrance is gained to the outworks.

The knight on his steed deemed it fair enough, if he might come to be sheltered within it to lodge there while that the holy-day lasted. He called aloud, and soon there came a porter of kindly countenance, who stood on the wall and greeted this knight and asked his errand.

10 "Good sir," quoth Gawain, "wilt thou go mine errand to the high lord of the castle, and crave for me lodging?"

"Yea, by Saint Peter," quoth the porter. "In sooth I trow that ye be welcome to dwell here so long as it may like ye."

Then he went, and came again swiftly, and many folk with him to receive the knight. They let down the great drawbridge, and came forth and knelt on their knees on the cold earth
20 to give him worthy welcome. They held wide open the great gates, and courteously he bade them rise, and rode over the bridge. Then men came to him and held his stirrup while he dismounted, and took and stabled his steed. There came down knights and squires to bring the guest with joy to the hall. When he raised his helmet, there were many to take it from his
30 hand, fain to serve him, and they took from him sword and shield.

Sir Gawain gave good greeting to the noble and the mighty men who came to do him honor. Clad in his shining armor they led him to the hall, where a great fire burned brightly on the floor; and the lord of the household came forth from his chamber to meet the hero fitly. He spake to the knight, and
40 said: "Ye are welcome to do here as it likes ye. All that is here is your own to have at your will and disposal."

"Gramercy!" quoth Gawain; "may Christ requite ye."

As friends that were fain each embraced the other; and Gawain looked on the knight who greeted him so kindly, and thought 'twas a bold warrior that owned that burg.

50 Of mighty stature he was, and of high age; broad and flowing was his beard, and of a bright hue. He was stalwart of limb, and strong in his stride, his face fiery red, and his speech

free; in sooth he seemed one well fitted to be a leader of valiant men.

Then the lord led Sir Gawain to a chamber, and commanded folk to wait upon him, and at his bidding there came men enough who brought the guest to a
60 fair bower. The bedding was noble, with curtains of pure silk wrought with gold, and wondrous coverings of fair cloth all embroidered. The curtains ran on ropes with rings of red gold, and the walls were hung with carpets of orient, and the same spread on the floor. There with mirthful speeches they took from the guest his byrnie and all his shining armor, and brought him
70 rich robes of the choicest in its stead. They were long and flowing, and became him well, and when he was clad in them, all who looked on the hero thought that surely God had never made a fairer knight; he seemed as if he might be a prince without peer in the field where men strive in battle.

Then before the hearth-place, where-
80 on the fire burned, they made ready a chair for Gawain, hung about with cloth and fair cushions; and there they cast around him a mantle of brown samite, richly embroidered and furred within with costly skins of ermine, with a hood of the same, and he seated himself in that rich seat, and warmed himself at the fire, and was cheered at heart. And while he sat thus, the serving men set up a table on trestles, and covered it
90 with a fair white cloth, and set thereon salt-cellar, and napkin, and silver spoons; and the knight washed at his will, and sat him down to meat.

The folk served him courteously with many dishes seasoned of the best, a double portion. All kinds of fish were there, some baked in bread, some broiled on the embers, some sodden, some stewed and savored with spices,
100 with all sorts of cunning devices to his taste. And often he called it a feast, when they spake gayly to him all together, and said, "Now take ye this penance, and it shall be for your amend-

55. free, open, frank. 61. bower, in medieval castles the quarters set apart for the women. 83. samite, brocaded silk. 99. sodden, boiled.

ment." Much mirth thereof did Sir Gawain make.

Then they questioned that prince courteously of whence he came; and he told them that he was of the court of Arthur, who is the rich royal king of the Round Table, and that it was Gawain himself who was within their walls, and would keep Christmas with them, as the chance had fallen out. And when the lord of the castle heard those tidings he laughed aloud for gladness, and all men in that keep were joyful that they should be in the company of him to whom belonged all fame, and valor, and courtesy, and whose honor was praised above that of all men on earth. Each said softly to his fellow: "Now shall we see courteous bearing, and the manner of speech befitting courts. What charm lieth in gentle speech shall we learn without asking, since here we have welcomed the fine father of courtesy. God has surely shown us his grace, since he sends us such a guest as Gawain! When men shall sit and sing, blithe for Christ's birth, this knight shall bring us to the knowledge of fair manners, and it may be that hearing him we may learn the cunning speech of love."

By the time the knight had risen from dinner it was near nightfall. Then chaplains took their way to the chapel, and rang loudly, even as they should, for the solemn evensong of the high feast. Thither went the lord, and the lady also, and entered with her maidens into a comely closet, and thither also went Gawain. Then the lord took him by the sleeve and led him to a seat, and called him by his name, and told him he was of all men in the world the most welcome. And Sir Gawain thanked him truly, and each kissed the other, and they sat gravely together throughout the service.

Then was the lady fain to look upon that knight; and she came forth from her closet with many fair maidens. The

fairest of ladies was she in face, and figure, and coloring, fairer even than Guinevere, so the knight thought. She came through the chancel to greet the hero; another lady held her by the left hand, older than she, and seemingly of high estate, with many nobles about her. But unlike to look upon were those ladies, for if the younger were fair, the elder was yellow. Rich red were the cheeks of the one, rough and wrinkled those of the other; the kerchiefs of the one were broidered with many glistening pearls, her throat and neck bare, and whiter than the snow that lies on the hills; the neck of the other was swathed in a gorget, with a white wimple over her black chin. Her forehead was wrapped in silk with many folds, worked with knots, so that naught of her was seen save her black brows, her eyes, her nose, and her lips, and those were bleared, and ill to look upon. A worshipful lady in sooth one might call her! In figure was she short and broad, and thickly made—far fairer to behold was she whom she led by the hand.

When Gawain beheld that fair lady, who looked at him graciously, with leave of the lord he went toward them, and, bowing low, he greeted the elder, but the younger and fairer he took lightly in his arms, and kissed her courteously, and greeted her in knightly wise. Then she hailed him as friend, and he quickly prayed to be counted as her servant, if she so willed. Then they took him between them, and talking, led him to the chamber, to the hearth, and bade them bring spices, and they brought them in plenty with the good wine that was wont to be drunk at such seasons. Then the lord sprang to his feet and bade them make merry, and took off his hood, and hung it on a spear, and bade him win the worship thereof who should make most mirth that Christmas-tide. "And I shall try,

13. **keep**, the donjon, or central tower, of a medieval castle. 28. **fair manners**. Gawain's reputation for courtesy required him to be a master of the intricate language and manners of courtly love. 39. **closet**, a small private room.

54. **chancel**, that part of a church or chapel which is shut off from the congregation by gates or railings. It includes the choir and the altar. 67. **gorget**, a collar. **wimple**, a linen or silken covering which completely conceals the throat, the neck, and sometimes the chin. At present it is worn chiefly by Catholic nuns. 86. **her servant**. This phrase and the kissing were part of the conventions of courtly love.

by my faith, to fool it with the best, by the help of my friends, ere I lose my raiment." Thus with gay words the lord made trial to gladden Gawain with jests that night, till it was time to bid them light the tapers, and Sir Gawain took leave of them and gat him to rest.

In the morn when all men call to mind how Christ our Lord was born on earth to die for us, there is joy, for his sake, in all dwellings of the world; and so was there here on that day. For high feast was held, with many dainties and cunningly cooked messes. On the dais sat gallant men, clad in their best. The ancient dame sat on the high seat, with the lord of the castle beside her. Gawain and the fair lady sat together, even in the midst of the board when the feast was served; and so throughout all the hall each sat in his degree, and was served in order. There was meat, there was mirth, there was much joy, so that to tell thereof would take me too long, though peradventure I might strive to declare it. But Gawain and that fair lady had much joy of each other's company through her sweet words and courteous converse. And there was music made before each prince, trumpets and drums, and merry pipings; each man hearkened his minstrel, and they, too, hearkened theirs.

So they held high feast that day and the next, and the third day thereafter, and the joy on Saint John's Day was fair to hearken, for 'twas the last of the feast and the guests would depart in the gray of the morning. Therefore they awoke early, and drank wine, and danced fair carols, and at last, when it was late, each man took his leave to wend early on his way. Gawain would bid his host farewell, but the lord took him by the hand, and led him to his own chamber beside the hearth, and there he thanked him for the favor he had shown him in honoring his dwelling at that high season, and gladdening his castle with his fair countenance. "I wis, sir, that while I live I shall be held

the worthier that Gawain has been my guest at God's own feast."

"Gramercy, sir," quoth Gawain, "in good faith, all the honor is yours; may the High King give it you, and I am but at your will to work your behest, inasmuch as I am beholden to you in great and small by rights."

Then the lord did his best to persuade the knight to tarry with him, but Gawain answered that he might in no wise do so. Then the host asked him courteously what stern behest had driven him at the holy season from the King's court, to fare all alone, ere yet the feast was ended.

"Forsooth," quoth the knight, "ye say but the truth; 'tis a high quest and a pressing that hath brought me afild, for I am summoned myself to a certain place, and I know not whither in the world I may wend to find it; so help me Christ, I would give all the kingdom of Logres an I might find it by New Year's morn. Therefore, sir, I make request of you that ye tell me truly if ye ever heard word of the Green Chapel, where it may be found, and the Green Knight that keeps it. For I am pledged by solemn compact sworn between us to meet that knight at the New Year if so I were on life; and of that same New Year it wants but little—I' faith, I would look on that hero more joyfully than on any other fair sight! Therefore, by your will, it behooves me to leave you, for I have but barely three days, and I would as fain fall dead as fail of mine errand."

Then the lord quoth, laughing: "Now must ye needs stay, for I will show you your goal, the Green Chapel, ere your term be at an end, have ye no fear! But ye can take your ease, friend, in your bed, till the fourth day, and go forth on the first of the year and come to that place at mid-morn to do as ye will. Dwell here till New Year's Day, and then rise and set forth, and ye shall be set in the way; 'tis not two miles hence."

Then was Gawain glad, and he laughed gayly. "Now I thank you for

37. *Saint John's Day*, December 27. 51. I wis, in truth, or I think.

76. an, if.

this above all else. Now my quest is achieved, I will dwell here at your will, and otherwise do as ye shall ask."

Then the lord took him, and set him beside him, and bade the ladies be fetched for their greater pleasure, though between themselves they had solace. The lord, for gladness, made merry jest, even as one who wist not what to do for joy; and he cried aloud to the knight, "Ye have promised to do the thing I bid ye; will ye hold to this behest, here, at once?"

"Yea, forsooth," said that true knight; "while I abide in your burg I am bound by your behest."

"Ye have traveled from far," said the host, "and since then ye have waked with me, ye are not well refreshed by rest and sleep, as I know. Ye shall therefore abide in your chamber, and lie at your ease tomorrow at Mass-tide, and go to meat when ye will with my wife, who shall sit with you, and comfort you with her company till I return; and I shall rise early and go forth to the chase." And Gawain agreed to all this courteously.

"Sir knight," quoth the host, "we will make a covenant. Whatsoever I win in the wood shall be yours, and whatever may fall to your share, that shall ye exchange for it. Let us swear, friend, to make this exchange, however our hap may be, for worse or for better."

"I grant ye your will," quoth Gawain the good; "if ye list so to do, it liketh me well."

"Bring hither the wine-cup; the bargain is made"—so said the lord of that castle. They laughed each one, and drank of the wine, and made merry, these lords and ladies, as it pleased them. Then with gay talk and merry jest they rose, and stood, and spoke softly, and kissed courteously, and took leave of each other. With burning torches, and many a serving-man, was each led to his couch; yet ere they gat them to bed the old lord oft repeated their covenant, for he knew well how to make sport.

III

Full early, ere daylight, the folk rose up; the guests who would depart called their grooms, and they made them ready, and saddled the steeds, tightened up the girths, and trussed up their mails. The knights, all arrayed for riding, leaped up lightly, and took their bridles, and each rode his way as pleased him best.

The lord of the land was not the last. Ready for the chase, with many of his men, he ate a sop hastily when he had heard Mass, and then with blast of the bugle fared forth to the field. He and his nobles were to horse ere daylight glimmered upon the earth.

Then the huntsmen coupled their hounds, unclosed the kennel door, and called them out. They blew three blasts gayly on the bugles, the hounds bayed fiercely, and they that would go a-hunting checked and chastised them. A hundred hunters there were of the best, so I have heard tell. Then the trackers gat them to the trysting-place and uncoupled the hounds, and the forest rang again with their gay blasts.

At the first sound of the hunt the game quaked for fear, and fled, trembling, along the vale. They betook them to the heights, but the liers-in-wait turned them back with loud cries; the harts they let pass them, and the stags with their spreading antlers, for the lord had forbidden that they should be slain, but the hinds and the does they turned back, and drove down into the valleys. Then might ye see much shooting of arrows. As the deer fled under the boughs a broad whistling shaft smote and wounded each sorely, so that, wounded and bleeding, they fell dying on the banks. The hounds followed swiftly on their tracks, and

57. **trussed up their mails**, tied up their bundles.
64. **sop**, a piece of bread or cake dipped in wine or milk. It formed a light medieval breakfast much like the present continental breakfast of coffee and rolls.
69. **Then the huntsmen**, etc. Compare these descriptions of hunting with those of Morris in "Atlanta's Race" (page 277) and Scott in *The Lady of the Lake*. 86. **hart**, the male of the red deer. Today hunters spare the does and kill the harts. 89. **hind**, the female of the red deer.

hunters, blowing the horn, sped after them with ringing shouts as if the cliffs burst asunder. What game escaped those that shot was run down at the outer ring. Thus were they driven on the hills, and harassed at the waters, so well did the men know their work, and the greyhounds were so great and swift that they ran them down as fast as the hunters could slay them. Thus the lord passed the day in mirth and joyfulness, even to nightfall.

So the lord roamed the woods, and Gawain, that good knight, lay ever abed, curtained about, under the costly coverlet, while the daylight gleamed on the walls. And as he lay half slumbering, he heard a little sound at the door, and he raised his head, and caught back a corner of the curtain, and waited to see what it might be. It was the lovely lady, the lord's wife; she shut the door softly behind her, and turned toward the bed; and Gawain was shamed, and laid him down softly and made as if he slept. And she came lightly to the bedside, within the curtain, and sat herself down beside him, to wait till he wakened. The knight lay there a while, and marveled within himself what her coming might betoken; and he said to himself, "Twere more seemly if I asked her what hath brought her hither." Then he made feint to waken, and turned toward her, and opened his eyes as one astonished, and crossed himself; and she looked on him laughing, with her cheeks red and white, lovely to behold, and small, smiling lips.

"Good-morrow, Sir Gawain," said that fair lady; "ye are but a careless sleeper, since one can enter thus. Now are ye taken unawares, and lest ye escape me I shall bind you in your bed; of that be ye assured!" Laughing, she spake these words.

"Good-morrow, fair lady," quoth Gawain blithely. "I will do your will, as it likes me well. For I yield me readily, and pray your grace, and that is best, by my faith, since I needs must do so." Thus he jested again, laughing. "But an ye would, fair lady, grant me this grace that ye pray your prisoner to rise.

I would get me from bed, and array me better; then could I talk with ye in more comfort."

"Nay, forsooth, fair sir," quoth the lady, "ye shall not rise; I will rede ye better. I shall keep ye here, since ye can do no other, and talk with my knight whom I have captured. For I know well that ye are Sir Gawain, whom all the world worships, wheresoever ye may ride. Your honor and your courtesay are praised by lords and ladies, by all who live. Now ye are here and we are alone; my lord and his men are afiel, the serving men in their beds, and my maidens also, and the door shut upon us. And since in this hour I have him that all men love, I shall use my time well with speech, while it lasts. Ye are welcome to my company, for it behooves me in sooth to be your servant."

"In good faith," quoth Gawain, "I think me that I am not him of whom ye speak, for unworthy am I of such service as ye here proffer. In sooth, I were glad if I might set myself by word or service to your pleasure; a pure joy would it be to me!"

"In good faith, Sir Gawain," quoth the gay lady, "the praise and the prowess that pleases all ladies I lack them not, nor hold them light; yet are there ladies enough who would liever now have the knight in their hold, as I have ye here, to dally with your courteous words, to bring them comfort and to ease their cares, than much of the treasure and the gold that are theirs. And now, through the grace of Him who upholds the heavens, I have wholly in my power that which they all desire!"

Thus the lady, fair to look upon, made him great cheer, and Sir Gawain, with modest words, answered her again: "Madam," he quoth, "may Mary requite ye, for in good faith I have found in ye a noble frankness. Much courtesay have other folk shown me, but the honor they have done me is naught to the worship of yourself, who knoweth but good."

"By Mary," quoth the lady, "I think otherwise; for were I worth all the women alive and had I the wealth of the world in my hand, and might choose me a lord to my liking, then, for all that I have seen in ye, Sir Knight, of beauty and courtesy and blithe semblance, and for all that I have hearkened and hold for true, there should be no knight on earth to be chosen before ye."

"Well I wot," quoth Sir Gawain, "that ye have chosen a better; but I am proud that ye should so prize me, and as your servant do I hold ye my sovereign, and your knight am I, and may Christ reward ye."

So they talked of many matters till mid-morn was past, and ever the lady made as though she loved him, and the knight turned her speech aside. For though she were the brightest of maidens, yet had he forborne to show her love for the danger that awaited him, and the blow that must be given without delay.

Then the lady prayed her leave from him, and he granted it readily. And she gave him good-day, with laughing glance, but he must needs marvel at her words:

"Now He that speeds fair speech reward ye this disport; but that ye be Gawain my mind misdoubts me greatly."

"Wherefore?" quoth the knight quickly, fearing lest he had lacked in some courtesy.

And the lady spake: "So true a knight as Gawain is holden, and one so perfect in courtesy would never have tarried so long with a lady but he would of his courtesy have craved a kiss at parting."

Then quoth Gawain, "I wot I will do even as it may please ye, and kiss at your commandment, as a true knight should who forbears to ask for fear of displeasure."

At that she came near and bent down and kissed the knight, and each commended the other to Christ, and she went forth from the chamber softly.

Then Sir Gawain rose and called his chamberlain and chose his garments, and when he was ready he gat him forth to Mass, and then went to meat, and made merry all day till the rising of the moon, and never had a knight fairer lodging than had he with those two noble ladies, the elder and the younger.

And ever the lord of the land chased the hinds through holt and heath till eventide, and then with much blowing of bugles and baying of hounds they bore the game homeward; and by the time daylight was done all the folk had returned to that fair castle. And when the lord and Sir Gawain met together, then were they both well pleased. The lord commanded them all to assemble in the great hall, and the ladies to descend with their maidens, and there, before them all, he bade the men fetch in the spoil of the day's hunting, and he called unto Gawain, and counted the tale of the beasts, and showed them unto him, and said, "What think ye of this game, Sir Knight? Have I deserved of ye thanks for my woodcraft?"

"Yea, I wis," quoth the other; "here is the fairest spoil I have seen this seven year in the winter season."

"And all this do I give ye, Gawain," quoth the host; "for by accord of covenant ye may claim it as your own."

"That, in sooth," quoth the other, "I grant you that same; and I have fairly won this within walls, and with as good will do I yield it to ye." With that he clasped his hands round the lord's neck and kissed him as courteously as he might. "Take ye here my spoils; no more have I won; ye should have it freely, though it were greater than this."

"Tis good," said the host; "gramercy thereof. Yet were I fain to know where ye won this same favor, and if it were by your own wit?"

"Nay," answered Gawain, "that was not in the bond. Ask me no more. Ye have taken what was yours by right; be content with that."

7. *semblance*, appearance. 32. *disport*, entertainment. 39. *holden*, held to be, considered.

54. *chamberlain*, the attendant whose duty it was to care for Gawain's needs while he was a guest in the castle. 62. *holt*, a small wood, or wooded hill. 76. *tale*, number. 96. *gramercy*, thanks.

They laughed and jested together, and sat them down to supper, where they were served with many dainties; and after supper they sat by the hearth, and wine was served out to them; and oft in their jesting they promised to observe on the morrow the same covenant that they had made before, and whatever chance might betide, to exchange their spoil, be it much or little, when they met at night. Thus they renewed their bargain before the whole court, and then the night-drink was served, and each courteously took leave of the other and gat him to bed.

By the time the cock had crowed thrice the lord of the castle had left his bed; Mass was sung and meat fitly served. The folk were forth to the wood ere the day broke; with hound and horn they rode over the plain, and uncoupled their dogs among the thorns. Soon they struck on the scent, and the hunt cheered on the hounds who were first to seize it, urging them with shouts. The others hastened to the cry, forty at once, and there rose such a clamor from the pack that the rocks rang again. The huntsmen spurred them on with shouting and blasts of the horn; and the hounds drew together to a thicket betwixt the water and a high crag in the cliff beneath the hillside. There where the rough rock fell ruggedly they, the huntsmen, fared to the finding, and cast about round the hill and the thicket behind them. The knights wist well what beast was within, and would drive him forth with the bloodhounds. And as they beat the bushes, suddenly over the beaters there rushed forth a wondrous great and fierce boar; long since had he left the herd to roam by himself. Grunting, he cast many to the ground, and fled forth at his best speed, without more mischief. The men hallooed loudly and cried, "Hay! Hay!" and blew the horns to urge on the hounds, and rode swiftly after the boar. Many a time did he turn to bay and tare the hounds, and

they yelped, and howled shrilly. Then the men made ready their arrows and shot at him, but the points were turned on his thick hide, and the barbs would not bite upon him, for the shafts shivered in pieces, and the head but leaped again wherever it hit.

But when the boar felt the stroke of the arrows he waxed mad with rage, and turned on the hunters and tare many, so that, affrighted, they fled before him. But the lord on a swift steed pursued him, blowing his bugle; as a gallant knight he rode through the woodland chasing the boar till the sun grew low.

So did the hunters this day, while Sir Gawain lay in his bed lapped in rich gear; and the lady forgat not to salute him, for early was she at his side, to cheer his mood.

She came to the bedside and looked on the knight, and Gawain gave her fit greeting, and she greeted him again with ready words, and sat her by his side and laughed, and with a sweet look she spake to him:

"Sir, if ye be Gawain, I think it a wonder that ye be so stern and cold, and care not for the courtesies of friendship, but if one teach ye to know them ye cast the lesson out of your mind. Ye have soon forgotten what I taught ye yesterday, by all the truest tokens that I knew!"

"What is that?" quoth the knight. "I trow I know not. If it be sooth that ye say, then is the blame mine own."

"But I taught ye of kissing," quoth the fair lady. "Wherever a fair countenance is shown him, it behooves a courteous knight quickly to claim a kiss."

"Nay, my dear," said Sir Gawain, "cease that speech; that durst I not do lest I were denied, for if I were forbidden I wot I were wrong did I further entreat."

"I' faith," quoth the lady merrily, "ye may not be forbid; ye are strong enough to constrain by strength an ye will, were any so discourteous as to give ye denial."

"Yea, by heaven," said Gawain, "ye speak well; but threats profit little in the

35. *fared to the finding*, i.e., they proceeded to surround the place which contained the game, and then routed it out. 51. *tare*, tore.

land where I dwell, and so with a gift that is given not of good will! I am at your commandment to kiss when ye like, to take or to leave as ye list."

Then the lady bent her down and kissed him courteously.

And as they spake together she said, "I would learn somewhat from ye, an ye would not be wroth, for young ye are and fair, and so courteous and knightly as ye are known to be, the head of all chivalry, and versed in all wisdom of love and war— 'tis ever told of true knights how they adventured their lives for their true love, and endured hardships for her favors, and avenged her with valor, and eased her sorrows, and brought joy to her bower; and ye are the fairest knight of your time, and your fame and your honor are everywhere, yet I have sat by ye here twice, and never a word have I heard of love! Ye who are so courteous and skilled in such love ought surely to teach one so young and unskilled some little craft of true love! Why are ye so unlearned who art otherwise so famous? Or is it that ye deemed me unworthy to hearken to your teaching? For shame, Sir Knight! I come hither alone and sit at your side to learn of ye some skill; teach me of your wit, while my lord is from home."

"In good faith," quoth Gawain, "great is my joy and my profit that so fair a lady as ye are should deign to come hither, and trouble ye with so poor a man, and make sport with your knight with kindly countenance; it pleaseth me much. But that I, in my turn, should take it upon me to tell of love and such like matters to ye who know more by half, or a hundred fold, of such craft than I do, or ever shall in all my lifetime, by my troth 'twere folly indeed! I will work your will to the best of my might as I am bounden, and evermore will I be your servant, so help me Christ!"

Then often with guile she questioned that knight that she might win him to woo her, but he defended himself so fairly that none might in any wise blame him, and naught but bliss and

harmless jesting was there between them. They laughed and talked together till at last she kissed him, and craved her leave of him, and went her way.

Then the knight arose and went forth to Mass, and afterwards dinner was served, and he sat and spake with the ladies all day. But the lord of the castle rode ever over the land chasing the wild boar, that fled through the thickets, slaying the best of his hounds and breaking their backs in sunder; till at last he was so weary he might run no longer, but made for a hole in a mound by a rock. He got the mound at his back and faced the hounds, whetting his white tusks and foaming at the mouth. The huntsmen stood aloof, fearing to draw nigh him; so many of them had been already wounded that they were loath to be torn with his tusks, so fierce he was and mad with rage. At length the lord himself came up, and saw the beast at bay, and the men standing aloof. Then quickly he sprang to the ground and drew out a bright blade, and waded through the stream to the boar.

When the beast was aware of the knight with weapon in hand, he set up his bristles and snorted loudly, and many feared for their lord lest he should be slain. Then the boar leaped upon the knight so that beast and man were one atop of the other in the water; but the boar had the worst of it, for the man had marked, even as he sprang, and set the point of his brand to the beast's chest, and drove it up to the hilt, so that the heart was split in twain, and the boar fell snarling, and was swept down by the water to where a hundred hounds seized on him, and the men drew him to shore for the dogs to slay.

Then was there loud blowing of horns and baying of hounds; the huntsmen smote off the boar's head, and hung the carcass by the four feet to a stout pole, and so went on their way homeward. The head they bore before the lord himself, who had slain the beast at the ford by force of his strong hand.

46. **bounden**, obligated.

91. **brand**, sword.

It seemed him o'er long ere he saw Sir Gawain in the hall, and he called, and the guest came to take that which fell to his share. And when he saw Gawain the lord laughed aloud, and bade them call the ladies and the household together, and he showed them the game, and told them the tale, how they hunted the wild boar through the woods, and of his length and breadth and height; and Sir
10 Gawain commended his deeds and praised him for his valor, well proved, for so mighty a beast had he never seen before.

Then they handled the huge head, and the lord said aloud, "Now, Gawain, this game is your own by sure covenant, as ye right well know."

"'Tis sooth," quoth the knight, "and
20 as truly will I give ye all I have gained." He took the host round the neck, and kissed him courteously twice. "Now are we quits," he said, "this eventide, of all the covenants that we made since I came hither."

And the lord answered, "By Saint Giles, ye are the best I know; ye will be rich in a short space if ye drive such bargains!"

30 Then they set up the tables on trestles, and covered them with fair cloths, and lit waxen tapers on the walls. The knights sat and were served in the hall, and much game and glee was there round the hearth, with many songs, both at supper and after; song of Christmas, and new carols, with all the mirth one may think of. And ever that lovely lady sat by the knight, and with still
40 stolen looks made such feint of pleasing him that Gawain marveled much, and was wroth with himself, but he could not for his courtesy return her fair glances, but dealt with her cunningly, however she might strive to wrest the thing.

When they had tarried in the hall so long as it seemed them good, they turned to the inner chamber and the wide

hearthplace, and there they drank wine, and the host proffered to renew the covenant for New Year's Eve; but the knight craved leave to depart on the morrow, for it was nigh to the term when he must fulfill his pledge. But the lord would withhold him from so doing, and prayed him to tarry, and said:

"As I am a true knight I swear my troth that ye shall come to the Green Chapel to achieve your task on New
60 Year's morn, long before prime. Therefore abide ye in your bed, and I will hunt in this wood, and hold ye to the covenant to exchange with me against all the spoil I may bring hither. For twice have I tried ye, and found ye true, and the morrow shall be the third time and the best. Make we merry now while we may, and think on joy, for misfortune may take a man whensoever
70 it wills."

Then Gawain granted his request, and they brought them drink, and they gat them with lights to bed.

Sir Gawain lay and slept softly, but the lord, who was keen on woodcraft, was afoot early. After mass he and his men ate a morsel, and he asked for his steed; all the knights who should ride with him were already mounted before
80 the hall gates.

'Twas a fair, frosty morning, for the sun rose red in ruddy vapor, and the welkin was clear of clouds. The hunters scattered them by a forest side, and the rocks rang again with the blast of their horns. Some came on the scent of a fox, and a hound gave tongue; the huntsmen shouted, and the pack followed in a crowd on the trail. The fox ran before
90 them, and when they saw him they pursued him with noise and much shouting, and he wound and turned through many a thick grove, often cowering and hearkening in a hedge. At last by a little ditch he leaped out of a spinney, stole away slyly by a copse path, and so out of the wood and away from the hounds. But he went, ere he wist, to a

26. **Saint Giles**. He lived near Nîmes, France, in the sixth century and was the patron saint of the woodlands, of the stricken animals of the forest, and of the miserable among mankind, like cripples and lepers. He was especially venerated in England and Scotland during the Middle Ages. 34. **game**, sport, jest. 40. **feint**, pretense.

61. **prime**, early morning; between 6 and 9 A.M. 96. **spinney**, a thicket. 97. **copse**, a grove of second-growth trees which are cut out for firewood and then grow up again.

chosen tryst, and three started forth on him at once; so he must needs double back, and betake him to the wood again.

Then was it joyful to hearken to the hounds; when all the pack had met together and had sight of their game, they made as loud a din as if all the lofty cliffs had fallen clattering together. The huntsmen shouted and threatened, and followed close upon him so that he might scarce escape, but Reynard was wily, and he turned and doubled upon them, and led the lord and his men over the hills, now on the slopes, now in the vales, while the knight at home slept through the cold morning beneath his costly curtains.

But the fair lady of the castle rose betimes, and clad herself in a rich mantle that reached even to the ground, left her throat and her fair neck bare, and was bordered and lined with costly furs. On her head she wore no golden circlet, but a network of precious stones, that gleamed and shone through her tresses in clusters of twenty together. Thus she came into the chamber, closed the door after her, and set open a window, and called to him gayly, "Sir Knight, how may ye sleep? The morning is so fair."

Sir Gawain was deep in slumber, and in his dream he vexed him much for the destiny that should befall him on the morrow, when he should meet the knight at the Green Chapel, and abide his blow; but when the lady spake he heard her, and came to himself, and roused from his dream, and answered swiftly. The lady came laughing, and kissed him courteously, and he welcomed her fittingly with a cheerful countenance. He saw her so glorious and gayly dressed, so faultless of features and complexion, that it warmed his heart to look upon her.

They spake to each other smiling, and all was bliss and good cheer between them. They exchanged fair words, and much happiness was therein; yet was there a gulf between them, and she might win no more of her knight, for that gallant prince watched well his

words—he would neither take her love nor frankly refuse it. He cared for his courtesy, lest he be deemed churlish, and yet more for his honor lest he be traitor to his host. "God forbid," quoth he to himself, "that it should so befall." Thus with courteous words did he set aside all the special speeches that came from her lips.

Then spake the lady to the knight: "Ye deserve blame if ye hold not that lady who sits beside ye above all else in the world, if ye have not already a love whom ye hold dearer, and like better, and have sworn such firm faith to that lady that ye care not to loose it—and that am I now fain to believe. And now I pray ye straitly that ye tell me that in truth, and hide it not."

And the knight answered, "By Saint John"—and he smiled as he spake—"no such love have I, nor do I think to have yet a while."

"That is the worst word I may hear," quoth the lady, "but in sooth I have mine answer; kiss me now courteously, and I will go hence. I can but mourn as a maiden that loves much."

Sighing, she stooped down and kissed him, and then she rose up and spake as she stood, "Now, dear, at our parting do me this grace: give me some gift, if it were but thy glove, that I may bethink me of my knight, and lessen my mourning."

"Now, I wis," quoth the knight, "I would that I had here the most precious thing that I possess on earth that I might leave ye as love-token, great or small, for ye have deserved forsooth more reward than I might give ye. But it is not to your honor to have at this time a glove for reward as gift from Gawain, and I am here on a strange errand, and have no man with me, nor mails with goodly things—that mislikes me much, lady, at this time; but each man must fare as he is taken, if for sorrow and ill."

"Nay, knight highly honored," quoth that lovesome lady, "though I have naught of yours, yet shall ye have somewhat of mine." With that she reached

1. *tryst*, a meeting-place; here, a hunter's blind.

71. *straitly*, strictly. 99. *mails*, chests.

him a ring of red gold with a sparkling stone therein, that shone even as the sun—wit ye well, it was worth many marks—but the knight refused it, and spake readily:

"I will take no gift, lady, at this time. I have none to give, and none will I take."

She prayed him to take it, but he refused her prayer, and sware in sooth that he would not have it.

The lady was sorely vexed, and said, "If ye refuse my ring as too costly, that ye will not be so highly beholden to me, I will give you my girdle as a lesser gift." With that she loosened a lace that was fastened at her side, knit upon her kirtle under her mantle. It was wrought of green silk, and gold, only braided by the fingers, and that she offered to the knight, and besought him though it were of little worth that he would take it, and he said nay, he would touch neither gold nor gear ere God give him grace to achieve the adventure for which he had come hither. "And therefore, I pray ye, displease ye not, and ask me no longer, for I may not grant it. I am dearly beholden to ye for the favor ye have shown me, and ever, in heat and cold, will I be your true servant."

"Now," said the lady, "ye refuse this silk, for it is simple in itself, and so it seems, indeed; lo, it is small to look upon and less in cost, but whoso knew the virtue that is knit therein he would, per-adventure, value it more highly. For whatever knight is girded with this green lace, while he bears it knotted about him, there is no man under heaven can overcome him, for he may not be slain for any magic on earth."

Then Gawain bethought him, and it came into his heart that this were a jewel for the jeopardy that awaited him when he came to the Green Chapel to seek the return blow—could he so order it that he should escape unslain, 'twere a craft worth trying. Then he bare with her chiding, and let her say her say, and she pressed the girdle on him and prayed him to take it, and he granted her

prayer, and she gave it him with good will, and besought him for her sake never to reveal it but to hide it loyally from her lord; and the knight agreed that never should any man know it, save they two alone. He thanked her often and heartily, and she kissed him for the third time.

Then she took her leave of him, and when she was gone Sir Gawain rose, and clad him in rich attire, and took the girdle, and knotted it round him, and hid it beneath his robes. Then he took his way to the chapel, and sought out a priest privily and prayed him to teach him better how his soul might be saved when he should go hence; and there he shrived him, and showed his misdeeds, both great and small, and besought mercy and craved absolution; and the priest assoiled him, and set him as clean as if doomsday had been on the morrow. And afterwards Sir Gawain made him merry with the ladies, with carols, and all kinds of joy, as never he did but that one day, even to nightfall; and all the men marveled at him, and said that never since he came thither had he been so merry.

Meanwhile the lord of the castle was abroad chasing the fox; awhile he lost him, and as he rode through a spinney he heard the hounds near at hand, and Reynard came creeping through a thick grove, with all the pack at his heels. Then the lord drew out his shining brand, and cast it at the beast, and the fox swerved aside for the sharp edge, and would have doubled back, but a hound was on him ere he might turn, and right before the horse's feet they all fell on him, and worried him fiercely, snarling the while.

Then the lord leaped from his saddle, and caught the fox from the jaws, and held it aloft over his head, and hallooed loudly, and many brave hounds bayed as they beheld it; and the hunters hied them thither, blowing their horns; all that bare bugles blew them at once, and all the others shouted. 'Twas the merriest meeting that ever men heard, the

4. mark, a small medieval coin worth about twenty-four cents. 13. beholden, in debt. 16. knit, knotted. kirtle, gown. 23. gear, garments, armor. 48. craft, trick.

69. shrived, confessed himself. 72. assoiled, absolved from sin.

clamor that was raised at the death of the fox. They rewarded the hounds, stroking them and rubbing their heads, and took Reynard and stripped him of his coat; then blowing their horns, they turned them homeward, for it was nigh nightfall.

The lord was gladsome at his return, and found a bright fire on the hearth, and the knight beside it, the good Sir Gawain, who was in joyous mood for the pleasure he had had with the ladies. He wore a robe of blue, that reached even to the ground, and a surcoat richly furred, that became him well. A hood like to the surcoat fell on his shoulders, and all alike were done about with fur. He met the host in the midst of the floor, and jesting, he greeted him, and said, "Now shall I be first to fulfill our covenant which we made together when there was no lack of wine." Then he embraced the knight, and kissed him thrice, as solemnly as he might.

"Of a sooth," quoth the other, "ye have good luck in the matter of this covenant, if ye made a good exchange!"

"Yet it matters naught of the exchange," quoth Gawain, "since what I owe is swiftly paid."

"Marry," said the other, "mine is behind, for I have hunted all this day, and naught have I got but this foul fox-skin, and that is but poor payment for three such kisses as ye have here given me."

"Enough," quoth Sir Gawain; "I thank ye, by the Rood."

Then the lord told them of his hunting, and how the fox had been slain.

With mirth and minstrelsy, and dainties at their will, they made them as merry as a folk well might till 'twas time for them to sever, for at last they must needs betake them to their beds. Then the knight took his leave of the lord, and thanked him fairly.

"For the fair sojourn that I have had here at this high feast may the High King give ye honor. I give ye myself, as one of your servants, if ye so like; for I must needs, as you know, go hence with

the morn, and ye will give me, as ye promised, a guide to show me the way to the Green Chapel, an God will suffer me on New Year's Day to deal the doom of my weird."

"By my faith," quoth the host, "all that ever I promised, that shall I keep with good will." Then he gave him a servant to set him in the way, and lead him by the downs, that he should have no need to ford the stream, and should fare by the shortest road through the groves; and Gawain thanked the lord for the honor done him. Then he would take leave of the ladies, and courteously he kissed them, and spake, praying them to receive his thanks, and they made like reply; then with many sighs they commended him to Christ, and he departed courteously from that fold. Each man that he met he thanked him for his service and his solace, and the pains he had been at to do his will; and each found it as hard to part from the knight as if he had ever dwelt with him.

Then they led him with torches to his chamber, and brought him to his bed to rest. That he slept soundly I may not say, for the morrow gave him much to think on. Let him rest awhile, for he was near that which he sought, and if ye will but listen to me I will tell ye how it fared with him thereafter.

IV

Now the New Year drew nigh, and the night passed, and the day chased the darkness, as is God's will; but wild weather wakened therewith. The clouds cast the cold to the earth, with enough of the north to slay them that lacked clothing. The snow drave smartly, and the whistling wind blew from the heights, and made great drifts in the valleys. The knight, lying in his bed, listened, for though his eyes were shut, he might sleep but little, and hearkened every cock that crew.

57. *weird*, the Anglo-Saxon word for *fate*. Shakespeare speaks in *Macbeth* of the three witches as "the weird sisters." The usual expression was "to dree one's weird," i.e., to submit to one's fate.

38. *Rood*, the cross of Christ.

He arose ere the day broke, by the light of a lamp that burned in his chamber, and called to his chamberlain, bidding him bring his armor and saddle his steed. The other gat him up, and fetched his garments, and robed Sir Gawain.

First he clad him in his clothes to keep off the cold, and then in his harness, which was well and fairly kept. Both hauberk and plates were well burnished, the rings of the rich byrnie freed from rust, and all as fresh as at first, so that the knight was fain to thank them. Then he did on each piece, and bade them bring his steed, while he put the fairest raiment on himself; his coat with its fair cognizance, adorned with precious stones upon velvet, with broidered seams, and all furred within with costly skins. And he left not the lace, the lady's gift, that Gawain forgot not, for his own good. When he had girded on his sword he wrapped the gift twice about him, swathed around his waist. The girdle of green silk set gayly and well upon the royal red cloth, rich to behold, but the knight ware it not for pride of the pendants, polished though they were with fair gold that gleamed brightly on the ends, but to save himself from sword and knife, when it behooved him to abide his hurt without question. With that the hero went forth, and thanked that kindly folk full often.

Then was Gringalet ready, that was great and strong, and had been well cared for and tended in every wise; in fair condition was that proud steed, and fit for a journey. Then Gawain went to him, and looked on his coat, and said by his sooth: "There is a folk in this place that thinketh on honor; much joy may they have, and the lord who maintains them, and may all good betide that lovely lady all her life long. Since they for charity cherish a guest, and hold honor in their hands, may He who holds the heaven on high requite them, and also ye all. And if I might live anywhere on earth, I would give ye

full reward, readily, if so I might." Then he set foot in the stirrup and bestrode his steed, and his squire gave him his shield, which he laid on his shoulder. Then he smote Gringalet with his golden spurs, and the steed pranced on the stones and would stand no longer.

By that his man was mounted, who bare his spear and lance, and Gawain quoth, "I commend this castle to Christ; may he give it ever good fortune." Then the drawbridge was let down, and the broad gates unbarred and opened on both sides; the knight crossed himself, and passed through the gateway, and praised the porter, who knelt before the prince, and gave him good-day, and commended him to God. Thus the knight went on his way with the one man who should guide him to that dread place where he should receive rueful payment.

The two went by hedges where the boughs were bare, and climbed the cliffs where the cold clings. Naught fell from the heavens, but 'twas ill beneath them; mist brooded over the moor and hung on the mountains; each hill had a cap, a great cloak, of mist. The streams foamed and bubbled between their banks, dashing sparkling on the shores where they shelved downward. Rugged and dangerous was the way through the woods, till it was time for the sunrising. Then were they on a high hill; the snow lay white beside them, and the man who rode with Gawain drew rein by his master.

"Sir," he said, "I have brought ye hither, and now ye are not far from the place that ye have sought so specially. But I will tell ye for sooth, since I know ye well, and ye are such a knight as I well love, would ye follow my counsel ye would fare the better. The place whither ye go is accounted full perilous, for he who liveth in that waste is the worst on earth, for he is strong and fierce; and loveth to deal mighty blows; taller he is than any man on earth, and

94. place that ye have sought. Cf. this description with that of Grendel's pool in *Beowulf* (page 29, lines 24 ff.).

18. cognizance, heraldic bearing, coat-of-arms.

greater of frame than any four in Arthur's court, or in any other. And this is his custom at the Green Chapel: there may no man pass by that place, however proud his arms, but he does him to death by force of his hand, for he is a discourteous knight, and shows no mercy. Be he churl or chaplain who rides by that chapel, monk or Mass-priest, or any man else, he thinks it as pleasant to slay them as to pass alive himself. Therefore, I tell ye, as sooth as ye sit in saddle, if ye come there and that knight know it, ye shall be slain, though ye had twenty lives; trow me that truly! He has dwelt here full long and seen many a combat; ye may not defend ye against his blows. Therefore, good Sir Gawain, let the man be, and get ye away some other road; for God's sake seek ye another land, and there may Christ speed ye! And I will hie me home again, and I promise ye further that I will swear by God and the saints, or any other oath ye please, that I will keep counsel faithfully, and never let any wit the tale that ye fled for fear of any man."

"Gramercy," quoth Gawain, but ill-pleased. "Good fortune be his who wishes me good, and that thou wouldst keep faith with me I will believe; but didst thou keep it never so truly, an I passed here and fled for fear as thou sayest, then were I a coward knight, and might not be held guiltless. So I will to the chapel, let chance what may, and talk with that man, even as I may list, whether for weal or for woe, as fate may have it. Fierce though he may be in fight, yet God knoweth well how to save his servants."

"Well," quoth the other, "now that ye have said so much that ye will take your own harm on yourself, and ye be pleased to lose your life, I will neither let nor keep ye. Have here your helm and the spear in your hand, and ride down this same road beside the rock till ye come to the bottom of the valley, and there look a little to the left hand, and ye shall see in that vale the chapel,

and the grim man who keeps it. Now fare ye well, noble Gawain; for all the gold on earth I would not go with ye nor bear ye fellowship one step farther." With that the man turned his bridle into the wood, smote the horse with his spurs as hard as he could, and galloped off, leaving the knight alone. 60

Quoth Gawain, "I will neither greet nor groan, but commend myself to God, and yield me to his will."

Then the knight spurred Gringaleit, and rode adown the path close in by a bank beside a grove. So he rode through the rough thicket, right into the dale, and there he halted, for it seemed him wild enough. No sign of a chapel could he see, but high and burnt banks on either side and rough, rugged crags with great stones above. An ill-looking place he thought it. 70

Then he drew in his horse and looked round to seek the chapel, but he saw none and thought it strange. Then he saw as it were a mound on a level space of land by a bank beside the stream where it ran swiftly; the water bubbled within as if boiling. The knight turned 80 his steed to the mound, and lighted down and tied the rein to the branch of a linden; and he turned to the mound and walked round it, questioning with himself what it might be. It had a hole at the end and at either side, and was overgrown with clumps of grass, and it was hollow within as an old cave or the crevice of a crag; he knew not what it might be. 90

"Ah," quoth Gawain, "can this be the Green Chapel? Here might the devil say his matins at midnight! Now I wis there is wizardry here. 'Tis an ugly oratory, all overgrown with grass, and 'twould well beseem that fellow in green to say his devotions on devil's wise. Now feel I in five wits, 'tis the foul fiend himself who hath set me this tryst, to destroy me here! This is a 100 chapel of mischance; ill-luck betide it,

61. greet, weep. Compare this scene with Hrothgar's description of Grendel's pool and Beowulf's reply (page 29). 90. what it might be. The Green Chapel was probably a burial mound, in which were supposed to lurk fairies or monsters. Great Britain and Ireland are filled with such mounds. 93. matins, morning prayers. 95. oratory, place for prayer; small chapel. 98. wits, senses.

'tis the cursedest kirk that ever I came in!"

10 Helmet on head and lance in hand, he came up to the rough dwelling, when he heard over the high hill beyond the brook, as it were in a bank, a wondrous fierce noise, that rang in the cliff as if it would cleave asunder. 'Twas as if one ground a scythe on a grindstone; it whirled and whetted like water on a mill-wheel and rushed and rang, terrible to hear.

20 "By God," quoth Gawain, "I trow that gear is preparing for the knight who will meet me here. Alas! naught may help me, yet should my life be forfeit, I fear not a jot!" With that he called aloud: "Who waiteth in this place to give me tryst? Now is Gawain come hither; if any man will aught of him, let him hasten hither now or never."

30 "Stay," quoth one on the bank above his head, "and ye shall speedily have that which I promised ye." Yet for a while the noise of whetting went on ere he appeared, and then he came forth from a cave in the crag with a fell weapon, a Danish ax newly dight, wherewith to deal the blow. An evil head it had, four feet large, no less, sharply ground, and bound to the handle by the lace that gleamed brightly. And the knight himself was all green as before, face and foot, locks and beard, but now he was afoot. When he came to the water he would not wade it, but sprang over with the pole of his ax, and strode boldly over the bent that was white with snow.

40 Sir Gawain went to meet him but he made no low bow. The other said, "Now, fair sir, one may trust thee to keep tryst. Thou art welcome, Gawain, to my place. Thou hast timed thy coming as befits a true man. Thou knowest the covenant set between us; at this time twelve months ago thou didst take that which fell to thee, and I at this New Year will readily requite thee. We are in this valley, verily alone; here are no knights to

sever us, do what we will. Have off thy helm from thine head, and have here thy pay; make me no more talking than I did then when thou didst strike off my head with one blow."

60 "Nay," quoth Gawain, "by God that gave me life, I shall make no moan whatever befall me, but make thou ready for the blow, and I shall stand still and say never a word to thee, do as thou wilt."

With that he bent his head and showed his neck all bare, and made as if he had no fear, for he would not be thought adread.

Then the Green Knight made him ready, and grasped his grim weapon to smite Gawain. With all his force he bore it aloft with a mighty feint of slaying him; had it fallen as straight as he aimed he who was ever doughty of deed had been slain by the blow. But Gawain swerved aside as the ax came gliding down to slay him as he stood, and shrank a little with the shoulders, for the sharp iron. The other heaved up the blade and rebuked the prince with many proud words:

80 "Thou art not Gawain," he said, "who is held so valiant, that never feared he man by hill or vale, but *thou* shrinkest for fear ere thou feelest hurt. Such cowardice did I never hear of Gawain! Neither did I flinch from thy blow, or make strife in King Arthur's hall. My head fell to my feet, and yet I fled not; but thou didst wax faint of heart ere any harm befell. Wherefore must I be deemed the braver knight."

90 Quoth Gawain: "I shrank once, but so will I no more; though an *my* head fall on the stones, I cannot replace it. But haste, Sir Knight, by thy faith, and bring me to the point, deal me my destiny, and do it out of hand, for I will stand thee a stroke and move no more till thine ax have hit me—my troth on it."

"Have at thee, then," quoth the other, and heaved aloft the ax with fierce mien, as if he were mad. He struck at him fiercely but wounded him not, withhold-100 ing his hand ere it might strike him.

94. out of hand, at once.

1. kirk, church. 14. gear is preparing, war equipment is being prepared. 27. fell, cruel. 28. dight, prepared. 35. he would not wade it, i.e., because magic was supposed to be broken by running water. 38. bent, moor, field.

Gawain abode the stroke, and flinched in no limb, but stood still as a stone or the stump of a tree that is fast rooted in the rocky ground with a hundred roots.

Then spake gayly the man in green, "So now thou hast thine heart whole, it behooves me to smite. Hold aside thy hood that Arthur gave thee, and keep thy neck thus bent lest it cover it again."

Then Gawain said angrily, "Why talk on thus? Thou dost threaten too long. I hope thy heart misgives thee."

"Forsooth," quoth the other, "so fiercely thou speakest I will no longer let thine errand wait its reward." Then he braced himself to strike, frowning with lips and brow; 'twas no marvel that it pleased but ill him who hoped for no rescue. He lifted the ax lightly and let it fall with the edge of the blade on the bare neck. Though he struck swiftly, it hurt him no more than on the one side where it severed the skin. The sharp blade cut into the flesh so that the blood ran over his shoulder to the ground. And when the knight saw the blood staining the snow, he sprang forth, swift-foot, more than a spear's length, seized his helmet and set it on his head, cast his shield over his shoulder, drew out his bright sword, and spake boldly—never since he was born was he half so blithe: "Stop, Sir Knight; bid me no more blows. I have stood a stroke here without flinching, and if thou give me another, I shall requite thee, and give thee as good again. By the covenant made betwixt us in Arthur's hall but one blow falls to me here. Halt, therefore!"

Then the Green Knight drew off from him and leaned on his ax, setting the shaft on the ground, and looked on Gawain as he stood all armed and faced him fearlessly—at heart it pleased him well. Then he spake merrily in a loud voice, and said to the knight: "Bold sir, be not so fierce; no man here hath done thee wrong, nor will do, save by covenant as we made at Arthur's court. I

promised thee a blow and thou hast it—hold thyself well paid! I release thee of all other claims. If I had been so minded I might perchance have given thee a rougher buffet. First I menaced thee with a feigned one, and hurt thee not for the covenant that we made in the first night, and which thou didst hold truly. 60 All the gain didst thou give me as a true man should. The other feint I proffered thee for the morrow: my fair wife kissed thee, and thou didst give me her kisses—for both those days I gave thee two blows without scathe—true man, true return. But the third time thou didst fail, and therefore hadst thou that blow. For 'tis my weed thou wearest, that same woven girdle; my own wife wrought it, 70 that do I wot for sooth. Now know I well thy kisses, and thy conversation, and the wooing of my wife, for 'twas mine own doing. I sent her to try thee, and in sooth I think thou art the most faultless knight that ever trod earth. As a pearl among white peas is of more worth than they, so is Gawain, i' faith, by other knights. But thou didst lack a little, Sir Knight, and wast wanting 80 in loyalty, yet that was for no evil work, nor for wooing neither, but because thou lovedst thy life—therefore I blame thee the less."

Then the other stood a great while, still sorely angered and vexed within himself; all the blood flew to his face, and he shrank for shame as the Green Knight spake; and the first words he said were, "Cursed be ye, cowardice and 90 covetousness, for in ye is the destruction of virtue." Then he loosed the girdle, and gave it to the knight. "Lo, take there the falsity; may foul befall it! For fear of thy blow cowardice bade me make friends with covetousness and forsake the customs of largess and loyalty, which befit all knights. Now I am faulty and false and have been afeared; from treachery and untruth come sorrow 100 and care. I avow to thee, Sir Knight, that I have ill done; do then thy will. I shall be more wary hereafter."

66. scathe, injury. 69. weed, garment. 97. largess, generosity.

Then the other laughed and said gayly:

"I wot I am whole of the hurt I had, and thou hast made such free confession of thy misdeeds, and hast so borne the penance of mine ax edge, that I hold thee absolved from that sin, and purged as clean as if thou hadst never sinned since thou wast born. And this girdle that is wrought with gold and green, like my raiment, do I give thee, Sir Gawain, that thou mayest think upon this chance when thou goest forth among princes of renown, and keep this for a token of the adventure of the Green Chapel, as it chanced between chivalrous knights. And thou shalt come again with me to my dwelling and pass the rest of this feast in gladness." Then the lord laid hold of him, and said, "I wot we shall soon make peace with my wife, who was thy bitter enemy."

"Nay, forsooth," said Sir Gawain, and seized his helmet and took it off swiftly, and thanked the knight; "I have fared ill, may bliss betide thee, and may He who rules all things reward thee swiftly. Commend me to that courteous lady, thy fair wife, and to the other my honored ladies, who have beguiled thy knight with skillful craft. But 'tis no marvel if one be made a fool and brought to sorrow by women's wiles, for so was Adam beguiled by one, and Solomon by many, and Samson all too soon, for Delilah dealt him his doom; and David thereafter was wedded with Bathsheba, which brought him much sorrow—if one might love a woman and believe her not, 'twere great gain! And since all they were beguiled by women, methinks 'tis the less blame to me that I was misled! But as for thy girdle, that will I take with good will, not for gain of the gold, nor for samite, nor silk, nor the costly pendants, neither for weal nor for worship, but in sign of my frailty. I shall look upon it when I ride in renown and remind myself of the fault and faintness of the flesh; and so when pride uplifts me for prowess of arms, the sight of this lace shall humble my heart. But one thing would I pray, if it displease thee not:

since thou art lord of yonder land wherein I have dwelt, tell me what thy rightful name may be, and I will ask no more."

"That will I truly," quoth the other. "Bernlak de Hautdesert am I called in this land. Morgain le Fay dwelleth in mine house, and through knowledge of clerkly craft hath she taken many. For long time was she the mistress of Merlin, who knew well all you knights of the court. Morgain the goddess is she called therefore, and there is none so haughty but she can bring him low. She sent me in this guise to yon fair hall to test the truth of the renown that is spread abroad of the valor of the Round Table. She taught me this marvel to betray your wits, to vex Guinevere, and fright her to death by the man who spake with his head in his hand at the high table. That is she who is at home, that ancient lady, she is even thine aunt, Arthur's half-sister, the daughter of the Duchess of Tintagel, who afterwards married King Uther. Therefore I bid thee, knight, come to thine aunt, and make merry in thine house; my folk love thee, and I wish thee as well as any man on earth, by my faith, for thy true dealing."

But Sir Gawain said nay, he would in no wise do so; so they embraced and kissed, and commended each other to the Prince of Paradise, and parted right there, on the cold ground. Gawain on his steed rode swiftly to the King's hall, and the Green Knight got him whither-soever he would.

Sir Gawain, who had thus won grace of his life, rode through wild ways on Gringalet; oft he lodged in a house, and oft without, and many adventures did he have and came off victor full often, as at this time I cannot relate in tale. The hurt that he had in his neck was healed; he bare the shining girdle as a baldric bound by his side, and made fast with a knot 'neath his left arm, in token that he

60. **Morgain le Fay**, sister of Arthur. In the earliest forms of the Arthurian legend she is a mighty enchantress. Morgain le Fay hated Guinevere and revealed to Arthur her love for Lancelot. 64. **Merlin**, a mighty enchanter at Arthur's court.

was taken in a fault—and thus he came in safety again to the court.

Then joy awakened in that dwelling when the King knew that the good Sir Gawain was come, for he deemed it gain. King Arthur kissed the knight, and the Queen also, and many valiant knights sought to embrace him. They asked him how he had fared, and he told them all that had chanced to him—the adventure of the chapel, the fashion of the knight, the love of the lady—at last of the lance. He showed them the wound in the neck which he won for his disloyalty at the hand of the knight; the blood flew to his face for shame as he told the tale.

“Lo, lady,” he quoth, and handled the lance, “this is the bond of the blame that I bear in my neck, this is the harm and the loss I have suffered, the cowardice and covetousness in which I was caught, the token of my covenant in which I was taken. And I must needs wear it so long as I live, for none may hide his harm, but undone it may not be, for if it hath clung to thee once, it may never be severed.”

Then the King comforted the knight, and the court laughed loudly at the tale, and all made accord that the lords and the ladies who belonged to the Round Table, each hero among them, should wear bound about him a baldric of bright green for the sake of Sir Gawain. And to this was agreed all the honor of the Round Table, and he who wore it was honored the more thereafter, as it is testified in the best book of romance. That in Arthur’s days this adventure befell, the book of Brutus bears witness. For since that bold knight came hither first, and the siege and the assault were ceased at Troy, I wis

Many a venture herebefore

Hath fallen such as this;

May He that bare the crown of thorn
Bring us unto His bliss.

Amen.

(c.1375)

40. **book of Brutus.** Several medieval romances purported to tell how Brutus came to Britain and founded the British royal line. 47. **His bliss.** Medieval stories generally ended with a moral, frequently expressed in verse.

SIR THOMAS MALORY (1400-1471)

FROM LE MORTE DARTHUR

THE DEATH OF ARTHUR

NOTE

By the middle of the fifteenth century the English Middle Ages were drawing to a close, and the ideals of chivalry were fading. The Hundred Years’ War had proved that foot soldiers and bowmen were more effective in battle than knights in their heavy but vulnerable armor; while the Wars of the Roses, which were nothing more than a feud between the two noble houses of York and Lancaster, sapped the strength of the ancient nobility which had upheld most strongly the traditions of chivalry. In the second half of the fifteenth century two signs appeared of the Renaissance which was to change the intellectual and literary values of the past. In 1477 Caxton printed the first book in England. Thereafter printing developed a reading public outside of the court circle, and prepared for such channels of modern literature as the essay and the novel. Equally important for England was the rise of the Tudors, whose first member to reach the throne was Henry VII. In 1485 he was hailed king of England upon Bosworth Field, where Richard III was killed. Bosworth Field symbolized the end of the Middle Ages as far as chivalry was concerned. In the new age of the Renaissance a man was valued for the intellect which God had given him, and his native talents might enable him to rise as high in the government as any belted earl. Actually the Tudors chose their statesmen and their new nobles from the middle classes, which began to prosper with the growth of exploration, industry, and trade. Nationalism replaced class feeling, and the new view of life was henceforth mirrored in English literature.

It was during the sunset of chivalry, in the second half of the fifteenth century, that Sir Thomas Malory, M.P., a friend and companion at arms of the chivalrous Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, known as the King Maker, who had served with the earl on many of his campaigns, found time, during the temporary defeat of his party and his own banishment from the court during the Wars of the Roses, to set down in prose a summary of the chief romances dealing with King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. By birth and experience he was fitted for the task, and never did medieval knight take himself more seriously. *Le Morte D’Arthur* is a perfect Gothic tapestry in which chivalry is depicted stiffly, naively, seriously, with considerable vitality and power, but without any sense of humor, and with slight appreciation of the vivid pulse and throb of the emotions of the individual as the Renaissance was to know them. The book stands side by side with the Gothic architecture, sculpture, and stained glass of the Middle Ages to inculcate the ideals of the age of chivalry.

Caxton published *Le Morte Darthur* in 1485, and in his preface one can already see a changing attitude toward medieval romance, both in a doubt as to the historic truth of Arthur, and a general appeal to all classes or estates rather than to the nobles alone.

The following selection is taken from the concluding chapters of Malory's romance about the deeds of Arthur and his knights. It relates the usurpation of his kingdom by Mordred, his illegitimate son, the return of Arthur, the last battle, which completed the disintegration of the famous Round Table, the death of Mordred, and the passing of Arthur.

BOOK XXI. CHAPTER I

HOW SIR MORDRED PRESUMED AND TOOK
ON HIM TO BE KING OF ENGLAND, AND
WOULD HAVE MARRIED THE QUEEN,
HIS UNCLE'S WIFE

As Sir Mordred was ruler of all England, he did do make letters as though that they came from beyond the sea, and the letters specified that King Arthur was slain in battle with Sir Lancelot. Wherefore Sir Mordred made a parliament, and called the lords together, and there he made them to choose him king; and so was he crowned at Canterbury, and held a feast there fifteen days; and afterwards he drew him unto Winchester, and there he took the Queen Guenever, and said plainly that he would wed her which was his uncle's wife and his father's wife. And so he made ready for the feast, and a day prefixed that they should be wedded; wherefore Queen Guenever was passing heavy. But she durst not discover her heart, but spake fair, and agreed to Sir Mordred's will. Then she desired of Sir Mordred for to go to London, to buy all manner of things that longed unto the wedding. And by cause of her fair speech Sir Mordred trusted her well enough, and gave her leave to go.

And so when she came to London she took the Tower of London, and suddenly

2. do make letters, cause letters to be written. 14-15. his uncle's . . . and his father's wife. Arthur was born of Uther Pendragon and Igerna, the wife of the Duke of Cornwall. Igerna later had a daughter whom Arthur loved, and who bore him Mordred. 23. longed, were suitable for. 28. Tower of London, an anachronism, as is the mention of guns in line 39; but Malory visualized the age of Arthur in terms of contemporary England, and here he probably recalled how Queen Margaret of Anjou had withstood Edward IV.

in all haste possible she stuffed it with all manner of victual, and well garnished it with men, and so kept it. Then when Sir Mordred wist and understood how he was beguiled, he was passing wroth out of measure. And a short tale for to make, he went and laid a mighty siege about the Tower of London, and made many great assaults thereat, and threw many great engines unto them, and shot great guns. But all might not prevail Sir Mordred, for Queen Guenever would never for fair speech nor for foul, would never trust to come in his hands again.

Then came the Bishop of Canterbury, the which was a noble clerk and an holy man, and thus he said to Sir Mordred:

"Sir, what will ye do? Will ye first displease God and sithen shame yourself, and all knighthood? Is not King Arthur your uncle, no farther but your mother's brother, and on her himself King Arthur begat you upon his own sister; therefore how may you wed your father's wife? Sir," said the noble clerk, "leave this opinion or I shall curse you with book and bell and candle."

"Do thou thy worst," said Sir Mordred; "wit thou well I shall defy thee."

"Sir," said the Bishop, "and wit you well I shall not fear me to do that me ought to do. Also where ye noise where my lord Arthur is slain, and that is not so, and therefore ye will make a foul work in this land."

"Peace, thou false priest," said Sir Mordred, "for an thou chafe me any more I shall make strike off thy head."

So the Bishop departed and did the cursing in the most orgulist wise that might be done. And then Sir Mordred sought the Bishop of Canterbury, for to have slain him. Then the Bishop fled, and took part of his goods with him, and went nigh unto Glastonbury; and there he was as priest hermit in a

32. wist, knew. 45. clerk, cleric, priest. 49. sithen, afterwards. 56. curse, etc., excommunicate by reading the formula, dashing a lighted candle to the ground, and tolling a bell. 63. noise where, rumor that. 68. an, if. 71. most orgulist, proudest. 76. Glastonbury, where the Holy Grail was believed to be. The town is in Somersetshire.

chapel, and lived in poverty and in holy prayers, for well he understood that mischievous war was at hand.

Then Sir Mordred sought on Queen Guenever by letters and sondes, and by fair means and foul means, for to have her to come out of the Tower of London; but all this availed not, for she answered him shortly, openly, and privily, that she had lever slay herself than to be married with him.

Then came word to Sir Mordred that King Arthur had araised the siege for Sir Lancelot, and he was coming homeward with a great host, to be avenged upon Sir Mordred; wherefore Sir Mordred made write writs to all the barony of this land, and much people drew to him. For then was the common voice among them that with Arthur was none other life but war and strife, and with Sir Mordred was great joy and bliss. Thus was Sir Arthur depraved, and evil said of. And many there were that King Arthur had made up of nought, and given them lands, might not then say him a good word. Lo ye all Englishmen, see ye not what a mischief here was! for he that was the most king and knight of the world, and most loved the fellowship of noble knights, and by him they were all upholden, now might not these Englishmen hold them content with him. Lo, thus was the old custom and usage of this land; and also men say that we of this land have not yet lost nor forgotten that custom and usage. Alas, this is a great default of us Englishmen, for there may no thing please us no term.

And so fared the people at that time, they were better pleased with Sir Mordred than they were with King Arthur; and much people drew unto Sir Mordred, and said they would abide with him for better and for worse. And so Sir Mordred drew with a great host to Dover, for there he heard say that Sir Arthur would arrive, and so he

thought to beat his own father from his lands; and the most part of all England held with Sir Mordred, the people were so new fangle.

CHAPTER II

HOW AFTER THAT KING ARTHUR HAD TIDINGS HE RETURNED AND CAME TO DOVER, WHERE SIR MORDRED MET HIM TO LET HIS LANDING; AND OF THE DEATH OF SIR GAWAIN

And so as Sir Mordred was at Dover with his host, there came King Arthur with a great navy of ships, and galleys, and carracks. And there was Sir Mordred ready awaiting upon his landing, to let his own father to land upon the land that he was king over. Then there was launching of great boats and small, and full of noble men of arms; and there was much slaughter of gentle knights, and many a full bold baron was laid full low, on both parties. But King Arthur was so courageous that there might no manner of knights let him to land, and his knights fiercely followed him; and so they landed maugre Sir Mordred and all his power, and put Sir Mordred aback, that he fled and all his people.

So when this battle was done, King Arthur let bury his people that were dead. And then was noble Sir Gawain found in a great boat, lying more than half dead. When Sir Arthur wist that Sir Gawain was laid so low, he went unto him; and there the King made sorrow out of measure, and took Sir Gawain in his arms, and thrice he there swooned. And then when he awaked, he said: "Alas, Sir Gawain, my sister's son, here now thou liest, the man in the world that I loved most; and now is my joy gone, for now, my nephew Sir Gawain, I will discover me unto your person: in Sir Lancelot and you I had my joy, and mine affiance, and now most have I lost my joy of you both;

5. *sondes*, messages or messengers. 10. *lever*, rather. 13. *araised the siege for Sir Lancelot*. Some time after the discovery of the love of Lancelot and Guinevere, Arthur pursued Lancelot overseas to Benwick (Bayonne), where he besieged him and where Lancelot wounded Gawain. Mordred's usurpation of the kingdom forced Arthur to raise the siege and return home. 23. *depraved*, defamed. 32. *upholden*, supported. 39. *term*, time.

52. *new fangle*, fickle. 55. *galley*, a small single-decked ship propelled by oars and sails. 56. *carrack*, a large ship like a galleon. 58. *let*, hinder. 68. *maugre*, in spite of. 69. *power*, army. 73. *let bury*, caused or allowed to be buried. 88. *affiance*, trust, confidence.

wherefore all mine earthly joy is gone from me."

"Mine uncle King Arthur," said Sir Gawain, "wit you well my death day is come, and all is through mine own hastiness and willfulness; for I am smitten upon the old wound the which Sir Lancelot gave me, on the which I feel well I must die; and had Sir Lancelot been with you as he was, this unhappy war had never begun; and of all this am I causer, for Sir Lancelot and his blood, through their prowess, held all your cankered enemies in subjection and daunger. And now," said Sir Gawain, "ye shall miss Sir Lancelot. But alas, I would not accord with him, and therefore," said Sir Gawain, "I pray you, fair uncle, that I may have paper, pen, and ink, that I may write to Sir Lancelot a cedle with mine own hands."

And then when paper and ink was brought, then Gawain was set up weakly by King Arthur, for he was shriven a little tofore; and then he wrote thus, as the French book maketh mention:

"Unto Sir Lancelot, flower of all noble knights that ever I heard of or saw by my days, I, Sir Gawain, King Lot's son of Orkney, sister's son unto the noble King Arthur, send thee greeting, and let thee have knowledge that the tenth day of May I was smitten upon the old wound that thou gavest me afore the city of Benwick, and through the same wound that thou gavest me I am come to my death-day. And I will that all the world wit that I, Sir Gawain, knight of the Table Round, sought my death, and not through thy deserving, but it was mine own seeking; wherefore I beseech thee, Sir Lancelot, to return again unto this realm, and see my tomb, and pray some prayer more or less for my soul. And this same day that I wrote this cedle, I was hurt to the death in the same wound, the which I had of thy hand, Sir Lancelot;

for of a more nobler man might I not be slain. Also Sir Lancelot, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, make no tarrying, but come over the sea in all haste, that thou mayst with thy noble knights rescue that noble King that made thee knight, that is my lord Arthur, for he is full straitly bestad with a false traitor, that is my half-brother, Sir Mordred; and he hath let crown him king, and would have wedded my lady Queen Guenever, and so had he done had she not put herself in the Tower of London. And so the tenth day of May last past, my lord Arthur and we all landed upon them at Dover; and there we put that false traitor, Sir Mordred, to flight, and there it misfortuned me to be stricken upon thy stroke. And at the date of this letter was written, but two hours and a half afore my death, written with mine own hand, and so subscribed with part of my heart's blood. And I require thee, most famous knight of the world, that thou wilt see my tomb."

And then Sir Gawain wept, and King Arthur wept; and then they swooned both. And when they awaked both, the King made Sir Gawain to receive his Savior. And then Sir Gawain prayed the king for to send for Sir Lancelot, and to cherish him above all other knights. And so at the hour of noon Sir Gawain yielded up the spirit; and then the King let inter him in a chapel within Dover Castle; and there yet all men may see the skull of him, and the same wound is seen that Sir Lancelot gave him in battle. Then was it told the King that Sir Mordred had pyghte a new field upon Barham Down. And upon the morn the King rode thither to him, and there was a great battle betwixt them, and much people was slain on both parties; but at the last Sir Arthur's party stood best, and Sir Mordred and his party fled unto Canterbury.

15. *daunger*, awe, submission. 21. *cedle*, letter. From *cedle* comes our word *schedule*. 27. *French book*. Malory took many of his stories from French romances, but this book is an imaginary source.

58. *full straitly bestad*, badly situated. 60. *let crown him*, caused himself to be crowned. 70. *date of*, date when. 80. *receive his Savior*. The host, or communion wafer, is often so-called as being symbolic of the body and blood of Christ which is believed by the Roman Catholics to be transubstantiated during the Mass at the Elevation. 91. *pyghte*, pitched.

CHAPTER III

HOW AFTER, SIR GAWAIN'S GHOST AP-
PEARED TO KING ARTHUR, AND WARNED
HIM THAT HE SHOULD NOT FIGHT
THAT DAY

And then the King let search all the
towns for his knights that were slain,
and interred them; and salved them
with soft salves that so sore were
wounded. Then much people drew unto
King Arthur. And then they said that
Sir Mordred warred upon King Arthur
with wrong. And then King Arthur
drew him with his host down by the
seaside westward toward Salisbury; and
there was a day assigned betwixt King
Arthur and Sir Mordred, that they
should meet upon a down beside Salis-
bury, and not far from the seaside; and
this day was assigned on a Monday
after Trinity Sunday, whereof King
Arthur was passing glad, that he might
be avenged upon Sir Mordred.

Then Sir Mordred araised much
people about London, for they of Kent,
Southsex, and Surrey, Estsex, and of
Southfolk, and of Northfolk, held the
most part with Sir Mordred; and many a
full noble knight drew unto Sir Mordred
and to the King; but they that loved
Sir Lancelot drew unto Sir Mordred.

So upon Trinity Sunday at night,
King Arthur dreamed a wonderful
dream, and that was this: That him
seemed he sat upon a chaflet in a chair,
and the chair was fast to a wheel, and
thereupon sat King Arthur in the
richest cloth of gold that might be made;
and the King thought there was under
him, far from him, an hideous deep
black water, and therein were all
manner of serpents, and worms, and
wild beasts, foul and horrible; and
suddenly the King thought the wheel
turned up-so-down, and he fell among
the serpents, and every beast took him
by a limb; and then the King cried as
he lay in his bed and slept, "Help."

16. **Trinity Sunday**, the eighth Sunday after Easter. It is sacred to the Trinity. 30. **chaflet**, small platform. 31. **wheel**. Arthur dreams of Fortune's wheel, which was depicted in the Middle Ages as having upon its top kings on thrones, while on one side kings ascended to the top, and on the other descended into a pit of water, mud, or fire.

And then knights, squires, and yeo-
men awaked the King; and then he was
so amazed that he wist not where he
was; and then he fell on slumbering
again, not sleeping nor thoroughly
waking. So the King seemed verily
that there came Sir Gawain unto him 50
with a number of fair ladies with him.
And when King Arthur saw him, then
he said:

"Welcome, my sister's son; I weened
thou hadst been dead, and now I see
thee on live, much am I beholding unto
almighty Jesu. O fair nephew and my
sister's son, what be these ladies that
hither be come with you?"

"Sir," said Sir Gawain, "all these be 60
ladies for whom I have foughten when
I was man living, and all these are those
that I did battle for in righteous quarrel;
and God hath given them that grace
at their great prayer, by cause I did
battle for them, that they should bring
me hither unto you. Thus much hath
God given me leave, for to warn you of
your death; for an ye fight as tomorn
with Sir Mordred, as ye both have as- 70
signed, doubt ye not ye must be slain,
and the most part of your people on
both parties. And for the great grace
and goodness that almighty Jesu hath
unto you, and for pity of you, and
many more other good men there shall
be slain, God hath sent me to you of his
special grace, to give you warning that
in no wise ye do battle as tomorn, but
that ye take a treaty for a month day; 80
and proffer you largely, so as tomorn to
be put in a delay. For within a month
shall come Sir Lancelot with all his
noble knights, and rescue you worship-
fully, and slay Sir Mordred, and all
that ever will hold with him."

Then Sir Gawain and all the ladies
vanished. And anon the King called
upon his knights, squires, and yeomen,
and charged them wightly to fetch his 90
noble lords and wise bishops unto him.
And when they were come, the King told
them his avision, what Sir Gawain had
told him, and warned him that if he

49. **the King seemed verily**, it seemed actually to the King. 70. **assigned**, determined. 81. **proffer you largely**, make liberal offers. 90. **wightly**, earnestly.

fought on the morn he should be slain. Then the King commanded Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, with two bishops with them, and charged them in any wise, an they might,

10 "Take a treaty for a month day with Sir Mordred, and spare not, proffer him lands and goods as much as ye think best."

So then they departed, and came to Sir Mordred, where he had a grim host of an hundred thousand men. And there they entreated Sir Mordred long time. And at the last Sir Mordred was agreed for to have Cornwall and Kent, by Arthur's days; after, all England, after the days of King Arthur.

CHAPTER IV

HOW BY MISADVENTURE OF AN ADDER THE BATTLE BEGAN, WHERE MORDRED WAS SLAIN, AND ARTHUR HURT TO THE DEATH

20 Then were they condescended that King Arthur and Sir Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts, and every each of them should bring fourteen persons; and they came with this word unto Arthur. Then said he, "I am glad that this is done"; and so he went into the field.

And when Arthur should depart, he warned all his host that an they see any sword drawn, "Look ye come on fiercely, and slay that traitor, Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him."

In like wise Sir Mordred warned his host that, "An ye see any sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely, and so slay all that ever before you standeth; for in no wise I will not trust for this treaty, for I know well my father will be avenged on me."

40 And so they met as their appointment was, and so they were agreed and accorded thoroughly; and wine was fetched, and they drank. Right so came an adder out of a little heath bush,

2. **Sir Lucan the Butler**, the knight who took charge of the King's cup; an honored position at court. 14. **entreated**, treated with. 19. **condescended**, agreed. 22. **every each**, every one or each one of the two, meaning Mordred and Arthur.

and it stung a knight on the foot. And when the knight felt him stung, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of none other harm. And when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew beams, trumpets, and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed them together. And King Arthur took his horse, and said, "Alas, this unhappy day!" and so rode to his party. And Sir Mordred in like wise.

And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land; for there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle of Sir Mordred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should, and at all times he fainted never; and Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir, and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted till the noble knights were laid to the cold earth; and ever they fought still till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was Arthur wood wroth out of measure, when he saw his people so slain from him. Then the King looked about him, and then was he ware, of all his host and of all his good knights, were left no more on live but two knights; that one was Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, and they were full sore wounded.

"Jesu mercy," said the King, "where are all my noble knights become? Alas that ever I should see this doleful day, for now," said Arthur, "I am come to mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that traitor Sir Mordred, that hath caused all this mischief."

Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men.

"Now give me my spear," said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, "for yonder I

51. **beams**, trumpets. 53. **dressed**, met. 61. **foining**, thrusting. 64. **battle**, ranks. 68. **in devoir**, in duty, i.e., where he belonged; he did his duty. 75. **wood wroth**, etc., beside himself.

have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought."

"Sir, let him be," said Sir Lucan, "for he is unhappy; and if ye pass this unhappy day ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Good lord, remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Sir Gawain told you this night, yet God of his great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. Therefore, for God's sake, my lord, leave off by this, for blessed be God ye have won the field, for here we be three on live, and with Sir Mordred is none on live; and if ye leave off now this wicked day of destiny is past."

"Tide me death, betide me life," saith the King, now I see him yonder alone he shall never escape mine hands, for at a better avail shall I never have him."

"God speed you well," said Sir Bedivere.

Then the King gat his spear in both his hands, and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying, "Traitor, now is thy death day come."

And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand. And there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin of his spear, throughout the body, more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death wound he thrust himself with the might that he had up to the bur of King Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur, with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth; and the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned oftentimes. And Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere oftentimes heaved him up. And so weakly they led him betwixt them both, to a little chapel not far from the seaside. And when the King was there he thought him well eased. Then heard they people cry in the field.

"Now go thou, Sir Lucan," said the

King, "and do me to wit what betokens that noise in the field."

So Sir Lucan departed, for he was grievously wounded in many places. And so as he yede, he saw and hearkened by the moonlight, how that pillers and robbers were come into the field, to pill and to rob many a full noble knight of brooches, and beads, of many a good ring, and of many a rich jewel; and who that were not dead all out, there they slew them for their harness and their riches. When Sir Lucan understood this work, he came to the King as soon as he might, and told him all what he had heard and seen. "Therefore by my rede," said Sir Lucan, "it is best that we bring you to some town."

"I would it were so," said the King.

CHAPTER V

HOW KING ARTHUR COMMANDED TO CAST HIS SWORD EXCALIBUR INTO THE WATER, AND HOW HE WAS DELIVERED TO LADIES IN A BARGE

"But I may not stand, mine head works so. Ah, Sir Lancelot," said King Arthur, "this day have I sore missed thee. Alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawain me warned in my dream."

Then Sir Lucan took up the King the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting the King swooned; and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift, that the part of his guts fell out of his body, and therewith the noble knight's heart brast.

And when the King awoke, he beheld Sir Lucan, how he lay foaming at the mouth, and part of his guts lay at his feet. "Alas," said the King, "this is to me a full heavy sight, to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me, that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me. Now Jesu have mercy upon his soul!" Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother.

13. on live, alive. 17. Tide, befall. 36. bur, an excrescence or ring near the base of a spear.

58. yede, went. 59. pillers, pillagers. 70. rede, advice. 92. holpen, helped.

"Leave this mourning and weeping," said the King, "for all this will not avail me, for wit thou well an I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast," said the King. "Therefore," said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, "take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest."

"My lord," said Bedivere, "your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again."

So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones; and then he said to himself, "If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss." And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the King, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword in the water.

"What saw thou there?" said the King.

"Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but waves and winds."

"That is untruly said of thee," said the King. "Therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment; as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in."

Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the King that he had been at the water, and done his commandment.

"What saw thou there?" said the King. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but the waters wap and waves wan."

"Ah, traitor untrue," said King Arthur, "now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that,

thou that hast been to me so lief and dear? And thou are named a noble knight, and would betray me for the richness of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands; for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead."

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water, as he might; and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the King, and told him what he saw.

"Alas," said the King, "help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long." Then Sir Bedivere took the King upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

"Now put me into the barge," said the King. And so he did softly; and there received him three queens with great mourning; and so they set them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that Queen said: "Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught overmuch cold."

And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him.

Then Sir Bedivere cried, "Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now I ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies?"

"Comfort thyself," said the King, "and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in; for I will

6. *hieth*, hastens. 8. *Excalibur*, the magic sword given to Arthur by the Lady of the Lake. Cf. the magic sword in Grendel's cave, line 79, page 31. 34. *lightly*, quickly. 36. *lief*, beloved. 42. *eft*, again. 48. *wap*, beat. *wan*, wane.

58. *but if*, unless.

into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound; and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul." But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear.

And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest; and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware, betwixt two holts hoar, of a chapel and an hermitage.

CHAPTER VI

HOW SIR BEDIVERE FOUND HIM ON THE MORROW DEAD IN AN HERMITAGE, AND HOW HE ABODE THERE WITH THE HERMIT

Then was Sir Bedivere glad, and thither he went; and when he came into the chapel, he saw where lay an hermit groveling on all four, there fast by a tomb was new graven. When the hermit saw Sir Bedivere he knew him well, for he was but little tofore Bishop of Canterbury, that Sir Mordred flemed.

"Sir," said Bedivere, "what man is there interred that ye pray so fast for?"

"Fair son," said the hermit, "I wot not verily, but by deeming. But this night, at midnight, here came a number of ladies, and brought hither a dead corpse, and prayed me to bury him; and here they offered an hundred tapers, and they gave me an hundred besants."

"Alas," said Sir Bedivere, "that was my lord King Arthur, that here lieth buried in this chapel." Then Sir Bedivere swooned; and when he awoke he prayed the hermit he might abide with him still there, to live with fasting and prayers. "For from hence will I never go," said Sir Bedivere, "by my will, but all the days of my life here to pray for my lord Arthur."

"Ye are welcome to me," said the hermit, "for I know ye better than ye ween that I do. Ye are the bold Bedivere, and the full noble duke, Sir

Lucan the Butler, was your brother." Then Sir Bedivere told the hermit all as ye have heard tofore. So there bode Sir Bedivere with the hermit that was tofore Bishop of Canterbury, and there Sir Bedivere put upon him poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers.

Thus of Arthur I find never more written in books that be authorized, nor more of the very certainty of his death heard I never read, but thus was he led away in a ship wherein were three queens; that one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay; the other was the Queen of Northgalis; the third was the Queen of the Waste Lands. Also there was Nimue, the chief lady of the lake, that had wedded Pelleas, the good knight; and this lady had done much for King Arthur, for she would never suffer Sir Pelleas to be in no place where he should be in danger of his life; and so he lived to the uttermost of his days with her in great rest. More of the death of King Arthur could I never find, but that ladies brought him to his burials; and such one was buried there, that the hermit bare witness that sometime was Bishop of Canterbury, but yet the hermit knew not in certain that he was verily the body of King Arthur; for this tale Sir Bedivere, knight of the Table Round, made it to be written.

CHAPTER VII

OF THE OPINION OF SOME MEN OF THE DEATH OF KING ARTHUR

Yet some men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu into another place; and men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say, here in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse: *Hic jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rexque futurus.*

C. 1468 - C. 1470 (1485)

1. *vale of Avilion*, an island of the Blessed. The return of Excalibur to the sea divinity who gave it originally to Arthur, as well as his departure to Avalon, are both Celtic touches. 11. *holts hoar*, frost-covered woods. 19. *flemed*, put to flight. 23. *deeming*, conjecturing. 28. *besant*, a medieval gold coin so-named from Byzantium, the original name for Constantinople. Its worth was about five dollars.

55. *three queens*. All of them are fairy enchantresses who appear in the Arthurian legend. Morgain le Fay is the most famous of the three. 86. *Hic jacet*, etc., here lies Arthur, king once, and king to be.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340-1400)

THE CANTERBURY TALES

NOTE

Though Geoffrey Chaucer belonged to the lower middle class of English medieval society, his excellent connections at the court of Edward III brought him into contact with every phase and stratum of medieval life. He served the King not only at home as Comptroller of the Petty Customs of London, but abroad on secret diplomatic missions. It was on these missions that Chaucer came in contact with the spirit of the Renaissance and he was the first English poet to embody it in his work. For while the poetry of Chaucer has a thoroughly medieval background, his interest in the psychology of the individual character is Renaissance, or modern. Thus in *The Canterbury Tales*, his greatest work, although Chaucer employed the medieval custom of making a collection of tales, his adaptation of it was new. Instead of having his pilgrims relate a series of disconnected stories, he first of all delineated their characters so clearly in the *Prologue* that they are constantly in our thoughts, and then he made the stories rise out of the situation. Noteworthy, too, are the sections of descriptive narrative connecting the stories, in which the attitude of the listeners is revealed. Even before a story is told, our interest has been aroused by the *Prologue*, which reveals the character of each individual pilgrim, not as it would seem externally according to social canons, but as the man or woman really had made his or her life through the development of internal characteristics and the influence of external conditions. Each story, therefore, has the double interest of being first a story and second a revelation of the character of the teller. Of the result, although the original plan was not completed, we are justified in saying that narrative poetry did not again so nearly approach the realm of the drama until the time of Robert Browning.

Chaucer's influence on succeeding poets has been very considerable. He was Spenser's acknowledged master, and was known and esteemed highly during the Elizabethan period. His fame has gone on increasing until he may perhaps now be ranked as second only to Shakespeare in English poetry.

The selections given here include the general *Prologue* and the Pardoner's *Prologue* and *Tale*. Both exhibit the dramatic nature of Chaucer's narrative, especially the Pardoner's *Prologue* and *Tale*, which are related after the Physician has concluded the tragic Roman story of the martyred virgin Virginia.

The text used is that of W. W. Skeat, of which the Macmillan Company have kindly allowed the use. It stands as the most scholarly edition of the many manuscripts in which Chaucer's poems were first recorded. No attempt to modernize the language has been made. If the student will read the poetry aloud, sounding the final *e*, half of the difficulties will vanish, and it is hoped that the notes will dispel the rest.

THE PROLOGUE

Whan that Aprille with his shoures
soote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to
the rote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete
breeth⁵
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge
sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open
ye—¹⁰
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages)
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrim-
ages,
(And palmers for to seken straunge
strondes)
To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry
londes;
And specially, from every shires ende¹⁵
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they
wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seke
That hem hath holpen, whan that they
were seke.
Bifel that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay²⁰
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout cor-
age,

1. shoures soote, sweet showers. 2. droghte, drought. rote, root. 3. swich licour, such sap. 4. vertu, power. 5. Zephirus, the west wind. In Chaucer and Masefield (see "The West Wind," page 623) the west wind aroused far different emotions than it did in Shelley (see "Ode to the West Wind," page 489). 6. Inspired, breathed into. holt, wood. 8. Ram, the sign of the zodiac in which the sun is situated during the first half of April. 10. ye, eye. 11. priketh, rouses, stirs. Note the constant eagerness for travel and adventure here and in *Beowulf*, *The Pardoner's Tale* (page 167), *The Ancient Mariner* (page 261), "Atalanta's Race" (page 277) "The Highwayman" (page 313), and "The River" (page 315). corages, hearts. 12. pilgrimages. The Wife of Bath was an inveterate pilgrim, and her itinerary was typical of pilgrims at this time. See page 158, line 463. 13. palmers, pilgrims. 14. ferne, distant. halwes, holy places. couthe, known, renowned. 17. martir, Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, murdered by four knights of King Henry II in 1170. He was afterwards declared a saint, and his tomb at Canterbury was a famous object of pilgrimage throughout the Middle Ages. 20. Southwerk, a suburb of London, on the south bank of the Thames, where the early theaters, bear-baiting rings, and other amusements were located. It was the resort of the free-living members of London's population. Tabard, a close-fitting and often sleeveless coat worn by knights when with the army, and later by heralds. Here it serves as the sign for an inn. 22. corage, heart.

At night was come in-to that hostel-
rye

Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle 25
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they
alle,

That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;
The chambres and the stables weren
wyde,

And wel we weren esed atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was to
reste,

So hadde I spoken with hem everich-
on, 31

That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
And made forward erly for to ryse,
To take our wey, ther as I yow de-
vyse.

But natheles, whyl I have tyme and
space, 35

Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what
degree; 40

And eek in what array that they were
inne:

And at a knight than wol I first bigin-
ne.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy
man, Knight

That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he loved chivalrye, 45
Trouthe and honour, fredom and cur-
teisye.

Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he riden (no man
ferre) *Just the*

As wel in Cristendom as hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.

25-26. *by aventure* . . . *felawshipe*, "by chance gathered together in a company." 29. *were esed atte beste*, "were well cared for." 30. *to reste*, set. 33. *forward*, agreement. 34. *yow devyse*, tell you. 38. *condicioun*, circumstances. 40. *degree*, rank. Masters has the same desire to "size up" people in *Spoon River Anthology*. Compare his character descriptions with Chaucer's. 45. *ryden out*, go abroad on expeditions of war. 47. *his lordes werre*, the war of his feudal overlord. 48. *ferre*, further. 49. *Cristendom*, *hethenesse*. In the fourteenth century many knightly Orders took part in crusades against the Turks in Lithuania and Poland, as well as in the Holy Land: Pierre de Lusignan, king of Cyprus, captured Alexandria in 1365 and shortly thereafter other cities under Turkish control, such as Tripoli, Lajas, and Satalia; the Teutonic knights, about the same time, were warring in Prussia, Lithuania, and Russia; while the Spaniards were engaged in combating the Moors in Spain and on the adjacent coast of Africa.

At Alisaundre he was, whan it was
wonney, 51

Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne
Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce. *Prussia*
In Lettow hadde he reysed and in
Ruce,

No Cristen man so ofte of his degree. 55
In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be
Of Algezir and riden in Belmarye.

At Lyeys was he, and at Satalye,
Whan they were wonne; and in the
Grete See

At many a noble aryve hadde he be. 60
At mortal batailles hadde he been
fiftene,

And foughten for our feith at Tramis-
sene

In listes thryes, and ay slayn his fo.
This ilke worthy knight had been also

Somtyme with the lord of Palatye, 65
Ageyn another hethen in Turkye;

And evermore he hadde a sovereyn
prys.

And though that he were worthy, he was
wys,

And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vileinye ne sayde 70

In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.
He was a verray parfit gentil knight.

But for to tellen yow of his array,
His hors were gode, but he was nat
gay.

Of fustian he wered a gipoun 75
Al bismotered with his habergeoun;

For he was late y-come from his viage,

51. *Alisaundre*. See note on 49. 53. *naciouns in Pruce*. When fighting in Prussia, the rank of the Knight was such that he sat at the head of the table at which all the orders of knighthood engaged in the war were seated according to the countries from which they came. 54. *Lettow*, Lithuania. *reysed*, waged war. *Ruce*, Russia. 55. *degree*, rank. 56. *Gernade*, Granada. *eek*, also. 57. *Algezir*. Algeziras was captured from the Moors in 1344. *Belmarye*, a small Moorish kingdom in northern Africa. 58. *Lyeys*, an Armenian city captured from the Turks by Pierre de Lusignan in 1367. *Satalye*, a seaport town on the southern coast of Asia Minor, now known as Adalia. Pierre de Lusignan captured it in 1352. 59. *wonne*, conquered. *Grete See*, the Mediterranean Sea. 60. *aryve*, disembarkation of troops. 62. *Tramisene*, a small Moorish kingdom in Africa. 63. *listes thryes*. The Knight had three times fought in the lists on challenge of his heathen enemies. This custom was common during the Crusades. 64. *ilke*, same. 65. *Somtyme*, at one time. *Palatye*, one of the overlordships established by the Christian knights in Anatolia, after they had captured it from the Turks. 67. *sovereyn prys*, great renown. 68. *worthy*, distinguished. *wys*, modest, discreet. 69. *port*, bearing. 70. *vileinye*, evil remarks. 71. *wight*, person. 72. *verray parfit gentil knight*, a truly perfect, noble knight. 75. *fustian*, a coarse, heavy cotton cloth. *gipoun*, a close-fitting doublet. 76. *bismotered*, spotted, soiled. *habergeoun*, coat-of-mail.

And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone, a yong
SQUYER, Squyer

A lovyere, and a lusty bachelor, 80
With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in
presse.

Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and greet of
strengthe.

And he had been somtyme in chivachye,
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardye, 87
And born him wel, as of so litel space.
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and
rede.

Singinge he was, or floytinge, al the
day;

He was as fresh as is the month of
May.

Short was his goune, with sleeves longe
and wyde.

Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire
ryde.

He coude songes make and wel en-
dyte,

Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye
and wryte. 96

So hote he lovede that by nightertale
He sleep namore than dooth a night-
ingale.

Curteys he was, lowly and servisable,
And carf biforn his fader at the table. 100

A YEMAN hadde he, and servaunts
namo Yeman

At that tyme, for him liste ryde so;
And he was clad in cote and hood of
grene;

A sheef of pecok-arwes brighte and
kene

Under his belt he bar ful thriftily; 105
(Wel coude he dresse his takel yeman-
ly:

80. *lovyere*, lover. *bachelor*, aspirant to knighthood. 81. *crulle*, curled. *in presse*, in a mold. 83. *evene lengthe*, medium height. 84. *deliver*, nimble. 85. *chivachye*, a small cavalry expedition or raid. 86. *In Flaundres*. Many generations of English youths have received their war-training on the fields of Flanders and of northern France. Chaucer was made a prisoner near Rheims in 1359. See McCrae's "In Flanders Fields" (page 617). 87. *space*, time. 91. *floytinge*, playing the flute. 95. *endyte*. He knew how to write not only poetry, but the music to accompany it. 96. *Juste*, just. 97. *nightertale*, nighttime. 100. *carf*, etc., one of the duties of a squire. 101. *Yeman*, yeoman, a servant who ranked above a groom. 102. *him liste*, it pleased him. 106. *Wel coude*, etc., "he knew how to take care of his equipment."

His arwes drouped noght with fetheres
lowe),

And in his hand he bar a mighty bowe.
A not-heed hadde he, with a broun
visage.

Of wode-craft wel coude he all the
usage. 110

Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,
And by his syde a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other syde a gay daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharp as point of
spere;

A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of
grene; 116

A forster was he, soothly, as I gesse.

Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
That of hir smyling was ful simple and
coy; 118

Hir gretteste ooth was but by seynt
Loy; 120

And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.
Ful wel she song the service divyne,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;

And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensh of Paris was to hir un-
knowe. 126

At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle;
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.

Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel
kepe, 130

That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.

In curteisye was set ful muche hir lest.
Hir over lippe wyped she so clene

That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir
draughte. 135

107. *fetheres lowe*. If the feathers of the arrow were short, the arrow would not fly straight. 109. *not-heed*, a closely-cropped head. 111. *bracer*, along leather glove which extended well up the forearm to protect the left arm from the friction of the bow-string upon the sleeve. 112. *bokeler*, a small shield. 114. *Harneised wel*, well made or equipped. 115. *Cristofre*. St. Christopher was the patron saint of the lower classes in medieval England. The yeoman was wearing a silver image of his saint. *shene*, bright. 116. *bawdrik*, a belt hung from one shoulder, passing under the arm on the other side of the body. 120. *seynt Loy*. St. Eligius, the patron saint of goldsmiths. The oath of the Prioress was a very slight one. 121. *cleped*, named. 123. *Entuned*, intoned. 124. *fetisly*, well, clearly. 125. *Bowe*. The Prioress had evidently been educated at the Benedictine convent at Stratford-le-Bow, and had never heard Parisian French. 129. *Ne wette hir fingres*. Forks were then unknown. 132. *lest*, delight. 134. *ferthing*, a small bit. The meaning is derived from the original meaning of *farthing*, as a fourth of anything.

Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,
 And sikerly she was of greet disport,
 And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
 And peyned hir to countrefete chere
 Of court, and been estatlich of manere,
 And to ben holden digne of reverence. 141
 But, for to speken of hir conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitous,
 She wolde wepe if that she sawe a mous
 Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or
 bledde. 145

Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
 With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel-
 breed.

But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,
 Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte:
 And al was conscience and tendre herte.
 Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was; 151
 Hir nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas;
 Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe
 and reed;

But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed;
 It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
 For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.
 Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war. 157
 Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
 A peire of bedes gauded al with grene;
 And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful
 shene, 160

On which there was first write a crowned
 A,

And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another NONNE with hir hadde she,
 That was hir chapeleyne, and PREESTES
 THREE. 3 Preestes

A MONK ther was, a fair for the
 maistrye, Monk
 An out-rydere, that lovede venerye; 166

136. *raughte*, reached. 137. *disport*, good nature, sport. 138. *port*, disposition. 139. *peyned hir*, took pains to imitate court manners. *chere*, appearance. 141. *digne*, worthy. 143. *pitous*, full of pity. 147. *wastel-breed*, bread made of the best flour, and like cake. 149. *smoot*, smote. *yerde*, stick. *smerte*, sharply. 151. *wimpel*, a covering, usually of linen, which concealed the neck, the chin, and the cheeks. It is worn now chiefly by nuns. *pinched*, plaited. 152. *tretys*, long, straight, well shaped. 155. *spanne*, about nine inches, or the distance between the tip of the extended thumb and the extended little finger. 156. *hardily*, truly. 157. *fetis*, of elegant workmanship. 159. *bedes*, a set of beads to be used in prayer; hence a rosary. *gauded*. The large beads were the gauds, or paternosters. 160. *broche*, a breastpin or ornamental clasp. 161. *crowned A*, representing "amor," charity, the greatest of the Christian virtues. The A was surmounted, therefore, by a crown. 162. *Amor vincit omnia*, "love conquers all things," Vergil, Eclogue x, 69. Compare Chaucer's humor of description with that of Hardy in *Satires of Circumstance* (page 326). 165. *a fair*, etc., a good one in point of superiority. 166. *out-rydere*, that monk in a monastery who supervised the land. *venerye*, hunting.

A manly man, to been an abbot able.
 Ful many a deyntee hors hadde he in
 stable:

And whan he rood men mighte his
 brydel here

Ginglen in a whistling wind as clere, 170
 And eek as loude as dooth the chapel-
 belle,

Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
 The reule of seint Maure or of seint
 Beneit,

By-cause that it was old and som-del
 streit,

This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace, 175
 And held after the newe world the
 space.

He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
 That seith that hunters been nat holy
 men;

Ne that a monk, whan he is cloisterlees,
 Is lykned til a fish that is waterlees; 180
 This is to seyn, a monk out of his
 cloistre.

But thilke text held he nat worth an
 oistre.

And I seyde his opinioun was good.
 What sholde he studie, and make him-
 selven wood,

Upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure,
 Or swinken with his handes, and la-
 boure, 186

As Austin bit? How shal the world be
 served?

Lat Austin have his swink to him re-
 served.

Therefore he was a pricasour aright;
 Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel
 in flight; 190

Of priking and of hunting for the
 hare

Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he
 spare.

I seigh his sleeves purfiléd at the hond

168. *deyntee*, valuable, fine. 172. *keper of the celle*, prior of a small monastery, usually subordinate to a large one. 173. *seint Maure*, *seint Beneit*. St. Maur was a disciple of St. Benedict, who founded the Benedictine order, which is the oldest monastic order of the Catholic church. St. Benedict died in 542 A.D. Manual labor was one of the chief duties of the monks, as it was also of the Augustinian friars. 174. *som-del streit*, somewhat strict. 175. *pace*, pass by. 176. *space*, course. 184. *wood*, crazy. 186. *swinken*, work. 187. *Austin*, St. Augustine, bishop of Hippo in the fifth century, from whose writings the Augustinian Canons and Friars drew their rule. *bit*, commands. *How shal*, etc., the implication being that there are many ways of helping the world. 189. *pricasour*, hard rider. 192. *lust*, pleasure. 193. *purfiléd*, edged.

With grys, and that the fyneste of a
lond;
And for to festne his hood under his
chin, 195
He hadde of gold y-wroght a curious pin:
A love-knotte in the gretter ende ther
was.
His heed was balled, that shoon as any
glas,
And eek his face, as he had been anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good
point; 200
His eyen stepe, and rollinge in his heed,
That stemed as a forneys of a leed;
His botes souple, his hors in greet estat.
Now certainly he was a fair prelat;
He was nat pale as a for-pyned goost. 205
A fat swan loved he best of any roost.
His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.
A FRERE ther was, a wantown and a
merye, Frere
A limitour, a ful solempne man.
In alle the ordres foure is noon that can
So muche of daliaunce and fair lan-
gage. 211
He hadde maad ful many a mariage
Of yonge wommen at his owne cost.
Un-to his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel biloved and famulier was he 215
With frankeleyns over-al in his contree,
And eek with worthy wommen of the
toun:
For he had power of confessioun,
As seyde him-self, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licentiat. 220
Ful swetely herde he confessioun,
And plesaunt was his absolucioun;
He was an esy man to yeve penaunce
Ther as he wiste to han a good pitaunce;
For unto a povre ordre for to yive 225
Is signe that a man is well y-shrive;
For if he yaf, he dorste make avaunt,

194. *grys*, probably very costly gray or black squirrel fur. 200. *point*, condition. 201. *stepe*, popping. 202. *forneys of a leed*, fire under a caldron. 205. *for-pyned*, tortured, and hence emaciated. 208. *Frere*. The four chief Orders of mendicant friars were founded in general in the thirteenth century, and spread throughout Europe. Poverty was one of their perpetual vows, and they lived by begging their way. The four Orders were: the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Carmelites, and the Augustinians. *wantown*, lively. 209. *limitour*, a friar to whom a certain district in the community was assigned for begging purposes. *solempne*, important. 210. *can*, knows. 216. *frankeleyns*, well-to-do farmers. 220. *was licentiat*. He had a special license from the pope to hear confession anywhere without the consent of the local authorities. 224. *pitaunce*, pittance, an extra allowance given to mendicant friars. 227. *avaunt*, guarantee.

He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may nat wepe al-thogh him sore
smerte. 230
Therefore, in stede of weping and prey-
eres,
Men moot yeve silver to the povre
feres.
His tipet was ay farsed ful of knyves
And pinnes, for to yeven faire wyves.
And certainly he hadde a mery note; 235
Wel coude he singe and pleyen on a rote.
Of yeddinges he bar utterly the prys.
His nekke whyt was as the flour-de-lys;
Ther-to he strong was as a champioun.
He knew the tavernes wel in every
toun, 240
And everich hostiler and tappestere
Bet than a lazar or a beggestere;
For un-to swich a worthy man as he
Acorded nat, as by his facultee,
To have with seke lazars aqueyntaunce.
It is nat honest, it may nat avaunce 246
For to delen with no swich poraille,
But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.
And over-al, ther as profit sholde aryse,
Curteys he was, and lowly of servyse. 250
Ther nas no man no-wher so vertuous.
He was the beste beggere in his hous;
For thogh a widwe hadde noght a sho,
So plesaunt was his *In principio*,
Yet wolde he have a ferthing, er he
wente. 255
His purchas was wel bettre than his
rente.
And rage he coude as it were right a
whelpe.
In love-dayes ther coude he muchel
helpe.
For there he was nat lyk a cloisterer,
With a thredbar cope, as is a povre
scoler, 260

230. *al-thogh him sore smerte*, although it pain him sorely. 233. *tipet*, a hood in which, for convenience sake, the friar seems to have carried gifts for his women friends. *farsed*, stuffed. 236. *rote*, fiddle. 237. *yed-dinges*, ballads or songs relating some old romance. 241. *tappestere*, barmaid. 242. *lazar*, leper. *beggestere*, female beggar. 244. *facultee*, ability, position. 246. *honest*, creditable. 247. *poraille*, poor trash. 248. *vitaille*, food. 254. *In principio*, the beginning of the Gospel according to John, "In the beginning was the Word," a favorite text for the friars. 256. *His purchas*, etc., "what he got from begging exceeded his regular income." 257. *And rage*, etc., "and he knew how to play about like a puppy." 258. *love-dayes*, in medieval times, days on which differences of opinion could be settled out of court through the intermediation of the clergy. They were called "dies amoris." 260. *cope*, a priest's cloak, semicircular in shape.

But he was lyk a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semi-cope,
That rounded as a belle, out of the
presse.

Somwhat he lipsed, for his wantownesse,
To make his English swete up-on his
tonge; 265

And in his harping, whan that he had
songe,

His eyen twinkled in his heed aright,
As doon the sterres in the frosty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped
Huberd. 269

A MERCHANT was ther with a forked
berd, Marchant

In mottelee, and hye on horse he sat,
Up-on his heed a Flaundrish bever hat;
His botes clasped faire and fetisly.

His resons he spak ful solempnely,
Souninge alway th'encrees of his win-
ning. 275

He wolde the see were kept for any
thing

Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.

Wel coude he in eschaunge sheeldes selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette;
Ther wiste no wight that he was in
dette, 280

So estatly was he of his governaunce,
With his bargaynes, and with his chevi-
saunce.

For sothe he was a worthy man with-
alle,

But sooth to seyn, I noot how men him
calle. Clerk

A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also,
That un-to logik hadde longe y-go. 286

As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he nas nat right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe, and ther-to soberly.

Ful thredbar was his overest courtepy;

For he had geten him yet no benefyce,
Ne was so worldly for to have offyce. 292
For him was lever have at his beddes
heed

Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophye, 295
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay
sautrye.

But al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But al that he mighte of his freendes
hente,

On bokes and on lerninge he it spente,
And bisily gan for the soules preye 301
Of hem that yaf him wher-with to
scoleye.

Of studie took he most cure and most
hede.

Noght o word spak he more than was
nede,

And that was seyed in forme and rever-
ence, 305

And short and quik, and ful of hy
sentence.

Souninge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he learne, and gladly
teche.

A SERGEANT OF THE LAWE, war and
wys, Man of Lawe

That often hadde been at the parvyys, 310
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.

Discreet he was, and of greet reverence:
He semed swich, his wordes weren so
wyse.

Justyce he was full often in assyse,
By patente and by pleyn commissioun;
For his science and for his heigh re-
noun 316

Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.
So greet a purchasour was no-wher noon.
Al was fee simple to him in effect,

264. wantownesse, mannerism. 271. mottelee, mixed-colored cloth. 275. Souninge, etc., harmonizing with, or conducting to, the increase of his profit. 276. kept for any thing, guarded at any cost. 277. Middelburgh and Orewelle. Between 1384-1388 the wool-staple or market was settled at Middleburgh, a port in Holland, just opposite Harwich, near which the Orwell River empties into the sea. The merchant wanted protection for the wool trade. 278. in eschaunge sheeldes selle. Crowns were called shields because one side had a shield on it. They were valued at 3s 4d. The merchant knew how to make money on the rate of exchange. 279. wit bisette, used his wits to the best advantage. 281. governaunce, the ordering of his business. 282. chevisaunce, an agreement or contract for borrowing money on credit; really a form of note. 285. Clerk, a scholar at the university who is preparing himself for priestly orders or who is in orders. 286. y-go, gone. 290. courtepy, outermost short cloak.

291. benefyce, an ecclesiastical preferment; here probably a perpetual curacy, the duties of which were slight and the remuneration large. 292. offyce, secular employment, generally in law. 296. sautrye, psaltery or zither. 297. albe, although. philosophre. Medieval philosophy included alchemy and the search for the philosophers' stone, by which it was believed that all metals could be turned into gold. The Clerk did not practice alchemy. 299. hente, get. 302. scoleye, study. 303. cure, care. 306. sentence, moral import. 307. Souninge in, conducive to. 309. Sergeant of the Lawe, any lawyer acting for the king in a law court; like our district attorney. war, cautious. 310. parvyys, the portico of St. Paul's in London, where the lawyers used to gather. 314. Justyce, etc., justice of the circuit court sent by the crown to certain parts of England. 315. patente, official documents. pleyn, full. 318. purchasour, conveyancer of property. 319. fee simple, complete transfer and not in fee tail, i.e., with restrictions applied to the transfer.

His purchasing mighte nat been infect.
 No-wher so bisy a man as he ther nas, 321
 And yet he semed bisier than he was.
 In termes hadde he caas and domes
 alle,
 That from the tyme of king William
 were falle.
 Therto he coude endyte, and make a
 thing, 325
 Ther coude no wight pinche at his
 wryting;
 And every statut coude he pleyn by rote.
 He rood but hoomly in a medlee cote,
 Girt with a ceint of silk, with barres
 smale;
 Of his array telle I no lenger tale. 330
 A FRANKLEYN was in his companye;
 Whyt was his berd as is the dayesye.
 Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
 Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in
 wyn. **Frankleyn**
 To liven in delyt was ever his wone, 335
 For he was Epicurus owne sone,
 That heeld opinioun that pleyn delyt
 Was verrailly felicitee parfyt.
 An housholdere and that a greet, was
 he;
 Seint Julian he was in his contree. 340
 His breed, his ale, was alwey after oon;
 A bettre envyned man was no-wher
 noon.
 With-oute bake mete was never his hous,
 Of fish and flesh, and that so plentevous
 It snwed in his hous of mete and
 drinke, 345
 Of alle deyntees that men coude thinke.
 After the sondry sesons of the yeer,
 So chaunged he his mete and his soper.
 Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in
 mewe,

320. *infect*, invalid. 323. *In termes*, etc., "he knew the legal cases and, decisions and could express them in proper legal terms." 324. *king William*, William the Conqueror. 325. *endyte*, draw up. *thing*, agreement. 327. *pleyn*, completely. 328. *hoomly*, simply. *medlee*, motley. 329. *ceint*, belt. *barres*, belt-holes for the tongue to pass through. 331. *Frankleyn*, a wealthy householder or farmer. 333. *sangwyn*. The medieval physicians believed that four "humors" governed the body—cold, hot, moist, and dry—and that in each man were four complexions—sanguine, choleric, phlegmatic, and melancholic. The dominant complexion depended on whether blood, bile, or phlegm, or black bile predominated in a man, ascended to his brain, and controlled his mind. 334. *by the morwe*, in the morning. *sop in wyn*, bread dipped in wine. 336. *Epicurus* (342?-270 B.C.), a Greek philosopher who believed that pleasure is the highest good. 340. *Seint Julian*, the patron saint of hospitality. 341. *after oon*, kept up to par. 342. *envyned*, provided with a good cellar of wine. 348. *soper*, supper. 349. *mewe*, coop.

And many a breem and many a luce in
 stewe. 350
 Wo was his cook but-if his sauce
 were
 Poynaunt and sharp, and redy al his
 gere.
 His table dormant in his halle alway
 Stood redy covered al the longe day.
 At sessionours ther was he lord and
 sire;
 Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the
 shire. 356
 An anlas and a gipser al of silk
 Heng at his girdel, whyt as morne
 milk.
 A shirreve hadde he been, and a coun-
 tour; 359
 Was no-wher such a worthy vava-
 sour. **Haberdassher, Carpenter, etc.**
 An HABERDASSHER and a CARPENTER,
 A WEBBE, a DYERE, and a TAPICER,
 Were with us eek, clothed in o liveree,
 Of a solempne and greet fraternitee.
 Ful fresh and newe hir gere apyked
 was;
 Hir knyves were y-chaped noght with
 bras, 366
 But al with silver, wrought ful clene and
 weel;
 Hir girdles and hir pouches every-deel.
 Wel semed ech of hem a fair burgeys,
 To sitten in a yeldhalle on a deys. 370
 Everich, for the wisdom that he can,
 Was shaply for to been an alderman.
 For catel hadde they y-nogh and rente,
 And eek hir wyves wolde it wel assente;
 And elles certein were they to blame. 375
 It is ful fair to been y-clept *ma dame*,

350. *many a breem*, etc., "many a bream and a pike in his fishpond." 351. *but-if*, unless. 353. *dormant*, fixed, a proof of hospitality. At that time most tables were merely boards thrown across sawhorses and easily removable. 355. *sessionours*, meetings of the justices of the peace. 356. *knight of the shire*, a distinct honor, since this member of parliament represented the entire shire, and not merely one of its constituent boroughs or counties. Chaucer represented the shire of Kent in 1386. 357. *anlas*, a short, two-edged knife. *gipser*, a pouch usually employed in hawking, but here merely a money pouch. 359. *shirreve*, governor of a county. *cuntour*, a public accountant or auditor. 360. *vava-sour*, a vassal to an overlord, a man of the middle class. 361. *Haberdassher*, either a seller of notions, or else of hats. 362. *Webbe*, weaver. *Tapicer*, an upholsterer. 363. *o*, one. *liveree*. Certain guilds, or fraternities (line 364), adopted a common dress. 365. *gere*, clothing. *apyked*, cleaned. 366. *y-chaped*, tipped at the end of the sheath. Since they used silver they were very superior people. 370. *To sitten*, etc., "to sit in a guildhall on a platform." 371. *can*, knew. 372. *alderman*, the head of a guild. 373. *For catel*, etc., "for they had enough property and income."

And goon to vigilyës al bifore,
And have a mantel royalliche y-bore.

A Cook they hadde with hem for the
nones, Cook
To boille the chiknes with the mary-
bones, 380

And poudre-marchant tart, and galin-
gale.

Wel coude he knowe a draughte of
London ale.

He coude roste, and sethe, and broille,
and frye,

Maken mortreux, and wel bake a
pye.

But greet harm was it, as it thoughte
me, 385

That on his shine a mormal hadde he;
For blankmanger, that made he with the
beste.

A SHIPMAN was ther, woning fer by
weste; Shipman

For aught I woot, he was of Derte-
mouthe.

He rood up-on a rouncy as he couthe, 390
In a gowne of falding to the knee.

A daggere hanging on a laas hadde he
Aboute his nekke under his arm
adoun.

The hote somer had maad his hewe al
broun;

And, certainly, he was a good felawe. 395
Ful many a draughte of wyn had he
y-drawe

From Burdeux-ward, whyl that the
chapman sleep.

Of nyce conscience took he no keep.
If that he faught, and hadde the hyer
hond,

By water he sente hem hoom to every
lond. 400

But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,

His stremes and his daungers him
bisydes,

His herberwe and his mone, his lode-
menage,

Ther nas noon swich from Hulle to
Cartage.

Hardy he was, and wys to undertake; 405
With many a tempest hadde his berd
been shake.

He knew wel alle the havenes, as they
were,

From Gootlond to the cape of Finistere,
And every cryke in Britayne and in
Spayne;

His barge y-cleped was the Maude-
layne. 410

With us ther was a DOCTOUR OF
PHISYK, Doctour

In all this world ne was ther noon him
lyk

To speke of phisik and of surgerye,
For he was grounden in astronomye.

He kepte his pacient a ful greet del 415
In houres, by his magik naturel.

Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his pacient.

He knew the cause of everich maladye,
Were it of hoot, or cold, or moiste, or
drye, 420

And where engendred, and of what
humour;

He was a verrey parfit practisour.
The cause y-knowe, and of his harm the
rote,

Anon he yaf the seke man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries, 425

To sende him drogges, and his letuaries,
For ech of hem made oþer for to winne;

Hir frendschipe nas nat newe to biginne.
Wel knew he th'olde Esculapius,

377. *vigilyës*. Watch-nights, or the evenings of church festivals, were celebrated by meetings in the churchyards and churches. Frequently quarrels occurred as to precedence, especially when the ladies went up to lay their offerings on the altar. 379. *for the nones*, for the occasion. 380. *mary-bones*, marrow bones. 381. *poudre-marchant*, a bitter flavoring powder. *galin-gale*, a spice made from the root of the sweet cyprus. 384. *mortreux*, a very thick soup made either of pounded meat or fish. 386. *mormal*, a running sore. 387. *blankmanger*, a timbale made of chicken, rice, sugar, and almonds. 388. *woning*, living. 389. *Derte-mouthe*, Dartmouth, once a prosperous port of Devonshire. 390. *rouncy*, a nag. *as he couthe*, "as best he knew how." 391. *falding*, coarse cloth. 392. *laas*, cord. 397. *chapman*, merchant or supercargo. The crew apparently refreshed themselves from the cargo. 398. *nyce*, sensitive. 399. *hyer*, upper. 400. *By water*, etc., he made them "walk the plank."

402. *stremes*, currents. 403. *herberwe*, harbor. *lode-menage*, pilotage. 404. *Cartage*, Carthage. 416. *In houres*. He took care to get his patient under the proper astrological influences at certain hours. Medieval medicine was saturated with astrology. 417. *Wel coude . . . pacient*, "well did he know how to choose a fortunate moment for putting under the proper zodiacal influence images to be used for curing his patient." The medieval physicians made images as charms to cure their patients, either by the substance from which the image was made or by the planetary influence to which it was subjected. The ascendant was the point of the zodiac rising above the horizon at any given moment. 421. *humour*. See note on line 333. 424. *bote*, remedy. 425. *apothecaries*. The medieval physicians and apothecaries worked closely together. 426. *letuaries*, drugs mixed in a sirup or paste. 429. *Esculapius*, Aesculapius, the son of Apollo, and reputed the father of medicine. The others (lines 430-434) were famous physicians and scholars of antiquity and of medieval times. The last-named, an Englishman, was almost a contemporary of Chaucer's.

And Deiscorides, and eek Rufus; 430
 Old Ypocras, Haly, and Galien;
 Serapion, Razis, and Avicen;
 Averrois, Damascien, and Constantyn;
 Bernard, and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.
 Of his diete mesurable was he, 435
 For it was of no superfluitee,
 But of greet norissing and digestible.
 His studie was but litel on the Bible.
 In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,
 Lyned with taffata and with sendal; 440
 And yet he was but esy of dispençe;
 He kepte that he wan in pestilence.
 For gold in phisik is a cordial,
 Therfore he lovede gold in special. 444
 A good WYF was ther of bisyde
 BATHE, Wyf of Bathe
 But she was som-del deef, and that was
 scathe.
 Of clooth-making she hadde swiche an
 haunt
 She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt,
 In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther
 noon
 That to th' offering bifore hir sholde
 goon; 450
 And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooth was
 she
 That she was out of alle charitee.
 Hir coverchiefs ful fyne were of ground,
 I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound
 That on a Sondag were upon hir heed.
 Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed, 456
 Ful streite y-teyd, and shoos ful moiste
 and newe.
 Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of
 hewe.
 She was a worthy womman al hir
 lyve,
 Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde
 fyve, 460
 Withouten other companye in youthe;
 But therof nedeth nat to speke a
 nouthe.
 And thryes hadde she been at Jerusalem;

439. In sangwin, etc., "in red and blue-gray he was dressed." 440. taffata, thin silk. sendal, a silk used for lining. 441. but esy of dispençe, economical. 446. som-del, somewhat. scathe, a shame. 447. haunt, skill. 448. passed, surpassed. Ypres and of Gaunt. At this time the Flemings and the English were rivals in making cloth. 450. bifore hir. See note on line 377. 453. of ground, finely woven. 457. streite y-teyd, snugly fastened. moiste, supple, as would not be true of old, dry leather. 460. chirche-dore. Many couples were married at the church door, and then entered the church for Mass. 461. Withouten, besides. 462. as nouthe, now.

She hadde passed many a straunge
 streem;
 At Rome she hadde been, and at
 Boloigne, 465
 In Galice at seint Jame, and at Coloigne.
 She coude muche of wandring by the
 weye:
 Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye.
 Up-on an amblere esily she sat,
 Y-wimpled wel, and on hir heed an
 hat 470
 As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;
 A foot-mantel aboute hir hipes large,
 And on hir feet a paire of spores
 sharpe.
 In felawschip wel coude she laughe and
 carpe.
 Of remedies of love she knew per-
 chaunce, 475
 For she coude of that art the olde
 daunce.
 A good man was ther of religioun,
 And was a povre PERSOUN of a toun;
 But riche he was of holy thought and
 werk. Persoun
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk, 480
 That Cristes gospel trewely wolde
 preche;
 His parissshens devoutly wolde he teche.
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversitee full pacient;
 And swich he was y-preved ofte sythes.
 Ful looth were him to cursen for his
 tythes, 486
 But rather wolde he yeven, out of
 doute,
 Un-to his povre parissshens aboute
 Of his offering and eek of his substaunce.
 He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce.
 Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer
 a-sonder, 491
 But he ne lafte nat, for reyn ne thonder,

464. straunge streem. She had made all the popular pilgrimages. 465. Boloigne (Boulogne), where there was a famous image of the Virgin Mary. 466. Galice (Galicia), where the body of St. James was supposed to be buried at Compostella. Coloigne (Cologne), where the Three Wise Men were supposed to be buried. 468. Gat-tothed, with teeth far apart. This was considered to be a sign of an affectionate nature. 471. targe, a large shield. 472. foot-mantel, a short overskirt, worn to protect the dress. 474. carpe, talk. 476. daunce, custom. 478. Persoun, parson, a member of the secular clergy as distinguished from the clerical orders. 482. parissshens, parishioners. 485. sythes, times. 486. tythes. As he lived on a part of the offerings of his church, he would have to scold the congregation if they were too small to sustain him. 492. ne lafte nat, did not stop.

In siknes nor in meschief to visyte
 The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and
 lyte,
 Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf. 495
 This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
 That first he wroghte, and afterward he
 taughte;
 Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte;
 And this figure he added eek ther-to,
 That if gold ruste what shal iren do? 500
 For if a preest be foul, on whom we
 truste,
 No wonder is a lewed man to ruste;
 And shame it is, if a preest take keep,
 A shiten shepherde and a clene sheep.
 Wel oghte a preest ensample for to
 yive, 505
 By his clenness, how that his sheep
 shold live.
 He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
 And leet his sheep encombred in the
 myre,
 And ran to London, un-to sēynt Poules,
 To seken him a chaunterie for soules, 510
 Or with a bretherhed to been withholde;
 But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his
 folde,
 So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie;
 He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.
 And though he holy were and vertuous,
 He was to sinful man nat despitous, 516
 Ne of his speche daungerous ne dignē,
 But in his teching discreet and benigne.
 To drawn folk to heven by fairnesse,
 By good ensample, was his bisnesse: 520
 But it were any persone obstinat,
 What-so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
 Him wolde he snibben sharply for the
 nones.
 A better preest I trowe that nowher
 noon is.
 He wayted after no pompe and rever-
 ence, 525
 Ne makid him a spyced conscience,

494. *ferreste*, the farthestmost removed in dwelling. *muche* and *lyte*, of high and low degree. 502. *lewed*, ignorant. 504. *shiten*, foul. 507. *He sette nat*, etc., "he did not rent out his office to some underling." 508. *leet*, leave. 510. *chaunterie for soules*. At St. Paul's were many foundations to pay for priests to say Mass for the dead. The priest who received the benefits of the foundation had only to say the necessary Masses and draw his pay. 511. *Or with*, etc., or be supported by some religious organization that needed a priest. 516. *despitous*, contemptuous. 517. *daungerous ne dignē*, haughty or stately. 523. *snibben for the nones*, reprimand at once. 525. *wayted after*, expected. 526. *spyced*, prepared, artificial.

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taughte, and first he folwed it him-
 selve.

With him ther was a PLOWMAN, was
 his brother, *Plowman*
 That hadde y-lad of dong ful many a
 fother, 530

A trewe swinker and a good was he,
 Livinge in pees and parfit charitee.
 God loved he best with al his hole herte
 At alle tymes, thogh him gamed or
 smerte,

And thanne his neighebour right as him-
 selve. 535

He wolde thresshe, and ther-to dyke
 and delve,

For Cristes sake, for every povre wight,
 Withouten hyre, if it lay in his might.

His tythes payed he ful faire and wel,
 Bothe of his propre swink and his catel.
 In a tabard he rood upon a mere. 541

Ther was also a Reve and a Millere,
 A Somnour and a Pardoner also,
 A Maunciple, and my-self; ther were
 namo.

The MILLER was a stout carl, for the
 nones, *Miller* 545

Ful big he was of braun and eek of
 bones;

That proved wel, for over-al ther he
 cam,

At wrastling he wolde have alwey the
 ram.

He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke
 knarre,

Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of
 harre, 550

Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed.
 His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,

And ther-to brood, as though it were
 a spade.

Up-on the cop right of his nose he hade
 A werte, and ther-on stood a tuft of
 heres,

527. *lore*, teaching. 530. *y-lad*, etc., "spread many a load of manure." 531. *swinker*, worker. 534. *thogh him gamed or smerte*, "whether it fared well or ill with him." 536. *dyke and delve*, make ditches and dig. 540. *propre swink*, own labor. *catel*, goods. 541. *mere*, mare. 542. *Reve*, etc. Explanatory notes on the various characters appear where each is described in detail. 545. *stout carl*, for the nones, in truth, a strong fellow. 547. *That proved*, etc., "as was well proved, for wherever he came." 548. *wolde have the ram*, won the prize, which frequently was a ram. 549. *thikke knarre*, thick-set fellow. 550. *heve of harre*, heave off its hinge. 551. *Or breke it*, etc. Another highly intellectual amusement of the Miller and his friends was to break a door by running at it with their heads. 554. *cop*, tip.

Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres;
His nose-thirles blake were and wyde.
A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde;
His mouth as greet was as a greet
forneys.

He was a jangler and a goliardeys, 560
And that was most of sinne and har-
lotryes.

Wel coude he stelen corn, and tollen
thryes;

And yet he hadde a thombe of gold,
pardee.

A whyt cote and a blew hood wered he.
A baggepype wel coude he blowe and
sowne, 565

And ther-with-al he broghte us out of
towne.

A gentil MAUNCIPLE was ther of a
temple, Maunciple
Of which achatours mighte take ex-
emple

For to be wyse in bying of vitaille.
For whether that he payde, or took by
taille, 570

Algate he wayted so in his achat
That he was ay biforn and in good stat.
Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace,
That swich a lewed mannes wit shal
pace

The wisdom of an heep of lerned men?
Of maistres hadde he mo than thryes
ten, 576

That were of lawe expert and curious;
Of which ther were a doseyn in that
hous,

Worthy to been stiwardes of rente and
lond

Of any lord that is in Engeland, 580

To make him live by his propre good,
In honour dettelees, but he were wood,
Or live as scarsly as him list desire;
And able for to helpen al a shire
In any cas that mighte falle or happe; 585

557. nose-thirles, nostrils. 560. jangler and a goliardeys, loud talker and a teller of vulgar jokes. 561. harlotryes, foul talk. 562. tollen thryes. Millers received pay for grinding corn and a certain percentage of the amount ground. This Miller took three times as much as the law allowed. 563. thombe of gold. Millers tested their flour between the thumb and first finger. This Miller had a very expert thumb. 565. sowne, sound. 567. Maunciple, a steward who cared for the general upkeep of the bachelor lodgings of the lawyers in the Temple, or Inns of Court. 568. achatours, buyers. 570. taille, credit. 571. Algate, etc., "always he was so careful in his purchasing." 574. That swich, etc., "that the wit of such an ignorant man should surpass." 582. wood, crazy.

And yit this maunciple sette hir aller
cappe. Reve

The REVE was a sclendre, colerik man,
His berd was shave as ny as ever he can.
His heer was by his eres round y-shorn.
His top was dokked lyk a preest biforn.
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Y-lyk a staf, ther was no calf y-sene. 592
Wel coude he kepe a gerner and a binne;
Ther was noon auditou. coude on him
winne.

Wel wiste he, by the drogh ȝ, and by the
reyn, 595

The yelding of his seed and of his greyn.
His lordes sheep, his neet, his dayerye,
His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his
pultrye

Was hoolly in this reves governing,
And by his covenaut yaf the reken-
ing, 600

Sin that his lord was twenty yeer of age;
Ther coude no man bringe him in
arrerage.

Ther nas baillif, ne herde, ne other hyne,
That he ne knew his sleighte and his
covyne;

They were adrad of him as of the deeth.
His woning was ful fair up-on an
heeth, 606

With grene treës shadwed was his place.
He coude bettre than his lord purchase.
Ful riche he was astored prively;

His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly, 610
To yeve and lene him of his owne good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote and
hood.

In youthe he lerned hadde a good mister;
He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter.
This reve sat up-on a ful good stot, 615

That was al pomely grey, and highte
Scot.

A long surcote of pers up-on he hade,
And by his syde he bar a rusty blade.
Of Northfolk was this reve of which I
telle,

586. sette hir aller cappe, fooled or cheated them all. 587. Reve, a minor officer of a feudal manor. 590. dokked, closely cropped or shaved like the tonsure of a priest. 593. gerner, garner. 597. neet, cattle. 598. stoor, stock. 600. covenaut, agreement. 601. Sin, since. 602. arrerage, arrears. 603. Ther nas, etc., "there was no agent for the lord of the manor, nor shepherd, nor farm laborer." 604. That he, etc., "whose tricks and business methods he did not know." 606. woning, dwelling. 611. lene, lend. 613. mister, trade. 614. wrighte, workman. 615. stot, cob. 616. pomely, dappled. highte, was called. 617. pers, blue cloth.

Bisyde a toun men clepen Baldeswelle.
Tukked he was, as is a frere, aboute, 621
And ever he rood the hindreste of our
route.

A SOMNOUR was ther with us in that
place, Somnour
That hadde a fyr-reed cherubinnes face,
For sawcefleem he was, with eyen narwe.
As hoot he was, and lecherous, as a
sparwe; 626
With scalled browes blake, and piled
berd;

Of his visage children were aferd.
Ther nas quik-silver, litarge, ne brim-
stoon,

Boras, ceruce, ne oille of tartre noon,
Ne oynement that wolde clense and
byte, 631

That him mighte helpen of his whelkes
whyte,

Nor of the knobbes sittinge on his
chekes.

Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek
lekes,

And for to drinken strong wyn, reed as
blood. 635

Than wolde he speke, and crye as he
were wood.

And whan that he wel dronken hadde
the wyn,

Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.

A fewe termes hadde he, two or three,

That he had lerned out of som decree;

No wonder is, he herde it al the day; 641

And eek ye knowen wel how that a jay
Can clepen "Watte," as well as can the
pope.

But who-so coude in other thing him
grobe,

Thanne hadde he spent al his philos-
ophye; 645

Ay "*Questio quid iuris*" wolde he crye.

He was a gentil harlot and a kinde;

A better felawe sholde men noght finde.

621. **Tukked**. His long coat was tucked in by his belt. 622. **route**, company. 623. **Somnour**, an officer of ecclesiastical courts who brought in delinquents. 624. **fyr-reed**, etc. Medieval paintings made the cherubim very red-faced. 625. **sawcefleem**, pimpled. **eyen narwe**, narrow eyes. 627. **scalled**, scabby. **piled**, scanty. 629. **litarge**, ointment of white lead. **brimstoon**, sulphur. 630. **Boras**, borax. **ceruce**, another ointment made from white lead. 632. **whelkes whyte**, white pimples. 643. **Watte**, Walter. 644. **But who-so**, etc., "but whoever knew enough to argue with him on another point." 646. *Questio quid iuris*, what is the law? 647. **gentil harlot**, nice fellow.

He wolde suffre for a quart of wyn
A good felawe to have his concubyn 650
A twelf-month, and excuse him atte
fulle;

Ful prively a finch eek coude he pulle.
And if he fond o-wher a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to have non awe,
In swich cas, of the erchedeknes curs, 655
But-if a mannes soule were in his purs;
For in his purs he sholde y-punissed be.
"Purs is the erchedeknes helle," seyde
he.

But wel I woot he lyed right in dede;
Of cursing oghte ech gilty man him
drede— 660

For curs wol slee, right as assoilling
saveth—

And also war him of a *significavit*.

In daunger hadde he at his owne gyse

The yonge girles of the diocyse,

And knew hir counseil, and was al hir
reed. 665

A gerland hadde he set up-on his heed,
As greet as it were for an ale-stake;

A bokeler hadde he maad him of a cake.

With him ther rood a gentil PAR-
DONER Pardoner

Of Rouncival, his freend and his com-
peer, 670

That streight was comen fro the court
of Rome.

Ful loude he song, "Com hider, love, to
me."

This somnour bar to him a stif burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so greet a
soun.

This pardoner hadde heer as yelow as
wex, 675

But smoth it heng, as dooth a strike of
flex;

By ounces henge his lokkes that he
hadde,

And ther-with he his shuldres over-
spradde;

652. **Ful prively**, etc., "he knew how to fleece any unsuspecting person." 656. **But-if**, unless. 661. **right as**, etc., "just as absolution redeems." 662. **war him**, etc., "let him beware of a writ of excommunication," which began usually "Significavit." 663. **In daunger**, etc., "within his power, at his own will." 665. **reed**, adviser. 667. **ale-stake**, a support, like a horizontal flag-staff, from which a garland was hung out in front of an alehouse. 669. **Pardoner**, an ecclesiastic who received from Rome license to exhibit relics and grant special pardons in certain districts, or wherever he might go. 670. **Rouncival**, a reference to a London hospital, and not the French town of that name. 673. **stif burdoun**, strong bass. 676. **strike**, a bunch or hank. 677. **ounces**, thin curls.

But thinne it lay, by colpons oon and
oon;

But hood, for jolitee, ne wered he noon,
For it was trussed up in his walet. 681
Him thoughte he rood al of the newe jet;
Dischevele, save his cappe, he rood al
bare.

Swiche glaringe eyen hadde he as an
hare.

A vernicle hadde he sowed on his cappe.
His walet lay biforn him in his lappe, 686
Bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al
hoot.

A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.
No berd hadde he, ne never sholde have,
As smothe it was as it were late y-shave;

But of his craft, fro Berwik into Ware,
Ne was ther swich another pardonere.
For in his male he hadde a pilwe-beer,
Which that, he seyde, was our lady veyl:
He seyde he hadde a gobet of the seyl 696
That seynt Peter hadde, whan that he
wente

Up-on the see, til Jesu Crist him hente.
He hadde a croys of latoun, ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones. 700
But with thise reliques, whan that he fond
A povre person dwelling up-on lond,
Up-on a day he gat him more moneye
Than that the person gat in monthes
tweye.

And thus with feyned flaterye and japes
He made the person and the peple his
apes. 706

But trewely to tellen atte laste,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste.
Wel coude he rede a lessoun or a storie,
But alderbest he song an offertorie; 710
For wel he wiste, whan that song was
songe,

He moste preche, and wel affyle his
tonge,

To winne silver, as he ful wel coude;
Therefore he song so meriely and loude.

Now have I told you shortly, in a
clause, 715

679. *colpons*, bunches, locks. 680. *jolitee*, pleasure, comfort. 682. *Him thoughte*, it seemed to him. *Jet*, style. 683. *Dischevele*, with unkempt hair. 685. *vernicle*, an image of St. Veronica. 687. *Bret-ful*, completely filled. 694. *male*, pouch. *pilwe-beer*, pillowcase. 696. *gobet*, piece. 698. *hente*, grasped. 699. *croys*, cross. *latoun*, a metal compounded of copper and zinc. 701. *fond*, found. 702. *up-on lond*, in the country. 705. *japes*, tricks. 710. *alderbest*, best of all. 712. *affyle*, file, make smooth.

Th'estat, th'array, the nombre, and eek
the cause

Why that assembled was this companye
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the
Belle.

But now is tyme to yow for to telle 720
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrye alight.
And after wol I telle of our viage,
And al the remenaunt of our pilgrimage.
But first I pray yow of your curteisye,
That ye n'arete it nat my vileinye, 726
Thogh that I pleylnly speke in this
matere,

To telle yow hir wordes and hir chere;
Ne thogh I speke hir wordes properly.
For this ye knowen al-so wel as I, 730
Who-so shal telle a tale after a man,
He moot reherce, as ny as ever he can,
Everich a word, if it be in his charge,
Al speke he never so rudeliche and
large;

Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe,
Or feyne thing, or finde wordes newe. 736
He may nat spare, al-thogh he were his
brother;

He moot as wel seye o word as another.
Crist spak him-self ful brode in holy
writ,

And wel ye woot no vileinye is it. 740
Eek Plato seith, who-so that can him
rede,

The wordes mote be cosin to the dede.
Also I prey yow to foryeve it me,
Al have I nat set folk in hir degree
Here in this tale, as that they sholde
stonde; 745

My wit is short, ye may wel under-
stonde.

Greet chere made our hoste us everi-
chon,

And to the soper sette us anon;
And served us with vitaille at the beste.
Strong was the wyn, and wel to drinke
us leste. 750

A semely man our hoste was with-alle

719. *Belle*, a tavern. 726. *That ye*, etc., "that you do not set it down to my ill-breeding." 728. *chere*, behaviour. 729. *properly*, truly. 732. *reherce*, repeat. Chaucer's humor is here at work, for medieval writers often claimed to follow their sources, when in fact they either departed widely from them or had none. 734. *large*, broadly. 739. *brode*, plain. 742. *mote*, must. 744. *Al have*, etc., "although I have not set people down according to their social rank." 750. *leste*, pleased.

For to han been a marshal in an halle;
 A large man he was with eyen stepe,
 A fairer burgeys is ther noon in Chepe:
 Bold of his speche, and wys, and wel
 y-taught, 755
 And of manhod him lakkede right
 naught.
 Eek therto he was right a mery man,
 And after soper pleyen he bigan,
 And spak of mirthe amonges othere
 thinges,
 Whan that we hadde maad our reken-
 inges; 760
 And seyde thus: "Now, lordinges, trewe-
 ly
 Ye been to me right welcome hertely:
 For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,
 I ne saugh this yeer so mery a companye
 At ones in this herberwe as is now. 765
 Fayn wolde I doon yow mirthe, wiste I
 how.
 And of a mirthe I am right now bi-
 thoght,
 To doon yow ese, and it shal coste
 noght.
 Ye goon to Caunterbury; God yow
 spede,
 The blisful martir quyte yow your
 mede. 770
 And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,
 Ye shapen yow to talen and to pleye;
 For trewely, confort ne mirthe is noon
 To ryde by the weye doumb as a stoon;
 And therefore wol I maken yow dis-
 port, 775
 As I seyde erst, and doon yow som con-
 fort.
 And if yow lyketh alle, by oon assent,
 Now for to stonden at my jugement,
 And for to werken as I shal yow seye,
 To-morwe, whan ye ryden by the weye,
 Now, by my fader soule, that is deed, 781
 But ye be merye, I wol yeve yow myn
 heed.
 Hold up your hond, withouten more
 speche."

Our counseil was nat longe for to
 seche;
 Us thoughte it was noght worth to make
 it wys, 785
 And graunted him withouten more
 avys,
 And bad him seye his verdit, as him
 leste.
 "Lordinges," quod he, "now herkneth
 for the beste;
 But tak it not, I prey yow, in desdeyn;
 This is the poynt, to speken short and
 pleyn, 790
 That ech of yow, to shorte with you
 weye,
 In this viage shal telle tales tweye,
 To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,
 And hom-ward he shal tellen othere
 two,
 Of aventures that whylom han bifalle.
 And which of yow that bereth him best
 of alle, 796
 That is to seyn, that telleth in this cas
 Tales of best sentence and most solas,
 Shal have a soper at our aller cost
 Here in this place, sitting by this post,
 Whan that we come agayn fro Caunter-
 bury. 801
 And for to make yow the more mery,
 I wol my-selven gladly with yow ryde,
 Right at myn owne cost, and be your
 gyde.
 And who-so wol my jugement withseye
 Shal paye al that we spenden by the
 weye. 806
 And if ye vouche-sauf that it be so,
 Tel me anon, with-outen wordes mo,
 And I wol erly shape me therfore."
 This thing was graunted and our
 othes swore 810
 With ful glad herte, and preyden him
 also
 That he wold vouche-sauf for to do so,
 And that he wolde been our governour,
 And of our tales juge and reportour,
 And sette a soper at a certeyn prys; 815
 And we wold reuled been at his devys,
 In heigh and lowe; and thus, by oon
 assent,

752. **marshal**, supervisor of a hall, who kept order and arranged for everyone to have his proper place. 754. **Chepe**, Cheapside. In the Middle Ages it was an open square near St. Paul's Cathedral, in which were held markets, fairs, and the like; hence its name. It is today one of London's principal business streets. 765. **herberwe**, inn. 770. **quyte yow your mede**, "give you your reward." 772. **Ye shapen**, etc., "you intend to tell stories and amuse yourselves." 775. **disport**, diversion. 777. **And if**, etc., "and if it pleases you with common consent." 778. **stonden at**, abide by. 782. **heed**, plan.

785. **make it wys**, "reflect on it much." 786. **avys**, advice, thought. 787. **leste**, pleased. 791. **shorte**, shorten. 794. **othere two**. Chaucer never completed his plan. 798. **sentence**, moral import. **solas**, amusement. 799. **our aller cost**, the expense of us all. 800. **post**, the newel post. 805. **withseye**, withstand. 809. **shape**, prepare.

We been acorde to his jugement.
 And ther-up-on the wyn was fet anon;
 We drunken, and to reste wente
 echoon,
 With-uten any lenger tarynge. 821
 A-morwe, whan that day bigan to
 springe,
 Up roos our host, and was our aller
 cok,
 And gadrede us togidre alle in a flok,
 And forth we riden, a litel more than
 pas, 825
 Un-to the watering of seint Thomas.
 And there our host bigan his hors areste,
 And seyde: "Lordinges, herkneth if
 yow leste.
 Ye woot your forward, and I it yow
 recorde.
 If even-song and morwe-song acorde, 830
 Lat see now who shal telle the firste
 tale.
 As ever mote I drinke wyn or ale,
 Who-so be rebel to my jugement
 Shal paye for al that by the weye is
 spent.
 Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer
 twinne; 835
 He which that hath the shortest shal
 biginne.
 Sire knight," quod he, "my maister and
 my lord,
 Now draweth cut, for that is myn
 acord.
 Cometh neer," quod he, "my lady prior-
 esse;
 And ye, sir clerk, lat be your shamfast-
 nesse, 840
 Ne studieth noght; ley hond to, every
 man."
 Anon to drawen every wight bigan,
 And shortly for to tellen as it was,
 Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
 The sothe is this, the cut fil to the
 knight, 845
 Of which ful blythe and glad was every
 wight;

819. *fet*, fetched. 823. *aller cok*, i.e., who aroused us as does the rooster, that awakens one with his crowing. 825. *a litel more than pas*, at little more than a walk. 826. *watering of seint Thomas*, the watering trough at the second milestone on the road to Canterbury. 829. *Ye woot your forward*, "you know your compact." *re-corde*, recall. 830. *morwe-song acorde*, morning song agree. 832. *mote*, may. 835. *ferre twinne*, go farther. 838. *acord*, judgment. 841. *Nestudieth noght*, "don't deliberate." *ley hond to, every man*, "take one, every-body." 844. *aventure*, luck. *sort*, destiny. *cas*, chance.

And telle he moste his tale, as was
 resoun,
 By forward and by composicioun,
 As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes
 mo?
 And whan this gode man saugh it was
 so, 850
 As he that wys was and obedient
 To kepe his forward by his free
 assent,
 He seyde: "Sin I shal beginne the
 game,
 What, welcome be the cut, a Goddes
 name!
 Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I
 seye." 855
 And with that word we riden forth
 our weye;
 And he bigan with right a mery chere
 His tale anon, and seyde in this
 manere.

WORDS OF THE HOST

THE WORDES OF THE HOST TO
 THE PARDONER

"Thou *bel amy*, thou Pardoner," he
 seyde,
 "Tel us som mirthe or japes right
 anon."
 "It shall be doon," quod he, "by seint
 Ronyon!
 But first," quod he, "heer at this ale-
 stake
 I wol both drinke, and eten of a cake." 5
 But right anon thise gentils gonne to
 crye,
 "Nay! lat him telle us of no ribaudye;
 Tel us som moral thing, that we may
 lere
 Som wit, and thanne wol we gladly
 here."
 "I graunte, y-wis," quod he, "but I mot
 thinke 10
 Up-on som honest thing, whyl that I
 drinke."

848. *forward*, covenant. *composicioun*, agreement. *Words of the Host*. 1. *Thou bel amy*, an old French term of endearment meaning "dear friend" or "sweet-heart." 2. *japes*, funny stories of trickery. 3. *seint Ronyon*, St. Ronan of Scotland. 7. *ribaudye*, ribaldry. 8. *lere*, learn. 11. *honest*, decent.

THE PROLOGUE OF THE
PARDONER'S TALE

**Radix malorum est Cupiditas:*
Ad Thimotheum, sexto.

"Lordings," quod he, "in chirches whan
I preche,
I peyne me to han an hauteyn speche,
And ringe it out as round as gooth a
belle,
For I can al by rote that I telle.
My theme is alwey oon, and ever was—
'*Radix malorum est Cupiditas.*'"

First I pronounce whennes that I
come,
And than my bulles shewe I, alle and
somme.

Our lige lordes seel on my patente,
That shewe I first, my body to warente,
That no man be so bold, ne preest ne
clerk, 11
Me to destourbe of Cristes holy werk;
And after that than telle I forth my
tales,

Bulles of popes and of cardinales,
Of patriarkes, and bishoppes I shewe; 15
And in Latyn I speke a wordes fewe,
To saffron with my predicacioun,
And for to stire men to devocioun.
Than shewe I forth my longe cristal
stones,

Y-crammed ful of cloutes and of bones;
Reliks been they, as wenen they echoon.
Than have I in latoun a sholder-boon 22
Which that was of an holy Jewes shepe.
'Good men,' seye I, 'tak of my wordes
kepe;

If that this boon be wasshe in any welle,
If cow, or calf, or sheep, or oxwelle 26
That any worm hath ete, or worm y-
stonge,

Tak water of that welle, and wash his
tonge,

And it is hool anon; and forthermore,
Of pokkes and of scabbe, and every sore

Shalevery sheep be hool, that of this welle
Drinketh a draughte; tak kepe eek what
I telle.

If that the good-man, that the bestes
oweth,

Wol every wike, er that the cok him
croweth,

Fastinge, drinken of this welle a
draughte, 35

As thilke holy Jewe our eldres taughte,
His bestes and his stoor shal multiplye.

And, sirs, also it heleth jalousye;
For, though a man be falle in jalous rage,

Let maken with this water his potage, 40
And never shal he more his wyf mis-
triste,

Though he the sooth of hir defaute
wiste;

Heer is a miteyn eek, that ye may see.
He that his hond wol putte in this mit-
eyn, 45

He shal have multiplying of his greyn,
Whan he hath sownen, be it whete or otes,
So that he offre pens, or elles grotes.

Good men and wommen, o thing
warne I yow,

If any wight be in this chirche now, 50
That hath doon sinne horrible, that he
Dar nat, for shame, of it y-shriven be,

Or any woman, be she young or old,
That hath y-maad hir housbond coke-
wold,

Swich folk shul have no power ne no
grace 55

To offren to my reliks in this place.

And who-so findeth him out of swich
blame,

He wol com up and offre in goddes name,
And I assoille him by the auctoritee

Which that by bulle y-graunted was to
me, 60

By this gaude have I wonne, yeer by
yeer,

An hundred mark sith I was Pardoner.

I stonde lyk a clerk in my pulpet,

And whan the lewed peple is doun y-set,

*"The love of money is the root of all evil." I. Timothy, vi, 10. 2. *I peyne*, etc., "I take pains to affect a lofty tone." 4. *For I can*, etc., "for I know my subject by heart." 8. *bulles*. Bulls were letters patent of the Pope or the higher clergy to which were appended leaden seals or *bullae*. The Pardoner had one, the usual pardoner's license. *alle and somme*, one and all. 10. *warente*, protect. 17. *saffron*, color. Saffron may be used to color food as well as to season it. 19. *cristal stones*, hollow crystals. 20. *cloutes*, rags. 22. *latoun*, an alloy like brass. 27. *worm*. Here the word may mean "snake."

33. *oweth*, owns. 34. *wike*, week. 37. *stoor*, stock. 40. *potage*, broth. 42. *Though he*, etc., "though he knew the truth of her fault." 48. *So that*, etc., "provided that he offers pennies or else groats." The groat was worth four pence. 52. *y-shriven*, shrived, absolved. 54. *cokewold*, cuckold. 56. *To offren*, etc. The pardoner is protecting himself against any unrepentant sinners. 59. *assoille*, absolve. 61. *gaude*, trick. 62. *mark*, the equivalent of at least \$3.50. 64. *lewed*, ignorant.

I preche, so as ye han herd bifore, 65
 And telle an hundred false japes more.
 Than peyne I me to strecche forth the
 nekke,
 And est and west upon the peple I
 bekke,
 As doth a dowve sitting on a berne.
 Myn hondes and my tonge goon so
 yerne, 70
 That it is joye to see my bisnesse.
 Of avaryce and of swich cursednesse
 Is al my preching, for to make hem
 free
 To yeve her pens, and namely un-to
 me.
 For my entente is nat but for to winne,
 And no-thing for correccioun of sinne. 76
 I rekke never, whan that they ben
 beried,
 Though that her soules goon a-blake-
 beried!
 For certes, many a predicacioun
 Comth ofte tyme of yvel entencioun; 80
 Som for plesaunce of folk and flaterye,
 To been avaucned by ipocrisie,
 And som for veyne glorie, and som for
 hate.
 For, whan I dar non other weyes
 debate,
 Than wol I stinge him with my tonge
 smerte 85
 In preching, so that he shal nat asterte
 To been defamed falsely, if that he
 Hath trespassed to my brethren or to
 me.
 For, though I telle noght his propre
 name,
 Men shal wel knowe that it is the same 90
 By signes and by othere circumstances.
 Thus quyte I folk that doon us dis-
 plesances;
 Thus spitte I out my venim under
 hewe
 Of holynesse, to seme holy and trewe.
 But shortly myn entente I wol devyse;
 I preche of no-thing but for coveityse. 96
 Therfor my theme is yet, and ever was—
 ‘*Radix malorum est cupiditas.*’

Thus can I preche agayn that same
 vyce
 Which that I use, and that is avaryce.
 But, though my-self be gilty in that
 sinne, 101
 Yet can I maken other folk to twinne
 From avaryce, and sore to repente.
 But that is nat my principal entente.
 I preche no-thing but for coveityse; 105
 Of this matere it oughte y-nogh suffyse.
 Than telle I hem ensamples many oon
 Of olde stories, longe tyme agoon:
 For lewed peple loven tales olde;
 Swich things can they wel reporte and
 holde. 110
 What? trowe ye, the whyles I may
 preche,
 And winne gold and silver for I teche,
 That I wol live in povert wilfully?
 Nay, nay, I thoughte it never trewely!
 For I wol preche and begge in sondry
 londes; 115
 I wol not do no labour with myn hondes,
 Ne make baskettes, and live therby,
 Because I wol nat beggen ydelly.
 I wol non of the apostles counterfete;
 I wol have money, wolfe, chese, and
 whete, 120
 Al were it yeven of the powrest page,
 Or of the povrest widwe in a village,
 Al sholde hir children sterve for famyne.
 Nay! I wol drinke licour of the vyne,
 And have a joly wenche in every
 toun. 125
 But herkneth, lordings, in conclu-
 sioun;
 Your lyking is that I shal telle a tale.
 Now, have I dronke a draughte of corny
 ale,
 By god, I hope I shal yow telle a thing
 That shal, by resoun, been at your
 lyking. 130
 For, though myself be a ful vicious man,
 A moral tale yet I yow telle can,
 Which I am wont to preche, for to
 winne.
 Now holde your pees, my tale I wol
 beginne.”

66. japes, tricks. 68. bekke, nod, bow. 69. berne, barn. 70. yerne, quickly, eagerly. 75. nat but, only. 77. rekke, care. 78. Though that, etc., "even if their souls go blackberrying," i.e., I do not care where their souls go. 79. predicacioun, preaching. 86. so that, etc., "so that he shall not escape being defamed falsely." 88. trespassed, wronged. 92. quyte, repay. 95. devyse, tell. 96. for coveityse, from covetousness.

102. twinne, separate, depart. 112. for I teche, "for what I teach" or "because I teach." 113. povert, poverty. 117. Ne make baskettes, in imitation of the early saints. 119. apostles counterfete. Many of the apostles labored with their hands, as did St. Peter, the fisherman; St. Paul was a tent-maker. 121. Al, although. 123. sterve, die. 128. corny, tasting strongly of grain.

THE PARDONER'S TALE

HERE BEGINNETH THE PARDONER'S TALE

In Flaundes whylom was a companye
Of yonge folk, that haunteden folye,
As ryot, hasard, stewes, and tavernes,
Wher-as, with harpes, lutes, and git-
ernes,

They daunce and pleye at dees bothe
day and night,

And ete also and drinken over hir might,
Thurgh which they doon the devel sacri-
fyse

With-in that develes temple, in cursed
wyse,

By superfluitee abhominable;
Hir othes been so grete and so dampna-
ble,

That it is grisly for to here hem swere;
Our blissed lordes body they to-tere;
Hem thoughte Jewes rente him noght
y-nough;

And ech of hem at otheres sinne lough.
And right anon than comen tombesteres
Fetys and smale, and yonge fruytes-
teres,

Singers with harpes, baudes, wafereres,
Whiche been the verray develes officeres
To kindle and blowe the fyr of lecherye,
That is annexed un-to glotonye;

The holy writ take I to my witenesse,
That luxurie is in wyn and drunkenesse.

Lo, how that drunken Loth, unkinde-
ly,
Lay by his doghtres two, unwittingly;
So dronke he was, he niste what he
wroghte.

Herodes, (who-so wel the stories
soghte),

Whan he of wyn was replet at his feste,
Right at his owene table he yaf his
heste

To sleen the Baptist John ful giltelees.
Senek seith eek a good word doutelees;

1. *whylom*, once upon a time. 2. *haunteden folye*, lived riotously. 3. *As ryot*, etc., "as riotous living, dice-playing, houses of ill-repute, and inns." 4. *giteres*, guitars. 5. *dees*, dice. 6. *over hir might*, to excess. 10. *Hir*, their. 11. *grisly*, fearful. 12. *to-tere*, tear apart. Swearing was supposed figuratively to wound the body of Jesus. 13. *Hem thoughte*, it seemed to them. 14. *lough*, laughed. 15. *tombesteres*, female jugglers or dancers. 16. *Fetys*, well-formed. *fruytesteres*, female fruit-sellers. 17. *wafereres*, sellers of candy. 22. *luxurie*, lechery. 23. *unkindely*, unnaturally. 26. *who-so wel*, etc., "whoever would look up the stories carefully." 27. *replet*, full. 28. *yaf his heste*, gave his command. 30. *Senek*, Seneca, the Roman philosopher.

He seith, he can no difference finde 31
Bitwix a man that is out of his minde
And a man which that is dronkelewe,
But that woodnesse, y-fallen in a shrewe,
Persevereth lenger than doth dronke-
nesse. 35

O glotonye, ful of cursednesse,
O cause first of our confusioun,
O original of our dampnacioun,
Til Crist had boght us with his blood
agayn!

Lo, how dere, shortly for to sayn, 40
Aboght was thilke cursed vileinye;

Corrupt was al this world for glotonye!
Adam our fader, and his wyf also,
Fro Paradys to labour and to wo
Were driven for that vyce, it is no drede;
For whyl that Adam fasted, as I rede, 46
He was in Paradys; and whan that
he,

Eet of the fruyt defended on the tree,
Anon he was out-cast to wo and peyne.
O glotonye, on thee wel oghte us pleyne!
O, wiste a man how many maladyes 51
Folwen of excesse and of glotonyes,
He wolde been the more mesurable
Of his diete, sittinge at his table.

Allas! the shorte throte, the tendre
mouth, 55

Maketh that, Est and West, and North
and South,

In erthe, in air, in water men to-swinke.
To gete a glotoun deyntee mete and
drinke!

Of this matere, o Paul, wel canstow
trete,

"Mete un-to wombe, and wombe eek
un-to mete, 60

Shal god destroyen bothe," as Paulus
seith.

Allas! a foul thing is it, by my feith,
To seye this word, and fouler is the
dede,

Whan man so drinketh of the whyte and
rede,

That of his throte he maketh his privee,
Thurgh thilke cursed superfluitee. 66

33. *dronkelewe*, an habitual drunkard. 34. *But that woodnesse*, etc., "except that madness, when it has possessed an ill-tempered person, lasts longer than drunkenness." 38. *original*, first cause. 39. *boght*, redeemed. 45. *it is no drede*, there is no doubt about it. 48. *de-fended*, forbidden. 50. *O glotonye*, etc., "O gluttony, we ought to complain about you." 57. *to-swinke*, work. 60. *wombe*, belly. See 1 Corinthians, vi, 13. 64. *whyte and rede*, wine.

The apostel weping seith ful pitously,
 "Ther walken many of whiche yow told
 have I,
 I seye it now weping with pitous voys,
 That they been enemys of Cristes
 croys,
 Of whiche the ende is deeth, wombe is
 her god."

How greet labour and cost is thee to
 finde!
 Thise cokes, how they stampe, and
 streyne, and grinde,
 And turnen substaunce in-to accident,
 To fulfille al thy likerous talent!
 Out of the harde bones knocke they
 The mary, for they caste noght a-wey
 That may go thurgh the golet softe and
 swote;
 Of spicerye, of leef, and bark, and
 rote
 Shal been his sauce y-maked by delyt,
 To make him yet a newer appetyt,
 But certes, he that haunteth swich de-
 lyces
 Is deed, whyl that he liveth in tho vices.
 A lecherous thing is wyn, and dronke-
 nesse
 Is ful of stryving and of wretchednesse.
 O dronke man, disfigured is thy face,
 Sour is thy breeth, foul artow to em-
 brace,
 And thurgh thy dronke nose semeth the
 soun
 As though thou seydest ay "Sampson,
 Sampson";
 And yet, god wot, Sampson drank
 never no wyn.
 Thou fallest, as it were a stiked swyn;
 Thy tonge is lost, and al thyn honest
 cure;
 For dronkenesse is verray sepulture
 Of mannes wit and his discrecioun.

67. *The apostel seith*. Philippians, iii, 18. 75. *finde*, to provide for. 77. *turnen substaunce*, etc. In the Middle Ages the scholastic philosophers fought over the substance and accidents of any material. The substance was the essence, while the accidents were the external phenomena. The cooks were said so to change the substance of food by their art that its accidents gave no clue to its substance. 78. *likerous talent*, lecherous inclination. 80. *mary*, marrow. 82. *rote*, root. 85. *But certes*, etc., "but truly, he who frequents such pleasures is dead while he lives in these vices." 92. *Sampson*, etc. The word *Sampson* reminds the Pardoner of the sound of a drunken man breathing heavily. Samson as a Nazarite did not taste wine or cut his hair. 95. *cure*, care. 96. *verray sepulture*, the very grave.

In whom that drinke hath domina-
 cioun,
 He can no conseil kepe, it is no drede.
 Now kepe yow fro the whyte and fro the
 rede,
 And namely fro the whyte wyn of Lepe,
 That is to selle in Fish-strete or in
 Chepe.
 This wyn of Spayne crepeth subtilly
 In othere wyne, growing faste by,
 Of which ther ryseth swich fumositee,
 That whan a man hath dronken
 draughtes three,
 And weneth that he be at hoom in
 Chepe,
 He is in Spayne, right at the toun of
 Lepe,
 Nat at the Rochel, ne at Burdeux toun;
 And thanne wol he seye, "Sampson,
 Sampson."
 But herkneth, lordings, o word, I yow
 preye,
 That alle the sovereyn actes, dar I seye,
 Of victories in th'olde testament,
 Thurgh verray god, that is omnipotent,
 Were doon in abstinence and in preyere;
 Loketh the Bible, and ther ye may it
 lere.
 Loke, Attila, the grete conquerour,
 Deyde in his sleep, with shame and dis-
 honour,
 Bleding ay at his nose in dronkenesse;
 A capitayn shoulde live in sobrenesse.
 And over al this, avyseth yow right wel
 What was comaunded un-to Lamuel—
 Nat Samuel, but Lamuel, seye I—
 Redeth the Bible, and finde it expresly
 Of wyn-yeving to hem that han justyse.
 Na-more of this, for it may wel suffyse.
 And now that I have spoke of glot-
 onye,

99. *drede*. See note on line 45, page 167. 101. *namely*, especially. *Lepe*, a locality near Cadiz. 102. *That is*, etc., "which is for sale in Fish Street or in Cheapside." Fish Street is near London Bridge. 103. *This wyn*, etc. Chaucer, as a comptroller of petty customs, knew well how wines were mixed. There was an explicit law against this practice, even against putting Spanish wine and French wine in the same cellar. 105. *fumositee*, vapor. 107. *weneth*, thinks. 109. *Rochel*, La Rochelle, a port in northern France. *Burdeux*, Bordeaux, a port in southwest France. 112. *sovereyn*, supreme. 114. *verray*, true, veritable. 116. *lere*, learn. 117. *Loke*, *Attila*, etc. Attila, king of the Huns, died in Italy in 453 of a hemorrhage on the night of his nuptials with his latest concubine. 123. *Lamuel*, etc. Good King Lemuel is named in the Book of Proverbs in the thirty-first chapter, where his mother gives him advice. Among other things she tells him, in verses 4-5, that kings must not drink strong wines, lest the wine pervert judgment.

Now wol I yow defenden hasardrye.
 Hasard is verray moder of lesinges,
 And of deceite, and cursed forsweringes,
 Blaspheme of Crist, manslaughter, and
 wast also 131
 Of catel and of tyme; and forthermo,
 It is repreve and contrarie of honour
 For to ben holde a commune hasardour.
 And ever the hyër he is of estaat, 135
 The more is he holden desolaat.
 If that a prince useth hasardrye,
 In alle governaunce and policye
 He is, as by commune opinioun,
 Y-holde the lasse in reputacioun. 140
 Stilbon, that was a wys embassadour,
 Was sent to Corinthe, in ful greet hon-
 our,
 Fro Lacidomie, to make hir alliaunce.
 And whan he cam, him happede, par
 chaunce,
 That alle the grettest that were of that
 lond, 145
 Pleyinge atte hazard he hem fond.
 For which, as sone as it mighte be,
 He stal him hoom agayn to his contree,
 And seyde, "ther wol I nat lese my name;
 N' I wol nat take on me so greet de-
 fame, 150
 Yow for to allye un-to none hasardours.
 Sendeth othere wyse embassadours;
 For, by my trouthe, me were lever dye,
 Than I yow sholde to hasardours allye.
 For ye that been so glorious in honours
 Shul nat allyen yow with hasardours 155
 As by my wil, ne as by my treete."
 This wyse philosophre thus seyde he.
 Loke eek that, to the king Demetrius
 The king of Parthes, as the book seith
 us, 160
 Sente him a paire of dees of gold in
 scorn,
 For he hadde used hasard ther-biforn;
 For which he heeld his glorie or his
 renoun
 At no value or reputacioun.
 Lordes may finden other maner pley 165
 Honeste y-nough to dryve the day away.

128. **defenden hasardrye**, forbid gambling. 129. **lesinges**, lies. 131. **wast also**, etc., "and waste also of goods and time." 133. **repreve**, reproach. 136. **holden desolaat**, shunned. 141. **Stilbon**. Chaucer has mistaken Chilon, the Lacedaemonian, for Stilbon. John of Salisbury includes this story and the next in his *Polycraticus* (Bk. I, Ch V.) 148. **stal**, stole. 149. **lese**, lose. 153. **me were lever dye**, "I had rather die." 161. **dees**, dice. 166. **dryve the day away**, "to pass away the time."

Now wol I speke of othes false and
 grete
 A word or two, as olde bokes trete.
 Gret swering is a thing abhominable,
 And false swering is yet more repre-
 vable 170
 The heighe god forbad swering at al,
 Witnesse on Mathew; but in special
 Of swering seith the holy Jeremy,
 "Thou shalt seye sooth thyn othes, and
 nat lye,
 And swere in dome, and eek in right-
 wisnesse"; 175
 But ydel swering is a cursednesse.
 Bihold and see, that in the firste table
 Of heighe goddes hestes honorable,
 How that the seconde heste of him is
 this—
 "Tak nat my name in ydel or amis." 180
 Lo, rather he forbedeth swich swering
 Than homicyde or many a cursed thing;
 I seye that, as by ordre, thus it stondeth;
 This knowen, that his hestes under-
 stondeth,
 How that the second heste of god is
 that. 185
 And forther over, I wol thee telle al plat,
 That vengeance shal nat parten from his
 hous,
 That of his othes is to outrageous.
 "By goddes precious herte, and by his
 nayles,
 And by the blode of Crist, that it is in
 Hayles, 190
 Seven is my chaunce, and thyn is cink
 and treye;
 By goddes armes, if thou falsly pleye,
 This dagger shal thurgh-out thyn herte
 go"—
 This fruyt cometh of the bicched bones
 two,

172. **on Mathew**, Matthew, v, 34, "But I say unto you, swear not at all." 173. **Jeremye**, Jeremiah, iv, 2, "And thou shalt swear the Lord liveth, in truth, in judgment, and in righteousness." 174. **sooth**, truly. 175. **dome**, judgment. 177. **firste table**. The first tablet (i-v) of the Ten Commandments was supposed to explain man's relations with God; the second (vi-x), man's relations with other men. 178. **hestes**, Commandments. 180. **Tak nat**, etc. The second commandment according to the medieval arrangement was, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." **ydel or amis**, "lightly or in vain." 186. **plat**, plain. 187. **parten**, depart. 189. **nayles**, the nails by which Christ was fastened to the cross. 190. **Hayles**. Hales was an abbey in Gloucestershire to which Richard, the brother of Henry III, gave a vial said to contain the blood of Christ. 191. **Seven**, etc. In the game of hazard the caster had to throw seven. **cink**, five; **treye**, three. 194. **bicched**, cursed.

Forswering, ire, falsnesse, homicyde. 195
 Now, for the love of Crist that for us
 dyde,
 Leveth your othes, bothe grete and
 smale;
 But, sirs, now wol I telle forth my tale.
 Thise ryotoures three, of whiche I
 telle,
 Longe erst er pryme rong of any belle,
 Were set hem in a tavernne for to drinke;
 And as they satte, they herde a belle
 clinke 202
 Biforn a cors, was caried to his grave;
 That oon of hem gan callen to his
 knave,
 "Go bet," quod he, "and axe redily, 205
 What cors is this that passeth heer for-
 by;
 And look that thou reporte his name
 wel."
 "Sir," quod this boy, "it nedeth
 never-a-del.
 It was me told, er ye cam heer, two
 houres;
 He was, pardee, an old felawe of youre;
 And sodeynly he was y-slayn to-night,
 For-dronke, as he sat on his bench up-
 right; 212
 Ther cam a privee thief, men clepeth
 Deeth,
 That in this contree al the peple sleeth,
 And with his spere he smoot his herte
 a-two, 215
 And wente his wey with-outen wordes
 mo.
 He hath a thousand slayn this pesti-
 lence:
 And, maister, er ye come in his presence,
 Me thinketh that it were necessarie
 For to be war of swich an adversarie: 220
 Beth redy for to mete him evermore.
 Thus taughte me my dame, I sey na-
 more."
 "By seinte Marie," seyde this taverner,
 "The child seith sooth, for he hath slayn
 this yeer,

195. **Forswering**, falsehood, perjury. **ire**, anger. **homi-
 cyde**. The Pardoner in his discourse has covered by this
 time quite a few of the seven deadly sins. 200. **pryme**,
 nine o'clock in the morning. 205. **Go bet**, etc., "hurry
 out," said he, "and ask straightway." 208. **nedeth never-
 a-del**, "it isn't necessary." 210. **pardee**. The word
 means literally "by God," but in usage was softened to
 "truly." 212. **For-dronke**, very drunk. 213. **privee**,
 secret. **clepeth**, call. 217. **pestilence**. Chaucer had
 seen many plagues. The worst one occurred in 1349,
 and there were three thereafter, the last being in 1376.

Henne over a myle, with-in a greet vil-
 lage, 225
 Both man and womman, child and hyne,
 and page.
 I trowe his habitacioun be there;
 To been avysed greet wisdom it were,
 Er that he dide a man a dishonour."
 "Ye, goddes armes," quod this ryotour,
 "Is it swich peril with him for to mete?
 I shal him seke by wey and eek by strete,
 I make avow to goddes digne bones! 233
 Herkneth, felawes, we three been al
 ones;
 Lat ech of us holde up his hond til other,
 And ech of us bicomen otheres brother,
 And we wol sleen this false traytour
 Deeth; 237
 He shal be slayn, which that so many
 sleeth,
 By goddes dignitee, er it be night."
 Togidres han thise three her trouthes
 plight, 240
 To live and dyen ech of hem for other,
 As though he were his owene y-boren
 brother.
 And up they sterte al dronken, in this
 rage,
 And forth they goon towards that vil-
 lage,
 Of which the taverner had spoke biforn,
 And many a grisly ooth than han they
 sworn, 246
 And Cristes blessed body they to-
 rente—
 "Deeth shal be deed, if that they may
 him hente."
 Whan they han goon nat fully half a
 myle,
 Right as they wolde han troden over a
 style, 250
 An old man and a povre with hem mette.
 This olde man ful mekely hem grette,
 And seyde thus, "now, lordes, god yow
 see!"
 The proudest of thise ryotoures three
 Answerde agayn, "what? carl, with sory
 grace, 255
 Why artow al forwrapped save thy
 face?"

225. **Henne over a myle**, hence about a mile. 226.
hyne, peasant. 228. **avysed**, forehanded. 233. **digne**,
 worthy. 234. **al ones**, together, as one. 235. **til**, to.
 240. **her trouthes plight**, "made their oaths." 248.
hente, catch. 252. **grette**, greeted. 255. **carl**, churl.
 with sory grace, bad luck to you. 256. **forwrapped**,
 wrapped up.

Why livestow so longe in so greet age?"

This olde man gan loke in his visage,
And seyde thus, "for I ne can nat finde
A man, though that I walked in-to Inde,
Neither in citee nor in no village, 261
That wolde chaunge his youthe for myn

age;
And therfore moot I han myn age stille,
As longe time as it is goddes wille.

Ne deeth, alas! ne wol nat han my lyf;
Thus walke I, lyk a resteleees caityf, 266
And on the ground, which is my modres
gate,

I knokke with my staf, bothe erly and
late,

And seye, 'leve moder, leet me in!
Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and
skin! 270

Allas! whan shul my bones been at
reste?

Moder, with yow wolde I chaunge my
cheste,

That in my chambre longe tyme hath be,
Ye! for an heyre clout to wrappe me!

But yet to me she wol nat do that grace,
For which ful pale and welked is my
face. 276

But, sirs, to yow it is no curteisye
To speken to an old man vileinye,
But he trespasse in worde, or elles in
dede.

In holy writ ye may your-self wel rede,
'Agayns an old man, hoor upon his heed,
Ye sholde aryse'; wherfor I yeve yow
reed, 282

Ne dooth un-to an old man noon harm
now,

Na-more than ye wolde men dide to
yow

In age, if that ye so longe abyde; 285
And god be with yow, wher ye go or
ryde.

I moot go thider as I have to go."
"Nay, olde cherl, by god, thou shalt
nat so,"

Seyde this other hasardour anon;
"Thou partest nat so lightly, by seint
John!

Thou spak right now of thilke traitour
Deeth,

That in this contree alle our frendes
sleeth.

Have heer my trouthe, as thou art his
asppe,

Tel wher he is, or thou shalt it abyde,
By god, and by the holy sacrament! 295

For soothly thou art oon of his assent,
To sleen us yonge folk, thou false
theef!"

"Now, sirs," quod he, "if that yow be
so leef

To finde Deeth, turne up this croked
wey,

For in that grove I lafte him, by my
fey, 300

Under a tree, and ther he wol abyde;
Nat for your boost he wol him no-thing
hyde.

See ye that ook? right ther ye shul him
finde.

God save yow, that boghte agayn man-
kinde,

And yow amende!"—thus seyde this
olde man. 305

And everich of thise ryotoures ran,
Til he cam to that tree, and ther they
founde

Of florins fyne of golde y-coyned rounde
Wel ny an eighte bussshels, as hem
thoughte.

No lenger thanne after Deeth they
soughte, 310

But ech of hem so glad was of that
sight,

For that the florins been so faire and
brighte,

That doun they sette hem by this pre-
cious hord.

The worste of hem he spake the firste
word.

"Brethren," quod he, "tak kepe what
I seye; 315

My wit is greet, though that I bourde
and pleye.

This tresor hath fortune un-to us yiven,
In mirthe and jolitee our lyf to liven,
And lightly as it comth, so wol we
spende.

262. **chaunge**, exchange. 265. **ne**, not even. 266. **caityf**, wretch, captive. 269. **leve**, dear. 272. **Moder**, etc., "mother, I'll exchange the chest" (holding my worldly goods). 274. **Ye**, etc., "yes, for a hair shroud in which to wrap myself." 276. **welked**, withered. 279. **But he trespasse**, "unless he overstep." 281. **Agayns**, before (Leviticus, xix, 32). 282. **reed**, advice. 286. **wher ye go or ryde**, whether you walk or ride.

293. **asppe**, spy, confederate. 294. **it abyde**, pay for it. 296. **assent**, opinion. 298. **leef**, desirous. 300. **fey**, faith. 304. **boghte**, redeemed. 308. **florin**, a coin worth about \$1.60. 315. **tak kepe**, heed. 316. **bourde**, jest.

Ey! goddes precious dignitee! who
 wende 320
 To-day, that we sholde han so fair a
 grace?
 But mighte this gold be caried fro this
 place
 Hoom to myn hous, or elles un-to
 yours—
 For wel ye woot that al this gold is
 oures—
 Than were we in heigh felicitee. 325
 But trewely, by daye it may nat be;
 Men wolde seyn that we were theves
 stronge,
 And for our owene tresor doon us honge.
 This tresor moste y-caried be by nighte
 As wysly and as slyly as it mighte. 330
 Wherefore I rede that cut among us alle
 Be drawe, and lat see wher the cut wol
 falle;
 And he that hath the cut with herte
 blythe
 Shal renne to the toun, and that ful
 swythe,
 And bringe us breed and wyn ful prively.
 And two of us shul kepen subtilly 336
 This tresor wel; and, if he wol nat tarie,
 Whan it is night, we wol this tresor
 carie
 By oon assent, wher-as us thinketh
 best.”
 That oon of hem the cut broughte in his
 fest, 340
 And bad hem drawe, and loke wher it
 wol falle;
 And it fol on the yongeste of hem alle;
 And forth toward the toun he wente
 anon.
 And al-so sone as that he was gon,
 That oon of hem spak thus un-to that
 other, 345
 “Thou knowest wel thou art my sworne
 brother,
 Thy profit wol I telle thee anon.
 Thou woost wel that our felawe is agon;
 And heer is gold, and that ful greet
 plentee,
 That shal departed been among us three.
 But natheles, if I can shape it so 351
 That it departed were among us
 two,

320. *wende*, supposed. 328. *doon us honge*, “cause us to be hanged.” 331. *cut*, lot. 334. *swythe*, quickly. 336. *subtilly*, secretly. 340. *fest*, fist. 348. *woost*, knowest. 350. *departed*, divided.

Hadde I nat doon a freendes torn to
 thee?”
 That other answerde, “I noot how
 that may be;
 He woot how that the gold is with us
 tweye, 355
 What shal we doon, what shal we to him
 seye?”
 “Shal it be conseil?” seyde the firste
 shrewe,
 “And I shal tellen thee, in wordes fewe,
 What we shal doon, and bringe it wel
 aboute.”
 “I graunte,” quod that other, “out of
 doute, 360
 That, by my trouthe, I wol thee nat bi-
 wrewe.”
 “Now,” quod the firste, “thou woost
 wel we be tweye,
 And two of us shul stronger be than oon.
 Look whan that he is set, and right
 anoon
 Arys, as though thou woldest with him
 pleye; 365
 And I shal ryve him thurgh the sydes
 tweye
 Why! that thou strogelest with him as
 in game,
 And with thy dagger look thou do the
 same;
 And than shal al this gold departed be,
 My dere freend, bitwixen me and thee;
 Than may we bothe our lustes al fulfille,
 And pleye at dees right at our owene
 wille.” 372
 And thus accorded been thise shrewes
 tweye
 To sleen the thridde, as ye han herd me
 seye.
 This yongest, which that wente un-to
 the toun, 375
 Ful ofte in herte he rolleth up and down
 The beautee of thise florins newe and
 bryghte.
 “O lord!” quod he, “if so were that I
 mighte
 Have al this tresor to my-self allone,
 Ther is no man that liveth under the
 trone 380
 Of god, that sholde live so mery as I!”

354. *noot*, do not know. 357. *conseil*, secret. *shrewe*, scoundrel. 359. *bringe it wel aboute*, be successful. 361. *biwrewe*, betray. 366. *ryve*, pierce, stab. 367. *game*, play, sport. 371. *lustes*, desires. 373. *accorded*, agreed. 376. *rolleth up and down*, thinks over.

And atte laste the feend, our enemy,
 Putte in his thought that he shold
 poyson beye,
 With which he mighte sleen his felawes
 tweye;
 For-why the feend fond him in swich
 lyvinge, 385
 That he had leve him to sorwe bringe,
 For this was outrely his fulle entente
 To sleen hem bothe, and never to
 repente.
 And forth he gooth, no lenger wolde he
 tarie,
 Into the toun, un-to a pothecarie, 390
 And preyed him, that he him wolde
 selle
 Som poyson, that he mighte his rattes
 quelle;
 And eek ther was a polcat in his hawe,
 That, as he seyde, his capouns hadde
 y-slawe,
 And fayn he wolde wreke him, if he
 mighte, 395
 On vermin, that destroyed him by
 nighte.
 The pothecarie answerde, "and thou
 shalt have
 A thing that, al-so god my soule
 save,
 In al this world ther nis no creature,
 That ete or dronke hath of this con-
 fiture 400
 Noght but the mountance of a corn of
 whete,
 That he ne shal his lyf anon forlete;
 Ye, sterve he shal, and that in lasse
 whyلة
 Than thou wolt goon a paas nat but a
 myle;
 This poyson is so strong and violent." 405
 This cursed man hath in his hond
 y-hent
 This poyson in a box, and sith he ran
 In-to the nexte strete, un-to a man,
 And borwed [of] him large botels
 three;
 And in the two his poyson poured he; 410

The thridde he kepte clene for his
 drinke.
 For al the night he shoop him for to
 swinke
 In caryinge of the gold out of that
 place.
 And whan this ryotour, with sory
 grace,
 Had filled with wyn his grete botels
 three, 415
 To his felawes agayn repaireth he.
 What nedeth it to sermone of it
 more?
 For right as they had cast his deeth
 bifore,
 Right so they han him slayn, and that
 anon.
 And whan that this was doon, thus
 spak that oon, 420
 "Now lat us sitte and drinke, and make
 us merie,
 And afterward we wol his body berie."
 And with that word it happed him, par
 cas,
 To take the botel ther the poyson
 was,
 And drank, and yaf his felawe drinke
 also, 425
 For which anon they storven bothe
 two.
 But, certes, I suppose that Avicen
 Wroot never in no canon, ne in no
 fen,
 Mo wonder signes of empoisoning
 Than hadde thise wrecches two, er hir
 ending. 430
 Thus ended been thise homicydes
 two,
 And eek the false empoysoner also.
 O cursed sinne, ful of cursednesse!
 O traytours homicyde, o wikkednes-
 se!
 O glotonye, luxurie, and hasardrye! 435
 Thou blasphemour of Crist with vilein-
 ye
 And othes grete, of usage and of pryde!
 Allas! mankinde, how may it bityde,

383. *beye*, buy. 385. *For-why*, etc., "because the devil found him living so." 386. *he had leve*, etc., "he had permission to bring him to sorrow." The sins of the young man brought him within the power of the devil. 387. *outrely*, utterly. 392. *quelle*, kill. 393. *polcat in his hawe*, "a skunk in his chicken yard." 395. *wreke*, avenge. 400. *confiture*, mixture. 401. *mountance*, amount. *corn*, kernel. 402. *anon forlete*, "straightway forsake." 403. *sterve*, die. 404. *goon a paas*, walk at a foot-pace. 407. *sith*, afterwards.

412. *shoop him*, intended. *swinke*, work. 418. *cast*, planned. 423. *par cas*, by chance. 426. *storven*, died. 427. *Avicen*, a famous Arabian physician of the eleventh century, who wrote on medicine. 428. *canon*, the whole of Avicen's work. *fen*, a section or chapter. 431. *Thus ended*, etc. Compare this climax with that of "Bert Kessler" in *Spoon River Anthology* (page 328 of this book). 437. *usage*, custom. 438. *bityde*, chance.

That to thy creatour which that thee
wroghte,
And with his precious herte-blood thee
boghthe, 440
Thou art so fals and so unkinde,
allas!

Now, goode men, god forgeve yow
your trespas,
And ware yow fro the sinne of avaryce.

Myn holy pardoun may yow alle war-
yce,

So that ye offre nobles or sterlinges, 445
Or elles silver broches, spones, ringes.
Boweth your heed under this holy
bulle!

Cometh up, ye wyves, offreth of your
wolle!

Your name I entre heer in my rolle
anon;

In-to the blisse of hevene shul ye gon; 450
I yow assoile, by myn heigh power,
Yow that wol offre, as clene and eek as
cleer

As ye were born; and, lo, sirs, thus I
preche.

And Jesu Crist, that is our soules
leche,

So graunte yow his pardon to receyve; 455
For that is best; I wol yow nat de-
ceyve.

But sirs, o word forgat I in my tale,
I have relikes and pardon in my male,
As faire as any man in Engelond,
Whiche were me yeven by the popes
hond 460

If any of yow wol, of devocioun,
Offren, and han myn absolucioun,
Cometh forth anon, and kneleth heer
adoun,

And mekely receyveth my pardoun:
Or elles, taketh pardon as ye wende, 465
Al newe and fresh, at every tounes
ende,

So that ye offren alwey newe and
newe

Nobles and pens, which that be gode
and trewe.

It is an honour to everich that is
heer,

That ye mowe have a suffisant par-
doneer 470

T'assoille yow, in contree as ye ryde,
For adventures which that may bityde.
Peraventure ther may falle oon or
two

Doun of his hors, and breke his nekke
atwo.

Look which a seuretee is it to yow alle 475
That I am in your felaweship y-falle,
That may assoille yow, bothe more and
lasse,

Whan that the soule shal fro the body
passe.

I rede that our hoste heer shal bigin-
ne,

For he is most envoluped in sinne. 480
Com forth, sir hoste, and offre first
anon,

And thou shalt kisse the reliks everich-
on,

Ye, for a grote! unbokel anon thy purs."
"Nay, nay," quod he, "than have I
Cristes curs!

Lat be," quod he, "it shal nat be, so
thee'ch!" 485

This pardonner answerde nat a word;
So wrooth he was, no word ne wolde he
seye. 495

"Now," quod our host, "I wol no
lenger pleye

With thee, ne with noon other angry
man."

But right anon the worthy Knight
bigan,

Whan that he saugh that al the peple
lough,

"Na-more of this, for it is right y-nough;
Sir Pardonner, be glad and mery of
chere; 501

And ye, sir host, that been to me so
dere,

I prey yow that ye kisse the Pardo-
ner.

And Pardonner, I prey thee, drawe thee
neer,

And, as we diden, lat us laughe and
pleye." 505

Anon they kiste, and riden forth hir
weye. 510

c. 1387-1400

442. trespas, sin. 443. ware, shield. 444. waryce, heal. 445. noble, an English coin worth about two dollars. 446. sterlinge, a silver coin of slight value. 451. assoille, absolve. 454. leche, healer. 458. male, wallet. 465. wende, go.

483. grote, an English coin worth eight cents. 485. so thee'ch, so may I thrive.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
(1772-1834)

CHRISTABEL

NOTE

Coleridge had a remarkable ability for making supernatural situations seem real. In *Christabel* he took a folklore tradition and so treated it as to bring out its supernatural element. In spite of the fact that the locality is Westmorland, and all the localities mentioned are well known, Coleridge casts a veil of mystery and foreboding over the entire poem. Many touches bring out the fact that Geraldine is a spirit of evil—the dog's barking, Geraldine's inability to enter the castle unless Christabel brings her in, and the flaring up of the fire as she passes by, just as a supernatural blaze appeared when Beowulf killed Grendel's mother. Coleridge intended to complete the poem in six parts, causing Bracy the bard eventually to put Geraldine to flight, but he wrote only the first two parts.

PART I

'Tis the middle of night by the castle
clock,

And the owls have awakened the crow-
ing cock,

Tu—whit!—Tu—whoo!

And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew. 5

Sir Leoline, the baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the
hour; 10

Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark. 15
The thin gray cloud is spread on
high;

It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and
dull.

The night is chill, the cloud is gray; 20
'Tis a month before the month of
May,
And the spring comes slowly up this
way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late, 25
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will
pray
For the weal of her lover that's far
away. 30

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and
low,
And naught was green upon the oak
But moss and rarest mistletoe;
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she. 36

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be
But what it is she cannot tell— 40
On the other side it seems to be
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak
tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air 45
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can, 50
Hanging so light, and hanging so
high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at
the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there? 57

There she sees a damsel bright,
Dressed in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone; 60
The neck that made the white robe
wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandaled were,

26. furlong, about one-eighth of a mile.

And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair. 65
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

"Mary Mother, save me now!"
—Said Christabel—"And who art
thou?" 70

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:
"Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness; 74
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no
fear."

—Said Christabel,— "How camest thou
here?"

And the lady, whose voice was faint and
sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet:

"My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine. 80
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn;
They choked my cries with force and
fright,

And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind, 85
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were
white;

And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;
Nor do I know how long it is— 91
For I have lain entranced, I wis—
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive. 95
Some muttered words his comrades
spoke

He placed me underneath this oak;
He swore they would return with
haste;

Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell. 101
Stretch forth thy hand"—thus ended
she—

"And help a wretched maid to flee."

Then Christabel stretched forth her
hand,

And comforted fair Geraldine: 105
"Oh, well, bright dame, may you com-
mand

The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth, and friends with-
al,

To guide and guard you safe and free 110
Home to your noble father's hall."

She rose; and forth with steps they
past

That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blessed,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel: 115
"All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth; 120
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with
me."

They crossed the moat, and Christa-
bel

Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight, 125
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and
without,

Where an army in battle array had
marched out.

The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main 130
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate.
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So, free from danger, free from fear, 135
They crossed the court; right glad they
were.

And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
"Praise we the Virgin all divine,
Who hath rescued thee from thy dis-
tress!" 140

71. meet, suitable. 85. palfrey, small horse. 92. I wis, I believe.

129. The lady sank, etc. It was believed that witches could not enter a house unless invited. Cf. the entrance of the fairy child in Yeats's *The Land of Heart's Desire* (page 753, line 250).

"Alas, alas!" said Geraldine,
 "I cannot speak for weariness."
 So, free from danger, free from fear,
 They crossed the court; right glad they
 were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old 145
 Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
 The mastiff old did not awake,
 Yet she an angry moan did make!
 And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
 Never till now she uttered yell 150
 Beneath the eye of Christabel.
 Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch;
 For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes
 still,
 Pass as lightly as you will! 155
 The brands were flat, the brands were
 dying,
 Amid their own white ashes lying;
 But when the lady passed, there came
 A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
 And Christabel saw the lady's eye, 160
 And nothing else saw she thereby,
 Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline
 tall,
 Which hung in a murky old niche in the
 wall.
 "Oh, softly tread," said Christabel,
 "My father seldom sleepeth well." 165

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
 And, jealous of the listening air,
 They steal their way from stair to
 stair,
 Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
 And now they pass the baron's room, 170
 As still as death, with stifled breath!
 And now have reached her chamber
 door;
 And now doth Geraldine press down
 The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air, 175
 And not a moonbeam enters here.
 But they without its light can see
 The chamber carved so curiously,
 Carved with figures strange and
 sweet,

142. **I cannot speak.** The witch could not say
 "Amen." 152. **scritch**, screech. 159. **A tongue of**
light. Cf. *Beowulf*, page 32, line 2. 162. **boss**, a metal
 plate at the center of a shield.

All made out of the carver's brain, 180
 For a lady's chamber meet.
 The lamp with twofold silver chain
 Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
 But Christabel the lamp will trim. 185
 She trimmed the lamp, and made it
 bright,
 And left it swinging to and fro,
 While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
 Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady, Geraldine, 190
 I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
 It is a wine of virtuous powers;
 My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,
 Who am a maiden most forlorn?" 195
 Christabel answered—"Woe is me!
 She died the hour that I was born.
 I have heard the gray-haired friar tell
 How on her deathbed she did say
 That she should hear the castle-bell 200
 Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
 O mother dear! that thou wert here!"
 "I would," said Geraldine, "she were!"
 But soon with altered voice said she—
 "Off, wandering mother! Peak and
 pine!

I have power to bid thee flee." 206
 Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
 Why stares she with unsettled eye?
 Can she the bodiless dead espy?
 And why with hollow voice cries she, 210
 "Off, woman; off! this hour is mine—
 Though thou her guardian spirit be,
 Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's
 side,
 And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
 "Alas!" said she, "this ghastly ride—216
 Dear lady! it hath wildered you!"
 The lady wiped her moist, cold brow,
 And faintly said, "'Tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank; 220
 Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
 And from the floor whereon she sank,
 The lofty lady stood upright;
 She was most beautiful to see,
 Like a lady of a far countrée. 225

And thus the lofty lady spake—
 "All they who live in the upper sky
 Do love you, holy Christabel!
 And you love them, and for their sake
 And for the good which me befell, 230
 Even I in my degree will try,
 Fair maiden, to requite you well.
 But now unrobe yourself; for I
 Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "So let it be!" 235
 And as the lady bade, did she.
 Her gentle limbs did she undress,
 And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
 So many thoughts moved to and fro 240
 That vain it were her lids to close;
 So halfway from the bed she rose,
 And on her elbow did recline
 To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed, 245
 And slowly rolled her eyes around;
 Then drawing in her breath aloud,
 Like one that shuddered, she unbound
 The cincture from beneath her breast:
 Her silken robe and inner vest, 250
 Dropped to her feet, and full in view,
 Behold! her bosom and half her side—
 A sight to dream of, not to tell!
 Oh, shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs; 255
 Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
 Deep from within she seems halfway
 To lift some weight with sick assay,
 And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
 Then suddenly, as one defied, 260
 Collects herself in scorn and pride,
 And lay down by the maiden's side!—
 And in her arms the maid she took,
 Ah, well-a-day!
 And with low voice and doleful look 265
 These words did say:

"In the touch of this bosom there
 worketh a spell,
 Which is lord of thy utterance, Christa-
 bel!
 Thou knowest tonight, and wilt know
 tomorrow,

This mark of my shame, this seal of my
 sorrow; 270
 But vainly thou warrest,
 For this is alone in
 Thy power to declare,
 That in the dim forest
 Thou heard'st a low moaning, 275
 And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly
 fair;
 And didst bring her home with thee in
 love and in charity,
 To shield her and shelter her from the
 damp air."

THE CONCLUSION TO PART I

It was a lovely sight to see
 The lady Christabel when she 280
 Was praying at the old oak tree,
 Amid the jagged shadows
 Of mossy, leafless boughs,
 Kneeling in the moonlight,
 To make her gentle vows; 285
 Her slender palms together pressed,
 Heaving sometimes on her breast;
 Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
 Her face, oh, call it fair, not pale,
 And both blue eyes more bright than
 clear, 290
 Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah, woe is me!)
 Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
 Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
 Dreaming that alone, which is— 295
 O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
 The lady who knelt at the old oak tree?
 And lo! the worker of these harms,
 That holds the maiden in her arms,
 Seems to slumber still and mild, 300
 As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
 O Geraldine! since arms of thine
 Have been the lovely lady's prison.
 O Geraldine! one hour was thine— 305
 Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
 The night-birds all that hour were still.
 But now they are jubilant anew,
 From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu
 —whoo!
 Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and
 fell!

249. *cincture*, girdle. 258. *assay*, attempt.

306. *tairn*, pond, 310. *fell*, upland moor, hill.

And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes
bright! 316

And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess, 320
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And if she move unquietly,
Perchance 'tis but the blood so free
Comes back and tingles in her feet. 325
No doubt she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere?
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call—
For the blue sky bends over all! 331

PART II

"Each matin bell," the Baron saith,
"Knells us back to a world of death."
These words Sir Leoline first said
When he rose and found his lady dead.
These words Sir Leoline will say 336
Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell, 340
Five and forty beads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, "So let it
knell! 345
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no lack of such, I ween,

332. *matin bell*, which calls to morning prayer. 339. *sacristan*, sexton in charge of sacristy where sacred vestments and utensils of a church or chapel are kept. 341. *Five and forty*, etc., "must say forty-five prayers," since each bead on the rosary represented a prayer. 344. *Bratha Head*, etc. The localities mentioned hereafter are in the mountains of Westmorland and Cumberland. Wyndermere (now spelled Windermere) is a beautiful lake south of Rydal Water and Grasmere, where Wordsworth lived. The places named will all be found on any map of the Lake District.

As will fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair, 350
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft, too, by the knell offended, 356
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale."

The air is still! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud; 361
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight; 365
And nothing doubting of her spell
Awakens the lady Christabel.
"Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
I trust that you have rested well."

And Christabel awoke and spied 370
The same who lay down by her side—
Oh, rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak tree!
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For she belike hath drunken deep 375
Of all the blessedness of sleep!
And while she spake, her looks, her air,
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving
breasts. 380
"Sure I have sinned!" said Christabel;
"Now heaven be praised if all be well!"
And in long faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind 385
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown, 390
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,

349. *the space between*. A remarkable echo exists in this valley. Bracy refers to the echo as being caused by dead sextons pulling ghostly bells. 353. *pent*, confined.

And, pacing on through page and groom, 395
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he pressed
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies, 400
And gave such welcome to the same
As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale, 405
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above; 410
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline. 415
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother.
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another 419
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween, 425
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face;
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again. 430

O then the Baron forgot his age;
His noble heart swelled high with rage;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side
He would proclaim it far and wide,
With trump and solemn heraldry, 435
That they who thus had wronged the
dame
Were base as spotted infamy!
"And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek 440

My tourney court—that there and then
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men!"
He spake; his eye in lightning rolls!
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and
he kenned 445
In the beautiful lady the child of his
friend!

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace
Prolonging it with a joyous look. 450
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw
again—

(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee, 455
Thou gentle maid! such sighs to see?)
Again she saw that bosom-old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing
sound;
Whereat the Knight turned wildly
round, 460
And nothing saw but his own sweet
maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest, 465
While in the lady's arms she lay,
Had put a rapture in her breast,
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light!

With new surprise,
"What ails then my beloved child?" 470
The Baron said.—His daughter mild
Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else—so mighty was the spell.

Yet he, who saw this Geraldine, 475
Had deemed her sure a thing divine,
Such sorrow with such grace she
blended,
As if she feared she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed

441. *tourney court*, a place for knightly jousting.
The knight refers to trial by battle in which he will
avenge the wrong done to Geraldine. 445. *kenned*,
recognized. 473. *ween*, believe.

She might be sent without delay 481
Home to her father's mansion.

"Nay!

Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline.

"Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be
thine!

Go thou, with music sweet and loud, 485

And take two steeds with trappings
proud;

And take the youth whom thou lov'st
best

To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,

And clothe you both in solemn vest,

And over the mountains haste along, 490

Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,

Detain you on the valley road.

And when he has crossed the Irthing
flood,

My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes

Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth
Wood, 495

And reaches soon that castle good

Which stands and threatens Scotland's
wastes.

Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses
are fleet,

Ye must ride up the hall, your music so
sweet,

More loud than your horses' echoing
feet! 500

And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,

Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!

Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—

Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.

He bids thee come without delay 505

With all thy numerous array;

And take thy lovely daughter home;

And he will meet thee on the way

With all his numerous array

White with their panting palfreys'
foam. 510

And, by mine honor! I will say

That I repent me of the day

When I spake words of fierce disdain

To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!

—For since that evil hour hath flown,

Many a summer's sun hath shone; 516

Yet ne'er found I a friend again

Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;

And Bracy replied with faltering voice,

His gracious Hail on all bestowing: 522

"Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,

Are sweeter than my harp can tell;

Yet might I gain a boon of thee, 525

This day my journey should not be;

So strange a dream hath come to me

That I had vowed with music loud

To clear yon wood from thing unblest,

Warned by a vision in my rest! 530

For in my sleep I saw that dove,

That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,

And call'st by thy own daughter's
name—

Sir Leoline! I saw the same,

Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,

Among the green herbs in the forest
alone. 536

Which when I saw and when I heard,

I wondered what might ail the bird;

For nothing near it could I see

Save the grass and green herbs under-
neath the old tree. 540

And in my dream, methought, I went

To search out what might there be
found;

And what the sweet bird's trouble
meant,

That thus lay fluttering on the ground.

I went and peered, and could descry 545

No cause for her distressful cry;

But yet for her dear lady's sake

I stooped, methought, the dove to
take,

When lo! I saw a bright green snake

Coiled around its wings and neck. 550

Green as the herbs on which it couched,

Close by the dove's its head it crouched;

And with the dove it heaves and stirs,

Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!

I woke; it was the midnight hour; 555

The clock was echoing in the tower;

But though my slumber was gone by,

This dream it would not pass away—

It seems to live upon my eye!

And thence I vowed this selfsame
day 560

With music strong and saintly song

To wander through the forest bare,

Lest aught unholy loiter there."

Thus Bracy said; the Baron, the while,
Half-listening heard him with a smile;

Then turned to lady Geraldine, 566
His eyes made up of wonder and love,
And said in courtly accents fine:
"Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous
dove,

With arms more strong than harp or
song, 570

Thy sire and I will crush the snake!"
He kissed her forehead as he spake,
And Geraldine in maiden wise
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy
fine 575

She turned her from Sir Leoline:
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her
breast, 580

And looked askance at Christabel—
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her
head,

Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye, 585
And with somewhat of malice, and more
of dread,

At Christabel she looked askance!—
One moment—and the sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy trance,
Stumbling on the unsteady ground, 590
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing that sought relief,
Full of wonder and of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes di-
vine 595

Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees—no sight but one!
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise, 600
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind;
And passively did imitate 605
That look of dull and treacherous hate!
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance

With forced unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view— 610
As far as such a look could be
In eyes so innocent and blue!

And when the trance was o'er, the maid
Paused awhile, and inly prayed.
Then falling at the Baron's feet, 615
"By my mother's soul do I entreat
That thou this woman send away!"
She said; and more she could not say.
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'ermastered by the mighty spell. 620

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild,
The same for whom thy lady died! 625
Oh, by the pangs of her dear mother,
Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She prayed the moment ere she died—
Prayed that the babe for whom she died
Might prove her dear lord's joy and
pride! 631

That prayer her deadly pangs be-
guiled,

Sir Leoline!

And wouldst thou wrong thy only
child;

Her child and thine? 635

Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts, like these, had any share,
They only swelled his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were
wild, 641

Dishonored thus in his old age;
Dishonored by his only child,
And all his hospitality
To the insulted daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy 646
Brought thus to a disgraceful end—
He rolled his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere— 650
"Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence!" The bard obeyed;
And turning from his own sweet maid,
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine! 655

583. A snake's small eye, etc. Folklore records many stories of witches with snake bodies or souls.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)

Keats was a young apothecary, of meager education, but of unusual emotional perception, who had schooled himself in his search for beauty by long walks and by long readings of the heroic and chivalric literature of England and Europe. Keats needed a tangible object to arouse his creative impulses, for he was not an intellectual poet of abstract beauty like Shelley. Consequently it is no surprise to find him an ardent admirer of Chaucer and Spenser, of early folklore, and of mediæval romance. Although, in "The Eve of St. Agnes," Keats was reproducing a story of mediæval romance, he changed its spirit to suit his own purposes. In combining the legend that on the Eve of Saint Agnes' day, which is January 21, maidens might learn whom they were to marry—either by fasting, or by looking in the mirror before going to bed to see if the image of the future husband would appear, or by going to bed without speaking to anyone and thereby dreaming of the future husband—with the story of two lovers whose families were at war with each other, Keats created an episode redolent with vivid, tangible, emotional imagery. The story is told not only for itself and for the emotions which it arouses, but as an outlet for Keats's passion for beauty.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy
man; 10
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from
his knees,
And back returneth, meager, barefoot,
wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow de-
grees.
The sculptured dead, on each side,
seem to freeze,
Imprisoned in black, purgatorial rails. 15
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'-
ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit
fails
To think how they may ache in icy
hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little
door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's
golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and
poor;
But no—already had his deathbell
rung;
The joys of all his life were said and
sung;
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes'
Eve.

5. **Beadsman**, a man delegated to pray for the soul or souls of the dead. 16. **orat'ries**, small chapels frequently erected for commemorative purposes.

Another way he went, and soon among 25
 Rough ashes sat he for his soul's re-
 prieve,
 And all night kept awake, for sinner's
 sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prel-
 ude soft;
 And so it chanced, for many a door was
 wide,
 From hurry to and fro. Soon, up
 aloft, 30
 The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to
 chide;
 The level chambers, ready with their
 pride,
 Were glowing to receive a thousand
 guests;
 The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
 Stared, where upon their heads the
 cornice rests, 35
 With hair blown back, and wings put
 crosswise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
 With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
 Numerous as shadows haunting faëri-
 ly
 The brain, new-stuffed, in youth, with
 triumphs gay 40
 Of old romance. These let us wish
 away,
 And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady
 there,
 Whose heart had brooded, all that
 wintry day,
 On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly
 care,
 As she had heard old dames full many
 times declare. 45

They told her how, upon St. Agnes'
 Eve,
 Young virgins might have visions of de-
 light,
 And soft adorings from their loves
 receive
 Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
 If ceremonies due they did aright; 50
 As, supperless to bed they must re-
 tire,
 And couch supine their beauties, lily
 white;

37. *argent*, silver.

Nor look behind, nor sideways, but
 require
 Of Heaven with upward eyes for all
 that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Made-
 line. 55
 The music, yearning like a god in
 pain,
 She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes
 divine,
 Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping
 train
 Pass by—she heeded not at all. In vain
 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cava-
 lier, 60
 And back retired; not cooled by high
 disdain,
 But she saw not—her heart was other-
 where—
 She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the
 sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless
 eyes;
 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick
 and short. 65
 The hallowed hour was near at hand;
 she sighs
 Amid the timbrels and the thronged
 resort
 Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
 Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and
 scorn,
 Hoodwinked with faëry fancy; all
 amort, 70
 Save to St. Agnes and her lambs un-
 shorn,
 And all the bliss to be before tomorrow
 morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
 She lingered still. Meantime, across the
 moors,
 Had come young Porphyro, with heart
 on fire 75
 For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,

67. *timbrels*, small drums or tambourines. 70. *amort*, lifeless, spiritless. 71. *lambs unshorn*. For centuries, on the feast of St. Agnes, January 21, during the singing of the *Agnus Dei* in her Church in Rome, two unshorn lambs have been presented by the nuns to representatives of the Pope. Later in the year the lambs are shorn, and their wool, after it has been consecrated, is woven by the nuns into *pallia*, or small neck-bands, each with two pendants, worn by all dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church above the rank of bishop.

Buttressed from moonlight, stands he,
and implores.

All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious
hours,

That he might gaze and worship all un-
seen; 80

Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in
sooth such things have been.

He ventures in; let no buzzed whisper tell;
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous
citadel.

For him those chambers held barbarian
hordes, 85

Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations
howl

Against his lineage; not one breast
affords

Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and
in soul. 90

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature
came,

Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's
flame,

Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus
bland. 95

He startled her; but soon she knew his
face,

And grasped his fingers in her palsied
hand,

Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee
from this place;

They are all here tonight, the whole
blood-thirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish
Hildebrand; 100

He had a fever late, and in the fit
He curséd thee and thine, both house
and land;

Then there's that old Lord Maurice,
not a whit

More tame for his gray hairs—alas me!
flit!

Flit like a ghost away." "Ah, Gossip
dear, 105

105. *Gossip*, good friend, a term applied to women.

We're safe enough; here in this arm-
chair sit,

And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not
here, not here;

Follow me, child, or else these stones
will be thy bier."

He followed through a lowly archéd way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty
plume; 110

And as she muttered, "Well-a—well-a-
day!"

He found him in a little moonlight
room,

Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a
tomb.

"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom 115

Which none but secret sisterhood may
see,

When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving
piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days; 119
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the elves and
fays,

To venture so; it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjuror
plays

This very night; good angels her de-
ceive! 125

But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle
time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid
moon,

While Porphyro upon her face doth
look,

Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wond'rous riddle-
book, 130

As spectacted she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when
she told

His lady's purpose; and he scarce could
brook

Tears, at the thought of those enchant-
ments cold,

And Madeline asleep in lap of legends
old. 135

126. *mickle*, much.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown
 rose,
 Flushing his brow, and in his pained
 heart
 Made purple riot; then doth he propose
 A stratagem that makes the beldame
 start.

"A cruel man and impious thou art; 140
 Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and
 dream

Alone with her good angels, far apart
 From wicked men like thee. Go, go!—
 I deem

Thou canst not surely be the same that
 thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I
 swear," 145

Quoth Porphyro. "O may I ne'er find
 grace

When my weak voice shall whisper its
 last prayer,

If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
 Or look with ruffian passion in her face.
 Good Angela, believe me by these
 tears, 150

Or I will, even in a moment's space,
 Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's
 ears,

And beard them, though they be more
 fanged than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble
 soul?

A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-
 yard thing, 155

Whose passing-bell may ere the mid-
 night toll;

Whose prayers for thee, each morn and
 evening,

Were never missed." Thus plaining,
 doth she bring

A gentler speech from burning Por-
 phyro;

So woeful, and of such deep sorrow-
 ing, 160

That Angela gives promise she will do
 Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal
 or woe—

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
 Even to Madeline's chamber, and there
 hide

158. *plaining*, complaining.

Him in a closet, of such privacy 165
 That he might see her beauty unespied,
 And win perhaps that night a peerless
 bride,

While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
 And pale enchantment held her sleepy-
 eyed.

Never on such a night have lovers
 met, 170

Since Merlin paid his Demon all the
 monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the
 Dame.

"All cates and dainties shall be storéd
 there

Quickly on this feast-night; by the
 tambour frame

Her own lute thou wilt see; no time to
 spare, 175

For I am slow and feeble, and scarce
 dare

On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
 Wait here, my child, with patience;
 kneel in prayer

The while. Ah! thou must needs the
 lady wed,

Or may I never leave my grave among
 the dead." 180

So saying, she hobbled off with busy
 fear.

The lover's endless minutes slowly
 passed;

The Dame returned, and whispered in
 his ear

To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
 From fright of dim espial. Safe at
 last, 185

Through many a dusky gallery, they
 gain

The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed,
 and chaste,

Where Porphyro took covert, pleased
 amain.

His poor guide hurried back with agues
 in her brain.

171. *Merlin*. Merlin was the son of a mortal mother and a demon, and became himself a mighty magician at King Arthur's court. In his old age a fairy, Nimue, whom he loved, bound him forever by his own enchantments in the forest of Broceliande. On the night of his enchanting a terrific storm swept the forest. The monstrous debt refers to the magic lore which Merlin taught Nimue how to use. 173. *cates*, choice morsels of food. 174. *tambour frame*, embroidery frame. 188. *amain*, very well.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade, 190
 Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
 Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware.
 With silver taper's light, and pious care,
 She turned, and down the aged gossip led 195
 To a safe, level matting. Now prepare,
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
 She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died. 200
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide;
 No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side,
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell 206
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
 All garlanded with carven imageries
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knotgrass, 210
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings, 215
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,

As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together pressed, 220
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint;
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly dressed,
 Save wings, for Heaven—Porphyro grew faint—
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint. 225

Anon his heart revives; her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees,
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one,
 Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees. 230
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest, 235
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
 Until the popped warmth of sleep oppressed
 Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day,
 Blissfully havened both from joy and pain, 240
 Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray,
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
 And listened to her breathing, if it chanced 246

198. *frayed*, frightened. 206. *tongueless nightingale*. For the Greek myth of Philomela see the note on line 5, page 407. 218. *gules*, heraldic word for the color red. In heraldic engraving it is indicated by closely drawn perpendicular parallel lines.

223. *dressed*, prepared. 226. *vespers*, evening prayers. 241. *Clasped*, closed with clasps. *missal*, Mass book. *Paynims pray*. On the edges of medieval Mass books, the heathen, especially the Saracens, were depicted as kneeling, converted to the Christian faith.

To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did
he bless,
And breathed himself; then from the
closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness, 250
And over the hushed carpet, silent,
stepped,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where,
lo!—how fast she slept.

Then by the bedside, where the faded
moon

Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguished, threw
thereon 255

A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet.
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettledrum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying
tone— 260

The hall door shuts again, and all the
noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchéd linen, smooth, and laven-
dered,

While he from forth the closet brought a
heap

Of candied apple, quince, and plum,
and gourd, 265

With jellies soother than the creamy
curd,

And lucent sirups, tinct with cinnamon,
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez, and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared
Lebanon. 270

These delicacies he heaped with glowing
hand

On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathéd silver; sumptuous they
stand

In the retiréd quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume
light. 275

"And now, my love, my seraph fair,
awake!

Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite.
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes'
sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul
doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervéd
arm 280

Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her
dream

By the dusk curtains—'twas a midnight
charm

Impossible to melt as icéd stream.

The lustrous salvers in the moonlight
gleam;

Broad golden fringe upon the carpet
lies; 285

It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's
eyes;

So mused awhile, entoiled in wooféd
phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute—
Tumultuous—and, in chords that ten-
derest be, 290

He played an ancient ditty, long since
mute,

In Provence called "La belle dame sans
mercy";

Close to her ear touching the melody—
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a
soft moan.

He ceased—she panted quick—and
suddenly 295

Her blue affrayéd eyes wide open shone;
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-
sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still be
held,

Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep;
There was a painful change, that nigh
expelled 300

The blisses of her dream so pure and
deep;

At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with
many a sigh,

While still her gaze on Porphyro would
keep,

257. *Morphean amulet*, a charmed object to induce sleep. 266. *soother*, softer, smoother. 267. *lucent*, clear, tinct, flavored. 268. *argosy*, a large merchant vessel. 270. *Samarcand*, once the seat of Arabic civilization, and the capital of Tamerlane. It was on the great caravan route which brought to Europe, during the Middle Ages, the riches of the East.

277. *eremite*, hermit. 288. *wooféd*. The woof is the cross thread in weaving. Here the meaning is "woven." 292. *La belle dame sans mercy*, a poem by Alain Chartier, who in the fifteenth century served Charles VII, king of France.

Who knelt, with joinéd hands and pite-
ous eye, 305
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so
dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine
ear,

Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and
clear. 310

How changed thou art! how pallid,
chill, and drear!

Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complain-
ings dear!

Oh, leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not
where to go." 315

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing
star

Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep re-
pose;

Into her dream he melted, as the rose 320
Blendeth its odor with the violet—

Solution sweet; meantime the frost-wind
blows

Like Love's alarum, pattering the sharp
sleet

Against the windowpanes; St. Agnes'
moon hath set.

'Tis dark; quick pattereth the flaw-
blown sleet. 325

"This is no dream, my bride, my Made-
line!"

'Tis dark; the icéd gusts still rave and
beat.

"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and
pine.

Cruel! what traitor could thee hither
bring? 330

I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing,
A dove forlorn and lost with sick, un-
pruned wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely
bride!

Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest? 335

Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and
vermeil dyed?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my
rest

After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim, saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy
nest 340

Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st
well

To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude
infidel.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from faëry
land,

Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed;
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand—
The bloated wassailers will never heed.
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to
see— 348

Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy
mead.

Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a
home for thee." 351

She hurried at his words, beset with
fears,

For there were sleeping dragons all
around,

At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready
spears;

Down the wide stairs a darkling way
they found; 355

In all the house was heard no human
sound.

A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by
each door;

The arras, rich with horseman, hawk,
and hound,

Fluttered in the besieging wind's up-
roar;

And the long carpets rose along the
gusty floor. 360

They glide, like phantoms, into the
wide hall;

Like phantoms to the iron porch they
glide,

Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge, empty flagon by his side.

336. *vermeil dyed*, vermilion dyed. 358. *arras*,
tapestry, originally made in Arras, France.

The wakeful bloodhound rose; and
 shook his hide, 365
 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns.
 By one, and one, the bolts full easy
 slide;
 The chains lie silent on the footworn
 stones;
 The key turns, and the door upon its
 hinges groans.

And they are gone; aye, ages long ago 370
 These lovers fled away into the storm.
 That night the Baron dreamt of many a
 woe,
 And all his warrior-guests, with shade
 and form
 Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-
 worm,
 Were long be-nightmared. Angela the
 old 375
 Died palsy-twitched, with meager face
 deform;
 The Beadsman, after thousand aves
 told,
 For aye unsought-for slept among his
 ashes cold. (1820)

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

NOTE

The following haunting narrative poem deals with the popular romantic subject of the knight-errant who has been enchanted by a sorceress of the woods, "a beautiful lady without compassion," a soulless creature like the Lady Geraldine of *Christabel*. Keats's poem is the quintessence of the romantic spirit and has all the fragrance of sandalwood. Its effect on the reader comes partly from the story and imagery, partly from the metrical form—notably the recurrence of the shortened fourth line in each stanza.

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering?
 The sedge has withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms! 5
 So haggard and so woebegone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

"I see a lily on thy brow
 With anguish moist and fever-dew, 10
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth, too."

"I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful—a faëry's child;
 Her hair was long, her foot was light, 15
 And her eyes were wild.

"I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets, too, and fragrant zone;
 She looked at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan. 20

"I set her on my pacing steed
 And nothing else saw all day long,
 For sidelong would she bend, and sing
 A faëry's song.

"She found me roots of relish sweet, 25
 And honey wild and manna-dew,
 And sure in language strange she said,
 'I love thee true.'

"She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept and sighed full
 sore; 30
 And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
 With kisses four.

"And there she lulled me asleep,
 And there I dreamed—Ah! woe
 betide!
 The latest dream I ever dreamed 35
 On the cold hill's side.

"I saw pale kings and princes, too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they
 all;
 They cried—'La belle Dame sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall!' 40

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam
 With horrid warning gapéd wide,
 And I awoke and found me here
 On the cold hill's side.

"And this is why I sojourn here, 45
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is withered from the
 lake,
 And no birds sing."

376. *deform*, deformed. 377. *aves*, prayers to the Virgin Mary, commencing, "Hail, Mary."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
(1809-1892)

THE LADY OF SHALOTT*

NOTE

On the basis of the medieval legend of Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, who died because of her unrequited love for Lancelot, Tennyson composed this mystic narrative. Its symbolism may easily be understood.

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the
sky;
And through the field the road runs
by

To many-towered Camelot; 5
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, 10
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers, 15
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled
Slide the heavy barges trailed 20
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed
Skimming down to Camelot.
But who hath seen her wave her
hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand? 25
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly 30

From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy 35
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say
A curse is on her if she stay 40
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott. 45

And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot; 50
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, 55
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
Goes by to towered Camelot.
And sometimes through the mirror
blue
The knights come riding two and two. 61
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights, 65
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot.
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed; 70
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

**Shalott*. In the original legend Astolat was a castle up the river from Winchester. Tennyson makes Shalott an enchanted tower on an island in the river.

3. *wold*, an open plain or low hill. 5. *Camelot*, a legendary city in which Arthur held court.

56. *pad*, a horse with an easy gait. 69. *Or when the moon*, etc. Tennyson indicated that the following lines explained the symbolism of the poem.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazling through the
leaves, 75

And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight forever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field, 80
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.

The bridle bells rang merrily 85
As he rode down to Camelot.

And from his blazoned baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott. 90

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jeweled shone the saddle-leather;
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame togeth-
er,

As he rode down to Camelot; 95
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight
glowed; 100
On burnished hooves his warhorse
trode;

From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river 105
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,

76. *greaves*, armor to protect the legs below the knees. 77. *Sir Lancelot*, the lover of Guinevere, and the most renowned of the Arthurian knights. 78. *red-cross*. The red cross was the cross of St. George of England, but the phrase inevitably recalls the Red-Cross Knight of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, who symbolized holiness. The red cross was also the sign of the crusader. 84. *Galaxy*, the Milky Way. 87. *baldric*, a belt which hung from one shoulder and was clasped under the other shoulder.

She saw the water-lily bloom, 111
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side; 115
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks com-
plaining, 120

Heavily the low sky raining
Over towered Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote 125
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance 130
Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she
lay;

The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott. 135

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Through the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot; 140
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy, 145
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turned to towered Camelot.
For ere she reached upon the tide 150
The first house by the water side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery, 155

A gleaming shape she floated by,
 Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
 Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame, 160
 And round the prow they read her
 name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer; 165
 And they crossed themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot.
 But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in his mercy lend her grace, 170
 The Lady of Shalott."
 (1842)

FROM THE IDYLLS OF THE KING

NOTE

Tennyson was fittingly the poet laureate of the Victorian Age, and the principal narrative subject through which he expressed its ideals was the life and adventures of Arthur. The contrast between the attitude of the Middle Ages and that of Victorian England appears even in the titles which Malory and Tennyson chose for their works: *Le Morte Darthur* and the *Idylls of the King*. Under Tennyson's poetic touch the figures of the medieval romance allegorize themselves until we see distantly, vaguely, a mighty conflict between good and evil, in which every moral Victorian maxim is worked satisfactorily into the Arthurian legend. The characters have not the angular quaintness or vigor of their medieval prototypes. Sadly and mysteriously they murmur beautiful and pathetic moral reflections upon life, which are almost lyric laments. Like the Anglo-Saxon heroes, they forebode the worst, are tenacious of life, and believe in Fate—expressed of course as the Will of God; like the Celts they gaze upon the mysterious beauty of the world, wonder at the misery in it, and lament that it should be so. But unlike both, they are neither vivid nor direct. Today on reading the *Idylls of the King* we cannot help feeling that more vivid subjects for poetry lay at hand in the life of the Victorian Age than in the fields of medieval romance; yet for sheer beauty of form and expression they cannot easily be surpassed.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

That story which the bold Sir Bedivere,
 First made and latest left of all the
 knights,
 Told, when the man was no more than a
 voice

In the white winter of his age, to those
 With whom he dwelt, new faces, other
 minds. 5

For on their march to westward, Bedi-
 vere,
 Who slowly paced among the slumber-
 ing host,
 Heard in his tent the moanings of the
 King:
 "I found Him in the shining of the
 stars,
 I marked Him in the flowering of His
 fields, 10
 But in His ways with men I find Him
 not.
 I waged His wars, and now I pass and
 die.

O me! for why is all around us here
 As if some lesser god had made the
 world,

But had not force to shape it as he
 would, 15

Till the High God behold it from
 beyond,

And enter it, and make it beautiful?
 Or else as if the world were wholly
 fair,

But that these eyes of men are dense
 and dim,

And have not power to see it as it is. 20
 Perchance, because we see not to the
 close—

For I, being simple, thought to work
 His will,

And have but stricken with the sword
 in vain;

And all whereon I leaned in wife and
 friend

Is traitor to my peace, and all my
 realm 25

Reels back into the beast, and is no
 more.

My God, thou hast forgotten me in my
 death!

Nay—God my Christ—I pass but shall
 not die."

Then, ere that last weird battle in the
 West,

There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain
 killed 30

In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain
 blown

Along a wandering wind, and past his
 ear
 Went shrilling, "Hollow, hollow all
 delight!
 Hail, King! tomorrow thou shalt pass
 away.
 Farewell! there is an isle of rest for
 thee. 35
 And I am blown along a wandering
 wind,
 And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight!"
 And fainter onward, like wild birds that
 change
 Their season in the night and wail their
 way
 From cloud to cloud, down the long
 wind the dream 40
 Shrilled; but in going mingled with dim
 cries
 Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,
 As of some lonely city sacked by night,
 When all is lost, and wife and child with
 wail
 Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke and
 called, 45
 "Who spake? A dream. Oh, light upon
 the wind,
 Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are
 these dim cries
 Thine? Or doth all that haunts the
 waste and wild
 Mourn, knowing it will go along with
 me?"

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere and
 spake: 50
 "O me, my King, let pass whatever will,
 Elves, and the harmless glamour of the
 field;
 But in their stead thy name and glory
 cling
 To all high places like a golden cloud
 Forever; but as yet thou shalt not
 pass. 55
 Light was Gawain in life, and light in
 death
 Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man;
 And care not thou for dreams from
 him, but rise—
 I hear the steps of Modred in the West,
 And with him many of thy people, and
 knights 60
 Once thine, whom thou hast loved, but
 grosser grown

Than heathen, spitting at their vows
 and thee.
 Right well in heart they know thee for
 the King.
 Arise, go forth and conquer as of old."

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedi-
 vere: 65

"Far other is this battle in the West,
 Whereto we move, than when we strove
 in youth,
 And brake the petty kings, and fought
 with Rome,
 Or thrust the heathen from the Roman
 wall,
 And shook him through the North.
 Ill doom is mine 70
 To war against my people and my
 knights.
 The king who fights his people fights
 himself.
 And they my knights, who loved me
 once, the stroke
 That strikes them dead is as my death
 to me.
 Yet let us hence, and find or feel a way
 Through this blind haze which, ever
 since I saw 76
 One lying in the dust at Almesbury,
 Hath folded in the passes of the world."

Then rose the King and moved his host
 by night,
 And ever pushed Sir Modred, league by
 league, 80
 Back to the sunset bound of Lyonesse—
 A land of old upheaven from the abyss
 By fire, to sink into the abyss again;
 Where fragments of forgotten peoples
 dwelt,
 And the long mountains ended in a coast
 Of ever-shifting sand, and far away 86
 The phantom circle of a moaning sea.
 There the pursuer could pursue no
 more,
 And he that fled, no further fly the
 King;

68. fought with Rome. The earliest traditions speak of Arthur as leader of the British tribes in several successful attacks upon the Romans. A later legend says that he drove the Romans from Britain. 69. thrust . . . Roman wall, drove the heathen tribes north of the Roman wall, which ran from the Firth of Clyde to the Firth of Forth. 77. One, Guinevere, whom he forgave and bade farewell in a nunnery at Almesbury. 81. Lyonesse, the ancient name for Cornwall.

And there, that day when the great
 light of heaven 90
 Burned at his lowest in the rolling
 year,
 On the waste sand by the waste sea they
 closed.
 Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
 Like this last, dim, weird battle of the
 West.
 A death-white mist slept over sand and
 sea, 95
 Whereof the chill, to him who breathed
 it, drew
 Down with his blood, till all his heart
 was cold
 With formless fear; and even on Arthur
 fell
 Confusion, since he saw not whom he
 fought.
 For friend and foe were shadows in the
 mist, 100
 And friend slew friend, not knowing
 whom he slew;
 And some had visions out of golden
 youth,
 And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
 Look in upon the battle; and in the
 mist
 Was many a noble deed, many a base, 105
 And chance and craft and strength in
 single fights,
 And ever and anon with host to host
 Shocks, and the splintering spear, the
 hard mail hewn,
 Shield-breakings, and the clash of
 brands, the crash
 Of battle-axes on shattered helms, and
 shrieks 110
 After the Christ, of those who falling
 down
 Looked up for heaven, and only saw the
 mist;
 And shouts of heathen and the traitor
 knights,
 Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous
 blasphemies,
 Sweat, writhings, anguish, laboring of
 the lungs 115
 In that close mist, and cryings for the
 light,
 Moans of the dying, and voices of the
 dead.

Last, as by some one deathbed after wail
 Of suffering, silence follows, or through
 death
 Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that
 shore, 120
 Save for some whisper of the seething
 seas,
 A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous
 day
 Grew drearier toward twilight falling,
 came
 A bitter wind, clear from the north, and
 blew
 The mist aside, and with that wind the
 tide 125
 Rose, and the pale King glanced across
 the field
 Of battle; but no man was moving there,
 Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
 Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave
 Brake in among dead faces, to and fro 130
 Swaying the helpless hands, and up and
 down
 Tumbling the hollow helmets of the
 fallen,
 And shivered brands that once had
 fought with Rome,
 And rolling far along the gloomy shores
 The voice of days of old and days to
 be. 135
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedi-
 vere,
 And whiter than the mist that all day long
 Had held the field of battle was the
 King:
 "Hearest thou this great voice that
 shakes the world,
 And wastes the narrow realm whereon
 we move, 140
 And beats upon the faces of the dead,
 My dead, as though they had not died
 for me?—
 O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fallen
 Confusion, till I know not what I am,
 Nor whence I am, nor whether I be
 King; 145
 Behold, I seem but King among the
 dead."

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere: "My
 King!
 King everywhere! and so the dead have
 kings,

There also will I worship thee as King.
 Yet still thy life is whole, and still I live
 Who love thee; but who hates thee, he
 that brought 151
 The heathen back among us, yonder
 stands,
 Modred unharmed, the traitor of thine
 house."

Then spake the King: "My house
 hath been my doom.
 But call not thou this traitor of my
 house 155
 Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof
 with me.
 My house are rather they who swear
 my vows,
 Yea, even while they brake them, owned
 me King.
 And well for thee, saying in my dark
 hour,
 When all the purport of my throne hath
 failed, 160
 That quick or dead thou holdest me for
 King.
 King am I, whatsoever be their cry;
 And one last act of kinghood shalt
 thou see
 Yet, ere I pass." And uttering this,
 the King
 Made at the man. Then Modred smote
 his liege 165
 Hard on that helm which many a
 heathen sword
 Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one
 blow,
 Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
 Slew him, and all but slain himself, he
 fell.

So all day long the noise of battle
 rolled 170
 Among the mountains by the winter
 sea,
 Until King Arthur's Table, man by
 man,
 Had fallen in Lyonesse about their
 lord,
 King Arthur. Then, because his wound
 was deep,
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him, 175

And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren
 land.
 On one side lay the ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was
 full. 180

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedi-
 vere:
 "The sequel of today unsolders all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous
 knights
 Whereof this world holds record. Such
 a sleep
 They sleep—the men I loved. I think
 that we 185
 Shall nevermore, at any future time,
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly
 deeds,
 Walking about the gardens and the halls
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
 I perish by this people which I made—
 Though Merlin swear that I should
 come again 191
 To rule once more; but, let what will
 be, be.
 I am so deeply smitten through the
 helm
 That without help I cannot last till
 morn.
 Thou therefore take my brand Excali-
 bur, 195
 Which was my pride; for thou remem-
 berest how
 In those old days, one summer noon, an
 arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
 derful,
 Holding the sword—and how I rowed
 across 200
 And took it, and have worn it, like a
 king;
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told
 In aftertime, this also shall be known.
 But now delay not; take Excalibur,
 And fling him far into the middle
 mere; 205
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly
 bring me word."

168. **Excalibur**, a magic sword which Arthur had been given as a youth. The legend in which the story is told is Celtic in origin.

181. **King Arthur**. Compare the rest of the poem closely with the account given by Malory on pages 148-149. 199. **samite**, brocaded silk. 206. **lightly**, quickly.

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee
 thus,
 Aidless, alone, and smitten through the
 helm—
 A little thing may harm a wounded
 man; 210
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee
 word."

So saying, from the ruined shrine he
 stepped,
 And in the moon athwart the place of
 tombs,
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient
 men, 215
 Old knights, and over them the sea-
 wind sang
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He,
 stepping down
 By zigzag paths and juts of pointed
 rock,
 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excali-
 bur, 220
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter
 moon,
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud,
 ran forth
 And sparkled keen with frost against
 the hilt;
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond
 sparks, 224
 Myriadsof topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
 Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
 That both his eyes were dazzled as he
 stood,
 This way and that dividing the swift
 mind,
 In act to throw; but at the last it seemed
 Better to leave Excalibur concealed 230
 There in the many-knotted water-flags,
 That whistled stiff and dry about the
 marge.
 So strode he back slow to the wounded
 King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
 "Hast thou performed my mission which
 I gave? 235
 What is it thou hast seen, or what hast
 heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
 And the wild water lapping on the
 crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and
 pale: 240
 "Thou hast betrayed thy nature and
 thy name,
 Not rendering true answer, as beseemed
 Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight;
 For surer sign had followed, either hand,
 Or voice, or else a motion of the
 mere. 245
 This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go
 again,
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the
 thing
 I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me
 word." 249

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the
 mere,
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in
 thought;
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
 How curiously and strangely chased, he
 smote 254
 His palms together, and he cried aloud:

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy
 note,
 Should thus be lost forever from the
 earth,
 Which might have pleased the eyes of
 many men.
 What good should follow this, if this
 were done? 260
 What harm, undone? Deep harm to
 disobey,
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
 Were it well to obey then, if a king
 demand
 An act unprofitable, against himself?
 The King is sick, and knows not what
 he does. 265
 What record, or what relic of my lord
 Should be to aftertime, but empty
 breath
 And rumors of a doubt? But were this
 kept,

Stored in some treasure-house of mighty
kings,
Someone might show it at a just of
arms, 270
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Ex-
calibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the
Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in
the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the
aftertime 275
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame
were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own
conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded
King. 280

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing
heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen, or what hast
heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the
reeds." 285

To whom replied King Arthur, much in
wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying King,
Laid widowed of the power in his eye 290
That bowed the will. I see thee what
thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my
knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious
hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl 295
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get
thee hence;

But if thou spare¹ to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my
hands." 300

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly,
plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutched
the sword,
And strongly wheeled and threw it.
The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the
moon, 305
And flashing round and round, and
whirled in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern
morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter
shock
By night, with noises of the Northern
Sea. 309
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur;
But ere he dipped the surface, rose an
arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
derful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brand-
ished him
Three times, and drew him under in the
mere. 314
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing
thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is
done.
Speak out; what is it thou hast heard,
or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the
gems 320
Should blind my purpose, for I never
saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not though I live three lives of mortal
men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him,
wheeling him; 325
But when I looked again, behold an
arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
derful,

272. **maiden of the Lake.** When a young king, Arthur obtained this sword from her with the help of Merlin.

That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere."
 And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard: 330
 "My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
 And bear me to the margin; yet I fear My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."
 So saying, from the pavement he half rose, 335
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm, And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere Remorsefully regarded through his tears,
 And would have spoken, but he found not words; 340
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands.
 And rising bore him through the place of tombs.
 But, as he walked, King Arthur panted hard,
 Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed 345
 When all the house is mute. So sighed the King,
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
 I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
 But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
 Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked, 350
 Larger than human on the frozen hills. He heard the deep behind him, and a cry Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
 Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves And barren chasms, and all to left and right 355
 The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang

Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
 And on a sudden, lo! the level lake, 359
 And the long glories of the winter moon.
 Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
 Beneath them; and descending they were ware
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these 365
 Three Queens with crowns of gold; and from them rose
 A cry that shivered to the tingling stars, And, as it were one voice, an agony
 Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills All night in a waste land, where no one comes, 370
 Or hath come, since the making of the world.
 Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
 So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept. 374
 But she that rose the tallest of them all And fairest laid his head upon her lap,
 And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,
 And called him by his name, complaining loud,
 And dropping bitter tears against a brow Striped with dark blood; for all his face was white 380
 And colorless, and like the withered moon
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
 And all his greaves and cuisses dashed with drops
 Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
 That made his forehead like a rising sun

365. **stoled**, dressed in a stole, a long loose garment worn by women in the Middle Ages. Often it was lined with fur. 366. **Three Queens**. They are named by Malory on page 149, lines 56 ff. 383. **greaves**, armor to protect the legs below the knee. **cuisses**, armor to protect the thigh.

High from the dais-throne — were
 parched with dust; 386
 Or clotted into points and hanging loose,
 Mixed with the knightly growth that
 fringed his lips.
 So like a shattered column lay the King;
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in
 rest, 390
 From spur to plume a star of tourna-
 ment,
 Shot through the lists at Camelot, and
 charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I
 go? 395
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my
 eyes?
 For now I see the true old times are
 dead,
 When every morning brought a noble
 chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble
 knight.
 Such times have been not since the light
 that led 400
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole Round Table is dis-
 solved
 Which was an image of the mighty
 world,
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the
 years, 405
 Among new men, strange faces, other
 minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the
 barge:
 "The old order changeth, yielding place
 to new,
 And God fulfills himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the
 world. 410
 Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me?
 I have lived my life, and that which I
 have done
 May He within himself make pure! But
 thou,

If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are
 wrought by prayer 415
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore,
 let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and
 day.
 For what are men better than sheep or
 goats
 That nourish a blind life within the
 brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of
 prayer 420
 Both for themselves and those who call
 them friend?
 For so the whole round earth is every
 way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of
 God.
 But now farewell. I am going a long
 way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go,
 For all my mind is clouded with a
 doubt— 426
 To the island-valley of Avilion,
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any
 snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
 Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with or-
 chard lawns 430
 And bowery hollows crowned with sum-
 mer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous
 wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and
 sail
 Moved from the brink, like some full-
 breasted swan
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes
 the flood 436
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir
 Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Looked one black dot against the verge
 of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when that moan had passed for
 evermore, 441

388. **knightly growth**, i. e., beard. This is a good example of Tennyson's ornate diction. 400-401. **the light . . . Elders**, the star in the East which led the Three Wise Men to the birthplace of Christ.

427. **the island-valley of Avilion**. For other references to the Celtic Islands of the Blessed, see *Deirdre* (page 58, line 34) and *The Death of Arthur* (page 149, line 1).

The stillness of the dead world's winter
dawn
Amazed him, and he groaned, "The
King is gone."
And therewithal came on him the weird
rime,
"From the great deep to the great deep
he goes." 445

Whereat he slowly turned and slowly
clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron
crag;
Thence marked the black hull moving
yet, and cried:
"He passes to be King among the
dead,
And after healing of his grievous
wound
He comes again; but—if he come no
more— 451
O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black
boat,
Who shrieked and wailed, the three
whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with
living light,

452. **dark Queens.** In *The Coming of Arthur*, lines 273-270, Tennyson apparently made the three queens represent Faith, Hope, and Charity. The three queens who appear here would not answer to this description, for they were originally Celtic enchantresses.

They stood before his throne in silence,
friends 455
Of Arthur, who should help him at his
need?"

Then from the dawn it seemed there
came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the
world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one
voice 460
Around a king returning from his
wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and
clomb
Even to the highest he could climb, and
saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of
hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare
the King, 465
Down that long water opening on the
deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and
go
From less to less and vanish into
light.
And the new sun rose, bringing the new
year. (1869)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

General References

MEDIEVAL NARRATIVE

The following volumes give excellent criticisms of the field of medieval narrative:

Hibbard, Laura A., *Medieval Romance in England*. Oxford, 1924. An excellent study of the chief English medieval romances.

Schofield, William, H., *English Literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer*. Macmillan, New York, 1906. A clear, brilliantly-written account of the period in which the medieval romances were produced. The book is indispensable for a general study of these romances, and has the added advantages of well-arranged lists of romances and the editions in which they are available, together with a well-selected bibliography of critical material. For the romances, see especially Chapter v.

Ward, A. W., and Waller, A. R., editors, *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, 14 vols. Putnam, New York, 1907-1917. Chapters XII-XV of Volume I deal with the cycles of English romance in a clear and general way. Though scholarly both in text and in bibliography, these chapters are not so interesting to the general student as the treatment of Schofield, and the bibliographies do not supply as many easily obtainable editions. Since there is no complete collection of English medieval folk tales, volume I, chapters XVI and XVII, can be used for reference. These chapters contain, with the following book, the best bibliographies in the field.

Wells, John E., *A Manual of the Writings in Middle English, 1050-1400*. Yale University Press, New Haven, 1916. Chapter I, on romances, gives a profoundly scholarly study

of the subject, but so clear that the average student will not be overwhelmed. The principal romances are arranged in cycles, and a summary of each romance is given, while the bibliographies afford not only excellent lists of easily available editions, summaries, and translations, but abundant lists of critical material. To date this is the most elaborate and scholarly treatment of the subject. This book, with *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, contains the best bibliographies in the field of English medieval folk tales, a field where there is no complete collection available.

- The volumes which follow give general critical material on Chaucer, Gower, and Langland.
- Coulton, G. C., *Chaucer and His England*. Putnam, New York, 1908.
- Kittredge, G. L., *Chaucer and His Poetry*. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1915.
- Legouis, Emile, *Geoffrey Chaucer* (translated by L. Lailavoix). Dutton, New York, 1913.
- Lounsbury, T. R., *Studies in Chaucer*, 3 vols. Harper, New York, 1892.
- Root, R. K., *The Poetry of Chaucer*, revised edition. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1922.

List of Medieval Narratives

General Note. To list even the chief medieval romances would exceed the space at our disposal. Some of the principal collections will serve as an introduction to the general reader who may wish to acquaint himself further with the type. The best general summary of the medieval romances is contained in Thomas Bulfinch's *The Age of Chivalry* (David McKay Philadelphia, c. 1900).

A. MEDIEVAL ROMANCE

1. Welsh

The Mabinogion (i.e., The Bard's Apprentice). Our earliest romance material on the Arthurian cycle is this fourteenth-century Welsh collection of tales, in a number of which King Arthur appears. The best translation is that of Lady Charlotte Guest (Alfred Nutt, London, 1904).

2. English

Le Morte Darthur. The greatest storehouse of Arthurian material is contained in this book of Sir Thomas Malory, which includes many great stories of romance, such as Tristram and Isolt, and the quest of the Holy Grail (Everyman Edition).

Bishop Percy's Reliques. Unfortunately no general collection of English romances other than those relating to Arthur has been made.

The nearest approach will be found in *Bishop Percy's Reliques* (Everyman Edition).

The Complete Works of John Gower, 4 vols. K. Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Oxford, 1899. This is the best edition of Gower and is edited by G. C. Macaulay.

The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer, 7 vols. The best edition is by Walter W. Skeat (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1899).

3. French

French Medieval Romances from the Lays of Marie de France. The Breton lays, so famous through the Middle Ages, were enshrined in literature by Marie de Champagne, who lived in England during the second half of the twelfth century at the court of Henry II. The best of them are translated by Eugene Mason in a volume of the Everyman Library entitled *French Medieval Romances from the Lays of Marie de France*. In many ways they are the most tender and beautiful of medieval romances.

Aucassin and Nicolette. Many of Marie de Champagne's French romances which belong to no special cycle have been included with the most charming of them all—*Aucassin and Nicolette*—in a volume of translations, also by Eugene Mason, in the Everyman Library, entitled *Aucassin and Nicolette*.

Charlemagne Romances. The chief romances of Charlemagne which have been translated from the French by Eugene Mason and published in a volume of the Everyman Library under this title.

Eric and Enid. An example of the poetry of Chrétien de Troyes, the most famous French poet of medieval romance, is included in this volume of the Everyman Library.

B. OTHER FORMS OF MEDIEVAL NARRATIVE

The Vision of William Concerning Piers the Plowman, by William Langland, 2 vols. N. Trübner and Co., Oxford, 1886. This is the best edition of Langland and is edited by Walter W. Skeat.

Romance, Vision, and Satire. Although few translations of medieval narrative poetry have been made into modern English, this collection, in the true meters, by Jessie L. Weston (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1912) is excellent.

The Chief British Poets of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries. This is a splendid collection of medieval narrative poetry in the original Middle English, but with sufficient glossarial notes to insure an understanding of the text. It is edited by W. A. Neilson and K. G. T. Webster (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1916).

CHAPTER III

THE BALLAD

AN INTRODUCTION

I. GENERAL DEFINITION

The instinct for telling a story in rime and rhythm is nowhere better exhibited than in that type of literature known as the ballad. The word *ballad* means "dance-song," because originally ballad-singing often formed the accompaniment of dancing games or rhythmic swaying of the body, just as it still does in certain children's games. It does not follow, however, that all ballads had their origin in the folk-dance any more than that all lyric poems were written to be sung to the music of the lyre or harp. Many ballads must have been sung by the flickering hearth-fires,

When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit.

Others, the "riding-ballads" of heroic deeds in battle, and the cowboy ballads of the western plains of North America, were chanted on the march to the jangling of bridles and the rhythmic beat of horses' hoofs. Still others were crooned by ancient crones in the nursery or bawled lustily forth by some self-appointed entertainer at a country fair. The use to which ballads were put was undoubtedly wide. Child's collection contains three hundred and five ballads.

The word *ballad* is now applied loosely to any narrative or sentimental song. In this chapter, however, where we are considering a definite literary type, we shall restrict ourselves to the three following classes: the so-called popular ballad, by which is meant the folk-ballad; the broadside, or journalistic, ballad, which originated after the printing press had been established; and finally the literary ballad, which was written in more or less sophisticated imitation of the popular ballad. We shall examine first the content and characteristics of the popular ballad.

II. THE POPULAR BALLAD

In whatever form popular ballads appear they have this characteristic in common—they are the poetry of the folk. During that period in English history in which the nobility, as we have seen in an earlier section, were expressing their ideals of chivalry in the romances, the people, too, were expressing their interests and ideals in a poetry which was cruder and more naïve, but for that very reason more genuine. The popular ballad, therefore, is folk literature: in it are the ideas of life as the people saw it; it is of the people; it is primitive and elemental. To be sure, the narratives deal mainly with the lives of the great, with kings and queens, lords and ladies, generals and captains. But this circumstance, far from being proof that the ballad does not therefore reflect the ideals of the common people, is convincing evidence to the contrary. Popular interest, especially in a period which was not democratic, could not center in the fate of an inconspicuous individual any more than it can today, when the more popular the newspaper, the more certain it is to "feature" scandal and tragedy which touches the socially prominent. In the age of chivalry the common people undoubtedly got the same thrill from a contemplation of high life that the factory boy and girl obtain today from the presentation on the screen of a conventionalized conception of the lives of the idle-rich—all oriental rugs and tapestried walls, greyhounds on marble steps, and moneyed villains tempting virtuous chorus-girls. The high life in the ballads, like that of the "movie" today, is conventionalized. In the ballads we see the nobility, not as in the romances, but as the people saw them, with the king writing orders from his palace or "drinking the blude-reid wine," and the ladies sitting "wi' thair fans into their hand."

The ballad, therefore, is of the folk because it *does* deal, and in the manner described, with the lives of a social class above that of the singers.

In other particulars as well as in its social point of view the ballad reveals its origin. In both subject-matter and form it is distinctly of the folk. All ballad themes are of popular interest. In the ballads we find the appeal to the heroic, as in "Sir Patrick Spens," "The Hunting of the Cheviot," and other songs of high adventure on land and sea. There is love tragedy in high life, as in "Bonny Barbara Allan" and "Lord Randal"; domestic tragedy, with the murder of a father, as in "Edward," or of a sister, as in "The Twa Sisters." Folklore is the basis of many of the songs, such as "Thomas Rymer," "Kemp Owyne," "Sweet William's Ghost," "The Mermaid," and others in which fairies, ghosts, or monstrous creatures play a rôle. The popular admiration for bold outlaws—still to be reckoned with as an element in public opinion—appears in the Robin Hood cycle of ballads and in other songs of outlawry. Humorous ballads, of which the number is relatively small, differ from the others in that they deal with figures from low life, and especially with that universal victim of the satirist, the henpecked husband.

In all of these phases the ballad contains much of the emotional, in which respect again it shows its folk origin. But this characteristic is not always immediately evident. Like all other primitive poetry which tells a story for its own sake, the ballad is objective, not subjective—impersonal, not personal. That is to say, it contains no suggestion whatever of how the author of the song has been moved by the events; he does not, in fact, appear, and cuts no more figure than does the modern news-reporter in whose personal reaction to the details of a fire or a crime we have not the least concern. In other words, there is in the popular ballad no *expression* of the emotions of admiration, wonder, pity, terror, fear, etc.; the *impression* of these and other emotions is nevertheless gained, partly from the events narrated, and partly, no doubt, from the manner of their rendition by the ballad-singer. As would be expected, the popular ballad is so constructed as to create

the fullest emotional impression. Let us examine briefly some of the devices by which these effects are secured.

To begin with, the popular ballad is dramatic. Like drama it was created to make an emotional impression on an audience willing to be stirred. It is stripped, therefore, of whatever might tend to impede the action of the story, and moves breathlessly and vigorously from one picturesque and stirring episode to another, with much told by implication or omitted altogether, as in "Edward" and "The Twa Corbies." As a result the popular ballad possesses a rugged and primitive strength which is not characteristic of more sophisticated poetry. The dramatic quality extends to the use of dialogue. Many ballads, indeed, are nothing but dialogue; in "Lord Randal" and "Edward," for example, we have only a series of questions and answers between a mother and a son. With this manner of narration it is easy to understand why the ballad seems so compressed in form and so rapid in movement. Emotional effects were also secured by the liberal use of suspense and climax. In the ballads just referred to, for example, the excitement of the audience must have increased visibly with each question and answer; these ballads are built like terraces with emotional interest climbing from step to step until the fatal climax has been reached, after which the ballad frequently builds another terraced approach to still another climax. The circumstance that the details of the song were usually familiar to the audience did not make the climaxes any less effective; the listeners, like children hearing the story of "Little Red Riding Hood" for the hundredth time, naïvely enjoyed the expectation of the coming thrill as well as the familiar climax itself.

Mood and form of the popular ballad were affected, therefore, by the circumstance that the song was designed to produce a definite and immediate emotional impression. Certain other characteristics may be accounted for by the conditions under which these songs were composed and transmitted. Being folk literature, created, for the most part, in a period before printing was known or even writing universally practiced, they were orally made and orally transmitted without benefit of pen or press. Because of

the fact that they thus depended for their perpetuation on the memory of illiterate men and women, they were necessarily simple in metrical form. The popular ballad was usually composed in stanzas consisting of two riming lines of seven iambic feet each, or—much more frequently—in this same structure broken up into a quatrain of alternating fours and threes, with the rime coming, of course, in the second and fourth lines. It should be apparent at once that poetry in this form of verse is very simple to compose and very easy to memorize.

Again, words and phrases in the popular ballads tended to become conventionalized, since it was easier for the composer to employ stock language than to create fresh. Thus a horse is usually "milk-white," a lady's hand "lily-white," a cock "red, red" or "gray," a crowd of people consists of "four-and-twenty." Popular ballads contain, moreover, much repetition, a good deal of which is "incremental"; that is, in a given stanza some of the lines are repeated from the preceding stanza, as in stanzas two and three of "The Wife of Usher's Well," and in the whole of "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Finally, many of the popular ballads are characterized by the use of refrains, which are, in a way, a type of repetition which must have made the rendition of the song at once more easy and more effective. In metrical form and in the use of conventional phrases, repetitions, and refrains, therefore, the popular ballad lent itself to ready composition and transmission; and this simplicity as well as the generally attractive content of the songs, contributed beyond doubt to the circumstance that the ballad is one of the most persistent types of primitive literature, retaining a good deal of its original life and vigor long after epic and romance have been generally discarded as outgrown forms.

The origin and history of the popular ballad form a fascinating chapter which can only be sketched here. We cannot enter into the details of the sharp controversy between those scholars who hold that the popular ballads were *impromptus*, composed at dances and other folk gatherings, not by any one author but by many contributing a few lines each to a sort of ballad symposium, and those other scholars who believe that

the popular ballads, like all other poems, were made by individual authors. Those who believe in the theory of folk authorship have on their side the fact that narrative poems, simple in structure and marked by the use of many phrase formulae, have undoubtedly been put together by groups of people, as, for example, by soldiers in the trenches or students assembled for revelry. On the other hand, those who hold the theory of individual authorship believe that the ballads which were ultimately strung together into such epics as *Beowulf*, were composed—often, no doubt, *impromptu*—by professional minstrels, and they can see no reason for believing that very many of the popular ballads had a different origin, except for the probable non-professional character of their composers. But whether we adopt the folk or the individual theory of authorship, the popular ballad remains folk literature, for the individual was but the mouthpiece of the many. Moreover, even if we assume an individual authorship for the majority of these songs, it is certain, as has been pointed out, that the people accepted them as their own property and soon lost sight of the authors. The words of a ballad were not printed in a set, copyrighted form, and any singer felt quite at liberty to change the phrasing and even the story if he saw fit to do so. As a result the popular ballad underwent a great deal of unconscious editing, and for the greatest favorites among these songs we have scores of different versions, some varying greatly from others as they have been subjected to the revisions of different districts and periods.

The amazing vitality of the popular ballad has been the wonder of all who have engaged in its quest. The period of its flourish falls in the two or three centuries before the Renaissance. But ballads were widely sung long after the advent of the printing-press in England in 1477; Sir Philip Sidney was stirred by the barbaric swing of the ballad of Douglas and Percy ("The Hunting of the Cheviot"); Sir Walter Scott gathered riding ballads in the Pentlands at the end of the eighteenth century; and even today the same old songs, modified by time and place, are garnered by ballad-lovers from the lips of Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina mountaineers, who know nothing of the

history of their migration from England and Scotland. Moreover, to this old stock of ballads new songs are being added. From the mountains and plains and forests of America, where cattle-camp and lumber-shack create conditions favorable to their composition, come many ballads, sophisticated, to be sure, in some respects but still retaining many characteristics of the ancient type. Such a song is the semi-burlesque "The Shanty Boy" ballad, printed in the selections following.

The popular ballad, therefore, the song of the folk, has enjoyed a longer life and seems possessed of more rugged vitality than the other two old narrative types, the epic and the romance. It is possible that the spread of civilization may ultimately choke completely the impulse to chronicle adventure and tragedy in simple narrative poems, but that time has not yet come.

What has been written so far relates to the popular ballad, the ballad of the folk, objective, impersonal, but emotional in content and impression and sturdy in vitality. We must still treat briefly two types of narrative poetry akin to the popular ballad—the broadside, or journalistic, ballad and the literary ballad, or ballad of art, as it is sometimes called, written in imitation of the popular ballad.

III. THE BROADSIDE BALLAD

The broadside ballad, so-called because it was printed on one side of a printer's sheet and hawked through the streets and at fairs by professional ballad-mongers, belongs really to the history of journalism, inasmuch as this type of ballad took the place of the newspaper at a time when the newspaper was unknown. Nevertheless, as has been pointed out by Professor H. E. Rollins in the Introduction to *A Pepysian Garland* of broadside ballads, the discrimination between the popular or traditional ballad and the broadside or stall ballad is quite recent; to an Elizabethan the word *ballad* probably suggested only the printed song bawled in the streets and sold for a penny or two like a modern journal. Although popular ballads were occasionally printed and sold as broadsides, such publication of them was

relatively infrequent, and the broadside ballad may be regarded, therefore, as a distinct, though closely related, *genre*. A comparison of the two types will show that they possess in common the use of sensational material, actual or fictitious. It is quite probable that if Sir Patrick Spens had been lost with his ship and all hands during the reign of Elizabeth instead of during that of Edward I, his fate would have been chronicled in a broadside ballad instead of in a popular ballad. Murder, which is the theme of so many popular ballads, appears also as the subject of numerous broadsides. The broadsides, on the other hand, have certain characteristics which differentiate them from the earlier type. Most of them are doggerel accounts of actual events, with details usually exaggerated beyond all belief; or they make at least a sober claim to the truth. Most popular ballads, on the other hand, do not recount actual events, and except for an occasional line in the historical ballads, no attempt is made to assert the veracity of the details. The broadside ballads, moreover, were written by hack poets whose names were often known; the popular ballads, on the other hand, as has been said, were not only anonymous, but were usually modified at the hands of successive generations of singers. Finally, most of the broadside ballads are didactic and moral in tone, as the true popular ballad never is. In "A Warning for All Desperate Women," for example, the very title, as well as the preaching in the concluding stanzas, shows the obvious cloak of morality which covers the details of the crime itself, and is not unlike the cant of some modern journals.

Not all of the broadside ballads dealt with contemporary material. Sold with purely journalistic stuff were ragged metrical versions of "Leander's Love to Loyal Hero," "The History of The Prophet Jonas," and other material from classical or Biblical lore. But most broadsides deal with murders and the "good-nights" of murderers, or give doggerel accounts of foreign wars and domestic troubles, of monstrous births and horrid prodigies, such as the "hog-faced gentlewoman" and the "strange and miraculous fish" cast ashore in Chester. The Elizabethan world was just as busy creating material for the broadside ballad writer as the

modern world is in performing the same service for the reporter of a "yellow" journal; indeed, in their interest in what passes for news, the two periods are not far apart.

The broadside ballad flourished during the hundred fifty years following the establishment of the printing-press, but the appearance in American life of metrical versions of such events as the Milwaukee hotel fire, the Johnstown flood, and the brave run of Casey Jones, the engineer, shows that the instinct for reporting the sensational in verse has not been entirely destroyed by the circumstance that most persons now get their thrills from the prose columns of the screaming "daily."

IV. THE BALLAD OF ART

So extensive has been the influence of the popular ballad upon literature after the middle of the eighteenth century that it will be possible here only to sketch the effects very briefly. Two characteristics of the Romantic Movement in literature led writers of that period directly to the ballad. One was the returning interest in the medieval; the other was the reaction against the complex and artificial in life and literature, and in favor of the simple and naïve. The publication in 1765, therefore, of the Percy folio manuscript, which contained a great many of the popular ballads and formed the basis for subsequent collections, was the beginning of a rapidly widening interest in this form of literature, not only in England and Scotland but also on the Continent. Chatterton imitated the ballads; Scott col-

lected and copied them; Wordsworth adopted their meter and manner and defended his choice; Southey wrote long, artificial ballads, unballad-like in their moral tenor and flavored with the then popular terror and mystery material of the "Gothic" novels. From this period on, interest in the ballad, though not so intense as during the years of the Romantic Movement, has, nevertheless, continued. Throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries poets in England and America have continued to imitate the ballad, and scholars to study the literary type and collect specimens of it. Fresh imitations and previously undiscovered "versions" appear constantly.

Literary ballads, like all imitations, usually lack the spirit of the original; they possess, on the other hand, the finish of individual art. Occasionally, as in some of Wordsworth's lyrical ballads, the simplicity of the old songs is almost achieved. But most poets—especially in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, where the lyric and the subjective tend to interpenetrate the purely narrative and objective—refine and sublimate their imitations quite beyond the originals. As a result the new poems are to the old popular songs what Hyperion is to a satyr; beauty and grace they have in abundance, but the rugged strength and other elemental qualities native to the popular ballads they do not often possess. These new poems we read with pleasure, and in many we recognize literary art far beyond that of the homespun originals, but we would not willingly have them take the place of the songs which stirred the heart of Sir Philip Sidney as with a trumpet.

CHAPTER III

SELECTIONS

DOMESTIC AND LOVE TRAGEDIES

EDWARD

NOTE

This ballad is famous for the dramatic intensity of its dialogue, the compactness of its narrative, and the accelerating swiftness of its movement. The effectiveness of the refrain, of the question and answer method, and of the parallel structure should all be studied. The last will and testament in the concluding stanzas is a frequent ballad device.

"Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
Edward, Edward?"

Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
And why sae sad gang yee O?"

"O I hae killed my hauke sae guid, 5
Mither, mither,

O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
And I had nae mair bot hee O."

"Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
Edward, Edward, 10

Your haukis bluid was never sae reid,
My deir son I tell thee O."

"O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, mither,

O I hae killed my reid-roan steid, 15
That erst was sae fair and frie O."

"Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat
mair,

Edward, Edward,
Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat
mair;

Sum other dule ye drie O." 20
"O I hae killed my fadir deir,

Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my fadir deir,

Alas, and wae is mee O!"

"And whatten penance wul ye drie for
that, 25

Edward, Edward?
And whatten penance wul ye drie, for
that?

My deir son, now tell me O."
"Ile set my feit in yonder boat,

Mither, mither, 30
Ile set my feit in yonder boat,

And Ile fare ovr the sea O."

"And what wul ye doe wi your towirs
and your ha,

Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and
your ha, 35

That were sae fair to see O?"
"Ile let thame stand tul they doun
fa,

Mither, mither,
Ile let thame stand tul they doun
fa,

For here nevir mair maun I bee
O." 40

"And what wul ye leive to your bairns
and your wife,

Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leive to your bairns and
your wife,

Whan ye gang ovr the sea O?"
"The warldis room, late them beg thrae
life, 45

Mither, mither,
The warldis room, late them beg thrae
life,

For thame nevir mair wul I see O."

"And what wul ye leive to your ain
mither deir,

Edward, Edward? 50
And what wul ye leive to your ain
mither deir?

My deir son, now tell me O."

1. brand, sword. bluid, blood. 4. gang, go. 5. hauke, hawk. guid, good. 8. mair, more, bot, but. 9. reid, red. 13. steid, steed. 16. erst, once. frie, spirited. 20. dule, grief. drie, suffer. 21. fadir, father.

25. drie, undergo. 29. feit, feet. 33. ha, manor-house. 37. tul, until. doun fa, fall down. 40. maun, must. 41. bairns, children. 45. warldis, world's. late, let. 49. ain, own.

“The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Mither, mither,
The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir, 55
Sic counsels ye gave to me O.”

LORD RANDAL

NOTE

Like "Edward," this ballad of the young nobleman poisoned by his true-love is constructed on the dramatic question and answer plan, with an increasing tenseness in the unfolding of the story until the climax is reached. Note in the last line the repetition, which becomes almost a refrain. The ballad appears in many versions and is still popular in England and America.

“O where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?”

O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"

"I hae been to the wild wood; mother,
make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain
wald lie down."

“Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?” 5

Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"

"I dined wi my true-love; mother, make
my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi hunting, and fain
wald lie down."

“What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?”

What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?" 10

"I gat eels boiled in broo; mother,
make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain
wald lie down."

“What became of your bloodhounds,
Lord Randal, my son?

What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"

53. **sall**, shall. 56. **Sic**, such. 9. **What gat**, etc.,
Lord Randal. 4. **wald**, would. 11. **eels**. It was a
popular superstition that snakes were frequently made
into a poisonous stew and fed to the victims as eels or
fish. Cf. the headnote and lines 6-7 of the following
ballad. **broo**, broth.

“O they swelld and they died; mother,
make my bed soon,
For I’m weary wi hunting, and fain¹⁵
wald lie down.”

"O I fear ye are poisonsd, Lord Randal,
my son!

O I fear ye are poisond, my handsome young man!"

"O yes! I am poisonsd; mother, make my bed soon,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain
wuld lie down." 20

THE BONNIE WEE CROODLIN
DOW*

NOTE

This ballad is one of the numerous versions of "Lord Randal," included here to show how ballads on the same general theme may differ. Here the fine ballad of the noble lord poisoned by his false loved one has become a nursery song of a wee boy poisoned by his step-mother. It will be observed, however, that in its structure this ballad does not differ essentially from "Lord Randal." The wicked step-mother is a familiar figure in folk-tales; in this ballad she is naïvely represented as existing side by side with the boy's own "mammie." In a German version of this nursery ballad a grandmother poisons the child with boiled snakes offered as eels.

“O whare hae ye been a’ day, my bon-
nie wee croodlin dow?

O whare hae ye been a' day, my bonnie
wee croodlin dow?"

"I've been at my step-mother's; oh, mak my bed, mammie, now!

I've been at my step-mother's; oh, make my bed, mammie, now!"

“O what did ye get at your step-mother’s, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?” (*Twice.*) 5

"I gat a wee wee fishie; oh, mak my bed, mammie, now!" (*Twice.*)

“O whare gat she the wee fishie, my
bonnie wee croodlin dow?”

"In a dub before the door; oh, mak my bed, mammie, now!"

*"The Pretty Little Cooing Dove," a playful term of endearment. 5. **Twice**. Each line is to be repeated without variation except as indicated in the last stanza. 8. **dub**, pool.

"What did ye wi the wee fishie, my
bonnie wee croodlin dow?"

"I boild it in a wee pannie; oh, mak my
bed, mammie, now!" 10

"Wha gied ye the banes o the fishie till,
my bonnie wee croodlin dow?"

"I gied them till a wee doggie; oh, mak
my bed, mammie, now!"

"O whare is the little wee doggie, my
bonnie wee croodlin dow?"

O whare is the little wee doggie, my
bonnie wee croodlin dow?"

"It shot out its fit and died, and sae
maun I do, too; 15

Oh, mak my bed, mammie, now, now,
oh, mak my bed, mammie, now!"

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

NOTE

This is the tragedy of the empty saddle, an episode of some skirmish. It is a ballad of dramatic situation, rather than of action. "Bonnie George Campbell" is entirely objective and should be contrasted with Tennyson's "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead," in which a modern poet has handled the same general theme more subjectively, and with an analysis of the psychology of grief which is missing entirely in the ballad.

Hie upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.

Saddled and bridled 5
And gallant rade he;
Hame cam his gude horse,
But never cam he!

Out cam his auld mither
Greeting fu' sair, 10
And out cam his bonnie bride
Rivin' her hair.

Saddled and bridled
And bootied rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle, 15
But never cam he!

11. till, to. 15. shot out its fit, stuck out its feet.
Bonnie George Campbell. 1. Hie, high. 2. Tay, a river in central Scotland which flows eastward into the North Sea. 4. Rade, rode. 7. Hame, home. 10. Greeting, weeping. 12. Rivin', tearing. 15. Toom, empty.

"My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to big,
And my babie's unborn." 20

Saddled and bridled
And bootied rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he.

THE TWA CORBIES

NOTE

It would be hard to match this grim ballad for compression; between the lines is suggested a whole drama of faithlessness and crime. The song is still popular, especially in the degenerate version which begins, "Three old crows sat on a tree," etc.

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
"Where sall we gang and dine today?"

"In behint yon auld fail dyke, 5
I wot there lies a new slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame, 10
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;
Wi ae lock o his gowden hair, 15
We'll theek our nest when it grows
bare.

"Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
Oer his white banes, when they are
bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair." 20

18. corn, standing oats. The soldier's widow is speaking. unshorn, uncut. 19. to big, unbuilt.
The Twa Corbies. The title means "the two ravens."
1. alane, alone. 2. mane, here not "moan," but simply expression or utterance. 3. tane, one. 5. fail dyke, wall of turf. 6. wot, know. 7. kens, knows. 13. hause-bane, neck-bone. 14. pike, pick. een, eyes. 15. gowden, golden. 16. theek, thatch. 17. mane, lament. 18. gane, gone.

THE TWA SISTERS

NOTE

The humiliation and jealousy of an older sister who sees a younger sister married first is a frequent theme of the ballad of domestic tragedy. The "murder-will-out" motif contained in lines 50-61 appears repeatedly as the climax of such narratives in folk-tale and song. The refrain—omitted after the first stanza in this reprint—is a characteristic reference to localities familiar to the singers.

There was twa sisters in a bowr,
 Edinburgh, Edinburgh,
 There was twa sisters in a bowr,
 Stirling for ay;
 There was twa sisters in a bowr, 5
 There came a knight to be their wooer;
 Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon
 Tay.

He courted the eldest wi glove an ring,
 But he lovd the youngest above a
 thing.

He courted the eldest wi brotch an
 knife, 10
 But he lovd the youngest as his life.

The eldest she was vexéd sair,
 An much envied her sister fair.

Into her bowr she could not rest;
 Wi grief an spite she almos brast. 15

Upon a morning fair an clear,
 She cried upon her sister dear:

"O sister, come to yon sea stran,
 An see our father's ships come to lan."

She's taen her by the milk-white han, 20
 An led her down to yon sea stran.

The youngest stood upon a stane;
 The eldest came an threw her in.

She tooke her by the middle sma,
 And dashed her bonny back to the
 jaw. 25

10. **brotch**, brooch. **knife**, i.e., a small ornamented knife for sharpening quill-pens. 15. **brast**, burst. 17. **upon**, unto. 24. **sma**, small. 25. **jaw**, wave, i. e., she pitched her into the water.

"O sister, sister, tak my han,
 An Ise mack you heir to a' my lan.

"O sister, sister, tak my middle,
 An yes get my goud and my gouden
 girdle.

"O sister, sister, save my life, 30
 An I swear Ise never be nae man's
 wife."

"Foul fa the han that I should tacke;
 It twind me an my wardles make.

"Your cherry cheeks an yallow hair
 Gars me gae maiden for evermair." 35

Sometimes she sank, an sometimes she
 swam,
 Till she came down yon bonny mill-dam.

O out it came the miller's son,
 An saw the fair maid swimmin in.

"O father, father, draw your dam; 40
 Here's either a mermaid or a swan."

The miller quickly drew the dam,
 An there he found a drownd woman.

You coudna see her yallow hair
 For gold and pearle that were so rare. 45

You coudna see her middle sma
 For gouden girdle that was sae braw.

You coudna see her fingers white,
 For gouden rings that were sae gryte.

An by there came a harper fine, 50
 That harpéd to the king at dine.

When he did look that lady upon,
 He sighd and made a heavy moan.

He's taen three locks o her yallow hair,
 And wi them strung his harp sae fair. 55

The first tune he did play and sing,
 Was, "Farewell to my father the king."

27. **mack**, make. 29. **goud**, gold. 32. **Foul fa**, cursed be. 33. **twind**, separated. **wardles make**, world's mate. 35. **Gars**, makes. 40. **draw**, draw off the water from. 47. **sae braw**, so fine. 49. **gryte**, great. 51. **dine**, dinner. 54. **taen**, taken.

It's a grief to me and I will tell you why,
Because she has more gold than I. 10
But her gold will melt and her silver fly,
And in time of peace she's as poor as I.

I go upstairs to make my bed,
And nothing to my mother said.
My mother comes upstairs to me, 15
Says, "What's the matter, daughter
dear?"

"Oh! mother dear, you do not know
What grief and pain, and sorrow, woe;
Go get me a chair to sit me down,
And a pen and ink to write it down." 20

And when her father he came home,
Says, "Where has my daughter gone?"
When running upstairs the door he
broke,
And found her hanging up by a rope.

He took his knife and cut her down, 25
And in her bosom those words were
found,
"What a foolish maid am I,
To hang myself for a butcher boy.

"Go dig my grave both long and deep,
Place a marble stone at my head and
feet, 30
And on my bosom place a turtle dove;
Let the wide world see that I died in
love.

"I wished, I wished but my wish [was]
in vain,
I wished I was a maid again;
But a maid again I ne'er shall be, 35
Until apples grow on a cherry tree."

12. *And in time*, etc. This line seems meaningless. The version in Professor Pound's *American Ballads and Songs* (page 61) reads: "She'll see the day she's poor as I." 33. *I wished*, etc. The requiem and epitaph is a characteristic ballad formula, frequently burlesqued as in the familiar "drunkard's requiem" of college songs.

THE MAID FREED FROM THE GALLOWS.

NOTE

This ballad is included because it illustrates so perfectly the device known as incremental repetition. It will be observed that the condemned

girl's plea to the judge, her succession of petitions to her relatives, and their replies are couched in identical phrases. As a result the entire fifteen stanzas may easily be memorized from a single reading. This type of repetition is of frequent occurrence in popular ballads and especially in children's nursery and game songs, as, for example, "The Drummer Boy." The situation of a condemned girl's looking eagerly for a succession of possible rescuers appears frequently in folk-tales; an example is the widely popular story of Bluebeard. D. G. Rossetti has imitated the structure of this ballad in his "Sister Helen"; in Rossetti's ballad, however, the various persons who ride up come to beg the life of a faithless lover whom Sister Helen is killing by witchcraft.

"O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord
Judge,
Peace for a little while!
Methinks I see my own father,
Come riding by the stile.

"O father, O father, a little of your
gold, 5
And likewise of your fee!
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-
tree."

"None of my gold now you shall
have,
Nor likewise of my fee; 10
For I am come to see you hangd,
And hangéd you shall be."

"O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord
Judge,
Peace for a little while!
Methinks I see my own mother, 15
Come riding by the stile.

"O mother, O mother, a little of your
gold,
And likewise of your fee,
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-
tree!" 20

"None of my gold now shall you
have,
Nor likewise of my fee;

6. *fee*, property or goods. The girl is asking, of course, for a ransom. 8. *gallows-tree*, an early term for gibbet; there were many grim jests on the subject of the "fruit" of the tree.

For I am come to see you hangd,
And hangéd you shall be."

"O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord
Judge, 25
Peace for a little while!
Methinks I see my own brother,
Come riding by the stile.

"O brother, O brother, a little of your
gold, 30
And likewise of your fee,
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-
tree!"

"None of my gold now shall you
have, 35
Nor likewise of my fee;
For I am come to see you hangd,
And hangéd you shall be."

"O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord
Judge, 40
Peace for a little while!
Methinks I see my own sister,
Come riding by the stile.

"O sister, O sister, a little of your
gold, 45
And likewise of your fee,
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-
tree!"

"None of my gold now shall you
have, 45
Nor likewise of my fee;
For I am come to see you hangd,
And hangéd you shall be."

"O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord
Judge, 50
Peace for a little while!
Methinks I see my own true-love,
Come riding by the stile.

"O true-love, O true-love, a little of
your gold,
And likewise of your fee,

To save my body from yonder grave, 55
And my neck from the gallows-
tree."

"Some of my gold now you shall have,
And likewise of my fee,
For I am come to see you saved,
And savéd you shall be." 60

FOLKLORE AND SUPERSTITION

THOMAS RYMER

NOTE

The theme of a mortal obliged to serve the fairies for a definite period, usually seven years, is familiar in folklore. Thomas of Erceldoune, or Thomas the Rhymer, was a Scotch seer and poet of the thirteenth century who was believed by the superstitious to have received his prophetic power from the queen of the fairies.

True Thomas lay oer yond grassy bank,
And he beheld a ladie gay,
A ladie that was brisk and bold,
Come riding oer the fernie brae.

Her skirt was of the grass-green silk, 5
Her mantle of the velvet fine,
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

True Thomas he took off his hat, 9
And bowed him low down till his knee:
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For your peer on earth I never did
see."

"O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,
"That name does not belong to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland, 15
And I'm come here for to visit thee.

"But ye maun go wi me now, Thomas,
True Thomas, ye maun go wi me,
For ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro weel or wae as may chance to
be." 20

51. **true-love.** In some versions her husband appears; in others she directs a succession of curses against her heartless relatives.

4. **fernle brae,** ferny hill. 7. **ilka tett,** every lock. 11. **Queen of Heaven,** i. e., the Virgin Mary. 17. **maun,** must. 20. **wae,** woe.

She turned about her milk-white steed,
And took True Thomas up behind;
And aye whenever her bridle rang,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

For forty days and forty nights 25
He wade thro red blude to the knee,
And he saw neither sun nor moon,
But heard the roaring of the sea.

O they rade on, and further on,
Until they came to a garden green: 30
"Light down, light down, ye ladie free;
Some of that fruit let me pull to thee."

"O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,
"That fruit maun not be touched by
thee,
For a' the plagues that are in hell 35
Light on the fruit of this countrie.

"But I have a loaf here in my lap,
Likewise a bottle of claret wine,
And now ere we go farther on, 39
We'll rest a while, and ye may dine."

When he had eaten and drunk his fill,
"Lay down your head upon my knee,"
The lady said, "ere we climb yon hill,
And I will show you fairlies three.

"O see not ye yon narrow road, 45
So thick beset wi thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Tho after it but few enquires.

"And see not ye that braid, braid
road,
That lies across yon lillie leven? 50
That is the path of wickedness,
Tho some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road
Which winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland, 55
Where you and I this night maun
gae.

"But Thomas, ye maun hold your
tongue,
Whatever you may hear or see,

For gin ae word you should chance to
speak,
You will neer get back to your ain
countrie." 60

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green,
And till seven years were past and gone
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

KEMP OWYNE

NOTE

Ballad themes were borrowed occasionally from the romances. The story of Kemp Owyne is similar to *The Marriage of Sir Gawaine*, with which it should be compared. It should be compared also with *The Wife of Bath's Tale* in Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales*. In this ballad we have the familiar folklore material of the step-mother's curse and the disenchantment by kisses, as in the story of "The Sleeping Beauty." The ballad is built in the usual narrative steps.

Her mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great
moan;
Her father married the warst wo-
man
That ever lived in Christendom.

She servéd her with foot and hand, 5
In every thing that she could dee,
Till once, in an unlucky time,
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee; 10
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,
And borrow you with kisses three,
Let all the warld do what they will,
Oh, borrowed shall you never be!"

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew
lang, 15
And twisted thrice about the tree,
And all the people, far and near,
Thought that a savage beast was
she.

59. *gin*, if. 61. *even*, smooth.
Kemp Owyne. The word *kemp* means "champion"; cf.
German *kämpfen*, to fight. 5. *She*, here the daughter;
in line 8 the stepmother. 8. *Craigy's sea*, "Craig of
sea" in some versions. 12. *borrow*, ransom.

These news did come to Kemp Owyne,
Where he lived, far beyond the sea;
He hasted him to Craigy's sea, 21
And on the savage beast looked he.

Her breath was strang, her hair was
lang,
And twisted was about the tree,
And with a swing she came about: 25
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with
me.

"Here is a royal belt," she cried,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be; 30
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be."

He steppéd in, gave her a kiss;
The royal belt he brought him wi.
Her breath was strang, her hair was
lang, 35
And twisted twice about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with
me.

"Here is a royal ring," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea; 40
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my ring your death shall be."

He steppéd in, gave her a kiss; 45
The royal ring he brought him wi.
Her breath was strang, her hair was
lang,
And twisted ance about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with
me. 50

"Here is a royal brand," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin, 55
I swear my brand your death shall
be."

He steppéd in, gave her a kiss;
The royal brand he brought him wi.
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew
short,
And twisted nane about the tree; 60
And smilingly she came about,
As fair a woman as fair could be.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST

NOTE

This is one example of the widespread return-from-the-dead theme. Ordinarily the ballad of this type tells of a lover whose ghost returns to his mistress either because of her unfaithfulness or because of her excessive grief. The theme was a great favorite with late eighteenth and early nineteenth century imitators of the ballad; examples of such imitations are Bürger's fine "Leonore," and the melodramatic and lurid "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene," by "Monk" Lewis.

There came a ghost to Margret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And ay he tirléd at the pin,
But answer made she none.

"Is that my father Philip, 5
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true-love Willy,
From Scotland new come home?"

"'Tis not thy father Philip, 10
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true-love Willy,
From Scotland new come home.

"O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Margret, 15
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin." 20

"If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;

34. brought him wi, took for his own. 51. brand, sword. Other magic swords from the sea were those of Grendel, in *Beowulf*, and of King Arthur.

Sweet William's Ghost. 3. tirléd at the pin. By pulling the string or latch which hung outside he rattled the wooden pin that was inside but disconnected at night from the bar which it ordinarily lifted. 18. lend, give. 22. no earthly man, i. e., he is unearthly—a ghost.

And should I kiss thy rosy lips,
Thy days will not be lang.

"O sweet Margret, O dear Margret, 25
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou's never
get,
Nor yet will I thee lend, 30
Till you take me to yon kirk,
And wed me with a ring."

"My bones are buried in yon kirk-
yard,
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my spirit, Margret, 35
That's now speaking to thee."

She stretchd out her lilly-white hand,
And, for to do her best,
"Hae, there's your faith and troth,
Willy;
God send your soul good rest." 40

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corp followed she.

"Is there any room at your head,
Willy? 45
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willy,
Wherein that I may creep?"

"There's no room at my head, Margret,
There's no room at my feet; 50
There's no room at my side, Margret,
My coffin's made so meet."

Then up and crew the red, red cock,
And up then crew the gray:
"Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margret, 55
That you were going away."

No more the ghost to Margret said,
But, with a grievous groan,
Evanishd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone. 60

"O stay, my only true-love, stay,"
The constant Margret cry'd;
Wan grew her cheeks, she closd her een,
Stretchd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

NOTE

One group of ballads dealing with the return from the dead tells of three sons (small children in some versions) who come back to their mother for a visit until cock-crow summons them to their graves. In the following version the sons are sailors who return after their mother has cursed the sea which has swallowed them. The story is unfolded with dramatic swiftness and pathetic compression.

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them oer the sea.

They hadna been a week from her, 5
A week but barely ane,
Whan word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three, 10
Whan word came to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me, 15
In earthly flesh and blood."

It fell about the Martinmass,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o the birk. 20

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

1. wife, woman. 7. carline wife, old woman. 14. Nor fashes in the flood, "may the sea never cease to be troubled." 17. Martinmass, November 11. 18. mirk, dark. 20. o the birk, i.e., they were wearing wreaths of birch. The next stanza explains that the tree grew in Paradise, an indirect way of saying that they were ghosts. 21. syke, trench. 22. sheugh, furrow. 24. eneugh, enough.

39. Hae, take it. 41. kilted, tucked up. 44. corp, corpse. 52. meet, close. 53. crew the cock, the usual ballad signal of approaching dawn.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens, 25
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide, 30
And she's taen her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said, 35
"Tis time we were away."

The cock he hadna crawd but once,
And clappd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said, 40
"Brother, we must awa."

"The cock doth crawl, the day doth
daw,
The channerin worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear! 45
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!"

THE MERMAID

NOTE

The fabulous mermaid, like the sirens and the Lorelei, enticed sailors to their doom or appeared in the raging sea as a bad omen of approaching shipwreck. The following ballad is still widely popular as a college song.

One Friday morn when we set sail,
Not very far from land,
We there did espy a fair pretty maid
With a comb and a glass in her hand,
her hand, her hand,

41. *daw*, dawn. 42. *channerin*, fretting. 44. *sair*, sore. *maun bide*, must expect. According to a popular superstition, ghosts who did not return to their graves at cock-crow were punished. 46. *byre*, cow-shed.
The Mermaid. 1. *Friday*, an ill-omened day upon which to start a journey. The appearance of the sea-monster was also a bad omen.

With a comb and a glass in her hand. 5
While the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
While we jolly sailor-boys were up
into the top,
And the land-lubbers lying down
below, below, below,
And the land-lubbers lying down
below. 10

Then up starts the captain of our gallant
ship,
And a brave young man was he:
"I've a wife and a child in fair Bristol
town,
But a widow I fear she will be."

For the raging seas, etc. 15

Then up starts the mate of our gallant
ship,
And a bold young man was he:
"Oh! I have a wife in fair Portsmouth
town,
But a widow I fear she will be."

For the raging seas, etc. 20

Then up starts the cook of our gallant
ship,
And a gruff old soul was he:
"Oh! I have a wife in fair Plymouth
town,
But a widow I fear she will be."

For the raging seas, etc. 25

And then up spoke the little cabin-
boy,
And a pretty little boy was he;
"Oh! I am more grievd for my daddy
and my mammy
Than you for your wives all three."

For the raging seas, etc. 30

Then three times round went our gallant
ship,
And three times round went she;
For the want of a life-boat they all went
down,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

For the raging seas, etc.

HISTORICAL

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

NOTE

It is either to the following ballad or to "The Battle of Otterburn" that Sir Philip Sidney referred in his famous tribute, "I never heard the olde song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart mooved more than with a trumpet." Jonson and Addison also praised the ballad account of the heroic struggle between the Scotch and the English knights. The following ballad seems to be a combination of two episodes, the first, a poaching expedition led by Sir Henry Percy of Northumberland (Hotspur) into that part of the Scottish frontier owned or guarded by James, Earl of Douglas, and the second, the Battle of Otterburn, fought August 19, 1388. Of this battle the best account is that contained in Froissart's *Chronicles of England, France, and Spain* (chapter xix). Froissart "learned the particulars of the battle from knights and squires who had been engaged in it on both sides" and described it as "the hardest and most obstinate battle that was ever fought." Historically, the ballad is an unsafe guide in several particulars. For example, the kings of Scotland and England when the events occurred were, respectively, Robert II and Richard II and not "James" and "the fourth Harry," as the ballad has it; moreover, Hotspur was captured but not slain. Places mentioned are on the Scotch-English border; neither they nor the names of the combatants will ordinarily be referred to in the footnotes.

The Persë owt off Northombarlonde,
and avowe to God mayd he
That he wold hunte in the mowntayns
off Chyviat within days thre,
In the magger of doughtë Dogles, 5
and all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
he said he wold kyll, and cary them
away.

"Be my feth," sayd the dougheti
Doglas agayn,
"I wyll let that hontyng yf that I
may." 10

Then the Persë owt off Banborowe cam,
with him a myghtee meany,
With fifteen hondrith archares bold off
blood and bone;
the wear chosen owt of shyars thre.

1. owt off, i. e., came out of. 2. avowe, a vow. 5. In the magger of, maugre, in spite of. 10. let, hinder (cf. "let ball" in tennis). 12. meany, troop. 14. shyars, shires.

This begane on a Monday at morn, 15
in Cheviat the hillys so he;
The chylde may rue that ys unborn,
it wos the mor pittë.

The dryvars thorowe the woodës went,
for to reas the dear; 20
Bomen byckarte uppone the bent
with ther browd aros cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodës went,
on every sydë shear;
Greahondës thorowe the grevis glent, 25
for to kyll thear dear.

This begane in Chyviat the hyls abone,
yerly on a Monnyn-day;
Be that it drewe to the oware off none,
a hondrith fat hartës ded ther lay. 30

The blewe a mort uppone the bent,
the semblyde on sydis shear;
To the quyrre then the Persë went,
to se the bryttlynge off the deare.

He sayd, "It was the Duglas promys 35
this day to met me hear;
But I wyste he wolde faylle, verament";
a great oth the Persë swear.

At the laste a squyar off Northomber-
londe
lokyde at his hand full ny; 40
He was war a the doughetie Doglas
commynge,
with him a myghttë meany.

Both with spear, bylle, and brande,
yt was a myghtti sight to se;
Hardyar men, both off hart nor hande,
wear not in Cristiantë. 46

The wear twenti hondrith spear-men
good,
withoute any feale;

16. he, high. 19. dryvars, beaters. 21. Bomen byckarte, etc., bowmen ran through the field. 22. browd aros cleare, broad, bright arrows. 23. wyld, game. 24. shear, several (emphasizing every). 25. grevis, groves. glent, flashed. 27. abone, above. 28. yerly on a Monnyn-day, early on a Monday. 29. Be that it, by the time that. oware off none, hour of noon. 31. mort, a bugle-note announcing the death of the deer. 32. semblyde, assembled. sydis shear, every side. 33. quyrre, quarry, killed game. 34. bryttlynge, cutting up. 37. wyste, wist, knew. verament, truly. 40. lokyde, etc., looked not a great distance away. 41. a, of. 43. bylle, bill, a sort of halberd or battleax. brande, sword. 48. feale, fail.

The wear borne along be the watter a
Twyde,
yth bowndës of Tividale. 50

"Leave of the brytlyng of the dear," he
sayd,
"and to your boÿs lock ye tayk good
hede;
For never sithe ye wear on your
mothars borne
had ye never so mickle nede."

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede, 55
he rode alle his men beforne;
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;
a boldar barne was never born.

"Tell me whos men ye ar," he says,
"or whos men that ye be; 60
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this
Chyviat chays,
in the spyt of myn and of me."

The first mane that ever him an
swear mayd,
yt was the good lord Persë:
"We wyll not tell the whoys men we ar,"
he says, 65
"nor whos men that we be;
But we wyll hounte hear in this chays,
in the spyt of thyne and of the.

"The fattiste hartës in all Chyviat
we have kyld, and cast to carry them
away"; 70
"Be my troth," sayd the doughetë
Dogglas agayn,
"therfor the ton of us shall de this
day."

Then sayd the doughtë Doglas
unto the lord Persë:
"To kyll alle thes giltles men, 75
alas, it wear great pittë!

"But, Persë, thowe art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle callyd within my contrë;
Let all our men uppone a parti stande,
and do the battell off the and of me."

50. yth bowndës, in the borders. 52. boÿs, bows.
53. on, of. 57. glede, glowing coal. 58. barne, war-
rior. 61. Chyviat chays, hunting grounds in the
Cheviot Hills. 70. cast, intend. 72. ton, the one.
78. yerle, earl. 79. uppone a parti stande, stand
aside. 80. do the battell, etc., let us fight.

"Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne," sayd
the lord Persë, 81
"who-so-ever ther-to says nay!
Be my troth, doughttë Doglas," he says,
"thow shalt never se that day.

"Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar
France, 85
nor for no man of a woman born,
But, and fortune be my chance,
I dar met him, on man for on."

Then bespayke a squyar off Northom-
barlonde,
Richard Wytharyngton was his nam:
"It shall never be told in Sothe-Yng-
londe," he says, 91
"to Kyng Herry the Fourth for sham.

"I wat youe byn great lordës twaw,
I am a poor squyar of lande;
I wylle never se my captayne fight on
a fylde, 95
and stande my selffe and loocke on,
But whylle I may my weppone welde,
I wylle not fayle both hart and
hande."

That day, that day, that dredfull day!
the first fit here I fynde; 100
And youe wyll here any mor a the
hountyng a the Chyviat,
yet ys ther mor behynde.

The Yngglyshe men hade ther bowys
yebent,
ther hartes wer good yenoughe;
The first off arros that the shote off, 105
seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

Yet byddys the yerle Doglas uppon the
bent,
a captayne good yenoughe,
And that was sene verament,
for he wrought hom both woo and
wouche. 110

81. cors, curse. crowne, head. 88. on man for
on, man for man. 92. Herry the Fourth. Henry IV
did not come to the throne until 1399, eleven years
after the Battle of Otterburn. 94. squyar of lande,
a country squire or gentleman below the rank of the two
knights whom he was addressing. 100. the first fit,
etc., "here I end the first division of my song." In some
of the early versions the ballad is marked off into "The
First Fit" and "The Second Fit." 101. And, if. 107.
byddys, abides. bent, field. 109. verament, truly.
110. wouche, harm.

The Dogglas partyd his ost in thre,
lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde;
With suar spears off myghttē tre,
the cum in on every syde.

Thrughe our Yngglyshe archery 115
gave many a wounde fulle wyde;
Many a doughetē the garde to dy,
which ganyde them no pryde.

The Ynglyshe men let ther boÿs be,
and puldeowt brandes that wer brighte;
It was a hevy syght to se 121
bryght swordes on basnites lyght.

Thorowe ryche male and myneyeple,
many sterne the strocke done streght;
Many a freyke that was fulle fre, 125
ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Douglas and the Persē met,
lyk to captayns of myght and of mayne;
The swapte togethar tylle the both swat,
with swordes that wear of fyn myllan.

Thes worthē freckys for to fyght, 131
ther-to the wear fulle fayne,
Tylle the bloode owte off thear basnetes
sprente,
as ever dyd heal or rayn.

"Yelde the, Persē," sayde the Doglas,
"and i feth I shalle the brynge 136
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis
of Jamy our Skottish kyng.

"Thou shalte have thy ransom fre,
I hight the hear this thinge; 140
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe
that ever I conquerd in filde fight-
tyng."

"Nay," sayd the lord Persē,
"I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be 145
to no man of a woman born."

111. ost, host. 112. cheffe cheften, high chieftain.
113. suar, sure. tre, tree, i.e., wood. 117. Many a,
etc., many a brave one they (the Scots) caused to die.
118. ganyde, gained. 122. basnites, light helmets.
123. myneyeple, gantlets (Skeat). 124. many sterne,
etc., many stern [men] the stroke struck down. 125.
freyke, brave man. fre, bold, spirited. 129. swapte,
smote. swat, sweat. 130. myllan, Milan steel. 132.
fulle fayne, very eager. 133. sprente, spurted. 138.
Jamy. James I of Scotland was not crowned until 1423,
ten years after the death of Henry IV; see lines 89 ff. 140.
hight, promise.

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely,
forthe off a myghttē wane;
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Douglas
in at the brest-bane. 150

Thorowe lyvar and longēs bathe
The sharpe arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe-days
he spayke mo wordēs but ane:
That was, "Fyghte ye, my myrry men,
whylls ye may, 155
for my lyff-days ben gan."

The Persē leanyde on his brande,
and sawe the Douglas de;
He tooke the dede mane by the hande,
and sayd, "Wo ys me for the! 160

"To have savyde thy lyffe, I wolde have
partyde with
my landes for years thre,
For a better man, of hart nare of hande,
was nat in all the north contrē."

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght, 165
was callyd Ser Hewe the Monggom-
byrry;
He sawe the Douglas to the deth was
dyght,
he spendyd a spear, a trusti tre.

He rod uppone a corsiare
throughe a hondrith archery; 170
He never stynttyde, nar never blane,
tylle he cam to the good lord Persē.

He set uppone the lorde Persē
a dynte that was full soare;
With a suar spear of a myghttē tre 175
clean thorow the body he the Persē ber

A the tothar syde that a man myght se
a large cloth-yard and mare;
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in
Cristiantē
then that day slan wear ther. 180

148. myghttē wane, "a single arrow out of a vast
quantity" (Skeat). 151. Thorowe, etc., through both
liver and lungs. 165. Off all, etc., a Scottish knight
saw all this. 166. Ser Hewe, etc., Sir Hugh Mont-
gomery. 167. to the deth was dyght, was done to
death. 168. spendyd, got ready. 169. corsiare,
courser. 171. stynttyde, stopped. blane, halted. 174.
dynte, stroke. 176. ber, thrust through. 177. A, on.
179. Towe bettar captayns. In "The Battle of
Otterburn," Percy is captured, not killed, and exchanged
for Montgomery, who had been taken prisoner by the
English.

An archar off Northomberlonde
say slean was the lord Persë;
He bar a bende bowe in his hand,
was made off trusti tre.

An arow that a cloth-yarde was lang 185
to the harde stele halyde he;
A dynt was both sad and soar
hesaton Ser Hewe the Monggombyrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and sar,
that he of Monggomberry sete; 190
The swane-fethars that his arrowe bar
with his hart-blood the wear wete.

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde
fle,
but still in stour dyd stand,
Heawyng on yche othar, whylle the
myghte dre, 195
with many a balfull brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat
an owar befor the none,
And when even-songe bell was rang,
the battell was nat half done. 200

The tocke. . . on ethar hande
be the lyght off the mone;
Many hade no strenght for to stande,
In Chyviat the hillys abon.

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
went away but seventi and thre; 206
Of twenti hondrith spear-men of Skot-
londe,
but even five and fifti.

But all wear slayne Cheviat within;
the hade no strengthe to stand on
hy; 210

The chylde may rue that ys unborne,
it was the mor pittë.

Thear was slayne, withe the lord Persë,
Ser Johan of Agerstone,
Ser Rogar, the hinde Hartly, 215
Ser Wylliam, the bolde Hearone.

Ser Jorg, the worthë Loumle,
a knyghte of great renowen,
Ser Raff, the ryche Rugbe,
with dyntes wear beaten dowene. 220

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
that ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne
in to,
yet he knyled and fought on hys
kny.

Ther was slayne, with the dougheti
Duglas, 225
Ser Hewe the Monggombyrry,
Ser Davy Lwdale, that worthë was,
his sistar's son was he.

Ser Charls a Murrë in that place,
that never a foot wolde fle; 230
Ser Hewe Maxwelle, a lorde he was,
with the Doglas dyd he dey.

So on the morrowe the mayde them
byears
off birch and hasell so gray;
Many wedous, with wepyng tears, 235
cam to fache ther makys away.

Tivydale may carpe off care,
Northombarlonid may mayk great
mon,
For towe such captayns as slayne wear
thear,
on the March-parti shall never be non.

Word ys commen to Eddenburrowe, 241
to Jamy the Skottische kyng,
That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the
Marches,
he lay slean Chyviot within.

His handdës dyd he weal and wryng,
he sayd, "Alas, and woe ys me! 246
Such an othar captayn Skotland with-
in,"
he sayd, "ye-feth shuld never be."

186. *halyde*, hauled, i. e., drew it to the head. 194. *stour*, fight. 195. *whylle*, etc., so long as they could hold out. 197. Cf. lines 27 ff. 199. *even-songe bell*, the bell for vespers, six P. M. 201. *The tocke* "they took themselves off, that is, retreated" (Gummere). 210. *on hy*, upright; a naïve description of the dead men. 215. *hinde*, gentle.

219. *Raff*, Ralph. 223. *hewyne in to*, hewn in two. 233. *byears*, biers. 234. *hasell*, hazel. 235. *wedous*, widows. 236. *fache*, fetch. *makys*, mates. 237. *carpe off care*, tell of sorrow. 240. *March-parti*, borders. 242. *Jamy*. See note on line 138. 243. *lyff-tenant of the Marches*, lieutenant of the border districts. 245. *weal*, clasp. 247. *captayn*. Cf. with lines 255-256, and note from the "brag" that the English are as obviously favored in this ballad as are the Scotch in other ballad versions of the same events.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone,
till the fourth Harry our kynge, 250
That lord Persë, leyff-tenante of the
Marchis,
he lay slayne Chyviat within.

"God have merci on his solle," sayde
Kyng Harry,
"good lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hondrieth captayns in Yng-
londe," he sayd, 255
"as good as ever was he;
But, Persë, and I brook my lyffe,
thy deth well quyte shall be."

As our noble kynge mayd his avowe,
lyke a noble prince of renowen, 260
For the deth of the lord Persë
he dyde the battell of Hombyll-down;

Wher syx and thrittë Skottishe knyghtes
on a day wear beaten down;
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor
bryght, 265
over castille, towar, and town.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat,
that tear begane this spurn;
Old men that knowen the grownde well
yenoughe
call it the battell of Otterburn. 270

At Otterburn begane this spurne
uppone a Monnynday;
Ther was the doughtë Douglas slean,
the Persë never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the Marche-
partës 275
sen the Douglas and the Persë met,
But yt ys mervele and the rede blude
ronne not,
as the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesue Crist our balys bete,
and to the blys us bryngel 280
Thus was the hountynge of the Chivyat
God send us alle good endyng!

250. **Harry**. See note on line 92. 257. **brook**, enjoy. 258. **quyte**, avenged. 262. The Scots were defeated at Homildon Hill, September 14, 1402. 268. **tear**, etc., there (i. e., in the Cheviots) began this fight—one of several guesses, based partly on the next stanza, at the meaning of a difficult line. 277. **yt ys**, etc., it is a marvel if the red blood does not run as rain does in the street. 279. **balys bete**, relieve our sorrows.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

NOTE

There have been various guesses by Sir Walter Scott and others as to the historical basis of this heroic old ballad of the sea, but there is no authentic record of the events. Nevertheless, it is sufficiently circumstantial to suggest actual occurrence, and may reasonably be classed as historical. Its popular flavor appears best in the naïve conceptions expressed of the mode of living of king and nobility.

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht, 5
Sat at the kings richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter,
And signd it wi his hand, 10
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauchéd he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red, 15
The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the
yeir,
To sail upon the se! 20

"Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men
all,
Our guid schip sails the morne."
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new
moone, 25
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."

1. **Dumferling toune**, Dunfermline, across the Firth of Forth from Edinburgh. The "king" has been identified with Alexander III (1249-1285) and also with James III (1460-1488). 5. **knicht**, ch=gh, here and elsewhere in the ballad. 9. **braid**, open (Percy); it may refer, however, simply to the broad sheet. 25. **new moone**, etc., the crescent moon with the old moon showing between the horns, a sign of bad weather.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
 To weet their cork-heild schoone; 30
 Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
 Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
 Wi thair fans into their hand,
 Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spens 35
 Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
 Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
 Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
 For they'll se thame na mair. 40

Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
 It's fiftie fadom deip,
 And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

OUTLAWRY

JOHNIE ARMSTRONG

NOTE

The bold robber has always been a romantic and attractive figure, especially where, as with Robin Hood, he robbed the rich to give to the poor. Though Johnie Armstrong warred on society, he seemed to those who sang his praises just as heroic as any conventional knight who ever sat in saddle, and he earned the admiration due brave fighters. His death, in the summer of 1530, during the reign of King James V of Scotland, occurred under conditions of treachery similar to those related in the ballad.

There dwelt a man in faire Westmerland,
 Jonnë Armestrong men did him call,
 He had nither lands nor rents coming in,
 Yet he kept eight score men in his hall.

He had horse and harness for them all, 5
 Goodly steeds were all milke-white;

30. **cork-heild schoone**, cork-heeled shoes. Cf. note on line 34. 32. **aboone**, above them. 34. **Wi thair fans**, etc. Here and in the next stanza note the popular idea of the nobility. 41. **haf owre to Aberdour**, half-way home to Aberdeen, on the east coast of Scotland, where the wreck occurred.

Johnie Armstrong. 1. **Westmerland**, incorrect; Westmorland is in northwestern England, but Johnie was a Scot. 3. **nither lands nor rents**. This is a delicate way of hinting that Johnie lived well on other men's property.

O the golden bands an about their necks,
 And their weapons, they were all alike.

Newes then was brought unto the king
 That there was sicke a won as hee, 10
 That livèd lyke a bold out-law,
 And robbèd all the north country.

The king he writt an a letter then,
 A letter which was large and long;
 He signèd it with his owne hand, 15
 And he promised to doe him no wrong.

When this letter came Jonnë untill,
 His heart it was as blythe as birds on the tree:
 "Never was I sent for before any king,
 My father, my grandfather, nor none but mee. 20

"And if wee goe the king before,
 I would we went most orderly;
 Every man of you shall have his scarlet cloak,
 Laced with silver laces three.

"Every won of you shall have his velvett coat, 25
 Laced with sillver lace so white;
 O the golden bands an about your necks,
 Black hatts, white feathers, all alyke."

By the morrow morninge at ten of the clock,
 Toward Edenborough gon was hee,
 And with him all his eight score men; 31
 Good lord, it was a goodly sight for to see!

When Jonnë came befower the king,
 He fell downe on his knee;
 "O pardon, my soveraine leige," he said,
 "O pardon my eight score men and mee!" 36

"Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traytor strong,
 For thy eight score men nor thee;

7. **an**. This word is inserted merely for the meter. 10. **sicke a won**, such a one.

For tomorrow morning by ten of the
clock,
Both thou and them shall hang on the
gallow-tree." 40

But Jonnë looked over his left shoulder,
Good Lord, what a greivous look
looked hee!
Saying, "Asking grace of a graceles
face—
Why there is none for you nor me."

But Jonnë had a bright sword by his
side, 45
And it was made of the mettle so free,
That had not the king stept his foot
aside,
He had smitten his head from his
faire boddë.

Saying, "Fight on, my merry men all,
And see that none of you be taine; 50
For rather than men shall say we were
hanged,
Let them report how we were slaine."

Then, God wott, faire Eddenburrrough
rose,
And so besett poore Jonnë rounde,
That fower score and tenn of Jonnës best
men 55
Lay gasping all upon the ground.

Then like a mad man Jonnë laide about,
And like a mad man then fought hee,
Untill a falce Scot came Jonnë behinde,
And runn him through the faire
boddee. 60

Saying, "Fight on, my merry men all,
And see that none of you be taine;
For I will stand by and bleed but
awhile,
And then will I come and fight
again."

Newes then was brought to young
Jonnë Armstrong, 65
As he stood by his nurses knee,
Who vowed if ere he lived for to be a
man,
O the treacherous Scots revengd hee'd
be.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN A DALE

NOTE

When England was heavily forested, and the game was protected by savage forest laws, many brave yeomen ranged the woods and lived by hunting and robbing. Of these bold outlaws the most famous was Robin Hood, a semi-legendary forester who lived with his "merry men" in Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire. His deeds are celebrated in so many ballads that the whole forms a popular half-epic cycle. Tradition identified him with an outlawed nobleman, the Earl of Huntingdon, but in the earliest ballads he is of unmistakable yeoman stock. But he was as courteous as a courtier, graceful in manner, and, of course, skillful in woodcraft and daring in deed. Readers of Scott's *Ivanhoe* will remember that he lived, traditionally, in the reign of Richard I (1189-1199), and that among the famous men in his band were Friar Tuck, Little John, Will Scarlet, Midge the miller's son, Allin a Dale, and numerous others. The ballads of Robin Hood reflect the social revolt of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; he is invariably represented as loyal to the king but hostile to sheriffs and all oppressors of the poor. The bride-stealing theme in the following ballad is very popular in all ballad and folklore literature.

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that loves mirth for to hear,
And I will you tell of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.
(Twice.)

As Robin Hood in the forrest stood, 5
All under the green-wood tree,
There he was ware of a brave young
man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was cloathed in scarlet
red,
In scarlet fine and gay, 10
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood,
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way. 16

The scarlet he wore the day before,
It was clean cast away;
And every step he fetcht a sigh,
"Alack and a well a day!" 20

4. Twice. The fourth line of each stanza is to be repeated.

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
 And Nick the miller's son,
 Which made the young man bend his
 bow,
 When as he see them come.

"Stand off, stand off," the young man
 said; 25

"What is your will with me?"

"You must come before our master
 straight,
 Under yon green-wood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
 Robin askt him courteously, 30

"O hast thou any money to spare
 For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
 "But five shillings and a ring;

And that I have kept this seven long
 years, 35

To have it at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a
 maid,

But she is now from me tane,
 And chosn to be an old knight's de-
 light,

Whereby my poor heart is slain." 40

"What is thy name?" then said Robin
 Hood,

"Come tell me, without any fail."

"By the faith of my body," then said the
 young man,

"My name it is Allin a Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin
 Hood, 45

"In ready gold or fee,
 To help thee to thy true-love again,
 And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the
 young man,

"No ready gold nor fee, 50
 But I will swear upon a book
 Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true-love?
 Come tell me without any guile."

"By the faith of my body," then said
 the young man, 55
 "It is but five litle mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
 He did neither stint nor lin,
 Until he came unto the church,
 Where Allin should keep his wed-
 ding. 60

"What dost thou do here?" the bishop
 he said,

"I prethee now tell to me."

"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin
 Hood,

"And the best in the north countrey."

"O welcome, O welcome," the bishop
 he said, 65

"That musick best pleaseth me";

"You shall have no musick," quoth
 Robin Hood,

"Till the bride and the bridegroom
 I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
 Which was both grave and old, 70

And after him a finikin lass,
 Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is no fit match," quoth bold
 Robin Hood,

"That you do seem to make here;

For since we are come unto the
 church, 75

The bride she shall chuse her own
 dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his
 mouth,

And blew blasts two or three;

When four and twenty bowmen bold
 Came leaping over the lee. 80

And when they came into the church-
 yard,

Marching all on a row,

The first man was Allin a Dale,
 To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true-love," Robin he
 said, 85

"Young Allin, as I hear say;

22. Nick. The name is *Midge* in most versions. 46. fee, goods, property.

58. *stint nor lin*, hesitate nor stop. 71. *finikin*, fine, well-dressed. 80. *lee*, lea, meadow.

And you shall be married at this same
time,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he said,
"For thy word shall not stand; 90
They shall be three times askt in the
church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulld off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin
said, 95
"This cloath doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began for to laugh;
He askt them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" then said
Little John; 101
Quoth Robin, "That do I,
And he that doth take her from Allin
a Dale
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And thus having ended this merry wed-
ding, 105
The bride lookt as fresh as a queen,
And so they returned to the merry green-
wood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL

NOTE

No cycle of hero songs is complete without one which tells of the death of the hero. Usually, as here, the end comes through treachery; cf. the death of Roland and of King Arthur in the romances.

When Robin Hood and Little John,
Down a down, a down, a down,
Went oer yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,
"We have shot for many a pound." 5
Hey down, a down, a down.

91. **three times**, etc. The reference is to "publishing the banns," the public announcement of an approaching marriage. 96. **cloath**, robe.
Robin Hood's Death and Burial. 2, 6. **Down a down**, etc. This refrain is to be repeated in every stanza.

"But I am not able to shoot one shot
more,
My broad arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me." 10

Now Robin is to fair Kirkly gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when he came to fair Kirkly-hall,
He knockd all at the ring, 16
But none was so ready as his cousin her-
self
For to let bold Robin in.

"Will you please to sit down, cousin
Robin," she said,
"And drink some beer with me?" 20
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."

"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,"
she said,
"Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein, 25
You blooded by me shall be."

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
While one drop of blood would run
down. 30

She blooded him in a vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
There did he bleed all the livelong day,
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement
there, 35
Thinking for to get down;
But was so weak he could not leap,
He could not get him down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee; 40
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

10. **bleed me**. Phlebotomy, or bleeding, was the usual treatment for all ailments. 12. **win**, go. 12-14. **win . . .**
11. Many ballad rimes are very rough. 16. **ring**, door-
knocker. 42. **blew**, etc. Roland, in the French romance,
summons help with a dying blast on his famous horn.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
 As he sat under a tree,
 "I fear my master is now near dead, 45
 He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,
 As fast as he can dree;
 But when he came to Kirkly-hall,
 He broke locks two or three; 50

Until he came bold Robin to see,
 Then he fell on his knee:
 "A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
 "Master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," said Robin Hood,
 "Little John, thou begs of me?" 56
 "It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,
 And all their nunnery."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin
 Hood,
 "That boon I'll not grant thee; 60
 I never hurt woman in all my life,
 Nor men in woman's company."

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
 Nor at mine end shall it be;
 But give me my bent bow in my
 hand, 65
 And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
 And where this arrow is taken up,
 There shall my grave digged be."

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
 And another at my feet; 70
 And lay my bent bow by my side,
 Which was my music sweet;
 And make my grave of gravel and green,
 Which is most right and meet."

"Let me have length and breadth
 enough, 75
 With a green sod under my head;
 That they may say, when I am dead,
 Here lies bold Robin Hood."

These words they readily granted him,
 Which did bold Robin please; 80
 And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
 Within the fair Kirkleys.

48. *can dree*, is able. 74. *meet*, suitable. 82. *Within*, not in the nunnery, of course, but in the neighborhood of it.

HUMOROUS

THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE

NOTE

Most humorous ballads turn on the ancient theme of the shrewish wife and the henpecked husband or on the equally satirical situation of the old husband who is made a fool of by a young wife and her lover. The woman who was so much of a devil that hell was glad to get rid of her appears frequently, as, for example, in John Heywood's *The Foure PP.*, a rollicking play, written early in the sixteenth century.

There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,

(*Chorus of whistlers*)

There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,

And he had a bad wife, as many knew well.

(*Chorus of whistlers*)

Then Satan came to the old man at the plow:

"One of the family I must have now. 5

"It is not your eldest son that I crave,
 But it is your old wife, and she I will have."

"O welcome, good Satan, with all my heart!

I hope you and she will never more part."

Now Satan has got the old wife on his back, 10

And he lugged her along, like a peddler's pack.

He trudged away till they came to his hall-gate;

Says he, "Here, take in an old Sussex chap's mate."

O then she did kick the young imps about;

Says one to the other, "Let's try turn her out." 15

She spied thirteen imps all dancing in chains;

She up with her pattens and beat out their brains.

17. *pattens*, slippers with wooden soles.

She knocked the old Satan against the wall.

"Let's turn her out, or she'll murder us all."

Now he's bundled her up on his back
amain, 20

And to her old husband he took her
again.

"I have been a tormentor the whole of
my life,

But I neer was tormented so as with
your wife."

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

NOTE

A typical comic contest between a country couple. Usually the stubborn wife wins the match; sometimes, however, as in "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin," the husband outwits and tames the shrew. The following ballad appears in America (see Cox's *Folk-Songs of the South*, page 516), where the old man is John Jones and the old woman Jane.

It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,
When our goodwife got puddings to
make,
And she's boild them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and
north, 5
And blew into the floor;
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
"Gae out and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyfskap,
Goodman, as ye may see; 10
An it shoud nae be barrd this hundred
year,
It's no be barrd for me."

They made a paction tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first word whaeer shoud speak,
Shoud rise and bar the door. 16

Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,

1. **Martinmas time**, November 11. 9. **hussyfskap**, household tasks. 13. **paction**, compact.

And they could neither see house nor
hall,

Nor coal nor candlelight. 20

"Now whether is this a rich man's
house,

Or whether is it a poor?"

But neer a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black; 26

Tho muckle thought the goodwife to
hersel,

Yet neer a word she spake.

Then said the one unto the other,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife; 30

Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the goodwife."

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than?"

"What ails ye at the pudding-broo, 35
That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he:

"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scad me wi pudding-bree?" 40

Then up and started our goodwife,
Gied three skips on the floor:
"Goodman, you've spoken the foremost
word;
Get up and bar the door."

19. **hall**, mansion; cf. next stanza—or perhaps the phrase was added just to fill out the line. 23. **them**, i. e., the man and his wife. 24. **For**, because of. 25. **they**, the unbidden guests. This line and the following one introduce a familiar ballad formula. 27. **muckle**, much. 35. **What ails**, etc., why not use the water in which the puddings were boiled? 40. **scad**, scald.

AMERICAN

THE SHANTY BOY

NOTE

Many of the old English and Scottish popular ballads are still sung in America. To these have been added a great number of home-grown ballads, which are to be found especially among the cow-boys and lumberjacks and wherever else conditions are favorable to their development. The following semi-burlesque ballad of tragic love is a product of the lumber-camp. For it the editors

are indebted to Mrs. A. C. Campbell of Bronxville, New York, who heard it sung while she was a girl in the logging camps of northern Wisconsin. All places referred to are in Wisconsin, and the occupational allusions, such as the hop-picking in Baraboo, are entirely accurate. For some of the footnotes the editors are indebted to Mr. David E. Scull of New York.

Every maid has her troubles,
Likewise every man has his,
But few there are that can compare
With the following story, viz:
It relates about the affection
Of a damsel young and fair,
For an interesting shanty boy
Upon the Big Eau Claire.

This young and artless maiden
Was of noble pedigree;
Her mother kept a milliner shop
In the town of Mosinee.
She sold waterfalls and ribbons
And imitation lace
To all the high-toned people
Of that gay and festive place.

The shanty boy was handsome,
And a taking lad was he.
In the summer time he tail-sawed
In a mill at Mosinee.
And when the early winter blew
Its cold and biting breeze,
He worked upon the Big Eau Claire
A-chopping down pine trees.

He had a heavy mustache
And a curly head of hair;
A prettier man than he was
Never saw the Big Eau Claire.
This aforesaid milliner's daughter
He loved her long and well;
But circumstances happened
And this is what befell:

The milliner said a shanty boy
Her daughter ne'er should wed;
But Susan didn't seem to care
For what her mother said.
So the milliner packed her ribbons up,
And went and hired a hack

7. **shanty boy**, cant name for lumberjack. 13. **waterfall**, chignon, or mass of artificial curled hair formerly worn by women at the back of the head. 19. **tail-sawed**. "Tailing the saw" is the operation of taking away the lumber after it has been sawed.

And opened up another shop
Down in Fond du Lac. 40

Then Sue was broken-hearted
And weary of her life;
For she dearly loved the shanty boy
And longed to be his wife.
And when brown autumn came along
And ripened all the crops 46
She lighted out to Baraboo
And went to picking hops.

But in the occupation
She found but little joy; 50
Her thoughts were still reverting
To her dear shanty boy.
She caught the scarlet fever
And lay a week or two
In a suburban pesthouse 55
In the town of Baraboo.

And often in her ravings she
Would tear her auburn hair
And talk about her shanty boy
Upon the Big Eau Claire. 60
The doctors tried, but all in vain,
Her helpless life to save.
Now millions of young hop mice
Are prancing o'er her grave.

When the tidings reached the shanty boy
His business he did leave. 66
His emotional insanity
Was fearful to perceive.
He hid his saw in a hollow log
And traded off his ax, 70
And hired himself for a sailor
On a fleet of sailor jacks.

But still no peace or comfort
He anywhere could find;
The milliner's daughter's funeral 75
Came so frequent to his mind.
He often prayed that death would come
And end his woe and grief;
And grim death took him at his word
And furnished him relief. 80

For he fell off a rapids piece
On the falls at Mosinee,
And ended thus his fearful love

72. **fleet of sailor jacks**. Sailor jacks are sailors (cf. lumberjack). He evidently joined a crew of men on a fleet of log-rafts (cf. line 81). 81. **rapids piece**, a log, or stick of timber, on which he was riding the rapids.

And all his misery.
The bold Wisconsin River rolls 85
Its waves above his bones;
His comrades they are catfish,
And his grave a pile of stones.

The milliner she is bankrupt,
Her shop is gone to rack, 90
She talks quite strong of moving
Away from Fond du Lac;
For her pillow oft is haunted
By her daughter's auburn hair,
And the ghost of that young shanty
boy 95
Upon the Big Eau Claire.

And this should be a warning
To other maidens fair,
To take no stock in shanty boys
Upon the Big Eau Claire; 100
And seek for solid comfort
And bliss without alloy
And play their points according
For some gentle farmer boy.

JESSE JAMES

NOTE

In America, as in early England, the highwayman was a popular figure. Jesse James was the leader of a notorious gang of outlaws operating in Missouri. For sixteen years he lived with a price on his head, but was finally shot and killed at St. Joseph, Missouri, by Robert and Charles Ford, members of his own gang, who surrendered to the authorities and collected the ten thousand dollars offered by the governor of the state. The ballads dealing with the exploits and death of James show the same sympathetic attitude toward him as appeared toward Robin Hood in the Robin Hood Songs. James's resistance to authority, his boldness, and his kindness to the poor combined to elevate him to popular favor. The following version is reprinted from Professor Pound's *American Ballads and Songs*, page 145.

How the people held their breath
When they heard of Jesse's death,
And wondered how he came to die;
For the big reward little Robert Ford
Shot Jesse James on the sly. 5

Jesse leaves a widow to mourn all her life;
The children he left will pray

97 ff. a warning, etc. Many of the homespun American ballads wind up with a moral; here, of course, the lumberjack comes in for a bit of good-humored banter.

For the thief and the coward
Who shot Mr. Howard
And laid Jesse James in his grave. 10

Jesse was a man,
A friend to the poor,
Never did he suffer a man's pain;
And with his brother Frank
He robbed the Chicago bank, 15
And stopped the Glendale train.

Jesse goes to rest
With his hand on his breast,
And the devil will be upon his knees;
He was born one day in the county of
Clay, 20
And came from a great race.

Men, when you go out to the West,
Don't be afraid to die,
With the law in their hand,
But they didn't have the sand 25
For to take Jesse James alive.

O BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE

NOTE

Groups of workers cut off from civilization for a considerable part of the year often make their own ballads. Sometimes these are adaptations of popular songs; frequently they are original. They deal usually with the hardships and occupational difficulties of the singers and are often highly sentimental. Many such songs have appeared among the lumberjacks of the northern states; a more considerable number are ballads of the cow-camps and cattle-trails. The following ballad, which is also known as "The Dying Cowboy," is an adaptation of the once popular song, "Ocean Burial," and deals with a favorite subject in sentimental poetry, the lonely death of a young man far from home and family. It is, of course, more lyrical than narrative. The poem is credited by W. H. Saunders, in *Songs of the Cowboys*, to H. Clemons, Deadwood, Dakota, 1872; it appears also in Professor Pound's *American Ballads and Songs*, page 171, from which collection it was reprinted here.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie";
These words came slowly and mourn-
fully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his cold damp bed at the close of day.

8. thief and coward, Robert Ford, who shot James and Howard.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie ⁵
 Where the wild coyote will howl o'er
 me,
 Where the cold wind weeps and the
 grasses wave;
 No sunbeams rest on a prairie grave."

He has wasted and pined till o'er his
 brow
 Death's shades are slowly gathering
 now; ¹⁰
 He thought of his home with his loved
 ones nigh,
 As the cowboys gathered to see him
 die.

Again he listened to well-known words,
 To the wind's soft sigh and the song of
 birds;
 He thought of his home and his native
 bowers, ¹⁵
 Where he loved to roam in his childhood
 hours.

"I've ever wished that when I died,
 My grave might be on the old hillside;
 Let there the place of my last rest be—
 O bury me not on the lone prairie! ²⁰

"O'er my slumbers a mother's prayer
 And a sister's tears will be mingled
 there;
 For 'tis sad to know that the heart-
 throb's o'er,
 And that its fountain will gush no more.

"In my dreams I say"—but his voice
 failed there; ²⁵
 And they gave no heed to his dying
 prayer;
 In a narrow grave six feet by three,
 They buried him there on the lone
 prairie.

May the light-winged butterfly pause to
 rest
 O'er him who sleeps on the prairie's
 crest; ³⁰
 May the Texas rose in the breezes
 wave
 O'er him who sleeps in a prairie's grave.

And the cowboys now, as they roam the
 plain

(For they marked the spot where his
 bones have lain), ³⁵
 Fling a handful of roses over his grave,
 With a prayer to Him who his soul will
 save.

BROADSIDE BALLADS

A DESCRIPTION OF A STRANGE FISH

NOTE

A broadside, or stall, ballad reprinted from *A Pepysian Garland* (page 438), edited by Professor Hyder E. Rollins for the Cambridge Press. These journalistic ballads were usually written by hack-poets and dealt with the same varieties of sensational, unusual, and morbid themes as appear today in "yellow" journals. The following account of the strange fish cast ashore in Cheshire, on the east coast of England, is typical of the incredible marvels which the broadside ballads report; the usual discount for fish stories should be given this yarn. Note the poet's initials and the advertisement at the end of the ballad. The three omitted stanzas describe various parts of the fish.

A DESCRIPTION OF A STRANGE (AND
 MIRACULOUS) FISH, CAST UPON THE
 SANDS IN THE MEADS, IN THE HUN-
 DRED OF *Worwell*, IN THE COUNTY
 PALATINE OF *Chester* (OR *Cheshire*).
 THE CERTAINTY WHEREOF IS HERE
 RELATED CONCERNING THE SAID MOST
 MONSTROUS FISH.

To the Tune of Bragandary*

[Woodcut of the fish]

Of many maruels in my time
 I've heretofore,
 But here's a stranger now in prime
 that's lately come on shore,
 Inuites my pen to specific ⁵
 What some (I doubt) will think a lie.
O rare
beyond compare,
in England nere the like.

***Bragandary.** In the broadside ballads the melody or tune is usually indicated. 1. **maruels.** The *u* and the *v* are frequently interchanged in the ballad. 2. **heretofore,** either "heard of before" or "I've written about heretofore."

It is a fish, a monstrous fish, 10
 a fish that many dreads,
 But now it is as we would wish,
 cast vp o'th sands i'th meads,
 In *Chesshiere*; and tis certaine true,
 Described by those who did it view. 15
O rare,
beyond compare,
in England nere the like.

Full twenty one yards and one foot
 this fish extends in length, 20
 With all things correspondent too't,
 for amplitude and strength:
 Good people what I shall report,
 Doe not account it fained sport. 25
O rare,
beyond compare,
in England nere the like.

It is almost fve yards in height,
 which is a wondrous thing,
 Oh, mark what maruels to our sight 30
 our Potent Lord can bring.
 These secrets *Neptune* closely keeps
 Within the bosome of the deeps.
O rare, etc.

His lower jaw-bone's fve yards long, 35
 the vpper thrice so much,
 Twelve yoak of oxen stout and strong
 (the weight of it is such)
 Could not once stir it out o'th sands.
 Thus works the All-creating hands. 40
O rare, etc.

Some haue a project now in hand,
 (which is a tedious taske)
 When the Sea turnes, to bring to Land 45
 the same with empty cask:
 But how I cannot well conceiue,
 To each mans judgement that I leaue.
O rare, etc.

The lower jaw-bone named of late,
 had teeth in't thirty foure, 50
 Whereof some of them are in weight
 two pounds, or rather more:
 There were no teeth i'th vpper jaw,
 But holes, which many people saw.
O rare, etc. 55

30. Oh, mark, etc. Note the characteristic tendency here and elsewhere to weave a pious moral into the ballad.

The Second Part, to the Same Tune†

The tongue on't is so mighty large,
 I will it not expresse,
 Lest I your credit ouer-charge,
 but you may easily guesse,
 That sith his shape so far excels, 60
 The tongue doth answer all parts else.
O rare, etc.

A man on horseback as tis try'd
 may stand within his mouth,
 Let none that hears it this deride, 65
 for tis confirmed for truth:
 By those who dare auouch the same,
 Then let the Writer beare no blame.
O rare, etc.

Already sixteene tuns of Oyle 70
 is from this fish extracted,
 And yet continually they boyle,
 No season is protracted:
 It cannot be imagin'd how much 74
 'Twill yeeld, the vastnesse on't is such.
O rare, etc.

When he vpon the sands was cast
 alieu, which was awhile:
 He yell'd so loud, that many (agast)
 heard him aboue sixe mile: 80
 Tis said the Female fish likewise
 Was heard to mourne with horrid cryes:
O rare, etc.

The Mariners of *Chester* say
 a Herring-hog tis nam'd: 85
 Whatere it be, for certaine they
 that are for knowledge fam'd,
 Affirme, the like in ages past
 Upon our Coast was neuer cast.
O rare, etc. 90

M. P.
 Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*,
 at the sign of the Hors-shoo in Smithfield.

*There is a book to satisfie such as desire a
 larger description hereof.*

†The Second Part. This followed a mechanical division in the printing. 73. No season, etc. There is no postponement of the operation. 82. to mourne. The idea of the sea creature mourning for her mate is a superstition frequently expressed. 85. Herring-hog, porpoise.

A WARNING FOR ALL DESPERATE WOMEN

NOTE

Accounts of murders in the form of confessions or "good-nights" by the murderers, with a solemn "warning" at the conclusion, appear repeatedly in the journalistic ballads of England and America. They are based, of course, upon actual crimes. The following lamentable tale of Mrs. Davis is matched in American balladry by the confessions of John Hardy (Cox's *Folk-Songs of the South*, page 175), Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield (Pound's *American Ballads and Songs*, page 146), and numerous others. The following broadside ballad is reprinted from *A Pepysian Garland* (page 288).

A WARNING FOR ALL DESPERATE
WOMEN. BY THE EXAMPLE OF *Alice
Davis* WHO FOR KILLING OF HER HUS-
BAND WAS BURNED IN SMITHFIELD THE
12 OF JULY 1628. TO THE TERROR OF
ALL THE BEHOLDERS.

To the Tune of The Ladies Fall

Vnto the world to make my moane,
I know it is a folly,
Because that I have spent my time,
which haue beene free and iolly,
But to the Lord which rules aboue, 5
I doe for mercy crie,
To grant me pardon for the crime,
for which on earth I dye.

Hells fiery flames prepared are,
for those that liue in sinne, 10
And now on earth I tast of some,
but as a pricke or pin,
To those which shall hereafter be,
without Gods mercy great,
Who once more calls vs to account, 15
on his Tribunall Seate.

Then hasty hairebraind wiues take
heed,
of me a warning take,
Least like to me in coole of blood,
you burn't be at a stake; 20
The woman which heere last did dye,
and was consum'd with fire,
Puts me in minde, but all to late,
for death I doe require.

But to the story now I come, 25
which to you Ile relate,
Because that I haue liu'd like some,
in good repute and state,
In Westminster we liu'd there,
well knowne by many friends, 30
Which little thought that each of vs,
should haue come to such ends.

A Smith my husband was by trade,
as many well doe know,
And diuers merry dayes we had, 35
not feeling cause of woe,
Abroad together we had bin,
and home at length we came,
But then I did that fatall deede,
which brings me to this shame. 40

He askt what monies I had left,
and some he needes would haue,
But I a penny would not giue,
though he did seeme to craue,
But words betwixt vs then did passe, 45
as words to harsh I gaue,
And as the Diuell would as then,
I did both sweare and raue.

The Second Part, to the Same Tune

And then I tooke a little knife,
and stabb'd him in the heart. 50
Whose Soule from Body instantly,
my bloody hand did part,
But cursd hand, and fatall knife,
and wicked was that houre,
When as my God did giue me ore 55
vnto his hellish power.

The deede no sooner I had don,
but out of doores I ran,
And to the neighbours I did cry,
I kill'd had my goodman, 60
Who straight-way flockt vnto my
house,
to see that bloody sight,
Which when they did behold with grieve,
it did them much affright.

Then hands vpon me there was lay'd, 65
and I to Prison sent,
Where as I lay perplext in woe,
and did that deede repent,

56. *his.* The antecedent is *Diuell*, line 47.

When Sizes came I was arraign'd,
by Iury iust and true, 70
I was found guilty of the fact,
for which I haue my due.

The Iury having cast me then,
to iudgment then I came,
Which was a terrour to my heart, 75
and to my friends a shame,
To thinke vpon my husbands death,
and of my wretched life,
Betwixt my Spirit and my flesh,
did cause a cruell strife. 80

But then the Iudge me sentence gaue
to goe from whence I came,
From thence, vnto a stake be bound
to burne in fiers flame,
Untill my flesh and bones consum'd, 85
to ashes in that place,
Which was a heaueie sentence then,
to on so uoyd of grace.

And on the twelfth of Iuly now,
I on a sledge was laid; 90
To Smithfield with a guard of men
I streight way was conueyd,
Where I was tyed to a stake,
with Reedes as round beset,
And Fagots, Pitch, and other things 95
which they for me did get.

Now great *Iehouah* I thee pray,
my bloody sinnes forgiue,
For on this earth most wretched I
vnworthy am to liue. 100
Christ Iesus vnto thee I pray,
and vnto thee I cry,
Thou with thy blood wilt wash my sinnes
away, which heere must dye.

Good wiues and bad, example take, 105
at this my cursed fall,
And Maidens that shall husbands haue,
I warning am to all:
Your husbands are your Lords and heads,
you ought them to obey; 110
Grant loue betwixt each man and wife,
vnto the Lord I pray.

God and the world forgiue my sinnes,
which are so vile and foule,

69. *Sizes*, assizes, trials by jury. 71. *fact*, act, or deed. 73. *cast*, voted on. 91. *Smithfield*, the open country north of London, where criminals were burned at the stake.

Sweete Iesus now I come to thee, 115
O Lord receiue my Soule.
Then to the Reedes they fire did put,
which flamd vp to the skye,
And then she shriek'd most pittifully,
before that she did dye. 120

The Lord preserue our King & Queene,
and all good Subjects blesse,
And Grant the Gospell true and free,
amongst vs may encrease.
Betwixt each husband and each wife, 125
send loue and amitie,
And grant that I may be the last,
that such a death did dye.

[Finis]

Printed for F. Coules

LITERARY BALLADS AND ADAPTATIONS

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

KELLYBURN BRAES

NOTE

Toward the end of the eighteenth century a widespread interest in the popular ballads led to their adaptation and imitation by numerous lyric poets. Among those which Burns adapted was the following version of "The Farmer's Curst Wife" (cf. page 228). The shrewish wife was Burns's favorite humorous character; compare his pictures of Tam O'Shanter's Kate (page 254) and Willie Wastle's witch-like spouse, described in the poem which bears his name. "Kellyburn Braes" was contributed to Johnson's *Museum of Scottish Song*, the first volume of which appeared in 1787.

There lived a carl in Kellyburn Braes,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi'
thyme;
And he had a wife was the plague o' his
days,
And the thyme it is withered, and rue
is in prime.

119. *she shriek'd*. In this line the hack-poet changes from first to third person; in the concluding stanza, however, he naively permits Mrs. Davis to utter the pious benediction and final warning.

Kellyburn Braes. 1. *carl*, old man. *Kellyburn Braes*. Kelly Burn, or brook, forms the northern boundary of Ayrshire; *brae* here is the slope of a hill. 2. *Hey*, etc. The refrain into which names of flowers were woven is a common ballad device.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang
 glen,⁵
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme;
 He met wi' the Devil, says, "How do
 you fen?"
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue
 is in prime.

"I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my
 complaint,"
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme;¹⁰
 "For, saving your presence, to her ye're
 a saint,"
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue
 is in prime.

"It's neither your stot nor your staig I
 shall crave,"
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme;
 "But gie me your wife, man, for her I
 must have,"¹⁵
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue
 is in prime.

"O welcome most kindly!" the blythe
 carl said,
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme;
 "But if ye can match her ye're waur
 nor ye're ca'd,"
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue
 is in prime.²⁰

The Devil has got the auld wife on his
 back,
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme;
 And, like a poor peddler, he's carried his
 pack,
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue
 is in prime.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-
 door,²⁵
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme;

7. *fen*, prosper. 13. *stot*, steer. *staig*, horse. 19. *waur*, worse. 25. *hallan-door*, the door in the partition which divides a Scotch cottage into a "but," or outside room, and the "ben," or inside room.

Syne bade her gae in for a bitch and a
 whore,
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue
 is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o'
 his band,
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme,³⁰
 Turn out on her guard in the clap o' a
 hand,
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue
 is in prime.

The carlin gaed through them like ony
 wud bear,
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme;
 Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her
 nae mair,³⁵
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue
 is in prime.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa',
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme;
 "O help, maister, help, or she'll ruin
 us a'!"
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue
 is in prime;⁴⁰

The Devil he swore by the edge o' his
 knife,
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme;
 He pitied the man that was tied to a
 wife,
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue
 is in prime.

The Devil he swore by the kirk and the
 bell,⁴⁵
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme;
 He was not in wedlock, thank Heav'n,
 but in hell,
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue
 is in prime.

Then Satan has traveled again wi' his
 pack,
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;

27. *Syne*, then. 33. *carlin*, old woman. *wud*, angry. 37. *reekit*, smoky.

And to her auld husband he's carried her
back, 51
And the thyme it is withered, and rue
is in prime.

"I hae been a Devil the feck o' my life,"
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi'
thyme;
"But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a
wife," 55
And the thyme it is withered, and rue
is in prime. (1792)

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
(1770-1850)

LUCY GRAY; OR, SOLITUDE

NOTE

Wordsworth's theory of poetry, explained in the Preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads* (1800), page 914, contains the conception that the truest poetry deals ordinarily with the emotional experiences of humble country people and is simple in structure. These items of his poetic creed made him peculiarly susceptible to the influence of the ballads, to which the work of Bishop Percy and others had given a wide popularity. The following story of the lost child was based, like many of Wordsworth's narrative poems, on an actual episode. The concluding stanzas, with their suggestion that Lucy's spirit still haunts the place, are thoroughly romantic. The influence of nature on Lucy, expressed particularly in the second and third stanzas, and the artistic simplicity of the whole narrative are characteristic of Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray—
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew; 5
She dwelt on a wide moor—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green; 10
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"Tonight will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light 15
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do.
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!" 20

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band;
He plied his work—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe; 25
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wandered up and down; 30
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight 35
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door. 40

They wept—and, turning homeward,
cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet";
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small; 46
And through the broken hawthorn
hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed;
The marks were still the same. 50
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank; 55
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child,

That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild. 60

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

(1800)

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843)

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

NOTE

One element of the romantic movement in literature at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries was the return to medieval legend for literary material. The so-called Gothic romances, such as Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto*, Mrs. Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, and Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*, are filled with haunted castles, robber barons, fat abbots, stolen damsels, horrible monsters, and fear-inspiring portents. This influence penetrated into poetry, and Southey yielded readily to it. The following narrative is based on a medieval legend, and is one of the least lurid of Southey's narrative poems. As in most of these poems the villain is represented as being punished for his impiety; cf. Bürger's "*Der Wilde Jäger*."

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no
motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their
shock, 5
The waves flowed over the Inchcape
Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that Bell on the Inchcape
Rock; 10
On a buoy in the storm it floated and
swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's
swell,
The mariners heard the warning Bell;

And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay, 17
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled
round,
And there was joyance in their sound. 20

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring; 25
It made him whistle, it made him sing.
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men put out the boat, 30
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat, 35
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape
float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling
sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes
to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away; 41
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered
store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky 45
They cannot see the sun on high.
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land. 50
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising
moon."

6. *Inchcape Rock*. The Inchcape, or Bell, Rock is off the east coast of Scotland opposite The Firth of Tay. *Inch* is from the Gaelic word for "small island."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers
 roar?
 For methinks we should be near the
 shore."
 "Now where we are I cannot tell, 55
 But I wish I could hear the Inchcape
 Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
 Though the wind hath fallen, they drift
 along,
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering
 shock.
 "O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!" 60

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
 He cursed himself in his despair.
 The waves rush in on every side;
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear, 65
 One dreadful sound could the Rover
 hear—
 A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
 The Devil below was ringing his knell.
 (1802)

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

NOTE

Sir Walter Scott was an indefatigable collector of popular ballads, riding on horseback in the border hills for days at a time to gather the old songs. Many of these appeared in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802). The first stanza of the following ballad is identical, but for the proper name, with the corresponding stanza of "Jock of Hazelgreen," an old ballad which appears as No. 293 (E) in Child's monumental collection. Scott added the other stanzas and contributed the whole ballad to Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*. The bride-stealing theme was common in the popular ballads and it was a great favorite with Scott; cf. for example, his "Lochinvar" (page 240) and "Robin Hood and Allin a Dale" (page 225).

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
 Why weep ye by the tide?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye sall be his bride.

1. *tide*, time; the phrase means "at this time," or "now." 4. *sall*, shall.

And ye sall be his bride, ladie, 5
 Sae comely to be seen"—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale; 10
 Young Frank is chief of Errington
 And lord of Langley-Dale;
 His step is first in peaceful ha',
 His sword in battle keen"—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa' 15
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair;
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair; 20
 And you, the foremost o' them a',
 Shall ride, our forest-queen"—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-
 tide,
 The tapers glimmered fair; 26
 The priest and bridegroom wait the
 bride,
 And dame and knight are there.
 They sought her baith by bower and ha';
 The ladie was not seen! 30
 She's o'er the border and awa'
 Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.
 (1816)

MADGE WILDFIRE'S SONG

NOTE

The death song of the unhappy insane girl in *The Heart of Midlothian*. The song has much of the grim compactness of "The Twa Corbies" (page 210) and other popular ballads.

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
 Walking so early;
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
 Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird, 5
 When shall I marry me?"
 "When six braw gentlemen
 Kirkward shall carry ye."

Madge Wildfire's Song. 7. *braw*, handsome. 8. *Kirkward*, churchward.

"Who makes the bridal bed,
 Birdie, say truly?" 10
 "The gray-headed sexton,
 That delves the grave duly.
 "The glow-worm o'er grave and
 stone
 Shall light thee steady;
 The owl from the steeple sing, 15
 'Welcome, proud lady.'" (1818)

LOCHINVAR

NOTE

The lively and popular ballad of young Lochinvar deals with the familiar subject of bride-stealing, the theme of "Robin Hood and Allin a Dale" and of Keats's "The Eve of St. Agnes." The picture of the bold lover carrying his bride away on horseback is one of the most familiar and romantic in narrative literature. Scott put the song into the mouth of the wily Lady Heron, who was entertaining James IV and his court at Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh just before the battle of Flodden Field in 1513 (see *Marmion*, Canto v, stanza xii). The places referred to are all in southern Scotland, on the English border.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the
 west;
 Through all the wide Border his steed
 was the best;
 And save his good broadsword he
 weapons had none.
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all
 alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in
 war, 5
 There never was knight like the young
 Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped
 not for stone;
 He swam the Eske River where ford
 there was none;
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby
 gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant
 came late; 10
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in
 war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave
 Lochinvar.

7. **brake**, thicket.

So boldly he entered the Netherby
 hall,
 'Mong bridesmen and kinsmen and
 brothers and all;
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand
 on his sword 15
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said
 never a word),
 "Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye
 in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord
 Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit
 you denied—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs
 like its tide; 20
 And now I am come, with this lost love
 of mine
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup
 of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more
 lovely by far
 That would gladly be bride to the young
 Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight
 took it up; 25
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw
 down the cup.
 She looked down to blush, and she
 looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in
 her eye.
 He took her soft hand ere her mother
 could bar—
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young
 Lochinvar. 30

So stately his form, and so lovely her
 face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did
 grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her
 father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his
 bonnet and plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered,
 "'Twere better by far 35
 To have matched our fair cousin with
 young Lochinvar."

20. **Solway**, a firth of the Irish Sea between England and Scotland. 32. **galliard**, a brisk, old-fashioned dance.

One touch to her hand, and one word
 in her ear,
 When they reached the hall door and
 the charger stood near;
 So light to the croup the fair lady he
 swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he
 sprung! 40
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank,
 bush, and scar!
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow!"
 quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes
 of the Netherby clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves,
 they rode and they ran;
 There was racing and chasing on Can-
 nobie Lee; 45
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er
 did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young
 Lochinvar? (1808)

HENRY WADSWORTH LONG- FELLOW (1807-1882)

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

NOTE

This entry in Longfellow's *Journal* for Decem-
 ber 17, 1839, explains the origin of the poem:

"News of shipwrecks horrible on the coast.
 Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester,
 one lashed to a piece of the wreck. There is a
 reef called Norman's Woe where many of these
 took place; among others the schooner *Hesperus*.
 Also the *Sea-flower* on Black Rock. I must write
 a ballad upon this."

On December 29 he wrote the ballad, which,
 he said, "hardly cost me an effort."

Longfellow has followed the conventional ballad
 meter, and there are traces also of various popular
 ballad devices. The sentimental rôle played by
 the skipper's blue-eyed daughter is, however,
 foreign to the popular ballad but in keeping with
 the child-hero motif widely disseminated in the
 nineteenth century by Dickens, Kingsley, Mrs.
 Hemans (in "Casabianca") and numerous others.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
 That sailed the wintry sea;
 And the skipper had taken his little
 daughter,
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax, 5
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn
 buds,
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 His pipe was in his mouth, 10
 And he watched how the veering flaw
 did blow
 The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailôr,
 Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
 "I pray thee, put into yonder port, 15
 For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
 And tonight no moon we see!"
 The skipper, he blew a whiff from his
 pipe,
 And a scornful laugh laughed he. 20

Colder and louder blew the wind,
 A gale from the northeast,
 The snow fell hissing in the brine,
 And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote
 amain 25
 The vessel in its strength;
 She shuddered and paused, like a
 frightened steed,
 Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little
 daughter,
 And do not tremble so; 30
 For I can weather the roughest gale
 That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's
 coat
 Against the stinging blast;
 He cut a rope from a broken spar, 35
 And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
 Oh, say, what may it be?"
 "'Tis the fog-bell on a rock-bound
 coast!"—
 And he steered for the open sea. 40

15. *I pray thee.* Cf. "Sir Patrick Spens," page 223,
 lines 23-32.

39. *croup*, the horse's rump. 41. *scar*, a rocky cliff.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light, 45
Oh, say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies, 50
The lantern gleamed through the gleam-
ing snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and
prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled
the wave, 55
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and
drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rd the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between 61
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her
bows; 65
She drifted a dreary wreck;
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy
waves
Looked soft as carded wool, 70
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and
sank, 75
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,

To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast. 80

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown
seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*, 85
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!
(1840)

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875)

THE THREE FISHERS

NOTE

Charles Kingsley was an English clergyman and novelist who was interested, as were many Victorian writers, in the social conditions of the laboring classes. This interest is reflected in the following ballad with its suggestion of occupational hazards and sorrow among humble folk.

Three fishers went sailing away to the
West,
Away to the West as the sun went
down;
Each thought on the woman who loved
him the best,
And the children stood watching them
out of the town;
For men must work, and women must
weep, 5
And there's little to earn, and many
to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse
tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the
sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they
looked at the shower, 10
And the night-rack came rolling up
ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must
weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters
deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining
sands 15
In the morning gleam as the tide went
down,
And the women are weeping and wringing
their hands
For those who will never come home
to the town;
For men must work, and women must
weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to
sleep; 20
And good-by to the bar and its
moaning. (1851)

THE SANDS OF DEE

NOTE

With this ballad of the child lost while engaged in a humble home duty compare Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray" (page 237). The device of having the voice of the lost child still haunt the river flats appears frequently in ballads of art. Lines 13-19 should be compared with lines 36-43 of "The Twa Sisters" (page 211). The ballad appeared originally in Kingsley's novel, *Alton Locke*.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee."
The western wind was wild and dank
with foam, 5
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the
sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see. 10
The rolling mist came down and hid the
land;
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating
hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drownéd maiden's hair 15
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so
fair
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling
foam,
The cruel crawling foam, 20
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the
cattle home
Across the sands of Dee. (1849)

THOMAS HOOD (1799-1845)

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY

A PATHETIC BALLAD

NOTE

Thomas Hood is known best by his two pathetic poems, "The Song of the Shirt" (page 476) and "The Bridge of Sighs" (page 477), but he also wrote numerous rollicking humorous poems, of which the following parody of a suicide-for-love ballad is a characteristic example. Hood was an inveterate punster, twisting his whimsical way from one pun to another. His "Faithless Sally Brown" deals with the love affairs of a sailor, as the following parody does with those of a soldier.

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field, 5
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs.
Said he, "They're only pegs; 10
But there's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours 15
When he devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs, 20
Began to take them off!

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?"

The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once, 25
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow, 30
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs 35
In Badajos's *breaches*!"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the
feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!" 40

"O false and fickle Nelly Gray;
I know why you refuse—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face; 45
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death—alas!
You will not be my *Nell*!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got— 50
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life, 55
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off—of course,
He soon was off his legs! 60

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town—

For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse, 65
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four crossroads,
With a *stake* in his inside!
(1829)

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
(1809-1894)

THE SPECTER PIG

NOTE

The following parody on the return-of-the-dead theme appeared among *Verses from the Oldest Portfolio*, which contains many of the American humorist's juvenile productions. "'The Specter Pig,'" he wrote by way of introduction, "was a wicked suggestion which came into my head after reading Dana's 'Buccaneer.' Nobody seemed to find it out, and I never mentioned it to the venerable poet, who might not have been pleased with the parody." Richard Henry Dana (1787-1879) was a minor American poet, whose "Buccaneer" appeared in 1833. "The Specter Pig" should be compared not only with Dana's poem but also with "Sweet William's Ghost" (page 216), Bürger's "Leonore," and other ballads dealing seriously with this theme. In Holmes's parody the simplicity, awesomeness, and morality of the genuine ballads are, of course, reduced to absurdity.

It was the stalwart butcher man,
That knit his swarthy brow,
And said the gentle Pig must die,
And sealed it with a vow.

And, oh! it was the gentle Pig 5
Lay stretched upon the ground,
And ah! it was the cruel knife
His little heart that found.

They took him then, those wicked men,
They trailed him all along; 10
They put a stick between his lips,
And through his heels a thong;

And round and round an oaken beam
A hempen cord they flung,
And, like a mighty pendulum, 15
All solemnly he swung!

67. **CROSSROADS.** A suicide was buried at a road-crossing with a stake driven through his body to keep the accursed ghost from walking. Having killed himself, he might not be buried on holy ground within the churchyard.

36. **BADAJOS.** Badajoz, in Spain, was captured by Wellington in the Peninsular War, April 6, 1812.

Now say thy prayers, thou sinful man,
And think what thou hast done,
And read thy catechism well,
Thou bloody-minded one; 20

For if his sprite should walk by night,
It better were for thee
That thou wert moldering in the ground,
Or bleaching in the sea.

It was the savage butcher then 25
That made a mock of sin,
And swore a very wicked oath,
He did not care a pin.

It was the butcher's youngest son— 30
His voice was broke with sighs,
And with his pocket-handkerchief
He wiped his little eyes;

All young and ignorant was he,
But innocent and mild,
And, in his soft simplicity, 35
Out spoke the tender child:

"O father, father, list to me;
The Pig is deadly sick,
And men have hung him by his heels,
And fed him with a stick." 40

It was the bloody butcher then,
That laughed as he would die,
Yet did he soothe the sorrowing child,
And bid him not to cry:

"O Nathan, Nathan, what's a pig, 45
That thou shouldst weep and wail?
Come, bear thee like a butcher's child,
And thou shalt have his tail!"

It was the butcher's daughter then, 50
So slender and so fair,
That sobbed as if her heart would break,
And tore her yellow hair;

And thus she spoke in thrilling tone,
Fast fell the tear-drops big:
"Ah! woe is me! Alas! Alas! 55
The Pig! The Pig! The Pig!"

Then did her wicked father's lips
Make merry with her woe,
And call her many a naughty name,
Because she whimpered so. 60

Ye need not weep, ye gentle ones;
In vain your tears are shed;
Ye cannot wash his crimson hand,
Ye cannot soothe the dead.

The bright sun folded on his breast 65
His robes of rosy flame,
And softly over all the west
The shades of evening came.

He slept, and troops of murdered pigs 70
Were busy with his dreams;
Loud rang their wild, unearthly shrieks,
Wide yawned their mortal seams.

The clock struck twelve; the Dead hath 75
heard;
He opened both his eyes,
And sullenly he shook his tail
To lash the feeding flies.

One quiver of the hempen cord—
One struggle and one bound—
With stiffened limb and leaden eye, 80
The Pig was on the ground!

And straight toward the sleeper's house
His fearful way he wended;
And hooting owl and hovering bat
On midnight wing attended.

Back flew the bolt, up rose the latch, 86
And open swung the door,
And little mincing feet were heard
Pat, pat along the floor.

Two hoofs upon the sanded floor, 90
And two upon the bed;
And they are breathing side by side,
The living and the dead!

"Now wake, now wake, thou butcher 96
man!
What makes thy cheek so pale?
Take hold! take hold! thou dost not fear
To clasp a specter's tail?"

Untwisted every winding coil;
The shuddering wretch took hold—
All like an icicle it seemed, 100
So tapering and so cold.

"Thou com'st with me, thou butcher 105
man!"—
He strives to loose his grasp,

But faster than the clinging vine,
Those twining spirals clasp;

And open, open swung the door, 105
And, fleetier than the wind,
The shadowy specter swept before—
The butcher trailed behind.

Fast fled the darkness of the night,
And morn rose faint and dim; 110

They called full loud, they knocked full
long,
They did not waken him.

Straight, straight toward that oaken
beam,
A trampled pathway ran;
A ghastly shape was swinging there—115
It was the butcher man.

(AFTER 1827)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

English and Scottish Popular Ballads

The critical works on this subject include:

Courthope, W. J., *A History of English Poetry*. Macmillan, London, 1895. Vol. I, chapter II.

Gummere, F. B., *Introduction to Old English Ballads*. Ginn, Boston, 1894. *The Ballad and Communal Poetry*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1896. *The Popular Ballad*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1907. "Ballads" in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, Ward, A. W., and Waller, A. R., editors. Putnam, New York, 1907-1917. Vol. II, chapter XVII.

Henderson, T. F., Introduction to edition of Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. 4 vols. Edinburgh, 1902. *The Ballad in Literature*. Cambridge, 1912.

Kittredge, G. L., and Sargent, Helen C., Introduction to one-volume edition of Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1904.

Pound, Louise, *Poetic Origins and the Ballad*. Macmillan, New York, 1921.

List of Collections of Ballads

A. ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS

Child, F. J., *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 5 vols. Houghton Mifflin, Boston and New York, 1882-1898. Edited in one volume by Sargent and Kittredge. Houghton Mifflin, Boston and New York, 1904.

Percy, Thomas, *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 3 vols. Originally printed in 1765. Edited by H. B. Wheatley, 3 vols, 1876-1877. Also in Everyman Edition.

Scott, Sir Walter, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Originally published in 3 vols. 1802-1803. Edited by T. F. Henderson, 4 vols., Edinburgh, 1902.

B. AMERICAN BALLADS

Campbell, Mrs. O. D., and Sharp, Cecil J., *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*. Putnam, New York, 1917.

Cox, John H., *Folk-Songs of the South*. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1925.

Gray, Roland P., *Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks*. Harvard University Press, 1924.

Lomax, John, *Cowboy Songs and Ballads*. Macmillan, New York, 1919; *Songs of the Cow Camp and Cattle Trails*. Macmillan, New York, 1919.

Newell, W. W., *Games and Songs of American Children*. Harper, New York, 1903.

Pound, Louise, *American Ballads and Songs*. Scribner, New York, 1922.

Rickaby, Franz, *Ballads and Songs of the Shanty-Boy*. Harvard University Press, 1926.

C. BROADSIDE BALLADS

Roxburghe Ballads, edited by William Chappell, 3 vols. Ballad Society, 1871-1880; edited by J. W. Elsworth, 6 vols. Ballad Society, 1883-1897.

Rollins, Hyder E., *An Analytical Index to the Ballad-Entries (1557-1709) in the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London*. *Studies in Philology*, vol. XXI, January, 1924. *Old English Ballads, 1553-1625*. Cambridge University Press, 1920. *A Pepysian Garland. Black-Letter Broadside Ballads of the Years 1595-1639 chiefly from the Collection of Samuel Pepys*. Cambridge University Press, 1922. *Cavalier and Puritan Ballads and Broad-sides Illustrating the Period of the Great Rebellion, 1640-1660*. New York University Press, 1923.

D. BALLAD MUSIC

Cox, John, *Folk-Songs of the South* (see Section B). Pages 519-532 have twenty-six folk tunes edited by Miss Lydia R. Hinkel.

Sharp, Cecil J., *One Hundred English Folk Songs*. O. Gitson, Boston, 1916. The Musician's Library. *American-English Folk-Songs*, collected in the Southern Appalachians and arranged with pianoforte accompaniments. Series 1-2, two volumes in one. G. Schirmer, New York, 1918-1921.

CHAPTER IV

MODERN NARRATIVE POETRY

AN INTRODUCTION

I. THE SPIRIT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

Until the beginning of the nineteenth century English literature expressed itself in the main through the medium of certain sharply distinguished literary types—narrative and lyric poetry, the essay, history, biography, the novel and the drama—whose characteristics were well known alike by writers and by the reading public. A traditional sense of form militated persistently against any mixture of types, though variety within the type might be considerable. The development of modern narrative poetry does not lie in this period, but in the one which succeeded it. The peaceful English political and intellectual world of 1780, which was so sure of its values, was rudely disturbed by political, philosophical, and industrial forces long at work, which culminated on the Continent in the French Revolution and Napoleon, and in England in the Industrial Revolution with its resulting social and governmental reforms. Once again the value of the individual to society was affirmed, but in new terms. The rights of man, especially of the laborer, were forced upon the attention of land-holding Englishmen because the laborer became the manipulator of the natural forces harnessed in the factory system. The new problems brought with them a new attitude toward life. Hitherto men had been able to make a general intellectual survey of human knowledge, or to perform all the steps in the manufacture of any commercial article; but with the increasing complexity of civilization this was no longer possible, and the specialist and the skilled workman succeeded the general, unskilled laborer. The result was mass production of economic utilities, an enormous advance in quantity, and in some fields an ability to construct

machines never before brought within the reach of man, such as the steam engine. But in many cases there was a corresponding loss in the finish of the individual product which had formerly been effected by the pride of the laborer in his work. On the whole, however, this loss was made up by the general economic advance, and by the new and broader outlook upon life.

The French and the Industrial Revolutions released the pent-up imagination of English poetry, and a new literary cycle began, which was characterized in narrative poetry by an immediate development of individualism in thought and form. In many ways it was veritably a literary revolution. No longer were the old literary types considered sacrosanct, but each poet felt at liberty, not merely to alter the type to suit his needs, but to borrow characteristics from other types, until it is often difficult to say that a certain poem is clearly narrative, lyric, or dramatic.

II. THE IMAGINATIVE AND REALISTIC TREND IN MODERN NARRATIVE POETRY

Consequently we can group the narrative poets of the nineteenth century better by their attitude toward life and by their subject-matter than by the forms they used. One group felt that their imagination was aroused by the unusual in life, which was found best in the mythology, folklore, and sagas of the heroic and medieval ages; another group felt that their imagination was aroused most by the events of everyday life. The former group could not move at ease in the realm of contemporary reality; the latter could. To the first group, on the whole, belong Scott, Coleridge, Keats, Rossetti, Tennyson, William Morris, and Swinburne; to the second group, on the whole, belong Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Brown-

ing, Meredith, Masfield, Hardy, and Gibson.

In the first and more romantic group Scott found the material he wished in the medieval romances and border ballads of England and Scotland, and his success is chiefly responsible for the popularity of the long narrative poem in the nineteenth century. Because of the lack of space Scott can be represented here only by a short, early narrative poem. Coleridge sought for the elements of surprise and wonder in the supernatural, and emphasized it in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*. Keats hovered between such conscious imitations of the medieval narrative and ballad poetry as "The Eve of St. Agnes" and "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," and a more free expression of his yearning for beauty in the mythological narrative *Endymion*, in which the plot is subordinated to the aesthetic fancies of the poet's imagination. Rossetti is a disciple half of Scott and half of Coleridge, although his professed determination was to recapture the spirit of literature and painting as illustrated in the early periods of Renaissance art. However, he is peculiarly individual in the element of mysticism with which all his work is cloaked, whether poetry or painting. Tennyson, though he loved the classical and medieval past for itself, yet made it chiefly the embodiment of the ideals which dominated the Victorian Age, with an increasingly elegiac tone of regret that the new forces seemed to be exterminating an appreciation of former realms of poetic beauty. William Morris, like Rossetti a creator in the fine arts as well as in poetry, loved beauty for its own sake, and in literature expressed it best in narratives imitative of the treasures of classical and medieval tradition. *The Life and Death of Jason*, *Sigurd the Volsung*, and *The Earthly Paradise* combine well-told stories with vivid descriptions and with an intense feeling for beauty, which Swinburne over-elaborated in the luscious versification of *Tristram in Lyonesse*, a versification which tended to suppress the element of action.

In the second and more realistic group Wordsworth desired to express in simple language the inner significance of the events of everyday life. His beliefs are expressed in the *Preface to the Lyrical Bal-*

lads, reprinted in this volume (page 914). Wordsworth was the first English poet to write a considerable body of frankly significant autobiographical poetry which might be classed as narrative. But at once we are faced with the breakdown of the narrative type, for while *The Prelude* or even "Tintern Abbey" tells a story, the main emphasis is upon the emotions roused by the incident and reflections upon it, and we are therefore in debatable territory between lyric and narrative poetry. With Browning the difficulty is increased, for while no English poet has more ardently revealed the fundamental characteristics of human nature, yet because of his interest in history and fine arts, he depicted everyday life in the past rather than in the present. Nevertheless, Browning made Fra Lippo Lippi and Andrea Del Sarto as real to us as Bishop Blougram or James Lee's Wife, and in their lives he reveals experiences which are understood by all of us. Browning, in his search for the universal truth in the particular incident, developed a poetic technique which fused various types of poetry into one. Originally, his narratives were told in the third person, then in the first; but as neither form seemed sufficiently vivid, Browning developed, after many experiments, a type known as the dramatic monologue, in which the narrator combined the story, its setting, and his own emotions. To what type of poetry these monologues belong is questionable. Certainly they tell a story, but not for the sake of the story as much as for the dramatic emotion dominating the narrator at the moment, since generally the narrator is the principal actor. Dramas they are not, for only one person speaks, and there is no external action. They are frequently lyric in form and emotion, but there is a story besides. It is impossible then to assign such poems definitely to any specific type of poetry, but as they arose from a narrative impulse they are considered here as narrative. The same statements apply to much of the work of the English poets Hardy and Meredith, and of the American poets Amy Lowell, E. A. Robinson, and E. L. Masters. *The Satires of Circumstances, Modern Love, Men, Women and Ghosts, The Man against the Sky, and Spoon River Anthology* confessedly use

forms once lyric to express either the facts of a story or its emotional distillation. If the emotional distillation overbalances the story, one is tempted to designate the poem as lyric; if the story predominates, as narrative; if a character sketch is the result, where shall it be placed? The decision becomes a matter of personal opinion, and while much of Hardy's poetry is rather clearly on the narrative side, even as much of Meredith's is lyric, Amy Lowell, E. A. Robinson, and E. L. Masters partake equally of both types with something of the dramatic added. Although an interpretation of free verse will be given in the essay on the lyric, we may say at this juncture that the free, yet subtle, rhythm of free verse has been of great aid to Fletcher, "H. D.," Amy Lowell, Lindsay, Masters, Robinson, and Sandburg in attaining striking effects in both their lyric and narrative poetry. Noyes, on the other hand, who is generally a lyric poet, has written many successful romantic narratives of varying length in more traditional lyric meters. "The Highwayman" is a re-creation in narrative poetry of the age of romance, but it is balanced in lyric poetry by "The Barrel Organ" (page 629), which is as an evocation of romance from contemporary realism. Masfield, however, has composed straight narrative poetry upon subjects taken from contemporary life, but out of these he has created structures not merely realistic, but as romantic as the work of the members of the first group. *Dauber*, *The Daffodil Fields*, *The Widow in the Bye Street*, and many of his shorter narratives show that grim fact and romance are perhaps merely different aspects of the same thing.

We remarked in the first section of the introductory essay on the epic that while in modern narrative poetry poets had experimented with elaborate metrical forms, they had found, on the whole, that a simple metrical vehicle was preferable for the presentation of a narrative in verse. On the other hand, the simple verse forms of modern narrative poetry manifest remarkable modulation and subtlety. Of the meter of *Christabel* (1816) Coleridge said, "... the meter of the *Christabel* is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle:

namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion." The last sentence symbolizes the attitude of many modern poets toward their art. For most of them there may be variation within limits, though for some the limits are so elastic as to be almost non-existent. In modern narrative poetry the subtle modulation of simple meter appears characteristically in *Christabel* and in the dramatic monologues of Browning, where the iambic pentameter becomes susceptible of almost infinite variation. Now while many poets have followed Browning in this direction—in England Hardy, Sassoon, Gibson, and Symons, in America Frost, Markham, Moody, and Robinson—yet a new development has appeared in free verse. Whether the poets of free verse would acknowledge *Christabel* as a forerunner is doubtful, for *Christabel* uses a fixed number of stresses in each line, while free verse varies the stresses infinitely to meet the promptings of the emotion of the moment. Yet they would, perhaps, acknowledge the last sentence of Coleridge quoted above as an indication of their purpose, for free verse seeks in subtle metrical modulation to express the equally subtle pulsations of life. Now while a discussion of this movement falls best in the section of this book which is devoted to the lyric, we ought again to acknowledge here that the general poetic achievement in free verse of Whitman, "H. D.," Fletcher, and Sandburg, and the specific achievement in narrative poetry of E. L. Masters and Amy Lowell have enlarged the realm of poetic expression. Though in narrative poetry Masters has not pushed so far afield as did Amy Lowell in the polyphonic prose of *Can Grande's Castle*, both have proved in such poems as are included here that free verse has a distinct place in narrative poetry, especially in the realm of the monologue. As we have said before, it is uncertain whether the lack of a well-marked and recurrent meter will make free

verse a successful medium for a long narrative poem, but for certain varieties of the modern narrative poem free verse is perfectly adequate.

In that period of literature which we denote as modern, narrative poetry has shown itself able to express the spirit of its age even as epic poetry and medieval narrative poetry did for their respective ages. It has been even more versatile than they, for while the popular epic and medieval narrative have developed few varieties, modern narrative poetry has assumed many forms and has not scrupled to borrow whenever necessary from other literary types,

such as the lyric and the drama. In the space at our disposal it is impossible to give examples of every stage in the development, and every variation. Neither is it intended even to mention all the outstanding narrative poets of today in England and America. Representative poets have been chosen, and enough examples of modern narrative poetry have been provided, it is hoped, to prove that narrative poetry today is as vital in embodying the spirit of its age as it was in the days of *Beowulf*, and that it is today a much more versatile form than it has ever been before in English and American literature.

CHAPTER IV

SELECTIONS

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN
HE INTENDED, AND CAME HOME
SAFE AGAIN

NOTE

"The Diverting History of John Gilpin" is a simple, conventional narrative of delightful humor, and serves as an excellent manifestation of what was popular in English narrative poetry just prior to the Romantic Movement. The incident upon which the poem is based was related to Cowper one evening by Lady Austen, and the poet was so amused by it that he immediately transferred his impressions to verse. Notice the conventional ballad form, the emphasis upon the external action of the story, the humor, the solid domestic virtues which are incidentally extolled, and the absence of the personal point of view of the poet, with the exception of the last stanza.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, 5
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"Tomorrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair 10
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three, 15
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

3. **trainband.** The trainbands or trained bands of citizens were militia. 11. **Edmonton,** a lovely old village in the valley of the River Lea, about seven miles north of London. Here Cowper lived for some time.

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done. 20

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said; 25
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find, 30
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was
brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all 35
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin. 40

Smack went the whip, round went the
wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side 45
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

21. **linendraper,** a retail seller of linens. 23. **calender,** a presser of cloth. 44. **Cheapside,** one of the chief business streets of ancient London, running roughly due east from the north end of St. Paul's church to the Royal Exchange.

For saddletree scarce reached had he
 His journey to begin, 50
 When, turning round his head, he saw
 Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
 Although it grieved him sore,
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, 55
 Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
 Were suited to their mind,
 When Betty screaming came down-
 stairs,

"The wine is left behind!" 60

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
 My leathern belt likewise,
 In which I bear my trusty sword
 When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!) 65
 Had two stone bottles found,
 To hold the liquor that she loved,
 And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
 Through which the belt he drew, 70
 And hung a bottle on each side,
 To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
 Equipped from top to toe,
 His long red cloak, well brushed and
 neat, 75
 He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
 Upon his nimble steed,
 Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
 With caution and good heed. 80

But finding soon a smoother road
 Beneath his well-shod feet,
 The snorting beast began to trot,
 Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried, 85
 But John he cried in vain;
 That trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
 Who cannot sit upright, 90

He grasped the mane with both his
 hands,
 And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got 95
 Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig. 100

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay,
 Till, loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern 105
 The bottles he had slung;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children
 screamed,
 Up flew the windows all; 110
 And every soul cried out, "Well
 done!"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
 His fame soon spread around—
 "He carries weight! he rides a race! 115
 'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view
 How in a trice the turnpike men
 Their gates wide open threw. 120

And now, as he went bowing down,
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road, 125
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.

115. **He carries weight.** In racing, the lighter jockeys carried enough weight to equalize the weight of all the contestants. 119. **turnpike**, tollgate. 128. **basted**, wet, as with liquid from the dripping-pan when roasts are moistened to keep them from burning.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle braced; 130
 For all might see the bottle necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols did he play,
 Until he came unto the Wash 135
 Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play. 140

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the
 house," 145
 They all at once did cry;
 "The dinner waits, and we are tired."
 Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there; 150
 For why?—his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong;
 So did he fly—which brings me to 155
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend the calender's
 His horse at last stood still. 160

The calender, amazed to see
 His neighbor in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings
 tell; 165
 Tell me you must and shall—

Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And loved a timely joke; 170
 And thus unto the calender
 In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
 And, if I well forbode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here— 175
 They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Returned him not a single word,
 But to the house went in; 180

Whence straight he came with hat and
 wig—
 A wig that flowed behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn 185
 Thus showed his ready wit:
 "My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs upon your face; 190
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
 And all the world would stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton, 195
 And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
 "I am in haste to dine;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine." 200

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
 For which he paid full dear;
 For, while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he 205
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And galloped off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

178. *pin*, humor.

133. *Islington*, one of the northern metropolitan boroughs of London, where the citizens used to go for pastime on Sundays and holidays. Gilpin rode north from Cheapside through Islington to reach Edmonton. 135. *Wash*, a stretch of water near Edmonton. 139. *trundling*, twirling. 152. *Ware*, a town twenty-two miles north of London in the valley of the River Lea.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig; 210
 He lost them sooner than at first,
 For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away, 215
 She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
 That drove them to the Bell,
 "This shall be yours, when you bring back
 My husband safe and well." 220

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back amain;
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
 By catching at his rein.

But not performing what he meant, 225
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more,
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went postboy at his heels, 230
 The postboy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With postboy scampering in the rear,
 They raised the hue and cry: 236

"Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!"
 Not one of them was mute;
 And all and each that passed that way
 Did join in the pursuit. 240

And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space,
 The toll-men thinking as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too, 245
 For he got first to town,
 Nor stopped till where he had got up
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing, "Long live the king,
 And Gilpin, long live he"; 250
 And when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see! (1785)

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

TAM O' SHANTER

NOTE

The story of Tam O'Shanter, which was an old folk-tale of Burns's natal village, was a most natural subject for him to treat. But in telling the story Burns drops the purely objective manner and invades the scene, adding to the humor by his delightful comments. The change is significant. The story is still told for its own sake, but the individuality of the poet begins to dominate it. The attitude of Burns toward the supernatural is lighter and less serious than that of earlier poets. For Burns superstition has begun to become humorous.

When chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neebors neebors meet;
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak the gate;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy, 5
 An' getting fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots
 miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame, 10
 Gathering her brows like gathering
 storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonie lasses). 16

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A blethering, blustering, drunken bled-
 lum; 20
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
 That ilka melder wi' the miller,

Title. *Shanter*. Shanter is the name of a farm near Kirkoswald in southern Ayrshire. Burns had learned surveying in the neighborhood when a boy of seventeen. 1. *chapman billies*, peddler fellows. 2. *drouthy*, thirsty. 4. *tak the gate*, take the road for home. 5. *nappy*, a very strong brand of Scotch ale. 6. *fou*, full. 7. *unco*, very. 8. *lang Scots miles*. The Scotch mile was 216 yards longer than the English mile. 9. *slaps, and styles*, gaps, and steps over the fence or wall. 14. *Ayr*, the village near which Burns was born. 19. *skellum*, rascal. 20. *blethering*, stupid, foolish. 21. *bled-lum*, over-talkative person. 22. *Ae*, one. 23. *ilka*, every. 24. *melder*, time taken to grind out an order of corn at the mill.

Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on, 25
The smith an thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.

She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in
Doon, 30
Or caught wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthened, sage advices, 35
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny, 41
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony—
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better; 46
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus.
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle. 52

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himsel amang the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure; 56
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed; 60

Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form, 65
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time nor tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-
stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in, 71
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed; 75
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bel-
lowed;
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg—
A better never lifted leg— 80
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whyles holding fast his guid blue bon-
net,
Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots
sonnet,
Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent
cares, 85
Lest bogles catch him unawares—
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman
smooored; 90
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neckbane;
And through the whins, and by the
cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murdered
bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well, 95

25. *That ev'ry naig was ca'd*, etc., that every time a horse was shod. 28. *Kirkton*, a distinctive name for any Scotch village where a parish church is located. Jean Kennedy, who is here alluded to, ran a public house in Kirkoswald. 30. *Doon*, the river which runs through Ayr. 31. *warlocks*, magicians, wizards. Cf. the descriptions of Grendel and his mother in *Beowulf* (page 29). 33. *gars me greet*, makes me weep. 39. *ingle*, hearth, fire. 40. *reaming swats*, creamy new ale. 41. *Souter*, cobbler. 51. *rair*, roar. 53ff. *Care*, etc. These passages are in amusing contrast to the traditional attitude of the English toward life and fate. Yet even with Tam fate plays a part.

67. *tide*, season, moment. 68. *maun*, must. 69. *That hour*. At midnight witches were supposed to attain their greatest power. Geraldine's first appearance in *Christabel* is at midnight. 81. *skelpit*, splashed. *dub*, puddle. 84. *sonnet*, song. 85. *glow'ring*, peering. 86. *bogles*, hobgoblins. 88. *houlets*, owlets. 90. *smooored*, smothered. 91. *birks*, birches. *meikle*, great. 92. *brak's neckbane*, broke his neck. 93. *whins*, furze bushes. *cairn*, pile of stones. 94. *bairn*, child. 95. *aboon*, above.

Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;
 The doubling storm roars through the
 woods;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll;
 When, glimmering through the groan-
 ing trees, 101
 Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
 Through ilka bore the beams were
 glancing,
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn! 105
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquabae, we'll face the Devil!
 The swats sae reamed in Tammie's
 noddle,
 Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle. 110
 But Maggie stood, right sair astonished,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
 She ventured forward on the light;
 And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance! 115
 Nae cotillion, brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and
 reels
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 A winnock-bunker in the east, 119
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast,
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large;
 To gie them music was his charge.
 He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,
 That shawed the dead in their last
 dresses; 126
 And by some devilish cantraip sleight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table, 130
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;

102. *bleeze*, blaze. The foregoing description is in the best ghost-story tradition, but in a moment Burns turns it into laughter. 103. *bore*, crevice, opening. 107. *tippenny*, twopenny. 108. *usquabae*, whiskey. 109. *swats sae reamed*, ale so foamed. 110. *deils*, devils. *boddle*, small copper coin, a trifle. 114. *unco*, strange, unknown. 116. *brent new*, brand-new. 117. *strathspey*, a Scotch dance, much like a reel. 119. *A winnock-bunker*, upon a window-seat. 121. *towzie tyke*, shaggy cur. 123. *pipes*, bagpipes. *gart*, made. *skirl*, scream shrilly. 124. *dirl*, vibrate, rattle. 127. *cantraip sleight*, magical contrivance. 130. *haly table*, communion table. 131. *gibbet airns*, iron chains by which the corpses of malefactors were hung from gibbets after execution.

Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened
 bairns;
 A thief, new-cutt'd frae the rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted; 136
 A garter which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft—
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft; 140
 Wi' mair of horrible and awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curi-
 ous,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.
 The piper loud and louder blew; 145
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they
 cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark! 150

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been
 queans,
 A' plump and strapping in their teens,
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder
 linen!
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, 155
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!
 But withered beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, 160
 Louping an' flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu'
 brawlie;
 There was ae winsome wench and
 wawlie,
 That night enlisted in the core, 165

132. *unchristened bairns*. 'Unchristened babies were damned according to the stern Calvinistic doctrine. 133. *rape*, rope. 134. *gab*, mouth. 147. *reeled*, whirled. *set*, faced their partners. *crossed*, changed sides. *cleekit*, linked. All these movements belong to a square dance. 148. *carlin*, old woman. *reekit*, steamed. 149. *coost*, threw off. *duddies*, clothes. *wark*, work. 150. *linket*, went. *sark*, shirt. 151. *queans*, young women. 153. *creeshie*, greasy. 154. *seventeen hunder*, very fine. 155. *Thir breeks*, these breeches. 157. *hurdies*, hips. 158. *burdies*, girls. 160. *Rigwoodie*, withered. *spean*, wean. 161. *Louping*, leaping. *crummock*, a walking staff with a crooked head. 163. *kend*, knew. *fu' brawlie*, well, perfectly. 164. *wawlie*, large. 165. *core*, troop.

Lang after kend on Carrick-shore
 (For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perished mony a bonie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear). 170
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude though sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie. 174
 Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever graced a dance of witches!
 But here my Muse her wing maun cour;
 Sic flights are far beyond her power; 180
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang
 (A souple jade she was and strang),
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
 And thought his very een enriched;
 Even Satan glowered, and fidget fu' fain,
 And hotched and blew wi' might and main
 Till first ae caper, syne anither, 187
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty sark!"
 And in an instant all was dark; 190
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke;
 As open pussie's mortal foes, 195
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow, 199
 Wi' mony an eldritch shriech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman'!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, 205
 And win the key-stane of the brig;
 There, at them thou thy tail may toss—
 A running stream they dare na cross;
 But ere the key-stane she could make,

166. *Carrick*, the southern part of Ayrshire. 169. *meikle corn and bear*, much grain and barley. 171. *Her cutty sark*, etc., her short skirt made of coarse linen. Paisley is a Scotch village noted for its weaving, especially of shawls. 174. *vauntie*, proud. 176. *coft*, bought. 177. *pund Scots*. The Scotch pound was worth about one-twelfth of the English pound. 179. *cour*, let down. 184. *een*, eyes. 185. *fidgeted*, fidgeted. 186. *hotched*, hitched. 187. *syne*, then. 188. *tint*, lost. 193. *fyke*, tumult. 194. *byke*, hive. 195. *pussie*, hare. 200. *eldritch*, fearful, uncanny. 201. *fairin'*, reward. 206. *brig*, bridge. 208. *A running stream*. Cf. *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* (page 138, line 35).

The fient a tail she had to shake! 210
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie pressed,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle!
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail. 216
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined, 221
 Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear;
 Remember Tam O' Shanter's mare.
 (1791)

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN

NOTE

In this poem Scott combined many interests. As a boy he had played about the ruin of Smaylh'ome, or Smallholm, Tower, and in after life recalled it with ever-quickenning imagination. Near it was fought the battle of Ancram Moor (February 27, 1545), where the Scotch leaders, Archibald Angus, seventh Earl of Douglas, Norman Lesley, and Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, the ancestor of the author, defeated the English invaders, Lord Evers and Sir Brian Latoun. The main theme, however, was neither personal nor patriotic, but that of the popular Gothic romances of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, where the element of the supernatural dominated the plot. Cf. headnote to Southey's "The Inchcape Rock" (page 238), and the introductory essay to prose fiction (page 1087). The poem, therefore, is not entirely an imitation of an ancient ballad, as Scott called it, but also a narrative poem expressing the spirit of patriotism and of Gothic romance.

The Baron of Smaylh'ome rose with day,
 He spurred his courser on,
 Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
 That leads to Brotherstone.

210. *The fient*, etc., the devil a tail she had to shake. 213. *ettle*, zeal. 217. *carlin clautht*, witch caught. 219 ff. Chaucer's sense of humor would have enabled him to appreciate this mock moral, but Gray and Wordsworth probably would not have done so. Cf. The moral in "The Elegy" (page 416) and in "The Happy Warrior" (page 463).

The Eve of St. John. A mixture of a pagan and a Christian festival usually celebrated on June 24, but frequently much earlier. On this evening bonfires used to be lighted on all the high hills of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. It is a time of rejoicing and of love-making. 1. *Smaylh'ome*. Smallholm Tower in Roxburghshire is a wild border fortress perched upon a crag. 4. *Brotherstone*, a heath near Smaylh'ome.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch, 5
 His banner broad to rear;
 He went not 'gainst the English yew,
 To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was braced and his
 helmet was laced,
 And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
 At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel
 sperthe, 11
 Full ten-pound weight and more.

The Baron returned in three days' space,
 And his looks were sad and sour;
 And weary was his courser's pace, 15
 As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor
 Ran red with English blood;
 Where the Douglas true, and the bold
 Buccleuch,
 'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood. 20

Yet was his helmet hacked and hewed,
 His acton pierced and tore,
 His ax and his dagger with blood im-
 bued—
 But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chappellage, 25
 He held him close and still;
 And he whistled thrice for his little
 foot-page—
 His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
 Come hither to my knee; 30
 Though thou art young, and tender of
 age,
 I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
 And look thou tell me true!
 Since I from Smaylh'ome Tower have
 been, 35
 What did my lady do?"

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely
 light
 That burns on the wild Watchfold;
 For, from height to height, the beacons
 bright
 Of the English foemen told. 40

"The bittern clamored from the moss,
 The wind blew loud and shrill;
 Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,
 To the eery Beacon Hill.

"I watched her steps, and silent came 45
 Where she sat her on a stone;
 No watchman stood by the dreary
 flame;
 It burned all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight,
 Till to the fire she came, 50
 And, by Mary's might! an armed
 knight
 Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord
 Did speak to my lady there;
 But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the
 blast, 55
 And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the sky was fair,
 And the mountain-blast was still,
 As again I watched the secret pair
 On the lonesome Beacon Hill. 60

"And I heard her name the midnight
 hour,
 And name this holy eve;
 And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's
 bower;
 Ask no bold Baron's leave.

"He lifts his spear with the bold
 Buccleuch; 65
 His lady is all alone;
 The door she'll undo to her knight so true,
 On the Eve of good St. John.'

"I cannot come; I must not come;
 I dare not come to thee; 70

5. **Buccleuch**, Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, raised the Scottish countryside on the invasion of the English. 7. **yew**, The English bows were made from the yew tree. 9. **plate-jack**, a leather coat lined with metal for protection. **braced**, fastened tightly. 10. **vaunt-brace**, armor to protect the forearm. **proof**, firm strength. 11. **sperthe**, battle-ax. 22. **acton**, a wadded jacket worn beneath the armor, or a jacket plated with steel. 25. **Chappellage**, a chapel beside Smaylh'ome Castle.

38. **Watchfold**, a crag near Smaylh'ome where beacon fires were lit when the English raided the Border. 44. **eery**, weird or unearthly. **Beacon Hill**, another crag farther away from Smaylh'ome, where beacon fires were lighted.

On the Eve of St. John I must wander
alone;
In thy bower I may not be.'

"Now, out on thee, faint-hearted
knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers
meet, 75
Is worth the whole summer's day.

"And I'll chain the bloodhound, and
the warder shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strewed on the
stair;
So, by the black rood-stone, and by
holy St. John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!"

"Though the bloodhound be mute, and
the rush beneath my foot, 81
And the warder his bugle should not
blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the
chamber to the east,
And my footstep he would know.'

"O fear not the priest, who sleepeth
to the east; 85
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en;
And there to say Mass, till three days
do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slain.'

"He turned him around, and grimly he
frowned;
Then he laughed right scornfully— 90
'He who says the Mass-rite for the soul
of that knight
May as well say Mass for me;

"At the lone midnight hour, when
bad spirits have power,
In thy chamber will I be.'—
With that he was gone, and my lady
left alone, 95
And no more did I see."

Then changed, I trow, was that bold
Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high;

79. **black rood-stone**, a very sacred black marble
crucifix in Melrose Abbey. 86. **Dryburgh**, a ruined
abbey where Scott lies buried. It is situated near
Abbotsford, his home.

"Now tell me the mien of the knight
thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!" 100

"His arms shone full bright, in the
beacon's red light;
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound, in a silver
leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the
yew."

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-
page, 105
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold, and low laid
in the mold,
All under the Eildon-tree."

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name; 110
And that lady bright, she called the
knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."

The bold Baron's brow then changed,
I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—
"The grave is deep and dark—and the
corpse is stiff and stark— 115
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy
Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret
foe,
That gay gallant was slain. 120

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drowned the
name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the
white monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"

He passed the court-gate, and he oped
the tower grate, 125
And he mounted the narrow stair

108. **Eildon-tree**, the tree under which Thomas the
Rhymer (see page 214) is supposed to have uttered his
prophecies. Eildon is a hill whose summit has three
divisions, made supposedly by the medieval magician,
Michael Scott. 117. **Tweed**, a river which flows past
Abbotsford. **Melrose**, Melrose Abbey, a monastery
near Abbotsford on the banks of the Tweed. It is now
in ruins.

To the bartizan-seat, where, with maids
that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Looked over hill and vale; 130
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's
wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"—
"Now hail, thou Baron true!
What news, what news from Ancram
fight? 135
What news from the bold Buccleuch?"

"The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
For many a Southron fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore
To watch our beacons well." 140

The lady blushed red, but nothing she
said;
Nor added the Baron a word;
Then she stepped down the stair to her
chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourned, and the
Baron tossed and turned, 145
And oft to himself he said—
"The worms around him creep, and his
bloody grave is deep,
It cannot give up the dead!"

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was well-nigh done, 150
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,
On the Eve of good St. John.

The lady looked through the chamber fair
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware of a knight stood
there— 155
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,
"For the holy Virgin's sake!"—
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake." 160

127. *bartizan*, a platform or tower projecting from a castle wall, serving for a look-out and for defense. 131. *Mertoun's wood*, near Smaylh'ome. 132. *Teviotdale*, the valley of the River Teviot, which is situated in Roxburghshire. The river flows into the Tweed. 138. *Southron*, Scottish for a southern man, hence an Englishman.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain;
The Mass and the death-prayer are
said for me,
But lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's
fair strand, 165
Most foully slain I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's
height
For a space is doomed to dwell.

"At our trysting-place, for a certain
space
I must wander to and fro; 170
But I had not had power to come to
thy bower,
Hadst thou not conjured me so."

Love mastered fear—her brow she
crossed;
"How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"—
The Vision shook his head! 176

"Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life,
So bid thy lord believe;
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive." 180

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam;
His right upon her hand;
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four, 185
Remains on that board impressed;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun; 190
There is a monk in Melrose Tower,
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk, who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylh'ome's Lady gay,
That monk the bold Baron. (1801)

165. *brand*, sword. 169. *trysting-place*, meeting-place. 174. *sped*, prospered. 177. *spilleth*, causes the loss of. 184. *scorched*, from a tradition that certain evil spirits or ghosts burned whatever they touched.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834)

NOTE

Coleridge was a creature of many projects and interests, in none of which he persisted long. The more brilliant half of his life terminated in 1801, after which he rambled from one home and one literary project to another, frequently depressed, and frequently under the influence of drugs. In 1797 he settled at Nether Stowey, near the Quantock Hills. Within the next twenty months he met Wordsworth and with him formulated and executed *The Lyrical Ballads*, to which *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* was his most important contribution.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner is built upon folklore traditions, but instead of telling the story from the simple human point of view, or as a conscious imitation of medieval prototypes, Coleridge has been able to introduce the mystic and supernatural so plausibly that the narrative seems as real to us as our own dreams when we are under their influence. In lyric poetry Donne, Blake, James Thomson—author of *The City of Dreadful Night*—Francis Thompson, and Poe have produced similar effects; while in the short story Poe alone has equally sustained power. Of recent years narrative poetry has portrayed supernatural forces at work in everyday life, and Masfield's *The Widow in the Bye Street*, "The Daffodil Fields" and "The River," together with much of Masters's *Spoon River Anthology* are realistic pendants to *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

IN SEVEN PARTS

ARGUMENT

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold Country toward the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

An ancient Mariner meeteth three Galleons laden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

2. And he stoppeth one of three. Folklore contains many accounts of guilty men whose only relief from anguish was a continual confession of their crimes. The confession idea is at the bottom of most of the poems in *Spoon River Anthology*.

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set—
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he. 10
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

He holds him with his glittering eye;
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child— 15
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone—
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner: 20

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared;
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left;
Out of the sea came he! 26
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather till it reached the Line.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—" 30
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

12. Eftsoons, straightway. 16. hath his will. The inability of the Wedding-Guest to depart is like a dream in which one is pursued, but may not run away. Cf. Thompson's *The Hound of Heaven* (page 591). 23. kirk, church. 29 (Marginal note). Line, the equator. 32. bassoon, a wood-wind instrument of three octaves much used with clarinets, hautboys, and violins to accompany the service in certain country churches in England and Scotland.

The Wedding-Guest
heareth the
bridal
music; but
the Mariner
continueth
his tale.

The bride hath paced into the
hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her
goes 35
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his
breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient
man,
The bright-eyed Mariner. 40

The ship
drawn by a
storm to-
ward the
South Pole.

"And now the Storm-blast came,
and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking
wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping
prow, 45
As who pursued with yell and
blow

Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared
the blast,
And southward aye we fled. 50

And now there came both mist
and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating
by
As green as emerald.

The land of
ice, and of
fearful
sounds,
where no
living thing
was to be
seen;

And through the drifts the snowy
clifts 55
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we
ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was
there,
The ice was all around; 60
It cracked and growled, and
roared and howled,
Like noises in a sround!

47. *treads*, etc., "as one pursued with yell and blow
ever treads the shadow of his foe," because of the close
pursuit. 56. *sheen*, glittering light. 57. *ken*, spy. 62.
sround, trance, faint.

At length did cross an Albatross;
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name. 66

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-
fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up
behind; 71
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or
shroud, 75
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-
smoke white
Glimmered the white moon-
shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee
thus!— 80
Why look'st thou so?"—"With
my crossbow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II

"The sun now rose upon the
right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea. 86

And the good south wind still
blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo! 90

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred I had killed the
bird

That made the breeze to blow.

76. *vespers*, evening, or the evening prayers.

Till a green
sea-bird
called the
Albatross,
came
through the
snow-fog,
and was re-
ceived with
great joy
and hospi-
tality.

And lo! the
Albatross
proved a
bird of good
omen, and
followeth
the ship as
it returned
northward
through fog
and floating
ice.

The ancient
Mariner
inhospita-
bly killeth
the pious
bird of good
omen.

His ship-
mates cry
out against
the ancient
Mariner,
for killing
the bird of
good luck.

'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird
to slay, 95
That made the breeze to blow!'

Nor dim nor red, like God's own
head,
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred, I had killed the
bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right,' said they, 'such
birds to slay, 101
That bring the fog and mist.'

The fair breeze blew, the white
foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea. 106

Down dropped the breeze, the
sails dropped down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea! 110

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did
stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor mo-
tion; 116
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink; 120
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot—O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with
legs 125
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;

The water, like a witch's oils, 129
Burned green, and blue, and
white.

And some in dreams assuréd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had fol-
lowed us
From the land of mist and snow.

A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew Josephus and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter
drought, 135
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more
than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well-a-day!—what evil looks
Had I from old and young! 140
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

The ship-mates in their sore distress would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

PART III

"There passed a weary time.
Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time! 145
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist; 150
It moved, and moved, and took
at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared;
As if it dodged a water-sprite, 155
It plunged and tacked and veered.

130. Burned green, etc. Cf. Hrothgar's description of Grendel's pool, *Beowulf* (page 29). 131 (Marginal note). Scholars and philosophers of Roman and medieval times worked out elaborate theories about the spirit world. Flavius Josephus (37-95?), the Jewish historian, wrote not merely *The Jewish War* (67-73 A. D.), but *The Jewish Antiquities* as well. It is to the latter book that Coleridge refers. Michael Constantine Psellus, the younger, was a philosopher and statesman of the Byzantine emperors in the eleventh century. His philosophical treatises are numerous.

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

A flash of joy;

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting sun. The Specter-Woman and her Death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton-ship.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!

I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, 'A sail! a sail!' 161

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in, 165
As they were drinking all.

'See! see!' (I cried) 'She tacks no more!

Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!"

The western wave was all aflame
The day was well-nigh done! 172
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly 175
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face. 180

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the sun 185
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free, 190

Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy;
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold. 194

Like vessel, like crew!

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death and Life-in-Death have dined for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark; 200
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter-bark.

No twilight within the courts of the sun.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My lifeblood seemed to sip! 205
The stars were dim, and thick the night;
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornéd moon, with one bright star 210
Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the moon,

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye. 215

One after another

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His ship-mates drop down dead,

The souls did from their bodies fly— 220
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my crossbow!"

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

168. *weal*, good. 184. *gossameres*, films as tenuous as spider webs floating in the air.

210. *hornéd moon*, etc. Obviously no star could be seen within the circumference of the moon.

PART IV

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand! 225
And thou art long, and lank, and
brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown,"—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wed-
ding-Guest! 230
This body dropped not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony. 235

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy
things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away; 241
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to
pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and
made 246
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them
close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the
sea and the sky 250
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their
limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked
on me 255
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to
hell
A spirit from on high,
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw
that curse 261
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up 265
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry
main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow
lay,
The charmed water burned alway
A still and awful red. 271

native country and their own natural homes, which they enter un-
announced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a
silent joy at their arrival.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining
white,
And when they reared, the elfish
light 275
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet
black
They coiled and swam; and every
track 280
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare;
A spring of love gushed from my
heart,
And I blessed them unaware! 285
Sure my kind saint took pity on
me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could
pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea. 291

In his lone-
liness and
fixedness he
yearneth
toward the
journeying
moon, and
the stars
that still
sojourn, yet
still move
onward;
and every-
where the
blue sky be-
longs to
them, and is
their ap-
pointed rest
and their

By the light
of the moon
he behold-
eth God's
creatures of
the great
calm,

Their
beauty and
their happi-
ness.

He bleaseth
them in his
heart.

The spell
begins to
break.

he Wed-
ding-Guest
pareth
that a
spirit is
alking to
him;

ut the an-
cient Mar-
iner assureth
him of his
odily life,
and pro-
ceedeth to
elate his
horrible
ennance.

le despis-
th the
eatures
f the calm,

and envi-
th that
they should
ive, and so
many lie
lead.

ut the
urse liveth
or him in
he eye of
he dead
men.

PART V

"Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be
given!

She sent the gentle sleep from
heaven, 295
That slid into my soul.

By grace of
the holy
Mother, the
ancient
Mariner is
refreshed
with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled
with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained. 300

My lips were wet, my throat was
cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my
limbs, 305
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth
sounds,
and seeth
strange
sights and
commo-
tions in the
skv and the
element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind;
It did not come anear; 310
But with its sound it shook the
sails
That were so thin and sear.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;
To and fro they were hurried
about; 315
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar
more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from
one black cloud; 320
The moon was at its edge.

The thick, black cloud was cleft,
and still
The moon was at its side;

297. *silly*, useless. 312. *sear*, dry. 314. a *hundred*, etc., "a hundred bright flames of fire like flags." *Sheen* here means "bright."

Like waters shot from some high
crag,
The lightning fell with never a
jag, 325
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the
ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the
moon
The dead men gave a groan. 330

The bodies
of the ship's
crew are
inspired,
and the
ship moves
on;

They groaned, they stirred, they
all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their
eyes;
It had been strange, even in a
dream,
To have seen those dead men
rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship
moved on; 335
Yet never a breeze up-blew.
The mariners all 'gan work the
ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like life-
less tools—
We were a ghastly crew. 340

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee;
The body and I pulled at one
rope,
But he said naught to me."

But not by
the souls of
the men,
nor by
demons of
earth or
middle air,
but by a
blessed
troop of an-
gelic spirits,
sent down
by the invo-
cation of
the guard-
ian saint.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!"
'Twas not those souls that fled in
pain, 347
Which to their corpses came
again,
But a troop of spirits blest;

For when it dawned—they
dropped their arms 350
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through
their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

325. *The lightning*, etc., "the lightning fell straight," i.e., without any fork or zigzag. 348. *corsets*, corpses.

Around, around, flew each sweet
 sound,
 Then darted to the sun; 355
 Slowly the sounds came back
 again,
 Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the
 sky
 I heard the skylark sing;
 Sometimes all little birds that
 are, 360
 How they seemed to fill the sea
 and air
 With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instru-
 ments,
 Now like a lonely flute;
 And now it is an angel's song, 365
 That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made
 on
 A pleasant noise till noon,
 A noise like of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June, 370
 That to the sleeping woods all
 night
 Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
 Yet never a breeze did breathe;
 Slowly and smoothly went the
 ship, 375
 Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
 From the land of mist and
 snow,
 The Spirit slid; and it was he
 That made the ship to go. 380
 The sails at noon left off their
 tune,
 And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the
 mast,
 Had fixed her to the ocean;
 But in a minute she 'gan stir, 385
 With a short, uneasy motion—
 Backwards and forwards half her
 length
 With a short, uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound; 390
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
 I have not to declare;
 But ere my living life returned,
 I heard and in my soul discerned
 Two voices in the air. 397

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the
 man?
 By Him who died on cross,
 With his cruel bow he laid full
 low 400
 The harmless Albatross.

The Spirit who bideth by himself
 In the land of mist and snow,
 He loved the bird that loved the
 man
 Who shot him with his bow.' 405

The other was a softer voice,
 As soft as honey-dew;
 Quoth he, 'The man hath pen-
 ance done,
 And penance more will do.'

The Polar Spirit's fellow demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

PART VI

FIRST VOICE

"But tell me, tell me! speak again,
 Thy soft response renewing— 411
 What makes that ship drive on so
 fast?
 What is the ocean doing?"

SECOND VOICE

'Still as a slave before his lord,
 The ocean hath no blast; 415
 His great bright eye most silently
 Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to
 go;
 For she guides him smooth or
 grim.
 See, brother, see! how graciously
 She looketh down on him.' 421

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

The lone-some Spirit from the South Pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

FIRST VOICE

'But why drives on that ship so
fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind. 425

Fly, brother, fly! more high,
more high!

Or we shall be belated;
For slow and slow that ship will
go,

When the Mariner's trance is
abated.'

The super-
natural
motion is
retarded;
the Mariner
awakes, and
his penance
begins
anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather. 431

'Twas night, calm night, the
moon was high;

The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter; 435
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which
they died,

Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from
theirs, 440

Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse
is finally
expiated.

And now this spell was snapped;
once more

I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little
saw

Of what had else been seen— 445

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round,

walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful
fiend 450

Doth close behind him tread.

424. **The air**, etc. Coleridge uses this method to obviate a description of the return voyage. As in a ballad, the action moves quickly. 435. **charnel-dungeon**, burial vault. 450. **a frightful fiend**, etc. He is still haunted by the nightmare motive of pursuit.

But soon there breathed a wind
on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade. 455

It raised my hair, it fanned my
cheek

Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my
fears,

Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, 460

Yet she sailed softly, too;

Sweetly, sweetly blew the
breeze—

On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this in-
deed

The lighthouse top I see? 465

Is this the hill? Is this the kirk?

Is this mine own countree?

And the
ancient
Mariner be-
holdeth his
native
country.

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—

'O let me be awake, my God! 470
Or let me sleep away.'

The harbor-bay was clear as
glass,

So smoothly it was strewn!

And on the bay the moonlight
lay,

And the shadow of the moon. 475

The rock shone bright, the kirk
no less,

That stands above the rock;

The moonlight steeped in silent-
ness

The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with
silent light, 480

Till rising from the same,

Full many shapes, that shadows
were,

In crimson colors came.

The angelic
spirits leave
the dead
bodies.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were; 485

I turned my eyes upon the deck—

O Christ! what saw I there!

And appear
in their own
forms of
light.

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and
flat,

And by the holy rood!

A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood. 491

This seraph-band, each waved
his hand—

It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light; 495

This seraph-band, each waved
his hand;

No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of
oars, 500

I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce
away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast; 505
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a
joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice;
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood. 511
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash
away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

"This Hermit good lives in that
wood
Which slopes down to the sea;
How loudly his sweet voice he
rears! 516
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and
eve—

He hath a cushion plump; 520

489. **holy rood**, cross of Christ. 490. **seraph-man**,
angel. 512. **shrive**, absolve from sin.

It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared; I heard
them talk,

'Why this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many
and fair 525

That signal made but now?'

'Strange, by my faith!' the Approach-
eth the ship
with won-
der.
Hermit said—

'And they answered not our
cheer!

The planks look warped! and see
those sails

How thin they are and sear! 530
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that
lag

My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with
snow, 535

And the owlet whoops to the wolf
below

That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish
look'—

(The Pilot made reply)

'I am a-feared'—'Push on, push
on!' 540

Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;

The boat came close beneath the
ship, 544

And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread;

It reached the ship, it split the
bay;

The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dread-
ful sound, 550

Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven
days drowned

The ship
suddenly
sinketh.

The ancient
Mariner is
saved in the
Pilot's boat.

535. **ivy-tod**, ivy-bush.

My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I
found
Within the Pilot's boat. 555

Upon the whirl, where sank the
ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot
shrieked 560
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars; the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go, 565
Laughed loud and long, and all
the while

His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha!ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land! 571
The Hermit stepped forth from
the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy
man!
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee
say— 576
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine
was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free. 581

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns. 585

I pass, like night, from land to
land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear
me—
To him my tale I teach. 590

What loud uproar bursts from
that door!
The wedding-guests are there;
But in the garden-bower the
bride
And bride-maids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer! 596

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath
been
Alone on a wide, wide sea;
So lonely 'twas that God him-
self
Scarce seeméd there to be. 600

O sweeter than the marriage
feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk, 605
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father
bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving
friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth
best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth
us,
He made and loveth all." 617

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the Wedding-
Guest 620
Turned from the bridegroom's
door.

He went like one that hath been
stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

(1798)

623. *forlorn*, deprived.

The ancient
Mariner
earnestly
entreateth
the Hermit
to shrieve
him; and
the penance
of life falls
on him,

And ever
and anon
throughout
his future
life an
agony con-
straineth
him to
travel from
land to
land,

And to
teach, by
his own ex-
ample, love
and rever-
ence to all
things that
God made
and loveth.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
(1770-1850)

LAODAMIA

NOTE

Wordsworth here narrates with dignity, restraint, and simplicity a Greek myth of the Trojan War. The Delphic oracle had prophesied that whatever side first lost a warrior would win the war. Protesilaus urged his ship ahead of the Grecian flotilla, leaped on the beach of Troy, and was slain by the Trojan Hector. His wife, Laodamia, besought the gods that he might be restored to her, if only for three hours. Her prayer was granted, and Hermes, the messenger of the gods, conducted the shade of Protesilaus to Laodamia at their palace in Thessaly. On the expiration of the three hours Laodamia died. Wordsworth became interested in the legend through the part which related how the trees about the tomb of Protesilaus grew until they were tall enough to behold the walls of Troy, when they immediately withered.

"With sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal gods, 'mid shades
forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered lord have I
required.
Celestial pity I again implore; 5
Restore him to my sight—great Jove,
restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the suppliant heavenward
lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a
cloud,
Her countenance brightens—and her
eye expands; 10
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature
grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.
O terror! what hath she perceived?—O
joy!

Laodamia. Written at Rydal Mount. "The incident of the trees growing and withering put the subject into my thoughts, and I wrote with the hope of giving it a loftier tone than, so far as I know, has been given to it by any of the Ancients who have treated of it. It cost me more trouble than almost anything of equal length I have ever written." [Wordsworth's note.] 3. *infernal gods*, Pluto and Proserpine, rulers of Hades and of the dead.

What doth she look on?—whom doth
she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of
Troy? 15
His vital presence? his corporeal mold!
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis
he?
And a god leads him, wingéd Mercury!
Mild Hermes spake—and touched her
with his wand
That calms all fear: "Such grace hath
crowned thy prayer, 20
Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper
air.
He comes to tarry with thee three
hours space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to
face!

Forth sprang the impassioned queen
her lord to clasp; 25
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial form eludes her
grasp;
As often as that eager grasp was made,
The phantom parts—but parts to re-
unite,
And re-assume his place before her
sight. 30

"Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy
voice.
This is our palace—yonder is thy
throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on
will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon; and blest a sad
abode." 36

"Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect. Specter though I
be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive,
But in reward of thy fidelity. 40
And something also did my worth ob-
tain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless
gain.

18. *Mercury*, the messenger of the gods and the escort of the dead. He was called *Hermes* by the Greeks.

"Thou knowest the Delphic oracle fore-
told
That the first Greek who touched the
Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat could not
withhold; 45
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leaped upon the sandy
plain;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of heroes—bravest, noblest,
best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no
more, 50
Which then, when tens of thousands
were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal
shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—
here thou art—
A nobler counselor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest
deed, 55
Wert kind as resolute, and good as
brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath
decreed
Thou should'st elude the malice of the
grave.
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessa-
lian air. 60

"No specter greets me—no vain shadow
this;
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my
side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one
nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy
bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven; the conscious
Parcae threw 65
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is
past;

Nor should the change be mourned, even
if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth de-
stroys 70
Those raptures duly—Erebus dis-
dains;
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic
pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to con-
trol
Rebellious passion; for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the
soul; 75
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly
mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—"

"Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules by
force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the
tomb 80
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal
bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of
years.
And Aeson stood a youth 'mid youthful
peers.

"The gods to us are merciful—and they
Yet further may relent; for mightier
far 86
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the
sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble
woman's breast. 90

"But if thou goest, I follow—" "Peace!"
he said—
She looked upon him and was calmed
and cheered;
The ghastly color from his lips had
fled;

48. **Hector**, the son of King Priam of Troy, and the most valiant of the Trojans. 59. **Redundant**, luxuriant. 60. **Thessalian**. Thessaly was a kingdom in the northeast of Greece. 65. **Parcae**, the three Fates. 66. **Stygian**, deathly. The River Styx flowed through the border of the Greek Hades, and the dead were ferried across it.

71. **Erebus**, the dusky approach to Hades. 79. **Hercules**. Lines 79-82 allude to the Greek myth that when Alcestis, the aunt of Laodamia, died for her husband, Admetus, King of Pherae, Hercules overthrew Death at her tomb, and brought her back to life. 83. **Medea**, the enchantress of Colchis, who aided Jason to win the golden fleece. On Jason's return home, Medea, by her incantations, restored his father, Aeson, to youth.

In his deportment, shape, and mien ap-
 peared
 Elysian beauty, melancholy grace, 95
 Brought from a pensive though a happy
 place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits
 feel
 In worlds whose course is equable and
 pure;
 No fears to beat away—no strife to
 heal—
 The past unsighed for, and the future
 sure; 100
 Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
 Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged
 there
 In happier beauty; more pellucid
 streams,
 An ampler ether, a diviner air, 105
 And fields invested with purpleal
 gleams;
 Climes which the sun, who sheds the
 brightest day
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which
 hath earned
 That privilege by virtue. "Ill," said
 he, 110
 "The end of man's existence I discerned,
 Who from ignoble games and revelry
 Could draw, when we had parted, vain
 delight,
 While tears were thy best pastime, day
 and night;

"And while my youthful peers before
 my eyes 115
 (Each hero following his peculiar bent)
 Prepared themselves for glorious enter-
 prise
 By martial sports—or, seated in the tent,
 Chieftains and kings in council were
 detained;
 What time the fleet at Aulis lay en-
 chained. 120

95. *Elysian*, pertaining to the Grecian fields of the happy dead. 104. *pellucid*, transparent. 105. *ether*, the upper air. 120. *Aulis*, a harbor on the eastern coast of Greece, where the Greek fleet lay becalmed on its way to Troy, until Agamemnon sacrificed his daughter, Iphigenia.

"The wished-for wind was given—I
 then revolved
 The oracle, upon the silent sea;
 And, if no worthier led the way, re-
 solved
 That, of a thousand vessels, mine should
 be
 The foremost prow in pressing to the
 strand— 125
 Mine the first blood that tinged the
 Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oftentimes bitter was the
 pang
 When of thy loss I thought, beloved
 wife!
 On thee too fondly did my memory
 hang,
 And on the joys we shared in mortal
 life— 130
 The paths which we had trod—these
 fountains, flowers,
 My new-planned cities, and unfinished
 towers.

"But should suspense permit the foe to
 cry,
 'Behold they tremble!—haughty their
 array,
 Yet of their number no one dares to
 die?' 135
 In soul I swept the indignity away;
 Old frailties then recurred—but lofty
 thought,
 In act embodied, my deliverance
 wrought.

"And thou, though strong in love, art
 all too weak
 In reason, in self-government too slow;
 I counsel thee by fortitude to seek 141
 Our blest reunion in the shades be-
 low.
 The invisible world with thee hath sym-
 pathized;
 Be thy affections raised and solem-
 nized.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to as-
 cend— 145
 Seeking a higher object. Love was
 given,
 Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that
 end;

For this the passion to excess was
driven—
That self might be annulled; her bond-
age prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to
love."—— 150

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reap-
pears!
Round the dear shade she would have
clung—'tis vain.
The hours are past—too brief had they
been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain.
Swift, toward the realms that know not
earthly day, 155
He through the portal takes his silent
way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse
she lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished; and, as for a willful crime,
By the just gods whom no weak pity
moved, 160
Was doomed to wear out her appointed
time,
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather
flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are
due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'er-
thrown 165
Are mourned by man, and not by man
alone,
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was enter-
tained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she
died; 170
And ever, when such stature they had
gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their
view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the
sight;
A constant interchange of growth and
blight! (1815)

168. *Hellespont*, the strait between Asia and Europe near Troy. 169. *spiry*, tall, tapering. 172. *Ilium*, the Greek name for Troy.

WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-1896)

FROM THE EARTHLY PARADISE

AN APOLOGY

NOTE

The life of William Morris was spent in an enthusiastic and widespread attempt to create the beautiful in interior decoration, painting, and poetry. Morris chose the subjects for his long narrative poems from classical mythology, Scandinavian sagas, and romances of chivalry. His chief interest was in the story, which he enriched with descriptions of natural beauty such as we first saw in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. Morals and an ethical sense do not dominate the stories, but the play of emotion is everywhere manifest.

In *The Earthly Paradise* Morris employed a mechanical device similar to that of Chaucer in *The Canterbury Tales* in order to motivate the narration of a group of stories from classical mythology and medieval folklore. Unlike Chaucer, he is not interested in the narrators, nor does he delve deeply into the complexities of human character. For Morris the tales are in themselves sufficient justification for a poetic narrative, and he lingers only to bring out the beauty of the story or the natural environment. He idealizes beauty as did the Celts, and his stories are told in the past as if in that far time such perfect beauty and happiness were alone possible. It is interesting to observe that Morris used lyric interludes with his narrative, as did the Celtic bards in the mythological and heroic cycles of early Celtic narrative poetry. The mechanical device he employed was to have a shipwrecked band of medieval fifteenth-century mariners sail from Europe, in disgust at conditions, and finally chance upon an island where live the survivors of Greek culture. Twice a month at banquets the mariners relate stories taken from European folklore, and their hosts reply with stories taken from Greek mythology, one story being told at each banquet. There are twenty-four stories in all, and the lyric headlinks cover the twelve months of the year. The attitude of Morris is revealed in the lyric to March and in that section of the narrative prologue with which our selection opens.

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to
sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little
thing,
Or bring again the pleasures of past
years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your
tears,

Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth, 10
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet
days die—

Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn
our bread, 16

These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be
dead,

Or long time take their memory quite
away 20

From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due
time,

Why should I strive to set the crooked
straight?

Let it suffice me that my murmuring
rime

Beats with light wing against the ivory
gate, 25

Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things
did show 30

That through one window men beheld
the spring,

And through another saw the summer
glow,

And through a third the fruited vines
arow,

While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December
day. 35

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of
bliss

25. *ivory gate*. In the *Aeneid* of Vergil, vi, 895-896, false dreams are said to leave the gates of Sleep by an ivory portal.

Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men
must be; 40

Whose ravening monsters mighty men
shall slay,

Not the poor singer of an empty day.

*PROLOGUE: THE WANDERERS

ARGUMENT

Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway, having considered all that they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it, and after many troubles and the lapse of many years, came, old men, to some western land, of which they had never before heard. There they died when they had dwelt there certain years much honored of the strange people.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER

Think, listener, that I had the luck to
stand,

A while ago within a flowery land,
Fair beyond words; that thence I
brought away

Some blossoms that before my footsteps
lay,

Not plucked by me, not over-fresh or
bright; 5

Yet, since they minded me of that de-
light,

Within the pages of this book I laid
Their tender petals, therein peace to fade.

Dry are they now, and void of all their
scent

And lovely color, yet what once was
meant 10

By these dull stains, some men may yet
descry

As dead upon the quivering leaves they lie.
Behold them here, and mock me if you
will,

But yet believe no scorn of men can kill
My love of that fair land wherefrom
they came, 15

Where midst the grass their petals once
did flame.

Moreover, since that land as ye should
know,

Bears not alone the gems for summer's
show,

Or gold and pearls for fresh green-coated
spring,

* Much of the Prologue has been omitted here.

Or rich adornment for the flickering
wing²⁰
Of fleeting autumn, but hath little fear
For the white conqueror of the fruitful
year,
So in these pages month by month I
show
Some portion of the flowers that erst did
blow
In lovely meadows of the varying land,
Wherein erewhile I had the luck to
stand.²⁶

MARCH

Slayer of the winter, art thou here
again?
O welcome, thou that bring'st the sum-
mer nigh!
The bitter wind makes not thy victory
vain,
Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue
sky.
Welcome, O March! whose kindly days
and dry⁵
Make April ready for the throstle's song,
Thou first redresser of the winter's
wrong!

Yea, welcome March! and though I die
ere June,
Yet for the hope of life I give thee
praise,
Striving to swell the burden of the
tune¹⁰
That even now I hear thy brown birds
raise,
Unmindful of the past or coming days;
Who sing: "O joy! a new year is begun;
What happiness to look upon the sun!"

Ah, what begetteth all this storm of bliss
But Death himself, who crying sol-
emnly,¹⁶
E'en from the heart of sweet Forget-
fulness,
Bids us, "Rejoice, lest pleasureless ye die.
Within a little time must ye go by.
Stretch forth your open hands, and
while ye live²⁰
Take all the gifts that Death and Life
may give."

6. *throstle*, thrush.

[Connecting link between PROLOGUE and
ATALANTA'S RACE]

Behold once more within a quiet land
The remnant of that once aspiring band,
With all hopes fallen away, but such as
light
The sons of men to that unfailing
night,²⁵
That death they needs must look on face
to face.
Time passed, and ever fell the days apace
From off the new-strung chaplet of their
life;
Yet though the time with no bright
deeds was rife,
Though no fulfilled desire now made
them glad,³⁰
They were not quite unhappy, rest they
had,
And with their hope their fear had
passed away;
New things and strange they saw from
day to day;
Honored they were, and had no lack of
things
For which men crouch before the feet of
kings,³⁵
And, stripped of honor, yet may fail to
have.

Therefore their latter journey to the
grave
Was like those days of later autumn-
tide,
When he who in some town may chance
to bide
Opens the windows for the balmy air,⁴⁰
And seeing the golden hazy sky so fair,
And from some city garden hearing still
The wheeling rooks the air with music
fill,
Sweet hopeful music, thinketh, Is this
spring,
Surely the year can scarce be perishing?
But then he leaves the clamor of the
town,⁴⁶
And sees the withered scanty leaves fall
down,
The half-plowed field, the flowerless
garden-plot,

28. *chaplet*, coronet or wreath. 29. *rife*, abound-
ing.

The dark full stream by summer long
forgot,
The tangled hedges where, relaxed and
dead, 50
The twining plants their withered
berries shed,
And feels therewith the treachery of the
sun,
And knows the pleasant time is well-nigh
done.

In such St. Luke's short summer
lived these men,
Nearing the goal of threescore years and
ten; 55
The elders of the town their comrades
were,
And they to them were waxen now as
dear
As ancient men to ancient men can be;
Grave matters of belief and polity
They spoke of oft, but not alone of
these; 60
For in their times of idleness and ease
They told of poets' vain imaginings,
And memories vague of half-forgotten
things,
Not true nor false, but sweet to think
upon.

For nigh the time when first that land
they won, 65
When newborn March made fresh the
hopeful air,
The wanderers sat within a chamber
fair,
Guests of that city's rulers, when the day
Far from the sunny noon had fallen
away;
The sky grew dark, and on the window-
pane 70
They heard the beating of the sudden
rain.
Then, all being satisfied with the plen-
teous feast,
There spoke an ancient man, the land's
chief priest,
Who said, "Dear guests, the year begins
today,
And fain are we, before it pass away, 75
To hear some tales of that now altered
world,

Wherefrom our fathers in old time were
hurled
By the hard hands of fate and destiny,
Nor would ye hear perchance unwillingly
How we have dealt with stories of the
land 80
Wherein the tombs of our forefathers
stand;
Wherefore henceforth two solemn feasts
shall be
In every month, at which some history
Shall crown our joyance; and this day,
indeed,
I have a story ready for our need, 85
If ye will hear it, though perchance it is
That many things therein are writ amiss,
This part forgotten, that part grown too
great,
For these things, too, are in the hands of
fate."

They cried aloud for joy to hear him
speak, 90
And as again the sinking sun did break
Through the dark clouds and blazed
adown the hall,
His clear, thin voice upon their ears did
fall,
Telling a tale of times long passed away,
When men might cross a kingdom in a
day, 95
And kings remembered they should one
day die,
And all folk dwelt in great simplicity.

ATALANTA'S RACE

Atalanta, daughter of King Schœneus, not willing
to lose her virgin's estate, made it a law to all
suitsors that they should run a race with her in
the public place, and if they failed to over-
come her should die unrevenged; and thus
many brave men perished. At last came Mila-
nion, the son of Amphi-damas, who, outrunning
her with the help of Venus, gained the virgin
and wedded her.

THROUGH thick Arcadian woods a hunter
went,
Following the beasts up, on a fresh
spring day;
But since his horn-tipped bow, but sel-
dom bent,
Now at the noontide naught had happed
to slay,

54. St. Luke's (day), October 18. The reference is to
the period of mild weather which occurs about this time.

Within a vale he called his hounds away,
 Harkening the echoes of his lone voice
 cling 6
 About the cliffs and through the beech-
 trees ring.

But when they ended, still awhile he
 stood,
 And but the sweet familiar thrush could
 hear,
 And all the day-long noises of the wood,
 And o'er the dry leaves of the vanished
 year 11
 His hounds' feet pattering as they drew
 anear,
 And heavy breathing from their heads
 low hung,
 To see the mighty cornel bow unstrung.

Then smiling did he turn to leave the
 place, 15
 But with his first step some new fleeting
 thought
 A shadow cast across his sunburnt face.
 I think the golden net that April brought
 From some warm world his wavering
 soul had caught;
 For, sunk in vague sweet longing, did he
 go 20
 Betwixt the trees with doubtful steps
 and slow.

Yet howsoever slow he went, at last
 The trees grew sparser, and the wood
 was done;
 Whereon one farewell, backward look he
 cast,
 Then, turning round to see what place
 was won, 25
 With shaded eyes looked underneath the
 sun,
 And o'er green meads and new-turned
 furrows brown
 Beheld the gleaming of King Schœneus'
 town.

So thitherward he turned, and on each
 side
 The folk were busy on the teeming
 land, 30
 And man and maid from the brown fur-
 rows cried,

Or midst the newly blossomed vines did
 stand,
 And as the rustic weapon pressed the
 hand,
 Thought of the nodding of the well-
 filled ear,
 Or how the knife the heavy bunch should
 shear. 35

Merry it was: about him sung the birds,
 The spring flowers bloomed along the
 firm dry road,
 The sleek-skinned mothers of the sharp-
 horned herds
 Now for the barefoot milking-maidens
 lowed;
 While from the freshness of his blue
 abode, 40
 Glad his death-bearing arrows to forget,
 The broad sun blazed, nor scattered
 plagues as yet.

Through such fair things unto the gates
 he came,
 And found them open, as though peace
 were there;
 Where through, unquestioned of his race
 or name, 45
 He entered, and along the streets 'gan
 fare,
 Which at the first of folk were well-nigh
 bare;
 But pressing on, and going more hastily,
 Men hurrying, too, he 'gan at last to see.

Following the last of these, he still
 pressed on, 50
 Until an open space he came unto,
 Where wreaths of fame had oft been lost
 and won,
 For feats of strength folk there were
 wont to do.
 And now our hunter looked for some-
 thing new,
 Because the whole wide space was bare,
 and stilled 55
 The high seats were, with eager people
 filled.

There with the others to a seat he gat,
 Whence he beheld a brodered canopy,

14. **cornel**, one of a family of hard-wood trees of which the dogwood is a conspicuous member.

42. **The broad sun**, etc. It was an ancient superstition that the midsummer sun brought plagues upon the earth.

'Neath which in fair array King Schœ-
neus sat
Upon his throne with councilors there-
by; 60
And underneath his well-wrought seat
and high,
He saw a golden image of the sun,
A silver image of the fleet-foot one.

A brazen altar stood beneath their feet
Whereon a thin flame flickered in the
wind; 65
Nigh this a herald clad in raiment
meet
Made ready even now his horn to wind,
By whom a huge man held a sword, en-
twined
With yellow flowers; these stood a little
space
From off the altar, nigh the starting-
place. 70

And there two runners did the sign
abide,
Foot set to foot—a young man slim and
fair,
Crisp-haired, well-knit, with firm limbs
often tried
In places where no man his strength may
spare;
Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair
A golden circlet of renown he wore, 76
And in his hand an olive garland bore.

But on this day with whom shall he con-
tend?
A maid stood by him like Diana clad
When in the woods she lists her bow to
bend, 80
Too fair for one to look on and be glad,
Who scarcely yet has thirty summers
had,
If he must still behold her from afar;
Too fair to let the world live free from
war.

She seemed all earthly matters to forget;
Of all tormenting lines her face was
clear, 86
Her wide gray eyes upon the goal were
set

Calm and unmoved as though no soul
were near.
But her foe trembled as a man in fear,
Nor from her loveliness one moment
turned 90
His anxious face with fierce desire that
burned.

Now through the hush there broke the
trumpet's clang
Just as the setting sun made eventide.
Then from light feet a spurt of dust there
sprang,
And swiftly were they running side by
side; 95
But silent did the thronging folk
abide
Until the turning-post was reached at
last,
And round about it still abreast they
passed.

But when the people saw how close they
ran,
When halfway to the starting-point they
were, 100
A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the
man
Headed the white-foot runner, and drew
near
Unto the very end of all his fear;
And scarce his straining feet the ground
could feel,
And bliss unhopèd-for o'er his heart 'gan
steal. 105

But midst the loud, victorious shouts he
heard
Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the
sound
Of fluttering raiment, and thereat,
afearèd,
His flushed and eager face he turned
around,
And even then he felt her past him
bound 110
Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her
there
Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There stood she breathing like a little
child
Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep,
For no victorious joy her red lips smiled.

63. *fleet-foot one*, Diana or the Grecian Artemis, the virgin goddess of hunting, of the woods, and of the moon.
77. *olive garland*, in token of his peaceful purpose. 79.
Diana. See note above line 63.

Her cheek its wonted freshness did but
 keep; 116
 No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and
 deep,
 Though some divine thought softened
 all her face
 As once more rang the trumpet through
 the place.

But her late foe stopped short amidst
 his course, 120
 One moment gazed upon her piteously,
 Then with a groan his lingering feet did
 force
 To leave the spot whence he her eyes
 could see;
 And, changed like one who knows his
 time must be
 But short and bitter, without any word.
 He knelt before the bearer of the
 sword; 126

Then high rose up the gleaming, deadly
 blade,
 Bared of its flowers, and through the
 crowded place
 Was silence now, and midst of it the
 maid
 Went by the poor wretch at a gentle
 pace, 130
 And he to hers upturned his sad white
 face;
 Nor did his eyes behold another sight
 Ere on his soul there fell eternal
 night.

So was the pageant ended, and all folk
 Talking of this and that familiar
 thing 135
 In little groups from that sad concourse
 broke;
 For now the shrill bats were upon the
 wing,
 And soon dark night would slay the eve-
 ning,
 And in dark gardens sang the nightin-
 gale
 Her little-headed, oft-repeated tale. 140
 And with the last of all the hunter
 went,
 Who, wondering at the strange sight he
 had seen,
 Prayed an old man to tell him what it
 meant,

Both why the vanquished man so slain
 had been,
 And if the maiden were an earthly queen,
 Or rather what much more she seemed to
 be, 146
 No sharer in the world's mortality.

"Stranger," said he, "I pray she soon
 may die
 Whose lovely youth has slain so many a
 one!
 King Schœneus' daughter is she verily,
 Who when her eyes first looked upon the
 sun 151
 Was fain to end her life but new begun,
 For he had vowed to leave but men alone
 Sprung from his loins when he from
 earth was gone.

"Therefore he bade one leave her in the
 wood, 155
 And let wild things deal with her as they
 might;
 But this being done, some cruel god
 thought good
 To save her beauty in the world's de-
 spite.
 Folk say that her, so delicate and white
 As now she is, a rough, root-grubbing
 bear 160
 Amidst her shapeless cubs at first did
 rear.

"In course of time the woodfolk slew her
 nurse,
 And to their rude abode the youngling
 brought,
 And reared her up to be a kingdom's
 curse,
 Who, grown a woman, of no kingdom
 thought, 165
 But armed and swift, mid beasts destruc-
 tion wrought,
 Nor spared two shaggy centaur kings to
 slay,
 To whom her body seemed an easy prey.

"So to this city, led by fate, she came,
 Whom, known by signs, whereof I can-
 not tell, 170
 King Schœneus for his child at last did
 claim;
 Nor elsewhere since that day doth she
 dwell,

Sending too many a noble soul to hell.—
What! thine eyes glisten! what then!
thinkest thou
Her shining head unto the yoke to
bow?
175

"Listen, my son, and love some other
maid,
For she the saffron gown will never
wear,
And on no flower-strewn couch shall she
be laid,
Nor shall her voice make glad a lover's
ear;
Yet if of Death thou hast not any fear,
Yea, rather, if thou lovest him utterly,
Thou still may'st woo her ere thou
com'st to die,
182

"Like him that on this day thou sawest
lie dead;
For, fearing as I deem the sea-born one,
The maid has vowed e'en such a man to
wed
185
As in the course her swift feet can out-
run;
But whoso fails herein, his days are done.
He came the nighest that was slain to-
day,
Although with him I deem she did but
play.

"Behold, such mercy Atalanta gives 190
To those that long to win her loveliness;
Be wise! be sure that many a maid there
lives
Gentler than she, of beauty little less,
Whose swimming eyes thy loving words
shall bless,
When in some garden, knee set close to
knee,
195
Thou sing'st the song that love may
teach to thee."

So to the hunter spake that ancient man,
And left him for his own home presently;
But he turned round, and through the
moonlight wan
Reached the thick wood, and there
'twixt tree and tree
200
Distraught he passed the long night
feverishly,

177. *saffron*, the color used for Greek bridal robes. 184.
sea-born one, Venus, who was born from the sea.

'Twixt sleep and waking, and at dawn
arose
To wage hot war against his speechless
foes.

There to the hart's flank seemed his
shaft to grow,
As panting down the broad, green glades
he flew,
205
There by his horn the dryads well might
know
His thrust against the bear's heart had
been true,
And there Adonis' bane his javelin slew;
But still in vain through rough and
smooth he went,
For none the more his restlessness was
spent.
210

So wandering, he to Argive cities came,
And in the lists with valiant men he
stood,
And by great deeds he won him praise
and fame,
And heaps of wealth for little-valued
blood;
But none of all these things, or life,
seemed good
215
Unto his heart, where still unsatisfied
A ravenous longing warred with fear and
pride.

Therefore it happed when but a month
had gone
Since he had left King Schœneus' city
old,
In hunting-gear, again, again alone, 220
The forest-bordered meads did he be-
hold,
Where still mid thoughts of August's
quivering gold
Folk hoed the wheat, and clipped the
vine in trust
Of faint October's purple-foaming must.

And once again he passed the peaceful
gate,
225
While to his beating heart his lips did lie,
That, owning not victorious love and
fate,

206. *dryads*, wood-nymphs whose individual lives are
bound up with the life of a tree. 208. *Adonis*. He was
killed by a wild boar. 211. *Argive*, Argolis was a kingdom
on the northeast shore of the Grecian Peloponnesus. 224.
must, unfermented grape juice. 227. *owning*, confessing.

Said, half aloud, "And here, too, must I
 try
 To win of alien men the mastery,
 And gather for my head fresh meed of
 fame, 230
 And cast new glory on my father's
 name."

In spite of that, how beat his heart when
 first
 Folk said to him, "And art thou come to
 see
 That which still makes our city's name
 accurst
 Among all mothers for its cruelty? 235
 Then know indeed that fate is good to
 thee,
 Because tomorrow a new luckless one
 Against the white-foot maid is pledged
 to run."

So on the morrow with no curious eyes,
 As once he did, that piteous sight he
 saw, 240
 Nor did that wonder in his heart arise
 As toward the goal the conquering maid
 'gan draw,
 Nor did he gaze upon her eyes with
 awe—
 Too full the pain of longing filled his
 heart
 For fear or wonder there to have a part.

But oh, how long the night was ere it
 went! 246
 How long it was before the dawn begun
 Showed to the wakening birds the sun's
 intent
 That not in darkness should the world
 be done!
 And then, and then, how long before the
 sun 250
 Bade silently the toilers of the earth
 Get forth to fruitless cares or empty
 mirth!

And long it seemed that in the market-
 place
 He stood and saw the chaffering folk go
 by,
 Ere from the ivory throne King Schœ-
 neus' face 255
 Looked down upon the murmur royally;

254. *chaffering*, trading, bargaining.

But then came trembling that the time
 was nigh
 When he midst pitying looks his love
 must claim,
 And jeering voices must salute his name

But as the throng he pierced to gain the
 throne, 260
 His alien face distraught and anxious told
 What hopeless errand he was bound
 upon,
 And, each to each, folk whispered to be-
 hold
 His godlike limbs; nay, and one woman
 old,
 As he went by, must pluck him by the
 sleeve 265
 And pray him yet that wretched love to
 leave.

For sidling up she said, "Canst thou live
 twice,
 Fair son? Canst thou have joyful youth
 again,
 That thus thou goest to the sacrifice,
 Thyself the victim? Nay, then, all in
 vain 270
 Thy mother bore her longing and her
 pain,
 And one more maiden on the earth must
 dwell
 Hopeless of joy, nor fearing death and
 hell.

"O fool, thou knowest not the compact
 then
 That with the three-formed goddess she
 has made 275
 To keep her from the loving lips of men,
 And in no saffron gown to be arrayed,
 And therewithal with glory to be paid,
 And love of her the moonlit river sees
 White 'gainst the shadow of the formless
 trees. 280

"Come back, and I myself will pray for
 thee
 Unto the sea-born framer of delights,
 To give thee her who on the earth may
 be

275. *three-formed goddess*. Diana was the goddess of chastity, and protected nature and wild animal life. She was also the goddess of childbirth. She has been identified with the moon and Hecate. 282. *sea-born framer*, Venus; cf. line 184.

The fairest stirrer-up to death and fights,
To quench with hopeful days and joyous
nights 285
The flame that doth thy youthful heart
consume—
Come back, nor give thy beauty to the
tomb."

How should he listen to her earnest
speech—
Words such as he not once or twice had
said
Unto himself, whose meaning scarce
could reach 290
The firm abode of that sad hardihead?
He turned about, and through the mar-
ketstead
Swiftly he passed, until before the
throne
In the cleared space he stood at last
alone.

Then said the King, "Stranger, what
dost thou here? 295
Have any of my folk done ill to thee?
Or art thou of the forest men in fear?
Or art thou of the sad fraternity
Who still will strive my daughter's mate
to be, 299
Staking their lives to win to earthly bliss
The lonely maid, the friend of Artemis?"

"O King," he said, "thou sayest the word
indeed;
Nor will I quit the strife till I have won
My sweet delight, or death to end my
need.
And know that I am called Milanion, 305
Of King Amphidamas the well-loved son;
So fear not that to thy old name, O
King,
Much loss or shame my victory will
bring."

"Nay, Prince," said Schœneus, "wel-
come to this land
Thou wert indeed, if thou wert here to
try
Thy strength 'gainst someone mighty of
his hand; 311
Nor would we grudge thee well-won mas-
tery.
But now, why wilt thou come to me to
die,

And at my door lay down thy luckless
head,
Swelling the band of the unhappy dead,
"Whose curses even now my heart doth
fear? 316
Lo, I am old, and know what life can
be,
And what a bitter thing is death anear.
O son! be wise, and hearken unto me;
And if no other can be dear to thee, 320
At least as now, yet is the world full
wide,
And bliss in seeming hopeless hearts may
hide—

"But if thou lovest life, then all is lost."
"Nay, King," Milanion said, "thy words
are vain.
Doubt not that I have counted well the
cost. 325
But say, on what day wilt thou that I
gain
Fulfilled delight, or death to end my pain?
Right glad were I if it could be today,
And all my doubts at rest forever lay."

"Nay," said King Schœneus, "thus it
shall not be, 330
But rather shalt thou let a month go by,
And weary with thy prayers for victory
What god thou know'st the kindest and
most nigh.
So doing, still perchance thou shalt not
die;
And with my good-will wouldst thou
have the maid, 335
For of the equal gods I grow afraid.

"And until then, O Prince, be thou my
guest,
And all these troublous things awhile
forget."
"Nay," said he, "couldst thou give my
soul good rest,
And on mine head a sleepy garland
set, 340
Then had I 'scaped the meshes of the net,
Nor shouldst thou hear from me another
word;
But now, make sharp thy fearful heading
sword.

336. equal, just. 340. sleepy garland, made of
poppies. 343. heading, beheading.

"Yet will I do what son of man may do,
 And promise all the gods may most de-
 sire, 345
 That to myself I may at least be true;
 And on that day my heart and limbs so
 tire,
 With utmost strain and measureless de-
 sire,
 That, at the worst, I may but fall asleep
 When in the sunlight round that sword
 shall sweep." 350

He went with that, nor anywhere would
 bide,
 But unto Argos restlessly did wend;
 And there, as one who lays all hope
 aside,
 Because the leech has said his life must
 end, 354
 Silent farewell he bade to foe and friend,
 And took his way unto the restless sea,
 For there he deemed his rest and help
 might be.

UPON the shore of Argolis there stands
 A temple to the goddess that he sought,
 That, turned unto the lion-bearing
 lands. 360
 Fenced from the east, of cold winds hath
 no thought,
 Though to no homestead there the
 sheaves are brought,
 No groaning press torments the close-
 clipped murk,
 Lonely the fane stands, far from all
 men's work.

Pass through a close, set thick with
 myrtle trees, 365
 Through the brass doors that guard the
 holy place,
 And, entering, hear the washing of the
 seas
 That twice a day rise high above the
 base,
 And, with the southwest urging them,
 embrace
 The marble feet of her that standeth
 there, 370
 That shrink not, naked though they be
 and fair.

Small is the fane through which the sea-
 wind sings
 About Queen Venus' well-wrought image
 white;
 But hung around are many precious
 things,
 The gifts of those who, longing for de-
 light, 375
 Have hung them there within the god-
 dess' sight,
 And in return have taken at her hands
 The living treasures of the Grecian
 lands.

And thither now has come Milanion,
 And showed unto the priests' wide-open
 eyes 380
 Gifts fairer than all those that there
 have shone—
 Silk cloths, inwrought with Indian fan-
 tasies,
 And bowls inscribed with sayings of the
 wise
 Above the deeds of foolish living things,
 And mirrors fit to be the gifts of
 kings. 385

And now before the sea-born one he
 stands,
 By the sweet veiling smoke made dim
 and soft;
 And while the incense trickles from his
 hands,
 And while the odorous smoke-wreaths
 hang aloft,
 Thus doth he pray to her: "O thou who
 oft 390
 Hast holpen man and maid in their dis-
 tress,
 Despise me not for this my wretched-
 ness!

"O goddess, among us who dwell below,
 Kings and great men, great for a little
 while,
 Have pity on the lowly heads that
 bow, 395
 Nor hate the hearts that love them with-
 out guile;
 Wilt thou be worse than these, and is thy
 smile
 A vain device of him who set thee here,
 An empty dream of some artificer?

352. *Argos*, the chief city of Argolis. 363. *murk*, what is left of the grape mash after the juice has been extracted. 364. *fane*, temple inclosure.

382. *Indian*, Eastern.

"O great one, some men love, and are
 ashamed; 400
 Some men are weary of the bonds of
 love;
 Yea, and by some men lightly art thou
 blamed,
 That from thy toils their lives they can-
 not move,
 And 'mid the ranks of men their man-
 hood prove.
 Alas! O goddess, if thou slayest me 405
 What new immortal can I serve but
 thee?

"Think then, will it bring honor to thy
 head
 If folk say, 'Everything aside he cast,
 And to all fame and honor was he dead,
 And to his one hope now is dead at last,
 Since all unholpen he is gone and past.
 Ah! the gods love not man, for certainly
 He to his helper did not cease to cry.'

"Nay, but thou wilt help; they who died
 before
 Not single-hearted, as I deem, came
 here; 415
 Therefore unthanked they laid their
 gifts before
 Thy stainless feet, still shivering with
 their fear,
 Lest in their eyes their true thought
 might appear,
 Who sought to be the lords of that fair
 town,
 Dreaded of men and winners of renown.

"O Queen, thou knowest I pray not for
 this; 421
 Oh, set us down together in some place
 Where not a voice can break our heaven
 of bliss,
 Where naught but rocks and I can see
 her face,
 Softening beneath the marvel of thy
 grace, 425
 Where not a foot our vanished steps can
 track—
 The golden age, the golden age come
 back!

"O fairest, hear me now who do thy will,
 Plead for thy rebel that she be not slain,

411. *unholpen*, unhelped.

But live and love and be thy servant
 still. 430
 Ah! give her joy and take away my pain,
 And thus two long-enduring servants
 gain.
 An easy thing this is to do for me,
 What need of my vain words to weary
 thee!

"But none the less this place will I not
 leave 435
 Until I needs must go my death to meet,
 Or at thy hands some happy sign receive
 That in great joy we twain may one day
 greet
 Thy presence here and kiss thy silver
 feet,
 Such as we deem thee, fair beyond all
 words, 440
 Victorious, o'er our servants and our
 lords."

Then from the altar back a space he
 drew,
 But from the Queen turned not his face
 away,
 But 'gainst a pillar leaned, until the blue
 That arched the sky, at ending of the
 day, 445
 Was turned to ruddy gold and changing
 gray,
 And clear, but low, the nigh-ebbed wind-
 less sea
 In the still evening murmured cease-
 lessly.

And there he stood when all the sun was
 down;
 Nor had he moved when the dim golden
 light, 450
 Like the far luster of a godlike town,
 Had left the world to seeming hopeless
 night;
 Nor would he move the more when wan
 moonlight
 Streamed through the pillars for a little
 while,
 And lighted up the white Queen's
 changeless smile. 455

Naught noted he the shallow, flowing sea,
 As step by step it set the wrack a-swim;

457. *wrack*, the drifted material cast up on the shore
 by the sea.

The yellow torchlight nothing noted he
 Wherein with fluttering gown and half-
 bared limb
 The temple damsels sung their midnight
 hymn; 460
 And naught the doubled stillness of the
 fane
 When they were gone and all was hushed
 again.

But when the waves had touched the
 marble base,
 And steps the fish swim over twice a day,
 The dawn beheld him sunken in his
 place 465
 Upon the floor; and sleeping there he
 lay,
 Not heeding aught the little jets of spray
 The roughened sea brought nigh, across
 him cast,
 For as one dead all thought from him
 had passed.

Yet long before the sun had showed his
 head, 470
 Long ere the varied hangings on the wall
 Had gained once more their blue and
 green and red,
 He rose as one some well-known sign
 doth call
 When war upon the city's gates doth fall,
 And scarce like one fresh risen out of
 sleep, 475
 He 'gan again his broken watch to keep.

Then he turned round; not for the sea-
 gull's cry
 That wheeled above the temple in his
 flight,
 Not for the fresh south wind that lov-
 ingly
 Breathed on the newborn day and dying
 night, 480
 But some strange hope 'twixt fear and
 great delight
 Drew round his face, now flushed, now
 pale and wan,
 And still constrained his eyes the sea to
 scan.

Now a faint light lit up the southern
 sky—
 Not sun nor moon, for all the world was
 gray, 485

But this a bright cloud seemed, that
 drew anigh,
 Lighting the dull waves that beneath it
 lay
 As toward the temple still it took its way,
 And still grew greater, till Milanion
 Saw naught for dazzling light that round
 him shone. 490

But as he staggered with his arms out-
 spread,
 Delicious, unnamed odors breathed
 around;
 For languid happiness he bowed his
 head,
 And with wet eyes sank down upon the
 ground,
 Nor wished for aught, nor any dream he
 found 495
 To give him reason for that happiness,
 Or make him ask more knowledge of his
 bliss.

At last his eyes were cleared, and he
 could see
 Through happy tears the goddess face to
 face
 With that faint image of divinity, 500
 Whose well-wrought smile and dainty
 changeless grace
 Until that morn so gladdened all the
 place;
 Then he unwitting cried aloud her name,
 And covered up his eyes for fear and
 shame.

But through the stillness he her voice
 could hear, 505
 Piercing his heart with joy scarce bear-
 able,
 That said, "Milanion, wherefore dost
 thou fear?
 I am not hard to those who love me well;
 List to what I a second time will tell,
 And thou mayest hear perchance, and
 live to save 510
 The cruel maiden from a loveless grave.

"See, by my feet three golden apples lie—
 Such fruit among the heavy roses falls,
 Such fruit my watchful damsels care-
 fully
 Store up within the best-loved of my
 walls, 515

Ancient Damascus, where the lover calls
Above my unseen head, and faint and
light
The rose-leaves flutter round me in the
night.

"And note that these are not alone most
fair
With heavenly gold, but longing strange
they bring 520
Unto the hearts of men, who will not
care,
Beholding these, for any once-loved
thing
Till round the shining sides their fingers
cling.
And thou shalt see thy well-girt, swift-
foot maid
By sight of these amidst her glory stayed.

"For bearing these within a scrip with
thee, 526
When first she heads thee from the
starting place,
Cast down the first one for her eyes to
see,
And when she turns aside, make on
apace,
And if again she heads thee in the
race, 530
Spare not the other two to cast aside
If she not long enough behind will
bide.

"Farewell, and when has come the happy
time
That she Diana's raiment must un-
bind,
And all the world seems blest with
Saturn's clime, 535
And thou with eager arms about her
twined
Beholdest first her gray eyes growing
kind,
Surely, O trembler, thou shalt scarcely
then
Forget the helper of unhappy men."

Milanion raised his head at this last
word, 540
For now so soft and kind she seemed to be

No longer of her godhead was he
feared;
Too late he looked, for nothing could he
see
But the white image glimmering doubt-
fully
In the departing twilight cold and
gray, 545
And those three apples on the steps that
lay.

These then he caught up, quivering with
delight,
Yet fearful lest it all might be a
dream,
And though aweary with the watchful
night,
And sleepless nights of longing, still did
deem 550
He could not sleep; but yet the first
sunbeam
That smote the fane across the heaving
deep
Shone on him laid in calm, untroubled
sleep.

But little ere the noontide did he
rise,
And why he felt so happy scarce could
tell 555
Until the gleaming apples met his
eyes.
Then, leaving the fair place where this
befell,
Oft he looked back as one who loved it
well,
Then homeward to the haunts of men
'gan wend
To bring all things unto a happy
end. 560

Now has the lingering month at last
gone by;
Again are all folk round the running-
place.
Nor other seems the dismal pageant-
ry
Than heretofore, but that another
face
Looks o'er the smooth course ready for
the race, 565
For now, beheld of all, Milanion
Stands on the spot he twice has looked
upon.

516. *Damascus*, in Syria, where there was an ancient cult of Venus. 526. *scrip*, wallet. 535. *Saturn's clime*, the golden age of primitive happiness.

But yet—what change is this that holds
the maid?

Does she indeed see in his glittering eye
More than disdain of the sharp shearing
blade, 570

Some happy hope of help and victory?
The others seemed to say, "We come to
die;

Look down upon us for a little while,
That, dead, we may bethink us of thy
smile."

But he—what look of mastery was
this 575

He cast on her? Why were his lips so
red?

Why was his face so flushed with happi-
ness?

So looks not one who deems himself but
dead,

E'en if to death he bows a willing head;
So rather looks a god well pleased to find
Some earthly damsel fashioned to his
mind. 581

Why must she drop her lids before his
gaze,

And even as she casts adown her eyes
Redden to note his eager glance of praise,
And wish that she were clad in other
guise? 585

Why must the memory to her heart
arise

Of things unnoticed when they first were
heard,

Some lover's song, some answering maid-
en's word?

What makes these longings, vague, with-
out a name,

And this vain pity never felt before, 590
This sudden languor, this contempt of
fame,

This tender sorrow for the time past
o'er,

These doubts that grow each minute
more and more?

Why does she tremble as the time grows
near,

And weak defeat and woeful victory
fear? 595

But while she seemed to hear her beating
heart,

Above their heads the trumpet blast
rang out,

And forth they sprang; and she must
play her part.

Then flew her white feet, knowing not a
doubt,

Though, slackening once, she turned her
head about, 600

But then she cried aloud and faster fled
Than e'er before, and all men deemed
him dead.

But with no sound he raised aloft his
hand

And thence what seemed a ray of light
there flew

And past the maid rolled on along the
sand; 605

Then trembling she her feet together
drew,

And in her heart a strong desire there
grew

To have the toy; some god she thought
had given

That gift to her, to make of earth a
heaven.

Then from the course with eager steps
she ran, 610

And in her odorous bosom laid the
gold.

But when she turned again, the great-
limbed man

Now well ahead she failed not to behold,
And, mindful of her glory waxing
cold,

Sprang up and followed him in hot pur-
suit, 615

Though with one hand she touched the
golden fruit.

Note, too, the bow that she was wont to
bear

She laid aside to grasp the glittering
prize,

And o'er her shoulder from the quiver
fair

Three arrows fell and lay before her
eyes 620

Unnoticed, as amidst the people's
cries

She sprang to head the strong Milanion,
Who now the turning-post had well-nigh
won.

But as he set his mighty hand on it,
 White fingers underneath his own were
 laid, 625
 And white limbs from his dazzled eyes
 did flit;
 Then he the second fruit cast by the
 maid,
 She ran awhile, and then as one afraid
 Wavered and stopped, and turned and
 made no stay, 629
 Until the globe with its bright fellow lay.

Then, as a troubled glance she cast
 around,
 Now far ahead the Argive could she see,
 And in her garment's hem one hand she
 wound
 To keep the double prize, and stren-
 uously
 Sped o'er the course, and little doubt had
 she 635
 To win the day, though now but scanty
 space
 Was left betwixt him and the winning-
 place.

Short was the way unto such winged
 feet;
 Quickly she gained upon him, till at
 last
 He turned about her eager eyes to
 meet 640
 And from his hand the third fair apple
 cast.
 She wavered not, but turned and ran so
 fast
 After the prize that should her bliss-ful-
 fill,
 That in her hand it lay ere it was still.

Nor did she rest, but turned about to win
 Once more an unblest, woeful vic-
 tory— 646
 And yet—and yet—why does her breath
 begin
 To fail her, and her feet drag heavily?
 Why fails she now to see if far or nigh
 The goal is? Why do her gray eyes grow
 dim? 650
 Why do these tremors run through every
 limb?

She spreads her arms abroad some stay
 to find,

Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth
 this,
 A strong man's arms about her body
 twined.
 Nor may she shudder now to feel his
 kiss, 655
 So wrapped she is in new, unbroken
 bliss;
 Made happy that the foe the prize hath
 won,
 She weeps glad tears for all her glory
 done.

SHATTER the trumpet, hew adown the
 posts!
 Upon the brazen altar break the
 sword, 660
 And scatter incense to appease the
 ghosts
 Of those who died here by their own
 award.
 Bring forth the image of the mighty
 lord,
 And her who unseen o'er the runners
 hung,
 And did a deed forever to be sung. 665

Here are the gathered folk; make no
 delay;
 Open King Schœneus' well-filled treas-
 ury,
 Bring out the gifts long hid from light of
 day—
 The golden bowls o'erwrought with
 imagery,
 Gold chains, and unguents brought from
 over sea, 670
 The saffron gown the old Phœnician
 brought,
 Within the temple of the goddess
 wrought.

O ye, O damsels, who shall never see
 Her, that Love's servant bringeth now
 to you,
 Returning from another victory, 675
 In some cool bower do all that now is
 due!
 Since she in token of her service new
 Shall give to Venus offerings rich enow—
 Her maiden zone, her arrows, and her
 bow. (1868)

663. mighty lord, Jupiter. 664. her, Venus. 674.
 servant, Milanion.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)

GENERAL NOTE

Twenty-five years after he had written *Sordello* (1840) Robert Browning reprinted it with a dedication to a friend, in which he revealed concisely the object of all his poetry. "The historical decoration was purposely of no more importance than a background requires; and my stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul. Little else is worth study. I, at least, always thought so; you, with many known and unknown to me, think so; others may one day think so; and whether my attempt remain for them or not, I trust, though away and past it, to continue ever yours, R. B." The entire energy of the poet throughout his life was spent in striving to explain the development of human souls and in discovering the medium best suited for its expression. The cry of the Anglo-Saxon, "Fate goes where it will," or "A man must meet his fate," is answered here in a ringing note of aspiration, "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

Browning gloried in the physical vigor of manhood, in the emotional and spiritual mysteries of life, and in the ardor of the search for the final explanation of life, of whose ultimate success he felt sure. But Browning mirrored the search as dramatized in the lives of others, and sought as the subjects of his poems revealing situations, especially the crucial situations in the life of an individual, which lay bare not merely a personal truth, but a universal truth as well. Therefore he developed as the proper medium for his poetry the dramatic monologue, in which the speaker consciously or unconsciously reveals himself as he tells his story. The following poems indicate Browning's preference for subjects connected with the past, especially with the Renaissance, and his development of the dramatic monologue.

MY LAST DUCHESS

NOTE

With admirable compression, Browning reveals the character and married life of an Italian duke of the Renaissance, as he shows his art treasures to the envoy of the count whose daughter he intends next to marry. While the duke pauses before the portrait of his late wife, he not only appreciates it as a work of art, but discourses, not without purpose, as to the errors of the former duchess, which brought about the termination of her career.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now. Fra Pandolf's hands

Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said⁵
"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned—since none puts by⁹
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I—
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only called that spot¹⁴
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek. Perhaps Fra Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint Must never hope to reproduce the faint Half-flush that dies along her throat";
such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough²⁰
For calling up that spot of joy. She had A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,²⁵
The dropping of the daylight in the west, The bough of cherries some officious fool Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,³⁰
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! but thanked Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame³⁴
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill

3. Fra, brother, a title of a monk or friar. Fra Pandolf is an imaginary artist. Much of the painting in the early Renaissance was done by ecclesiastics.

In speech—which I have not—to make
 your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say,
 “Just this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you
 miss,
 Or there exceed, the mark”—and if she
 let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set 40
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made
 excuse,
 —E'en then would be some stooping;
 and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no
 doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed
 without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I
 gave commands; 45
 Then all smiles stopped together. There
 she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll
 meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munifi-
 cence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretense 50
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I
 avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune,
 though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity, 55
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze
 for me! (1843)

56. *Claus of Innsbruck*, also an imaginary artist. Much excellent work in bronze was done at Innsbruck in the late Middle Ages and early Renaissance.

THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB AT ST. PRAXED'S CHURCH

ROME, 15—

NOTE

The sixteenth century in Italy was the apex of the Renaissance. To it belong Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian. In Rome, where the scene of the poem is laid, Raphael painted his supreme frescoes for the Vatican, and Michael Angelo designed St. Peter's, worked on the tomb of Pope Julius II, and painted the great frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. It was a century of amazing fusions of apparent opposites,

especially of pagan and Christian civilizations. Art concerned itself rather impartially with the sacred and the profane, without much thought of keeping them apart. Thus the Bishop, who is a figment of Browning's imagination, sees no impropriety in combining as decorations for his tomb, himself in the attitude of God the Father judging the world, Christ in a glory, and a pagan scene of drunken sensual revelry between nymphs and satyrs, for morals at this time were confused as well as art. Pagan and priest were mingled in him with superb inconsequence.

Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity!
 Draw round my bed; is Anselm keeping
 back?
 Nephews—sons mine . . . ah God, I
 know not! Well—
 She, men would have to be your mother
 once,
 Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she
 was! 5
 What's done is done, and she is dead
 beside,
 Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,
 And as she died so must we die our-
 selves,
 And thence ye may perceive the world's
 a dream.
 Life, how and what is it? As here I
 lie 10
 In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,
 Hours and long hours in the dead night,
 I ask,
 “Do I live; am I dead?” Peace, peace
 seems all.
 St. Praxed's ever was the church for
 peace;
 And so, about this tomb of mine. I
 fought 15
 With tooth and nail to save my niche,
 ye know.
 —Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my
 care;

Title. **tomb**. One phase in the development of Renaissance sculpture was concerned with tombs. From a simple slab in the floor of the church upon which was written the name of the deceased, the tomb became a complicated structure, including first a bier decorated with an ornamental frieze and many bas-reliefs, surmounted by an image of the deceased, either recumbent or seated on a throne; second, a triptych—a painting or carving in three juxtaposed panels—on the wall back of the bier, either painted or sculptured; and third, an ornamental canopy or tabernacle. **St. Praxed's**. This is a small and ancient Roman church, dating from the fifth century, built in honor of the virgin saint Praxedes, daughter of a Roman senator, who gave her riches to the poor. She lived in the second century. 1. **Vanity**, etc., Proverbs, i. 2. The Bishop is giving his verdict on life, and in a quasi-delirium, imagines himself at last preaching a sermon. 17. **cozened**, cheated.

Shrewd was that snatch from out the
 corner south
 He graced his carrion with, God curse
 the same!
 Yet still my niche is not so cramped but
 thence 20
 One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,
 And somewhat of the choir, those silent
 seats,
 And up into the aëry dome where live
 The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to
 lurk.
 And I shall fill my slab of basalt there, 25
 And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,
 With those nine columns round me, two
 and two,
 The odd one at my feet where Anselm
 stands,
 Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the
 ripe,
 As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty
 pulse. 30
 —Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-
 stone,
 Put me where I may look at him! True
 peach,
 Rosy and flawless; how I earned the
 prize!
 Draw close. That conflagration of my
 church
 —What then? So much was saved if
 aught were missed! 35
 My sons, ye would not be my death? Go
 dig
 The white-grape vineyard where the oil-
 press stood,
 Drop water gently till the surface sinks,
 And if ye find . . . ah God, I know not,
 I! . . .
 Bedded in store of rotten fig-leaves
 soft, 40
 And corded up in a tight olive-frail,
 Some lump, ah God, of *lapis lazuli*,

21. *epistle-side*, the right-hand side of the altar as one faces it. The Bishop wished to reserve for his tomb a niche in a bay of the church aisle which looked directly upon the altar and would be observed because it was near the crossing of the nave and transepts. The dome rose above the crossing of the nave and transepts, while beyond the crossing in continuation of the nave was the apse, containing the altar and the choir. 25. *basalt*, a black trap-rock used in slabs to give contrast to lighter colored marbles. 31. *onion-stone*, Cipollino; an Italian greenish-white marble which appears to have many coats, like an onion. The Bishop did not object to its looks as much as to its cheapness and widespread use. 41. *olive-frail*, a basket, usually woven of rushes in which olives were stored. 42. *lapis lazuli*, a stone of deep and vivid blue color.

Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
 Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's
 breast—
 Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas,
 all, 45
 That brave Frascati villa with its bath—
 So, let the blue lump poise between my
 knees,
 Like God the Father's globe on both his
 hands
 Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,
 For Gandolf shall not choose but see and
 burst! 50
 Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our
 years;
 Man goeth to the grave, and where is he?
 Did I say basalt for my slab, sons?
 Black—
 'Twas ever antique-black I meant! How
 else
 Shall ye contrast my frieze to come
 beneath? 55
 The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
 Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and
 perchance
 Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
 The Savior at his sermon on the mount,
 St. Praxed in a glory, and one Pan 60
 Ready to twitch the Nymph's last gar-
 ment off,
 And Moses with the tables . . . but I
 know
 Ye mark me not! What do they whisper
 thee,
 Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye hope
 To revel down my villas while I gasp 65
 Bricked o'er with beggar's moldy traver-
 tine

46. *Frascati*, a town near Rome, situated in the Alban hills, where wealthy Romans had villas to which they retired to avoid the heat and bustle of the capital. 49. *Jesu Church*, a church in Rome containing over the altar of St. Ignatius a group such as the Bishop wished to have copied for his tomb. 51. *Swift as*, etc., Job, viii, 6. The Bishop returns momentarily to his sermon. 54. *antique-black*, Nero-antico, a much finer stone than basalt. 56 ff. *The bas-relief*, etc. These lines show the spirit of Renaissance art. 57. *Pans and Nymphs*, a Bacchic revel such as appeared on Greek vases and in latter Greek sculpture. 58. *tripod*, a three-legged stool placed over the volcanic cleft at Delphi, upon which the priestess sat to receive the message of the god. Hence the tripod is a pagan sign of divine inspiration. *thyrsus*, the staff of Bacchus and his followers. It was crowned with a pine cone, and wreathed with ivy. *vase*. The Romans made magnificent vases of marble, which were used decoratively in the Renaissance. 60. *Pan*, the Greek god of farm and woodland. He had goat's legs and sometimes goat's horns and ears. 66. *travertine*, a cheap limestone from Tivoli, which is at first white, but soon becomes a dingy gray, absorbs moisture, and presents a very unlovely appearance.

Which Gandolf from his tomb-top
chuckles at!
Nay, boys, ye love me—all of jasper,
then!
'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I
grieve
My bath must needs be left behind,
alas! 70
One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
There's plenty jasper somewhere in the
world—
And have I not St. Praxed's ear to pray
Horses for ye, and brown Greek manu-
scripts,
And mistresses with great smooth mar-
bly limbs? 75
—That's if ye carve my epitaph aright,
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's
every word,
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second
line—
Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his
need!
And then how I shall lie through cen-
turies, 80
And hear the blessed mutter of the Mass,
And see God made and eaten all day
long,
And feel the steady candle-flame, and
taste
Good strong, thick, stupefying incense-
smoke!
For as I lie here, hours of the dead
night, 85
Dying in state and by such slow degrees,
I fold my arms as if they clasped a crook,
And stretch my feet forth straight as
stone can point,

68. *jasper*. The Bishop bargains for something better than travertine, and hits upon a stone much in use by the ancients, especially its dark green variety. St. John in Revelation says that the walls of the New Jerusalem are of jasper, but it is doubtful if this consideration influenced the Bishop. 70. *bath*. Many Renaissance princes and prelates used old Roman sarcophagi as baths, and frequently were buried in them. 79. *Ulpian*, a famous lawyer of second century Rome, but his style did not compare with that of Cicero (Tully) in the estimation of the Renaissance. Gandolf's epitaph is second rate like himself, in the Bishop's opinion, for the style is that of Ulpian. *Elucescebat* is not classical Latin, which would have used the simple form *elucebat*. Gandolf's memorialist has made a slip, in the Bishop's opinion, as if he had said, "He was extinguished," when he meant "He was distinguished." The bishop was a genuine scholar and wanted no such tang of the upstart ignoramus on his tomb. 82. *And see*, etc., alluding to the Mass. 87. *I fold*, etc. He imagines how he would look if carved recumbent. *crook*. The shepherd's crook or crosier, much bejeweled and overlaid with gold, is carried by the bishop as a sign of his office as shepherd of his flock.

And let the bedclothes for a mort-cloth
drop
Into great laps and folds of sculptor's-
work. 90
And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange
thoughts
Grow, with a certain humming in my ears,
About the life before I lived this life,
And this life too, popes, cardinals, and
priests,
St. Praxed at his sermon on the mount, 95
Your tall pale mother with her talking
eyes,
And new-found agate urns as fresh as
day,
And marble's language, Latin pure,
discreet,
—Aha, *ELUCESCEBAT* quoth our friend?
No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best! 100
Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage.
All *lapis*, all, sons! Else I give the Pope
My villas. Will ye ever eat my heart?
Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick;
They glitter like your mother's for my
soul, 105
Or ye would heighten my impoverished
frieze,
Piece out its starved design, and fill my
vase
With grapes, and add a vizor and a
Term,
And to the tripod ye would tie a lynx
That in his struggle throws the thyrsus
down, 110
To comfort me on my entablature
Whereon I am to lie till I must ask
"Do I live, am I dead?" There, leave
me, there!
For ye have stabbed me with ingratitude
To death—ye wish it—God, ye wish it!
Stone— 115
Gritstone, a-crumble! Clammy squares
which sweat
As if the corpse they keep were oozing
through—

89. *mort-cloth*, death-cloth, pall. 95. *sermon on the mount*. The bishop is here somewhat delirious or else not clear on his martyrology. 99. *Elucescebat*. See note on line 79. 101. *Evil and brief*, etc., the sermon again. 105. *They glitter*, etc., an amazing bit of character revelation. 108. *vizor*, a helmet or mask, such as was used ornamentally in sculpture. *Term*, a square stone post surmounted by a bust of the Roman god of boundaries, Terminus. 109. *lynx*, one of the animals that accompanied Dionysus. 111. *entablature*. The bishop refers to the slab on which his image will be placed. It is to be supported by columns or pilasters. 116. *Gritstone*, referring again to the travertine lime-stone.

And no more *lapis* to delight the world!
 Well, go! I bless ye. Fewer tapers
 there,
 But in a row. And, going, turn your
 backs 120
 —Aye, like departing altar-ministrants,
 And leave me in my church, the church
 for peace,
 That I may watch at leisure if he leers—
 Old Gandolf—at me, from his onion-
 stone,
 As still he envied me, so fair she was!
(1845)

THE LABORATORY

ANCIEN RÉGIME

NOTE

In medieval and Renaissance Europe, alchemists attained considerable skill in the development of methods of poisoning. The drug chiefly employed was arsenic, either in solution or pastille. The poison was graduated to act either quickly or slowly. In "The Laboratory" Browning does not explain the external situation more clearly and closely than to tell us that it is in an alchemist's laboratory during the old order of the French monarchy. The poem is as striking for its antitheses as for its compression, allusiveness, and omissions. Many of its clauses point the way to whole narratives. The dominant note is a fierce passion for the emotional experiences of life.

Now that I, tying thy glass mask
 tightly,
 May gaze through these faint smokes
 curling whitely,
 As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's
 smithy—
 Which is the poison to poison her,
 prithee?

He is with her; and they know that I
 know 5
 Where they are, what they do. They
 believe my tears flow
 While they laugh, laugh at me, at me
 fled to the drear
 Empty church, to pray God in, for
 them!—I am here.

Title. *Ancien Régime*, the old order; a name for that period of French history under the monarchy which terminated with the revolution. 1. *glass mask*, employed by medieval alchemists to protect the face, lungs, and eyes from the fumes given off by their experiments.

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy
 paste,
 Pound at thy powder—I am not in
 haste! 10
 Better sit thus, and observe thy strange
 things,
 Than go where men wait me and dance
 at the King's.

That in the mortar—you call it a gum?
 Ah, the brave tree whence such gold
 oozings come!
 And yonder soft phial, the exquisite
 blue, 15
 Sure to taste sweetly—is that poison
 too?

Had I but all of them, thee and thy
 treasures,
 What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures!
 To carry pure death in an earring, a
 casket, 19
 A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree-basket!

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to
 give,
 And Pauline should have just thirty
 minutes to live!
 But to light a pastille, and Elise, with her
 head,
 And her breast, and her arms, and her
 hands, should drop dead!

Quick—is it finished? The color's too
 grim! 25
 Why not soft like the phial's, enticing
 and dim?
 Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it
 and stir,
 And try it and taste, ere she fix and
 prefer!

What, a drop? She's not little, no minion
 like me!
 That's why she ensnared him; this never
 will free 30
 The soul from those masculine eyes—
 say, "no!"
 To that pulse's magnificent come-and-
 go.

23. *pastille*, a prepared lump containing aromatic material, which on being ignited would give off a strong perfume. 29. *minion*, a small, delicate creature.

For only last night, as they whispered, I
brought
My own eyes to bear on her so, that I
thought
Could I keep them one half minute fixed,
she would fall, ³⁵
Shriveled; she fell not; yet this does it all!

Not that I bid you spare her the pain!
Let death be felt and the proof remain;
Brand, burn up, bite into its grace—
He is sure to remember her dying
face! ⁴⁰

Is it done? Take my mask off! Nay, be
not morose;
It kills her, and this prevents seeing it
close:
The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's
fee—
If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt
me?

Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to
your fill, ⁴⁵
You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth
if you will!
But brush this dust off me, lest horror it
brings
Ere I know it—next moment I dance at
the King's! (1841)

43. fee, value.

THE STATUE AND THE BUST

NOTE

Browning here relates a Florentine story of how at a wedding feast the sixteenth-century Grand-Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany fell in love with the bride of one of the Riccardi family, who returned his affection; but neither spoke to the other thereafter because both lacked the impulse necessary to overcome the bars placed in their way by the jealous husband. Browning wrote many poems both on the subject of disappointed love and on the attainment, if but for one moment, of perfect love. He believed in following an ideal devotedly, even though it ran counter to the voice of the world. In this poem Browning narrates the incident in the third person, and develops the characterization simultaneously with the incident. However, he appears in person at the end of the poem to comment on the characters. It is for the reader to decide which form of narrative is the more vivid—this, or the dramatic monologue.

There's a palace in Florence, the world
knows well,
And a statue watches it from the square,
And this story of both do the townsmen
tell.

Ages ago, a lady there,
At the farthest window facing the east
Asked, "Who rides by, with the royal
air?"

The bridesmaids' prattle around her
ceased;
She leaned forth, one on either hand;
They saw how the blush of the bride in-
creased—

They felt by its beats her heart ex-
pand— ¹⁰
As one at each ear and both in a breath
Whispered, "The Great-Duke Ferdi-
nand."

That selfsame instant, underneath,
The Duke rode past in his idle way,
Empty and fine like a swordless sheath.

Gay he rode, with a friend as gay, ¹⁶
Till he threw his head back—"Who is
she?"
—"A bride the Riccardi brings home
today."

Hair in heaps laid heavily
Over a pale brow spirit-pure— ²⁰
Carved like the heart of the coal-black
tree,

Crisped like a war-steed's encolure—
And vainly sought to dissemble her
eyes
Of the blackest black our eyes endure.

And lo, a blade for a knight's emprise ²⁵
Filled the fine empty sheath of a
man—
The Duke grew straightway brave and
wise.

1. *palace*, the old Riccardi palace, now known as the Palazzo Antinori, on the Piazza Annunziata, in the middle of which the equestrian statue of Duke Ferdinand de' Medici stands facing the palace. 2. *statue*. John of Douay (1524-1608) made this. 4. *lady*. She was about to marry a Riccardi. 12. *Ferdinand*. Ferdinand I ruled Florence as Grand Duke of Tuscany (1587-1609). 21. *coal-black tree*, ebony tree. 22. *Crisped*, curled or wavy. *encolure*, mane.

He looked at her, as a lover can;
She looked at him, as one who awakes—
The past was a sleep, and her life began.

As love so ordered for both their sakes,
A feast was held that selfsame night 32
In the pile which the mighty shadow
makes.

(For Via Larga is three-parts light,
But the Palace overshadows one, 35
Because of a crime which may God
requite!

To Florence and God the wrong was
done,
Through the first republic's murder there
By Cosimo and his cursed son.)

The Duke (with the statue's face in the
square) 40
Turned in the midst of his multitude
At the bright approach of the bridal pair.

Face to face the lovers stood
A single minute and no more,
While the bridegroom bent as a man sub-
dued— 45

Bowed till his bonnet brushed the floor—
For the Duke on the lady a kiss con-
ferred,
As the courtly custom was of yore.

In a minute can lovers exchange a word?
If a word did pass, which I do not think,
Only one out of the thousand heard. 51

That was the bridegroom. At day's
brink
He and his bride were alone at last
In a bed-chamber by a taper's blink.

Calmly he said that her lot was cast, 55
That the door she had passed was shut
on her
Till the final catafalque repassed.

33. *pile*, the palace of the Medici on the Via Larga, which was later sold to the Riccardi. 34 ff. *For Via Larga*, etc. These two stanzas refer to the fact that Florence ceased to be a republic when Cosimo de' Medici was made Grand Duke of Tuscany by Pope Pius V in 1567. His son was Francesco I, who ruled Florence with unspeakable cruelty and depravity from 1574 to 1587. 57. *catafalque*, funeral canopy; i.e., until she was carried out as a corpse.

The world meanwhile, its noise and stir,
Through a certain window facing the
east
She could watch like a convent's chron-
icler. 60

Since passing the door might lead to a
feast,
And a feast might lead to so much be-
side,
He, of many evils, chose the least.

"Freely I choose, too," said the bride—
"Your window and its world suffice," 65
Replied the tongue, while the heart
replied—

"If I spend the night with that devil
twice,
May his window serve as my loop of hell
Whence a damned soul looks on para-
dise!

"I fly to the Duke who loves me well, 70
Sit by his side and laugh at sorrow
Ere I count another ave-bell.

"'Tis only the coat of a page to
borrow,
And tie my hair in a horse-boy's trim,
And I save my soul—but not to-
morrow"— 75

(She checked herself and her eye grew
dim)—
"My father tarries to bless my state;
I must keep it one day more for him.

"Is one day more so long to wait?
Moreover the Duke rides past, I know—
We shall see each other, sure as fate." 81

She turned on her side and slept. Just
so!
So we resolve on a thing and sleep.
So did the lady, ages ago.

That night the Duke said, "Dear or
cheap 85
As the cost of this cup of bliss may
prove
To body or soul, I will drain it deep!"

72. *ave-bell*, the bell announcing the time to pray to the Virgin Mary.

And on the morrow, bold with love,
He beckoned the bridegroom (close on
call,
As his duty bade, by the Duke's alcove)

And smiled, "'Twas a very funeral 91
Your lady will think, this feast of ours,
A shame to efface, whate'er befall!

"What if we break from the Arno bowers
And let Petraja, cool and green, 95
Cure last night's fault with this morn-
ing's flowers?"

The bridegroom, not a thought to be seen
On his steady brow and quiet mouth,
Said, "Too much favor for me so mean!

"But alas! my lady leaves the South. 100
Each wind that comes from the Apen-
nine
Is a menace to her tender youth.

"No way exists, the wise opine,
If she quits her palace twice this year,
To avert the flower of life's decline." 105

Quoth the Duke, "A sage and a kindly
fear.
Moreover Petraja is cold this spring—
Be our feast tonight as usual here!"

And then to himself—"Which night
shall bring 109
Thy bride to her lover's embraces, fool—
Or I am the fool, and thou art the king!

"Yet my passion must wait a night, nor
cool—
For tonight the Envoy arrives from
France,
Whose heart I unlock with thyself, my
tool.

"I need thee still and might miss per-
chance. 115
Today is not wholly lost, beside,
With its hope of my lady's counte-
nance—

"For I ride—what should I do but ride?
And passing her palace, if I list,
May glance at its window—well betide!"

94. *Arno bowers*, his gardens or palace by the river
Arno which runs through Florence. 95. *Petraja*, a sub-
urb of Florence. 120. *well betide!* may it turn out
well.

So said, so done; nor the lady missed 121
One ray that broke from the ardent
brow,
Nor a curl of the lips where the spirit
kissed.

Be sure that each renewed the vow—
No morrow's sun should arise and set 125
And leave them then as it left them now.

But next day passed, and next day yet,
With still fresh cause to wait one day more
Ere each leaped over the parapet.

And still, as love's brief morning wore,
With a gentle start, half smile, half
sigh, 131
They found love not as it seemed before.

They thought it would work infallibly,
But not in despite of heaven and earth—
The rose would blow when the storm
passed by. 135

Meantime they could profit in winter's
dearth
By store of winter's fruits that supplant
the rose—
The world and its ways have a certain
worth! 138

And to press a point while these oppose
Were simple policy—then better wait,
We lose no friends and we gain no foes.

Meanwhile, worse fates than a lover's
fate,
Who daily may ride and pass and look
Where his lady watches behind the
grate!

And she—she watched the square like a
book, 145
Holding one picture and only one,
Which daily to find she undertook.

When the picture was reached, the book
was done,
And she turned from the picture at night
to scheme
Of tearing it out for herself next sun. 150

So weeks grew months, years; gleam by
gleam

The glory dropped from their youth and
love,
And both perceived they had dreamed
a dream,

Which hovered as dreams do, still above;
But who can take a dream for a truth? 155
Oh, hide our eyes from the next remove!

One day as the lady saw her youth
Depart, and the silver thread that
streaked

Her hair, and, worn by the serpent's tooth,

The brow so puckered, the chin so
peaked— 160

And wondered who the woman was,
Hollow-eyed and haggard-cheeked,

Fronting her silent in the glass—
"Summon here," she suddenly said,
"Before the rest of my old self pass, 165

"Him, the Carver, a hand to aid,
Who fashions the clay no love will change,
And fixes a beauty never to fade.

"Let Robbia's craft so apt and strange
Arrest the remains of young and fair, 170
And rivet them while the seasons range.

"Make me a face on the window there
Waiting as ever, mute the while,
My love to pass below in the square! 174

"And let me think that it may beguile
Dreary days which the dead must spend
Down in their darkness under the aisle—

"To say—'What matters it at the end?
I did no more while my heart was warm
Than does that image, my pale-faced
friend.' 180

"Where is the use of the lip's red charm
The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,
And the blood that blues the inside
arm—

"Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,
The earthly gift to an end divine? 185
A lady of clay is as good, I trow."

169. *Robbia*. Luca della Robbia (1400-1482) developed a form of sculpture in terra cotta or bisque which was extremely popular among the Florentines and was employed not merely for bas-reliefs and statues, but for cornices of houses. He made many busts of women such as the lady here orders.

But long ere Robbia's cornice, fine
With flowers and fruits which leaves
enlace,
Was set where now is the empty shrine—

(And, leaning out of a bright blue
space, 190

As a ghost might lean from a chink
of sky

The passionate pale lady's face—

Eying ever, with earnest eye
And quick-turned neck at its breathless
stretch,

Someone who ever is passing by—) 195

The Duke sighed like the simplest
wretch

In Florence, "Youth, my dream escapes!
Will its record stay?" And he bade them
fetch

Some subtle molder of brazen shapes—
"Can the soul, the will, die out of a
man 200

Ere his body find the grave that gapes?

"John of Douay shall effect my plan,
Set me on horseback here aloft,
Alive, as the crafty sculptor can,

"In the very square I have crossed so
oft! 205

That men may admire, when future
suns

Shall touch the eyes to a purpose soft,

"While the mouth and the brow stay
brave in bronze—

Admire and say, 'When he was alive,
How he would take his pleasure
once!' 210

"And it shall go hard but I contrive
To listen the while and laugh in my
tomb

At idleness which aspires to strive."

So! while these wait the trump of
doom,

How do their spirits pass, I wonder, 215
Nights and days in the narrow room?

202. *John of Douay*. See note on line 2, page 295.

Still, I suppose, they sit and ponder
What a gift life was, ages ago,
Six steps out of the chapel yonder.

Surely they see not God, I know, 220
Nor all that chivalry of his,
The soldier-saints who, row on row,

Burn upward each to his point of bliss—
Since, the end of life being manifest,
He had burned his way through the
world to this. 225

I hear your reproach—"But delay was
best,
For their end was a crime!"—Oh, a
crime will do
As well, I reply, to serve for a test,

As a virtue golden through and through,
Sufficient to vindicate itself 230
And prove its worth at a moment's view!

Must a game be played for the sake of
pelf?
Where a button goes, 'twere an epigram
To offer the stamp of the very Guelph.

The true has no value beyond the sham.
As well the counter as coin, I submit, 236
When your table's a hat, and your
prize a dram.

Stake your counter as boldly every whit,
Venture as warily, use the same skill,
Do your best, whether winning or losing
it, 240

If you choose to play—is my principle!
Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!

The counter our lovers staked was lost
As surely as if it were lawful coin. 245
And the sin I impute to each frustrate
ghost

Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.
You of the virtue (we issue join)
How strive you? *De te, fabula!* (1855)

234. *stamp of the Guelph*. Current English money is stamped with the head of the reigning sovereign. The present English dynasty is of the Guelph family.
250. *De te, fabula!* "concerning thee is the story!"

FRA LIPPO LIPPI

NOTE

Fra Lippo Lippi (1402?-1469), the child of a Florentine butcher, was left an orphan at two years of age. When he was eight years old, an aunt put him in the Carmelite monastery in Florence, where he grew up to be a painter under the tutelage of Masaccio. For our knowledge of his life we depend upon *The Lives of the Most Excellent Italian Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, by Georgio Vasari (1511-1571). As Vasari was a gossip and frequently very biased, we hesitate to credit all his statements about the adult life of Fra Lippo Lippi, who, according to Vasari, was always out of money because of constant love affairs. We know that all his life he painted in and about Florence, and we know that his pictures, though spiritual in subject, are human and sensuous in execution. Whether Cosimo de' Medici locked him up in his palace in Florence to insure the completion of a picture, whether Fra Lippo Lippi escaped nightly by a rope of sheets to amuse himself with the Florentine girls, whether in 1458 while painting for the nuns in the convent at Prato he saw and eloped with the beautiful Lucrezia Buti, a novice or pupil of the nuns, who bore him his son Filippino Lippi, we cannot say. Browning used the first part of the story and wrought from it one of his most successful dramatic monologues. He chooses a typical though significant moment in Fra Lippo Lippi's life, and makes the painter relate his autobiography, and reveal his view of life and art. As in "Andrea del Sarto" the medium of expression is poetry, but the point of view is that of the painter. The entire poem, which begins with the arrest of Fra Lippo Lippi by the city watch just as he is returning to the Medici palace from an escapade, leads up to the climactic description of the picture of the Coronation of the Virgin, which was painted by Fra Lippo Lippi for the church of St. Ambrose as an atonement, Browning makes him say, for this night's escapade.

I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave!
You need not clap your torches to my
face.

Zooks, what's to blame? you think you
see a monk!

What, 'tis past midnight, and you go the
rounds,

And here you catch me at an alley's
end 5

Where sportive ladies leave their doors
ajar?

The Carmine's my cloister; hunt it up,
Do—harry out, if you must show your
zeal,

3. *Zooks*, an abbreviation for Gadzooks, meaning God's hooks or hands. 7. *cloister*. He had been brought up in the Florentine monastery of the Carmelites.

Whatever rat, there, haps on, his wrong
hole,
And nip each softling of a wee white
mouse, 10
Weke, weke, that's crept to keep him
company!
Aha, you know your betters? Then,
you'll take
Your hand away that's fiddling on my
throat,
And please to know me likewise. Who
am I?
Why, one, sir, who is lodging with a
friend 15
Three streets off—he's a certain. . . how
d'ye call?
Master—a . . . Cosimo of the Medici,
In the house that caps the corner. Boh!
you were best!
Remember and tell me, the day you're
hanged,
How you affected such a gullet's-gripe!
But you, sir, it concerns you that your
knaves 21
Pick up a manner nor discredit you.
Zooks, are we pilchards, that they sweep
the streets
And count fair prize what comes into
their net?
He's Judas to a tittle, that man is! 25
Just such a face! Why, sir, you make
amends.
Lord! I'm not angry! Bid your hang-
dogs go
Drink out this quarter-florin to the
health
Of the munificent House that harbors me
(And many more beside, lads! more
beside!), 30
And all's come square again. I'd like
his face—
His, elbowing on his comrade in the
door
With the pike and lantern—for the slave
that holds
John Baptist's head a-dangle by the hair

With one hand ("look you, now," as who
should say) 35
And his weapon in the other, yet un-
wiped!
It's not your chance to have a bit of
chalk,
A wood-coal or the like? or you should
see!
Yes, I'm the painter, since you style me
so.
What, brother Lippo's doings, up and
down, 40
You know them and they take you?
like enough!
I saw the proper twinkle in your eye—
'Tell you I liked your looks at very first.
Let's sit and set things straight now, hip
to haunch.
Here's spring come, and the nights one
makes up bands 45
To roam the town and sing out carnival,
And I've been three weeks shut within
my mew,
A-painting for the great man, saints and
saints
And saints again. I could not paint all
night—
Ouf! I leaned out of window for fresh
air. 50
There came a hurry of feet and little feet,
A sweep of lute-strings, laughs, and
whiffs of song—
Flower o' the broom,
Take away love, and our earth is a tomb!
Flower o' the quince, 55
I let Lisa go, and what good in life since?
Flower o' the thyme—and so on. Round
they went.
Scarce had they turned the corner when
a titter,
Like the skipping of rabbits by moon-
light—three slim shapes—
And a face that looked up . . . zooks, sir,
flesh and blood, 60
That's all I'm made of! Into shreds it
went,
Curtain and counterpane and coverlet,
All the bed furniture—a dozen knots,

17. *Cosimo of the Medici*, Cosimo de' Medici (1389-1464), the first of the Medici to give greatness to his house through his statecraft and patronage of art. He was one of the most enlightened appreciators of the Renaissance. When the guard realizes that Fra Lippo Lippi is under his protection, the Brother has nothing more to fear. 23. *pilchards*, cheap sardines. 25. *He's Judas*, etc. The painter sees the possibility of using one of the guards as a model. 28. *Drink out*, etc. Since a florin was worth about fifty cents, the guard were not in danger of getting drunk on the amount that they received.

46. *carnival*, a period of merrymaking immediately preceding Lent. 47. *mew*, cage. 53. *Flower o' the broom*, etc. Here Browning adopts a popular Italian song form known as the *stornello*. It is antiphonal, for the first singer mentions the name of a flower in one line, and the second singer caps it with two rhiming lines on a love theme. The first line usually has five syllables; the second and third have eleven each. Browning makes the reply only one line.

There was a ladder! Down I let myself,
Hands and feet, scrambling somehow,
and so dropped, 65
And after them. I came up with the
fun

Hard by St. Laurence, hail fellow, well
met—

Flower o' the rose,
If I've been merry, what matter who
knows?

And so as I was stealing back again 70
To get to bed and have a bit of sleep
Ere I rise up tomorrow and go work
On Jerome knocking at his poor old
breast

With his great round stone to subdue
the flesh,

You snap me of the sudden. Ah, I
see! 75

Though your eye twinkles still, you
shake your head—

Mine's shaved—a monk, you say—the
sting's in that!

If Master Cosimo announced himself,
Mum's the word naturally; but a monk!
Come, what am I a beast for? tell us,
now! 80

I was a baby when my mother died
And father died and left me in the street.
I starved there, God knows how, a year
or two

On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds, and
shucks,

Refuse and rubbish. One fine frosty day
My stomach being empty as your hat, 86
The wind doubled me up and down I
went.

Old Aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one
hand

(Its fellow was a stinger as I knew),
And so along the wall, over the bridge,
By the straight cut to the convent. Six
words there, 91

While I stood munching my first bread
that month:

"So, boy, you're minded," quoth the
good fat father

Wiping his own mouth—'twas refection-
time—

"To quit this very miserable world? 95
Will you renounce" . . . "the mouthful of
bread?" thought I;

By no means! Brief, they made a monk
of me;

I did renounce the world, its pride and
greed,

Palace, farm, villa, shop, and banking-
house,

Trash, such as these poor devils of
Medici 100

Have given their hearts to—all at eight
years old.

Well, sir, I found in time, you may be
sure,

'Twas not for nothing—the good belly-
ful,

The warm serge and the rope that goes
all round,

And day-long blessed idleness beside! 105
"Let's see what the urchin's fit for"—
that came next.

Not overmuch their way, I must con-
fess.

Such a to-do! they tried me with their
books.

Lord, they'd have taught me Latin in
pure waste!

Flower o' the clove, 110

All the Latin I construe is "amo," I love!
But, mind you, when a boy starves in
the streets

Eight years together, as my fortune
was,

Watching folk's faces to know who will
fling

The bit of half-stripped grape-bunch he
desires, 115

And who will curse or kick him for his
pains—

Which gentleman processional and fine,
Holding a candle to the Sacrament,

Will wink and let him lift a plate and
catch

The droppings of the wax to sell again,
Or holla for the Eight and have him

whipped— 121

How say I?—nay, which dog bites,
which lets drop

67. *St. Laurence*, the famous church of San Lorenzo.
72. *work on Jerome*. There is considerable irony in
having Fra Lippo Lippi at work on a picture of St.
Jerome (340-420), the translator of the Bible into the
Latin Vulgate, who is usually pictured as alone in the
desert, either working at his translation or beating his
breast with a stone to mortify the flesh. 88. *Lapaccia*,
the aunt who cared for Fra Lippo Lippi after the death
of his parents.

118. *Sacrament*. During processions of the Sacra-
ment or the image of the Blessed Virgin, members of
the congregation followed bearing lighted candles. 121.
Eight, the magistrates who then governed Florence.

His bone from the heap of offal in the street!
 Why, soul and sense of him grow sharp alike,
 He learns the look of things, and none the less 125
 For admonitions from the hunger-pinch.
 I had a store of such remarks, be sure,
 Which, after I found leisure, turned to use:
 I drew men's faces on my copybooks,
 Scrawled them within the antiphonary's marge, 130
 Joined legs and arms to the long music-notes,
 Found eyes and nose and chin for A's and B's,
 And made a string of pictures of the world
 Betwixt the ins and outs of verb and noun,
 On the wall, the bench, the door. The monks looked black. 135
 "Nay," quoth the Prior, "turn him out, d'ye say?"
 In no wise. Lose a crow and catch a lark.
 What if at last we get our man of parts,
 We Carmelites, like those Camaldolese
 And Preaching Friars, to do our church up fine 140
 And put the front on it that ought to be!
 And hereupon they bade me daub away.
 Thank you! my head being crammed, the walls a blank,
 Never was such prompt disemburdening.
 First, every sort of monk, the black and white, 145
 I drew them, fat and lean; then folks at church,
 From good old gossips waiting to confess
 Their cribs of barrel-droppings, candle-ends—

127. *remarks, observations.* 130. *antiphonary*, the Service Book of the Catholic Church, compiled by Gregory the Great in 590 A.D. It was called *The Antiphonary* because it contained the responses of the choir, together with the music. 139. *Carmelites*, an order established in the twelfth century on Mt. Carmel, in Syria. *Camaldolese*, an order founded in the tenth century by St. Romualdo. Their name came from their first monastery at Campo Maldoli. 140. *Preaching Friars*, the Dominicans, founded by St. Dominic, and given their name in 1215 by Pope Innocent III. *to do our church*, etc. The other monastic orders had already discovered brothers who could adorn the walls of their monasteries.

To the breathless fellow at the altar-foot,
 Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting there 150
 With the little children round him in a row
 Of admiration, half for his beard and half
 For that white anger of his victim's son
 Shaking a fist at him with one fierce arm,
 Signing himself with the other because of Christ 155
 (Whose sad face on the cross sees only this
 After the passion of a thousand years),
 Till some poor girl, her apron o'er her head
 (Which the intense eyes looked through),
 Came at eve
 On tiptoe, said a word, dropped in a loaf, 160
 Her pair of earrings, and a bunch of flowers
 (The brute took growling), prayed, and then was gone.
 I painted all, then cried, "'Tis ask and have—
 Choose, for more's ready!"—laid the ladder flat,
 And showed my covered bit of cloister-wall. 165
 The monks closed in a circle and praised loud
 Till checked, taught what to see and not to see,
 Being simple bodies—"That's the very man!
 Look at the boy who stoops to pat the dog!
 That woman's like the Prior's niece who comes 170
 To care about his asthma; it's the life!"
 But there my triumph's straw-fire flared and fumed—
 Their betters took their turn to see and say;
 The Prior and the learned pulled a face
 And stopped all that in no time. "How? what's here?" 175

149. *breathless fellow*, etc. Criminals who took refuge in a church before the secular officers apprehended them were under the protection of the church and were tried before a church court.

Quite from the mark of painting, bless
us all!
Faces, arms, legs, and bodies like the
true
As much as pea and pea! It's devil's-
game!
Your business is not to catch men with
show,
With homage to the perishable clay, 180
But lift them over it, ignore it all,
Make them forget there's such a thing as
flesh.
Your business is to paint the souls of
men—
Man's soul, and it's a fire, smoke . . . no,
it's not . . .
It's vapor done up like a newborn
babe— 185
(In that shape when you die it leaves
your mouth)
It's . . . well, what matters talking, it's
the soul!
Give us no more of body than shows
soul.
Here's Giotto, with his Saint a-praising
God!
That sets us praising—why not stop
with him? 190
Why put all thoughts of praise out of our
head
With wonder at lines, colors, and what
not?
Paint the soul, never mind the legs and
arms!
Rub all out, try at it a second time.
Oh, that white smallish female with the
breasts, 195
She's just my niece . . . Herodias, I
would say—
Who went and danced and got men's
heads cut off—
Have it all out!" Now, is this sense, I
ask?
A fine way to paint soul, by painting
body
So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go
further 200

186. *In that shape*, etc. Frequently in Byzantine and medieval mosaics and paintings the soul is represented as a small winged figure just issuing from the mouth of the deceased. 189. *Giotto* (1266-1337), the greatest painter of the early Renaissance, renowned for his frescoes of the life of St. Francis in the church at Assisi. The prior's criticism is not just, for Giotto's figures are vigorous and lifelike. 196. *Herodias*, the wife of Herod. With the help of her daughter Salome, she contrived the death of John the Baptist.

And can't fare worse! Thus, yellow
does for white
When what you put for yellow's simply
black,
And any sort of meaning looks intense
When all beside itself means and looks
naught.
Why can't a painter lift each foot in
turn, 205
Left foot and right foot, go a double
step,
Make his flesh liker and his soul more
like,
Both in their order? Take the prettiest
face,
The Prior's niece . . . patron-saint—
is it so pretty
You can't discover if it means hope,
fear, 210
Sorrow or joy? Won't beauty go with
these?
Suppose I've made her eyes all right and
blue,
Can't I take breath and try to add life's
flash,
And then add soul and heighten them
threefold?
Or say there's beauty with no soul at
all— 215
(I never saw it—put the case the same—)
If you get simple beauty and nought
else,
You get about the best thing God in-
vents—
That's somewhat. And you'll find the
soul you have missed,
Within yourself, when you return Him
thanks! 220
"Rub all out!" Well, well, there's my
life, in short,
And so the thing has gone on ever
since.
I'm grown a man no doubt, I've broken
bounds—
You should not take a fellow eight years
old
And make him swear to never kiss the
girls— 225
I'm my own master, paint now as I
please—
Having a friend, you see, in the Corner-
house!
Lord, it's fast holding by the rings in
front—

Those great rings serve more purposes
 than just
 To plant a flag in, or tie up a horse! 230
 And yet the old schooling sticks—the
 old grave eyes
 Are peeping o'er my shoulder as I work,
 The heads shake still—"It's Art's de-
 cline, my son!
 You're not of the true painters, great and
 old;
 Brother Angelico's the man, you'll find;
 Brother Lorenzo stands his single
 peer. 236
 Fag on at flesh, you'll never make the
 third!"
Flower o' the pine,
You keep your mistr . . . manners, and
I'll stick to mine!
 I'm not the third, then; bless us, they
 must know! 240
 Don't you think they're the likeliest to
 know,
 They, with their Latin? So I swallow my
 rage,
 Clench my teeth, suck my lips in tight,
 and paint
 To please them—sometimes do, and
 sometimes don't,
 For, doing most, there's pretty sure to
 come 245
 A turn—some warm eve finds me at my
 saints—
 A laugh, a cry, the business of the
 world—
(Flower o' the peach,
Death for us all, and his own life for each!)
 And my whole soul revolves, the cup
 runs over, 250
 The world and life's too big to pass for a
 dream,
 And I do these wild things in sheer de-
 spite,
 And play the fooleries you catch me at,
 In pure rage! the old mill-horse, out at
 grass
 After hard years, throws up his stiff heels
 so, 255
 Although the miller does not preach to
 him

235. **Angelico**, Fra Angelico (1387-1445), the most ethereal of the early Florentine painters. He was a member of the Dominican order. 236. **Lorenzo**, Lorenzo Monaco (1370-1425) of the Camaldolese order, who painted in the same manner as Fra Angelico, but more substantially.

The only good of grass is to make chaff.
 What would men have? Do they like
 grass or no—
 May they or mayn't they? all I want's
 the thing
 Settled forever one way. As it is 260
 You tell too many lies and hurt yourself.
 You don't like what you only like too
 much,
 You do like what, if given you at your
 word,
 You find abundantly detestable.
 For me, I think I speak as I was taught—
 I always see the Garden and God there
 A-making man's wife—and, my lesson
 learned, 267
 The value and significance of flesh,
 I can't unlearn ten minutes afterwards.
 You understand me. I'm a beast, I know.
 But see, now—why, I see as certainly 271
 As that the morning-star's about to
 shine,
 What will hap some day. We've a
 youngster here
 Comes to our convent, studies what I
 do,
 Slouches and stares and lets no atom
 drop— 275
 His name is Guidi—he'll not mind the
 monks—
 They call him Hulking Tom, he lets
 them talk—
 He picks my practice up—he'll paint
 apace,
 I hope so—though I never live so long,
 I know what's sure to follow. You be
 judge! 280
 You speak no Latin more than I, be-
 like—
 However, you're my man, you've seen
 the world
 —The beauty and the wonder and the
 power,
 The shapes of things, their colors, lights
 and shades,
 Changes, surprises—and God made it
 all! 285
 —For what? Do you feel thankful, aye
 or no,

276. **Guidi**, Masaccio, nicknamed "Hulking Tom," was in reality an elder, not a younger, contemporary of Fra Lippo Lippi. His dates are unknown, but he was at work in Florence between 1401 and 1429 in the Carmelite monastery. He was a vigorous and dramatic painter.

For this fair town's face, yonder river's
line,
The mountain round it, and the sky
above,
Much more the figures of man, woman,
child,
These are the frame to? What's it all
about? 290
To be passed over, despised? or dwelt
upon,
Wondered at? oh, this last, of course, you
say.
But why not do as well as say—paint
these
Just as they are, careless what comes of
it?
God's works—paint any one, and count
it crime 295
To let a truth slip. Don't object, "His
works
Are here already—nature is complete.
Suppose you reproduce her—(which you
can't)
There's no advantage! you must beat
her, then."
For, don't you mark? we're made so that
we love 300
First when we see them painted, things
we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to
see;
And so they are better, painted—better
to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given
for that—
God uses us to help each other so, 305
Lending our minds out. Have you no-
ticed, now,
Your cullion's hanging face? A bit of
chalk,
And trust me but you should, though!
how much more,
If I drew higher things with the same
truth!
That were to take the Prior's pulp-
it-place, 310
Interpret God to all of you! Oh, oh,
It makes me mad to see what men shall
do
And we in our graves! This world's no
blot for us,
Nor blank—it means intensely, and
means good;

307. *cullion*, rascal.

To find its meaning is my meat and
drink. 315
"Aye, but you don't so instigate to
prayer!"
Strikes in the Prior; "when your mean-
ing's plain
It does not say to folks—remember
matins—
Or, mind you fast next Friday!" Why,
for this
What need of art at all? A skull and
bones, 320
Two bits of stick nailed crosswise, or,
what's best,
A bell to chime the hour with, does as
well.
I painted a St. Laurence six months
since
At Prato, splashed the fresco in fine
style.
"How looks my painting, now the
scaffold's down?" 325
I ask a brother. "Hugely," he returns—
"Already not one phiz of your three
slaves
Who turn the Deacon off his toasted
side,
But's scratched and prodded to our
heart's content,
The pious people have so eased their
own 330
With coming to say prayers there in a
rage.
We get on fast to see the bricks beneath.
Expect another job this time next year,
For pity and religion grow i' the crowd—
Your painting serves its purpose!" Hang
the fools! 335
—That is—you'll not mistake an idle
word
Spoke in a huff by a poor monk, God
wot,
Tasting the air this spicy night which
turns
The unaccustomed head like Chianti
wine!

323. *St. Laurence*, an early Christian saint (c. 258), who is usually represented as about to be broiled to death on a gridiron. 324. *Prato*, a small town near Florence in whose cathedral and nunnery Fra Lippo Lippi worked between 1456-1458. 328. *Deacon*. St. Laurence was deacon to Pope Sixtus II. When the saint was being broiled, he remarked to his tormentors, "I'm roasted enough on this side; turn me over and eat me." 339. *Chianti*, a famous Italian wine produced chiefly in Tuscany.

Oh, the church knows! don't misreport
me, now! 340
It's natural a poor monk out of bounds
Should have his apt word to excuse him-
self.
And hearken how I plot to make amends.
I have bethought me; I shall paint a
piece
... There's for you! Give me six
months, then go, see 345
Something in Sant' Ambrogio's! Bless
the nuns!
They want a cast o' my office. I shall
paint
God in the midst, Madonna and her
babe,
Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel-
brood,
Lilies and vestments and white faces,
sweet 350
As puff on puff of grated orris-root
When ladies crowd to church at mid-
summer.
And then i' the front, of course a saint
or two—
Saint John, because he saves the Floren-
tines,
Saint Ambrose, who puts down in black
and white 355
The convent's friends and gives them a
long day,
And Job, I must have him there past
mistake,
The man of Uz (and Us without the z,
Painters who need his patience). Well,
all these
Secured at their devotions, up shall come
Out of a corner when you least expect, 361
As one by a dark stair into a great
light,
Music and talking, who but Lippo! I!—
Mazed, motionless, and moonstruck—
I'm the man!
Back I shrink—what is this I see and
hear? 365

347. *They want*, etc. Here Fra Lippo Lippi de-
scribes the picture he painted for the church of St.
Ambrose. It is known as the coronation of the Virgin.
Angels and saints surround the Virgin, who kneels before
God. At the lower right-hand corner Fra Lippo Lippi
appears, and facing him there is a lovely angel bearing
a ribboned device which reads *Iste perfecit opus* (This
one [Fra Lippo Lippi] completed the work). *cast o' my*
office, sample of my ability. 354. *Saint John*. St. John
the Baptist is the patron saint of Florence. 355.
Saint Ambrose. As the patron saint of the church
and convent, he would keep a list of benefactors to
both. 358. *Uz*, Job's city.

I, caught up with my monk's things by
mistake,
My old serge gown and rope that goes all
round,
I, in this presence, this pure company!
Where's a hole, where's a corner for es-
cape?
Then steps a sweet angelic slip of a
thing 370
Forward, puts out a soft palm—"Not so
fast!"
—Addresses the celestial presence,
"Nay—
He made you and devised you, after
all,
Though he's none of you! Could Saint
John there draw—
His camel-hair make up a painting-
brush? 375
We come to brother Lippo for all that,
Iste perfecit opus!" So, all smile—
I shuffle sideways with my blushing
face
Under the cover of a hundred wings
Thrown like a spread of kirtles when
you're gay 380
And play hot cockles, all the doors being
shut,
Till, wholly unexpected, in there pops
The hothead husband! Thus I scuttle
off
To some safe bench behind, not letting
go
The palm of her, the little lily thing 385
That spoke the good word for me in the
nick,
Like the Prior's niece... Saint Lucy, I
would say.
And so all's saved for me, and for the
church
A pretty picture gained. Go, six months
hence!
Your hand, sir, and goodbye; no lights,
no lights! 390
The street's hushed, and I know my own
way back—
Don't fear me! There's the gray be-
ginning. Zooks! (1855)

377. *Iste perfecit opus*. See first note on line 347.
380. *kirtle*, a woman's gown. 381. *hot cockles*, a rustic
game in which one covers his eyes, and guesses who
strikes him. 387. *Saint Lucy*, a virgin martyr of the
early church who lived in the time of Diocletian (284-
305). She was tortured on the discovery that she was
a Christian, but she could not be harmed or moved in
any way until finally she was slain by the sword.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

CALLED "THE FAULTLESS PAINTER"

NOTE

Browning obtained most of his biographical material about Andrea del Sarto from Vasari's *Lives of the Most Excellent Italian Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*. There is plenty of evidence that Vasari was prejudiced and opinionated—he was at one time a pupil of Andrea—but on the whole his story harmonizes well with the character of the artist as revealed in his paintings. Andrea (1486-1531), the son of a Florentine tailor, early showed an aptitude for painting and soon became noted for his faultless technique. Whatever was the cause, Andrea never was fired in his soul by his art and contented himself with exquisite execution. Consequently his figures often pose consciously, as if to stress a gesture or a sweep of their robes. What the truth about his wife is, we cannot tell. Vasari says she was the wife of a cap-maker named Recanati—her name was Lucrezia del Fede—and he adds that she was jealous, eager for money, extravagant, and faithless. Her picture, as Andrea has left it for us, is that of a beautiful, but soulless woman. Be that as it may, Andrea married her in 1512 after the death of her husband, and at once his financial difficulties began. In 1518 he went to France at the request of Francis I, but just as he was beginning to work well, Lucrezia called him home. The King gave him a sum of money with which to buy works of art for him in Italy, and requested him to return soon, to which request Andrea assented. But on reaching Florence he built himself a house with the money and never went back to France. In 1531 he caught the plague, while Florence was besieged, and died, uncared for by his wife.

But do not let us quarrel any more,
No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for once.
Sit down and all shall happen as you wish.

You turn your face, but does it bring
your heart?

I'll work then for your friend's friend,
never fear,

Treat his own subject after his own way,
Fix his own time, accept, too, his own
price,

And shut the money into this small hand
When next it takes mine. Will it?
tenderly?

Oh, I'll content him—but tomorrow,
Love!

I often am much wearier than you think,
This evening more than usual, and it
seems

As if—forgive now—should you let me sit
Here by the window with your hand in
mine

And look a half hour forth on Fiesole, 15
Both of one mind, as married people use,
Quietly, quietly, the evening through,
I might get up tomorrow to my work
Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try.
Tomorrow, how you shall be glad for this!
Your soft hand is a woman of itself, 21
And mine the man's bared breast she
curls inside.

Don't count the time lost, neither; you
must serve

For each of the five pictures we require—
It saves a model. So! keep looking so—
My serpentine beauty, rounds on
rounds! 26

—How could you ever prick those perfect ears,

Even to put the pearl there! oh, so
sweet—

My face, my moon, my everybody's
moon, 29

Which everybody looks on and calls his,
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,
While she looks—no one's; very dear, no
less!

You smile? why, there's my picture
ready made.

There's what we painters call our harmony! 34

A common grayness silvers everything—
All in a twilight, you and I alike

—You, at the point of your first pride in
me

(That's gone you know), but I, at every
point;

My youth, my hope, my art, being all
toned down

To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole. 40
There's the bell clinking from the chapel-
top;

That length of convent-wall across the
way

Holds the trees safer, huddled more in-
side;

The last monk leaves the garden; days
decrease

And autumn grows, autumn in every-
thing. 45

15. *Fiesole*, a hill town three miles west of Florence, to which many Florentines retire in summer to avoid the heat of the city.

Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape
As if I saw alike my work and self
And all that I was born to be and do,
A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's
hand.

How strange now looks the life he makes
us lead; 50

So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel he laid the fetter; let it lie!

This chamber, for example—turn your
head—

All that's behind us! You don't under-
stand

Nor care to understand about my art, 55
But you can hear at least when people
speak;

And that cartoon, the second from the
door

—It is the thing, Love! so such things
should be—

Behold Madonna! I am bold to say.

I can do with my pencil what I know, 60
What I see, what at bottom of my heart
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—

Do easily, too—when I say, perfectly,
I do not boast, perhaps. Yourself are
judge

Who listened to the Legate's talk last
week, 65

And just as much they used to say in
France.

At any rate 'tis easy, all of it!

No sketches first, no studies, that's long
past—

I do what many dream of all their lives—
Dream? strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing. I could count twenty
such 71

On twice your fingers, and not leave this
town,

Who strive—you don't know how the
others strive

To paint a little thing like that you
smeared

Carelessly passing with your robes
afloat, 75

Yet do much less, so much less, someone
says,

(I know his name, no matter) so much
less!

Well, less is more, Lucrezia! I am judged.
There burns a truer light of God in them,

57. *cartoon*, an outline drawing from which a picture
may be traced.

In their vexed, beating, stuffed, and
stopped-up brain, 80

Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to
prompt

This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's
hand of mine.

Their works drop groundward, but them-
selves, I know,

Reach many a time a heaven that's shut
to me,

Enter and take their place there sure
enough, 85

Though they come back and cannot tell
the world.

My works are nearer heaven, but I sit
here.

The sudden blood of these men! at a
word—

Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it
boils, too.

I, painting from myself and to myself, 90
Know what I do, am unmoved by men's
blame

Or their praise either. Somebody re-
marks

Morello's outline there is wrongly
traced,

His hue mistaken—what of that? or else,
Rightly traced and well ordered—what

of that? 95

Speak as they please, what does the
mountain care?

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his
grasp,

Or what's a heaven for? all is silver-gray
Placid and perfect with my art—the
worse!

I know both what I want and what
might gain— 100

And yet how profitless to know, to sigh
"Had I been two, another and myself,

Our head would have o'erlooked the
world!" No doubt.

Yonder's a work, now, of that famous
youth,

The Urbinate who died five years ago.

('Tis copied, George Vasari sent it me.) 106

Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to
see,

93. **Morello**, the highest ridge of the Apennines, north of Florence. 105. **Urbinate**, Raphael (1483-1520), who was born in Urbino. 106. **George Vasari**, the pupil of Andrea who wrote *The Lives of the Most Excellent Italian Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*.

Reaching, that Heaven might so replenish him,
 Above and through his art—for it gives way;
 That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
 A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
 Its body, so to speak! its soul is right,
 He means right—that a child may understand.
 Still, what an arm! and I could alter it.
 But all the play, the insight, and the stretch—
 Out of me! out of me! And wherefore out?
 Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
 We might have risen to Rafael, I and you.
 Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think—
 More than I merit, yes, by many times.
 But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,
 And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
 And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
 The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—
 Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
 Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged
 "God and the glory! never care for gain.
 The present by the future, what is that?
 Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo!
 Rafael is waiting. Up to God all three!"
 I might have done it for you. So it seems—
 Perhaps not. All is as God overrules.
 Beside, incentives come from the soul's self;
 The rest avail not. Why do I need you?
 What wife had Rafael, or has Agnolo?
 In this world, who can do a thing, will not—
 And who would do it, cannot, I perceive.
 Yet the will's somewhat—somewhat, too, the power—
 And thus we half-men struggle. At the end,

130. **Agnolo**, Michael Angelo (1475-1564), who was one of the greatest artists of the Renaissance, being a master in sculpture, painting, and architecture.

God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.
 'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,
 That I am something underrated here,
 Poor this long while, despised, to speak the truth.
 I dared not, do you know, leave home all day,
 For fear of chancing on the Paris lords.
 The best is when they pass and look aside;
 But they speak sometimes; I must bear it all.
 Well may they speak! That Francis, that first time,
 And that long festal year at Fontainebleau!
 I surely then could sometimes leave the ground,
 Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,
 In that humane great monarch's golden look—
 One finger in his beard or twisted curl
 Over his mouth's good mark that made the smile,
 One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,
 The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,
 I painting proudly with his breath on me,
 All his court round him, seeing with his eyes,
 Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of souls
 Profuse, my hand kept plying by those hearts—
 And, best of all, this, this, this face beyond,
 This in the background, waiting on my work,
 To crown the issue with a last reward!
 A good time, was it not, my kingly days?
 And had you not grown restless—but I know—
 'Tis done and past; 'twas right, my instinct said;
 Too live the life grew, golden and not gray—
 And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should tempt
 Out of the grange whose four walls make his world.

150. **Fontainebleau**, one of the royal palaces of France, about thirty-seven miles southeast of Paris. It was there that Andrea worked for Francis in 1518.
 170. **grange**, farmhouse or barn.

How could it end in any other way?
You called me, and I came home to
your heart.

The triumph was—to reach and stay
there; since

I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?
Let my hands frame your face in your
hair's gold, 175

You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!
"Rafael did this, Andrea painted that—
The Roman's is the better when you
pray,

But still the other's Virgin was his
wife—"

Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge
Both pictures in your presence; clearer
grows 181

My better fortune, I resolve to think.
For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God
lives,

Said one day Agnolo, his very self,
To Rafael . . . I have known it all these
years . . . 185

(When the young man was flaming out
his thoughts

Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,
Too lifted up in heart because of it)
"Friend, there's a certain sorry little
scrub

Goes up and down our Florence, none
cares how, 190

Who, were he set to plan and execute
As you are pricked on by your popes and
kings,

Would bring the sweat into that brow of
yours!"

To Rafael's!—And indeed the arm is
wrong.

I hardly dare—yet, only you to see, 195
Give the chalk here—quick, thus the
line should go!

Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!
Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,
(What he? why, who but Michel Agnolo?
Do you forget already words like those?)
If really there was such a chance, so lost,
Is, whether you're—not grateful—but
more pleased. 202

Well, let me think so. And you smile
indeed!

This hour has been an hour! Another
smile?

If you would sit thus by me every night,
I should work better, do you compre-
hend? 206

I mean that I should earn more, give you
more.

See, it is settled dusk now; there's a star;
Morello's gone, the watch-lights show
the wall,

The cue-owls speak the name we call
them by. 210

Come from the window, Love—come in,
at last,

Inside the melancholy little house
We built to be so gay with. God is just.
King Francis may forgive me. Oft at
nights

When I look up from painting, eyes tired
out, 215

The walls become illumined, brick from
brick

Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright
gold,

That gold of his I did cement them with!
Let us but love each other. Must you go?
That Cousin here again? he waits out-
side? 220

Must see you—you, and not with me?
Those loans!

More gaming debts to pay? you smiled
for that?

Well, let smiles buy me! have you more
to spend?

While hand and eye and something of a
heart

Are left me, work's my ware, and what's
it worth? 225

I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit
The gray remainder of the evening out,
Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly
How I could paint were I but back in
France,

One picture, just one more—the Virgin's
face, 230

Not yours this time! I want you at my
side

To hear them—that is, Michel Agnolo—
Judge all I do and tell you of its worth.

Will you? Tomorrow, satisfy your friend.
I take the subjects for his corridor, 235
Finish the portrait out of hand—there,
there,

178. **The Roman's**, because Raphael painted much
in Rome.

210. **cue-owls**. Every country explains the meaning
of the owl's call by some word which sounds like the call.
The Italian word which most closely approximates the
call of the owl is "chiu" or "ciu."

And throw him in another thing or two
 If he demurs; the whole should prove
 enough
 To pay for this same Cousin's freak.
 Beside,
 What's better and what's all I care
 about,
 Get you the thirteen scudi for the ruff.
 Love, does that please you? Ah, but
 what does he,
 The Cousin, what does he to please you
 more?

I am grown peaceful as old age to-
 night.
 I regret little, I would change still less.
 Since there my past life lies, why alter
 it?
 The very wrong to Francis! it is true
 I took his coin, was tempted and com-
 plied,
 And built this house and sinned, and all
 is said.
 My father and my mother died of
 want—
 Well, had I riches of my own? you see
 How one gets rich! Let each one bear
 his lot.
 They were born poor, lived poor, and
 poor they died;
 And I have labored somewhat in my
 time
 And not been paid profusely. Some
 good son
 Paint my two hundred pictures—let
 him try!
 No doubt there's something strikes a
 balance. Yes,
 You loved me quite enough, it seems to-
 night.
 This must suffice me here. What would
 one have?
 In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one
 more chance—
 Four great walls in the New Jerusalem,
 Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
 For Leonard, Rafael, Agnolo, and me

241. *scudi*, Italian silver coins named *scudi* from the shield on them. Each was normally worth about ninety-seven cents. 261. *New Jerusalem*, heaven; mentioned in the Revelation of St. John, xxi, 15-17. 262. *Meted*, measured. 263. *Leonard*, Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), who alone excelled Michael Angelo in versatility, for he was painter, sculptor, architect, and engineer. It is interesting to note that he, too, worked for Francis I, and that he died in France and is buried at Amboise.

To cover—the three first without a wife,
 While I have mine! So—still they over-
 come
 Because there's still Lucrezia—as I
 choose.

Again the Cousin's whistle! Go, my
 Love.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
 (1809-1892)

*RIZPAH

NOTE

Tennyson's attention was drawn to this subject by an account of a similar incident in a penny magazine called *Old Brighton*. Little use is made of the biblical narrative in the poem itself, except for the atmosphere. When Rizpah's two sons were hanged (II Samuel, xxi) she guarded their bodies from the beasts and the birds until the autumn rains. Tennyson stresses a mother's emotional reaction to a similar incident, of which the Bible gives nothing.

Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over
 land and sea—
 And Willy's voice in the wind, "O
 mother, come out to me!"
 Why should he call me tonight, when he
 knows that I cannot go?
 For the downs are as bright as day, and
 the full moon stares at the snow.
 We should be seen, my dear; they would
 spy us out of the town.
 The loud black nights for us, and the
 storm rushing over the down,
 When I cannot see my own hand, but
 am led by the creak of the chain,
 And grovel and grope for my son till I
 find myself drenched with the rain.
 Anything fallen again? nay—what was
 there left to fall?
 I have taken them home, I have num-
 bered the bones, I have hidden
 them all.
 What am I saying? and what are you?
 do you come as a spy?
 Falls? what falls? who knows? As the
 tree falls so must it lie.

*Cf. "A Warning for All Desperate Women" (page 234), and "Number 3 on the Docket" (page 331). 4. *downs*, upland meadows. 11. *you*. Tennyson introduced a listener to motivate the monologue.

Who let her in? how long has she been?
 you—what have you heard?
 Why did you sit so quiet? you never
 have spoken a word.
 O—to pray with me—yes—a lady—
 none of their spies— 15
 But the night has crept into my heart,
 and begun to darken my eyes.

Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what
 should *you* know of the night,
 The blast and the burning shame and
 the bitter frost and the fright?
 I have done it, while you were asleep—
 you were only made for the day.
 I have gathered my baby together—and
 now you may go your way. 20

Nay—for it's kind of you, madam, to sit
 by an old dying wife.
 But say nothing hard of my boy, I have
 only an hour of life.
 I kissed my boy in the prison, before he
 went out to die.
 "They dared me to do it," he said, and
 he never has told me a lie.
 I whipped him for robbing an orchard
 once when he was but a child— 25
 "The farmer dared me to do it," he said;
 he was always so wild—
 And idle—and couldn't be idle—my
 Willy—he never could rest.
 The King should have made him a sol-
 dier, he would have been one of his
 best.

But he lived with a lot of wild mates,
 and they never would let him be
 good;
 They swore that he dare not rob the
 mail, and he swore that he would;
 And he took no life, but he took one
 purse, and when all was done 31
 He flung it among his fellows—"I'll
 none of it," said my son.

I came into court to the judge and the
 lawyers. I told them my tale,
 God's own truth—but they killed him,
 they killed him for robbing the mail.
 They hanged him in chains for a show—
 we had always borne a good name—
 To be hanged for a thief—and then put
 away—isn't that enough shame? 36

Dust to dust—low down—let us hide!
 but they set him so high
 That all the ships of the world could
 stare at him, passing by.
 God'll pardon the hell-black raven and
 horrible fowls of the air,
 But not the black heart of the lawyer
 who killed him and hanged him
 there. 40

And the jailer forced me away. I had
 bid him my last goodbye;
 They had fastened the door of his cell.
 "O mother!" I heard him cry.
 I couldn't get back, though I tried; he
 had something further to say,
 And now I never shall know it. The
 jailer forced me away.

Then since I couldn't but hear that cry
 of my boy that was dead, 45
 They seized me and shut me up; they
 fastened me down on my bed.
 "Mother, O mother!"—he called in the
 dark to me year after year—
 They beat me for that, they beat me—
 you know that I couldn't but
 hear;
 And then at the last they found I had
 grown so stupid and still
 They let me abroad again—but the
 creatures had worked their
 will. 50
 Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of
 my bone was left—
 I stole them all from the lawyers—and
 you, will you call it a theft?—
 My baby, the bones that had sucked me,
 the bones that had laughed and had
 cried—
 Theirs? O no! they are mine—not
 theirs—they had moved in my
 side.

Do you think I was scared by the bones?
 I kissed 'em, I buried 'em all— 55
 I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night
 by the churchyard wall.
 My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the
 trumpet of judgment 'ill sound,
 But I charge you never to say that I laid
 him in holy ground.

58. **holy ground**, the churchyard. Executed criminals were not allowed burial in consecrated ground.

They would scratch him up—they would
hang him again on the curséd tree.
Sin? O yes, we are sinners, I know—let
all that be, 60
And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's
goodwill toward men—
"Full of compassion and mercy, the
Lord"—let me hear it again;
"Full of compassion and mercy—long-
suffering." Yes, O yes!
For the lawyer is born but to murder—
the Savior lives but to bless.
He'll never put on the black cap except
for the worst of the worst, 65
And the first may be last—I have
heard it in church—and the last
may be first.
Suffering—oh, long-suffering—yes, as
the Lord must know,
Year after year in the mist and the wind
and the shower and the snow.

Heard, have you? what? they have
told you he never repented his sin.
How do they know it? are *they* his
mother? are *you* of his kin? 70
Heard! have you ever heard, when the
storm on the downs began,
The wind that 'ill wail like a child and
the sea that 'ill moan like a man?

Election, Election, and Reprobation—
it's all very well.
But I go tonight to my boy, and I shall
not find him in hell.
For I cared so much for my boy that the
Lord has looked into my care, 75
And he means me I'm sure to be happy
with Willy, I know not where.

And if *he* be lost—but to save *my* soul,
that is all your desire—
Do you think that I care for *my* soul if
my boy be gone to the fire?
I have been with God in the dark—go,
go, you may leave me alone—
You never have borne a child—you are
just as hard as a stone. 80

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that
you mean to be kind,

73. **Election and Reprobation.** a reference to the Calvinistic belief that God foreordains certain people to be saved and others to sin and eternal punishment

But I cannot hear what you say for my
Willy's voice in the wind—
The snow and the sky so bright—he used
but to call in the dark,
And he calls to me now from the church
and not from the gibbet—for hark!
Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is
coming—shaking the walls— 85
Willy—the moon's in a cloud—Good-
night. I am going. He calls.
(1880)

ALFRED NOYES (1880-)

*THE HIGHWAYMAN

NOTE

The romantic appeal of the highwayman is well expressed in Stevenson's "A Gossip on Romance" (page 1059). In his poem Noyes took a theme which was common enough to the ballad and so developed it as to bring out its inherent romance. In like manner he took the simple ballad stanza and elaborated it until it became much more subtle and powerful than the original stanza as a medium for expressing the emotion aroused by the story. The poem shows a fusion of literary types; it borrows both from the lyric and the ballad whatever is needed to relate the incident in an atmosphere of romantic beauty. In "The Highwayman" the narrative element predominates; in "The Barrel-Organ," the lyric (see page 629). Both poems are romantic, both appeal to the emotions, but from a different point of view.

PART ONE

The wind was a torrent of darkness
among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed
upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over
the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding— 5
The highwayman came riding, up to the
old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his fore-
head, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches
of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle; his
boots were up to the thigh!

* Reprinted by permission from *Collected Poems*, Vol. I, by Alfred Noyes. Copyright 1906, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

2. **galleon**, a large merchant vessel of medieval and Renaissance times.

And he rode with a jeweled twinkle, 10
 His pistol butts a-twinkle,
 His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the
 jeweled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed
 in the dark inn-yard,
 And he tapped with his whip on the
 shutters, but all was locked and
 barred;
 He whistled a tune to the window, and
 who should be waiting there 15
 But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
 Bess, the landlord's daughter,
 Plaiting a dark-red love-knot into her
 long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a
 stable-wicket creaked
 Where Tim the ostler listened; his face
 was white and peaked; 20
 His eyes were hollows of madness, his
 hair like moldy hay,
 But he loved the landlord's daughter,
 The landlord's red-lipped daughter.
 Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard
 the robber say—

“One kiss, my bonny sweetheart; I'm
 after a prize tonight, 25
 But I shall be back with the yellow gold
 before the morning light;
 Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry
 me through the day,
 Then look for me by moonlight,
 Watch for me by moonlight,
 I'll come to thee by moonlight, though
 hell should bar the way.” 30

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce
 could reach her hand,
 But she loosened her hair i' the case-
 ment! His face burned like a
 brand
 As the black cascade of perfume came
 tumbling over his breast;
 And he kissed its waves in the moon-
 light
 (Oh, sweet black waves in the moon-
 light); 35
 Then he tugged at his rein in the moon-
 light, and galloped away to the
 west.

PART TWO

He did not come in the dawning; he did
 not come at noon;
 And out o' the tawny sunset, before the
 rise o' the moon,
 When the road was a gipsy's ribbon,
 looping the purple moor,
 A redcoat troop came marching— 40
 Marching—marching—
 King George's men came marching, up
 to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they
 drank his ale instead,
 But they gagged his daughter and bound
 her to the foot of her narrow bed;
 Two of them knelt at her casement, with
 muskets at their side! 45
 There was death at every window;
 And hell at one dark window;
 For Bess could see, through her case-
 ment, the road that *he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with
 many a sniggering jest;
 They had bound a musket beside her,
 with the barrel beneath her
 breast! 50
 “Now keep good watch!” and they
 kissed her.

She heard the dead man say—
Look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though
hell should bar the way! 55

She twisted her hands behind her, but
 all the knots held good!
 She writhed her hands till her fingers
 were wet with sweat or blood!
 They stretched and strained in the dark-
 ness, and the hours crawled by
 like years,
 Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
 Cold, on the stroke of midnight, 60
 The tip of one finger touched it! The
 trigger at least was hers!

49. **attention**, the first position of the soldier when preparing to execute any maneuver. The butt of his rifle rests on the ground at his right, and he grasps the barrel in his right hand. In irony, the soldiers bound Bess in this position to watch the return and slaughter of her lover.

The tip of one finger touched it; she
 strove no more for the rest!
 Up, she stood up to attention, with the
 barrel beneath her breast;
 She would not risk their hearing; she
 would not strive again;
 For the road lay bare in the moon-
 light, 65
 Blank and bare in the moonlight;
 And the blood of her veins in the moon-
 light throbbed to her love's re-
 frain.

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it?
 The horse-hoofs ringing clear;
Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were
 they deaf that they did not hear?
 Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the
 brow of the hill, 70
 The highwayman came riding,
 Riding, riding!
 The redcoats looked to their priming!
 She stood up, straight and still!

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot,*
 in the echoing night!
 Nearer he came and nearer! Her face
 was like a light! 75
 Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she
 drew one last deep breath;
 Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
 Her musket shattered the moon-
 light,
 Shattered her breast in the moonlight
 and warned him—with her death.

He turned; he spurred to the west; he
 did not know who stood 80
 Bowed, with her head o'er the musket,
 drenched with her own red blood!
 Not till the dawn he heard it, his face
 grew gray to hear
 How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
 The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
 Had watched for her love in the moon-
 light, and died in the darkness
 there. 85

Back he spurred like a madman, shriek-
 ing a curse to the sky,
 With the white road smoking behind him
 and his rapier brandished high!—
 Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden
 noon, wine-red was his velvet coat,

When they shot him down on the high-
 way,
 Down like a dog on the high-
 way, 90
 And he lay in his blood on the highway,
 with the bunch of lace at his
 throat.

* * * * *

And still of a winter's night, they say,
when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed
upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight
over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding— 95
Riding—riding—
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old
inn-door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in
the dark inn-yard;
And he taps with his whip on the shutters,
but all is locked and barred;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who
should be waiting there 100
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark-red love-knot into her long
black hair. (1906)

JOHN MASEFIELD (1874-)

NOTE

We are too near the narrative poetry of Masefield to evaluate it finally, but for the purposes of this book the place he represents in the development of modern narrative poetry is clear. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the field of human vision seemed to broaden under the stimuli which we have noted in the essay on modern narrative poetry, and the first tendency was for each poet to emphasize the phase which he saw most clearly, as Coleridge did with the supernatural in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. At the beginning of the twentieth century Masefield unified and simplified once more the presentation of the underlying truths of life, and in his narrative poems has portrayed these truths naturally and with tremendous power, partly because he shows how the most awful catastrophes are implicit in the most ordinary events. The average man moving through life oblivious to the forces of Fate, may be caught like a rat in a trap; nor will Fate yield to entreaty. And how superbly remorseless Fate appears in "The River!"

The most fitting introduction to the poem is what Masefield says of it in the preface to the first

volume of his *Poems and Plays*, 1919. "After 'The Wanderer' (in 1913) I wrote 'The River,' a tale current among sailors as having happened in the Hugli River, not far from Calcutta, at some unknown time, not very long ago. I have had versions of the tale from three or four sailors, all agreeing, that the ship struck, had her fo'c'sle jammed, and was held on the quicksand for some time, but at last sank, with all her forward hands except one man who dived through a manhole into the hold, as I have described, and by luck or Fate reached the fore hatch and escaped."

* THE RIVER

All other waters have their time of peace,
Calm, or the turn of tide or summer
drought;

But on these bars the tumults never
cease;

In violent death this river passes out.

Brimming she goes, a bloody-colored rush
Hurrying her heaped disorder, rank on
rank, 6

Bubbleless speed so still that in the hush
One hears the mined earth dropping
from the bank,

Slipping in little falls whose tingeings
drown,

Sunk by the waves forever pressing on,
Till with a stripping crash the tree goes
down, 11

Its washing branches flounder and are
gone.

Then, roaring out aloud, her water
spreads,

Making a desolation where her waves
Shriek and give battle, tossing up their
heads, 15

Tearing the shifting sandbanks into
graves,

Changing the raddled ruin of her course
So swiftly that the pilgrim on the shore
Hears the loud whirlpool laughing like a
horse

Where the scurfed sand was parched an
hour before. 20

* Reprinted by permission from *Collected Poems*, by John Masefield. Copyright, 1918, by the Macmillan Company.

8. *mined earth*, etc. As the river current undermines the bank, little cascades of earth pour into the water, tinge its surface for a moment, and disappear. 17. *raddled*, mingled. 20. *scurfed*, cast up, refuse.

And always underneath that heaving
tide

The changing bottom runs, or piles, or
quakes,

Flinging immense heaps up to wallow
wide,

Sucking the surface into whirls like
snakes.

If anything should touch that shifting
sand, 25

All the blind bottom sucks it till it sinks;
It takes the clipper ere she comes to

land,
It takes the thirsting tiger as he drinks.

And on the river pours—it never tires;
Blind, hungry, screaming, day and night

the same 30

Purposeless hurry of a million ires,
Mad as the wind, as merciless as flame.

* * * * *

There was a full-rigged ship, the *Travan-*
core,

Towing to port against that river's
rage—

A glittering ship made sparkling for the
shore, 35

Taut to the pins in all her equipage.

Clanging, she topped the tide; her sails
were furled,

Her men came loitering downward from
the yards;

They who had brought her half across
the world;

Trampling so many billows into
shards, 40

Now looking up, beheld their duty done,
The ship approaching port, the great
masts bare,

Gaunt as three giants striding in the sun,
Proud, with the colors tailing out like
hair.

So, having coiled their gear, they left the
deck; 45

Within the fo'c'sle's gloom of banded
steel,

30 ff. *Blind, hungry*, etc. Compare the significance of this description with the descriptions in *Beowulf* and *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. 40. *shards*, fragments.

Mottled like wood with many a painted
speck,
They brought their plates and sat about
a meal.

Then pushing back the tins, they lit
their pipes,
Or slept, or played at cards, or gently
spoke; 50
Light from the portholes shot in dusty
stripes
Tranquilly moving, sometimes blue with
smoke.

These sunbeams sidled when the vessel
rolled;
Their lazy dust-strips crossed the floor,
Lighting a man-hole leading to the
hold, 55
A man-hole leaded down the day be-
fore.

Like gold the solder on the man-hole
shone;
A few flies threading in a drowsy dance
Slept in their pattern, darted, and were
gone.
The river roared against the ship's ad-
vance. 60

And quietly sleep came upon the crew,
Man by man drooped upon his arms and
slept;
Without, the tugboat dragged the vessel
through,
The rigging whined, the yelling water
leapt,

Till blindly a careering wave's col-
lapse 65
Rose from beneath her bows and spouted
high,
Spirting the fo'c's'le floor with noisy
slaps;
A sleeper at the table heaved a sigh,

And lurched, half-drunk with sleep,
across the floor,
Muttering and blinking like a man
insane, 70
Cursed at the river's tumult, shut the
door,
Blinked, and lurched back and fell
asleep again.

Then there was greater silence in the
room;
Ship's creakings ran along the beams and
died;
The lazy sunbeams loitered up the
gloom, 75
Stretching and touching till they reached
the side.

* * * * *

Yet something jerking in the vessel's
course
Told that the tug was getting her in
hand,
As, at a fence, one steadies down a horse,
To rush the whirlpool on Magellan
Sand; 80

And in the uneasy water just below
Her Mate inquired if the men should
stir
And come on deck? Her Captain
answered, "No,
Let them alone; the tug can manage
her."

Then, as she settled down and gathered
speed, 85
Her Mate inquired again if they should
come
"Just to be ready there in case of need,
Since, on such godless bars, there might
be some."

But "No," the Captain said, "the men
have been
Boxing about since midnight; let them
be. 90
The pilot's able and the ship's a queen;
The hands can rest until we come to
quay."

They ceased; they took their stations.
Right ahead
The whirlpool heaped and sucked; in
tenor tone
The steady leadsman chanted at the
lead; 95
The ship crept forward trembling to the
bone.

And just above the worst a passing wave
Brought to the line such unexpected
stress

That as she tossed her bows her towrope
gave,
Snapped at the collar like a stalk of
cress. 100

Then, for a ghastly moment, she was
loose,
Blind in the whirlpool, groping for a
guide;
Swinging adrift without a moment's
truce,
She struck the sand and fell upon her
side.

And instantly the sand beneath her
gave 105
So that she righted and again was flung,
Grinding the quicksand open for a grave,
Straining her masts until the steel was
sprung.

The foremast broke; its mighty bulk of
steel
Fell on the fo'c'sle door and jammed it
tight; 110
The sand-rush heaped her to an even
keel,
She settled down, resigned, she made no
fight,

But like an overladen beast, she lay
Dumb in the mud with billows at her
lips,
Broken, where she had fallen in the way,
Grinding her grave among the bones of
ships. 116

* * * * *

At the first crashing of the mast the men
Sprang from their sleep to hurry to the
deck;
They found that Fate had caught them
in a pen;
The door that opened out was jammed
with wreck. 120

Then, as, with shoulders down, their
gathered strength
Hove on the door, but could not make it
stir,
They felt the vessel tremble through her
length;
The tug, made fast again, was plucking
her,

Plucking, and causing motion, till it
seemed 125
That she would get her off; they heard
her screw
Mumble the bubbled rip-rap as she
steamed;
"Please God, the tug will shift her!" said
the crew.

"She's off!" the seamen said; they felt
her glide,
Scraping the bottom with her bilge,
until 130
Something collapsing clanged along her
side;
The scraping stopped; the tugboat's
screw was still.

"She's holed!" a voice without cried;
"holed and jammed—
Holed on the old *Magellan*, sunk last
June.
I lose my ticket and the men are
damned; 135
They'll drown like rats unless we free
them soon.

"My God, they shall not!" and the
speaker beat
Blows with a crow upon the foremast's
wreck;
Minute steel splinters fell about his
feet;
No tremor stirred the ruin on the
deck. 140

And as their natures bade, the seamen
learned
That they were doomed within that
buried door;
Some cursed, some raved, but one among
them turned
Straight to the manhole leaded in the
floor,

And sitting down astride it, drew his
knife, 145
And staidly dug to pick away the
lead,
While at the ports his fellows cried for
life:
"Burst in the door, or we shall all be
dead!"

138. crow, crowbar.

For like a brook the leak below them
clucked.

They felt the vessel settling; they could
feel 150

How the blind bog beneath her gripped
and sucked.

Their fingers beat their prison walls of
steel.

And then the gurgling stopped—the ship
was still.

She stayed; she sank no deeper—an
arrest

Fothered the pouring leak; she ceased to
fill. 155

She trod the mud, drowned only to the
breast.

And probing at the well, the captain
found

The leak no longer rising, so he cried:

"She is not sinking—you will not be
drowned;

The shifting sand has silted up her
side. 160

"Now there is time. The tug shall put
ashore

And fetch explosives to us from the
town;

I'll burst the house or blow away the
door

(It will not kill you if you all lie down).

"Be easy in your minds, for you'll be
free 165

As soon as we've the blast." The seamen
heard

The tug go townwards, butting at the
sea;

Some lit their pipes; the youngest of
them cheered.

But still the digger bent above the lid,
Gouging the solder from it as at first, 170

Pecking the lead, intent on what he did;
The other seamen mocked at him or
cursed.

And some among them nudged him as he
picked.

He cursed them, grinning, but resumed
his game;

His knife-point sometimes struck the lid
and clicked. 175

The solder-pellets shone like silver flame.

And still his knife-blade clicked like
ticking time

Counting the hour till the tug's
return;

And still the ship stood steady on the
slime,

While Fate above her fingered with her
urn. 180

* * * * *

Then from the tug beside them came the
hail:

"They have none at the stores, nor at
the dock,

Nor at the quarry, so I tried the jail.

They thought they had, but it was out of
stock. 184

"So then I telephoned to town; they say
They've sent an engine with some to the
pier;

I did not leave till it was on its way;
A tug is waiting there to bring it here.

"It can't be here, though, for an hour or
more;

I've lost an hour in trying, as it is. 190

For want of thought commend me to the
shore.

You'd think they'd know their river's
ways by this."

"So there is nothing for it but to wait,"
The Captain answered, fuming. "Until
then,

We'd better go to dinner, Mr. Mate." 195

The cook brought dinner forward to the
men.

* * * * *

Another hour of prison loitered by;
The strips of sunlight stiffened at the
port,

But still the digger made the pellets fly,
Paying no heed to his companions'

sport, 200

155. **Fothered**, stopped. This is usually done by hauling a collision mat over the hole. 160. **silted**, choked up.

196. **The cook**, etc. The food could be passed through portholes which were too small to allow a man to climb out.

While they, about him, spooning at their
tins,
Asked if he dug because he found it cold,
Or whether it was penance for his sins,
Or hope of treasure in the forward hold.

He grinned and cursed, but did not
cease to pick; 205
His sweat dropped from him when he
bent his head;
His knife-blade quarried down, till with
a click
Its grinded thinness snapped against the
lead.

Then, dully rising, brushing back his
sweat,
He asked his fellows for another knife. 210
"Never," they said; "man, what d'ye
hope to get?"
"Nothing," he said, "except a chance for
life."

"Havers," they said, and one among
them growled,
"You'll get no knife from any here to
break.
You've dug the manhole since the door
was fouled, 215
And now your knife's broke, quit, for
Jesus' sake."

But one, who smelt a bargain, changed
his tone,
Offering a sheath-knife for the task in
hand
At twenty times its value, as a loan
To be repaid him when they reached the
land. 220

And there was jesting at the lender's
greed
And mockery at the digger's want of
sense,
Closing with such a bargain without
need,
Since in an hour the tug would take
them thence.

But "Right," the digger said. The deal
was made. 225
He took the borrowed knife, and sitting
down

213. **Havers**, "nonsense."

Gouged at the channeled solder with
the blade,
Saying, "Let be; it's better dig than
drown."

And nothing happened for a while; the
heat
Grew in the stuffy room, the sunlight slid,
Flies buzzed about and jostled at the
meat, 231
The knife-blade clicked upon the man-
hole lid.

And one man said, "She takes a hell of
time
Bringing the blaster," and another
snored;
One, between pipe-puffs, hummed a
smutty rime; 235
One, who was weaving, thudded with
his sword.

It was as though the ship were in a
dream,
Caught in a magic ocean, calm like
death,
Tranced, till a presence should arise and
gleam,
Making the waters conscious with her
breath. 240

It was so drowsy that the river's cries,
Roaring aloud their ever-changing tune,
Came to those sailors like a drone of
flies,
Filling with sleep the summer afternoon;

So that they slept, or, if they spoke, it
was 245
Only to worry lest the tug should come;
Such power upon the body labor has
That prison seemed a blessed rest to
some,

Till one man leaning at the porthole,
stared,
Checking his yawning at the widest
stretch, 250
Then blinked and swallowed, while he
muttered, scared,
"That blasting-cotton takes an age to
fetch."

236. **thudded**, etc., in order to pound into compact
form what he had woven.

Then swiftly passing from the port he
 went
 Up and then down the fo'c'sle till he
 stayed,
 Fixed at the porthole with his eyes
 intent, 255
 Round-eyed and white, as if he were
 afraid,

And muttered as he stared, "My God!
 she is.
 She's deeper than she was, she's
 settling down;
 That palm-tree top was steady against
 this,
 And now I see the quay below the
 town. 260

"Look here at her. She's sinking in her
 tracks.
 She's going down by inches as she
 stands;
 The water's darker and it stinks like
 flax;
 Her going down is churning up the
 sands."

And instantly a panic took the
 crew; 265
 Even the digger blenched. His knife-
 blade's haste
 Cutting the solder witnessed that he
 knew
 Time on the brink with not a breath to
 waste.

While far away the tugboat at the
 quay
 Under her drooping pennon waited
 still 270
 For that explosive which would set them
 free,
 Free, with the world a servant to their
 will.

Then from a boat beside them came a
 blare,
 Urging that tugboat to be quick; and
 men
 Shouted to stir her from her waiting
 there, 275
 "Hurry the blast, and get us out of pen.

"She's going down. She's going down,
 man! Quick!"
 The tugboat did not stir, no answer
 came;
 They saw her tongue-like pennon idly
 lick
 Clear for an instant, lettered with her
 name, 280

Then droop again. The engine had not
 come,
 The blast had not arrived. The prisoned
 hands
 Saw her still waiting though their time
 had come;
 Their ship was going down among the
 sands,

Going so swiftly now that they could
 see 285
 The banks arising as she made her
 bed;
 Full of sick sound she settled deathward,
 she
 Gurgled and shook, the digger picked the
 lead.

And, as she paused to take a final plunge,
 Prone like a half-tide rock, the men on
 deck 290
 Jumped to their boats and left, ere like
 a sponge
 The river's rotten heart absorbed the
 wreck;

And on the perilous instant ere Time
 struck
 The digger's work was done, the lead was
 cleared.
 He cast the manhole up; below it
 muck 295
 Floated, the hold was full, the water
 leered.

All of his labor had but made a hole
 By which to leap to death; he saw black
 dust
 Float on the bubbles of that brimming
 bowl;
 He drew a breath and took his life in
 trust, 300

279. **pennon**, pennant; a very long triangular flag.
 298. **he saw**, etc. Compare this situation with that
 of Beowulf as he plunges into Grendel's tarn.

And plunged headforemost into that
black pit,
Where floating cargo bumped against
the beams.

He groped a choking passage blind with
grit;
The roaring in his ears was shot with
screams.

So, with a bursting heart and roaring
ears 305

He floundered in that sunk ship's inky
womb,
Drowned in deep water for what seemed
like years,
Buried alive and groping through the
tomb,

Till suddenly the beams against his back
Gave, and the water on his eyes was
bright; 310

He shot up through a hatchway foul
with wrack
Into clean air and life and dazzling light;

And striking out, he saw the fo'c'sle
gone,
Vanished, below the water, and the mast
Standing columnar from the sea; it
shone 315

Proud, with its colors flying to the last.

And all about, a many-wrinkled tide
Smoothed and erased its eddies, wander-
ing chilled,
Like gluttoned purpose, trying to decide
If its achievement had been what it
willed. 320

And men in boats were there; they
helped him in.

He gulped for breath and watched that
patch of smooth,
Shaped like the vessel, wrinkle into grin,
Furrow to waves, and bare a yellow
tooth.

Then the masts leaned until the shroud-
screws gave. 325
All disappeared—her masts, her colors,
all.

325 *shroud-screws gave*. The shrouds give lateral support to the masts, and when strained too much the screws snap.

He saw the yardarms tilting to the
grave;

He heard the siren of a tugboat call,

And saw her speeding, foaming at the
bow,

Bringing the blast-charge that had come
too late. 330

He heard one shout, "It isn't wanted
now."

Time's minute-hand had been the hand
of Fate.

Then the boats turned; they brought
him to the shore.

Men crowded round him, touched him,
and were kind;

The Mate walked with him, silent, to
the store. 335

He said, "We've left the best of us be-
hind."

Then, as he wrung his sodden clothes, the
Mate

Gave him a drink of rum, and talked
awhile

Of men and ships and unexpected Fate;
And darkness came and cloaked the
river's guile, 340

So that its huddled hurry was not
seen,

Only made louder, till the full moon
climbed

Over the forest, floated, and was queen.
Within the town a temple-belfry chimed.

Then, upon silent pads, a tiger crept 345
Down to the river-brink, and crouch-
ing there

Watched it intently, till you thought he
slept

But for his ghastly eye and stiffened
hair.

Then, trembling at a lust more fell than
his,

He roared and bounded back to coverts
lone, 350

Where, among moonlit beauty, slaughter
is,

Filling the marvelous night with myriad
groan.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON
(1874-)

*LEPANTO

NOTE

This poem is a modern treatment of the heroic, but it is by no means as simple as the ancient heroic narrative poetry. Although it has a unified plot and employs descriptive phrases, after the general manner of the popular ballad, neither plot nor diction is simple and transparent. Chesterton is here a mystic, and "Lepanto" symbolizes the end of the Crusading spirit and the downfall of chivalry. The rhythm and diction are subtle. Though strongly marked, the rhythm is frequently modulated, and the diction is characterized by mystical and allusive word pictures instead of by the stereotyped epithets of heroic narrative poetry. The total effect is unified by the swing of the verse, the figure of the hero, and the brilliant descriptions, but underneath lies an elaborate and diversified current of literary allusion. The rhythmic swing and *tempo* are like those of many of the poems of Vachel Lindsay (see page 690).

White founts falling in the Courts of the
sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling
as they run;
There is laughter like the fountains in
that face of all men feared,
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness
of his beard,
It curls the blood-red crescent, the
crescent of his lips,
For the inmost sea of all the earth is
shaken with his ships.
They have dared the white republics up
the capes of Italy,
They have dashed the Adriatic round
the Lion of the Sea,
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad
for agony and loss,

**Lepanto*. During the sixteenth century the Turkish power reached its height in the Mediterranean. The conquest of Cyprus and the devastation of Italian and Spanish shipping by the Turks caused Spain and Venice to form a holy league under the leadership of Pope Pius V. With a fleet of about two hundred ships, Don Juan of Austria (1545-1578), a brilliant natural son of Charles V (Holy Roman emperor and king of Spain under the title Charles I), and half-brother of Philip II, met a Turkish fleet of equal force off Lepanto, on the north side of the Corinthian Straits, on October 7, 1571, and defeated it overwhelmingly. Thereafter the Turkish power began to wane. 1. *Courts of the sun*, the palace of the Sultan, in Constantinople. 2. *Soldan of Byzantium*, sultan of the Byzantine empire. "Byzantium" was the ancient name for Constantinople. 3. *white republics*, the seaport Italian towns of the Adriatic, chief of which was Venice. 4. *Lion of the Sea*. The patron saint of Venice was St. Mark the Evangelist, whose bones are supposed to be buried there. His symbol is the lion. 5. *the Pope*, Pius V, who reigned from 1566-1585.

And called the kings of Christendom
for swords about the Cross.
The cold queen of England is looking in
the glass;
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at
the Mass;
From evening isles fantastical rings
faint the Spanish gun,
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is
laughing in the sun.

Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half
heard,
Where only on a nameless throne a
crownless prince has stirred,
Where, risen from a doubtful seat and
half attainted stall,
The last knight of Europe takes weapons
from the wall,
The last and lingering troubadour to
whom the bird has sung,
That once went singing southward when
all the world was young.
In that enormous silence, tiny and un-
afraid,
Comes up along a winding road the
noise of the Crusade.
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom
far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war,
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts
cold,
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint
old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-
drums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets,
then the cannon, and he comes.
Don John laughing in the brave beard
curled,

10. *for swords about the Cross*, for a Crusade. 11. *The cold queen of England*, Elizabeth. 12. *The shadow of the Valois*. Probably Henry of Navarre, leader of the French Protestant, or Huguenot, party against the Valois, or reigning Catholic dynasty of France. He became king of France in 1589 and was converted to Catholicism. 13. *evening isles fantastical*, the wide-flung possessions of Spain, especially in the western world. 14. *Lord upon the Golden Horn*, the sultan. The Golden Horn is part of the harbor of Constantinople. 15. *Where only*, etc. See note on *Lepanto* above. Don Juan was acknowledged at the Spanish court as Charles's son, and called by the title Don Juan of Austria, but he was never recognized as "infante," or royal prince. 16. *half attainted*, half stained because of his illegitimacy. 17. *stall*, one of the carved seats in the choir of a church designated for the officiating clergy, for the choir, or for royalty. 18. *troubadour*, etc. The age of the troubadours and of chivalry was dying. It was a convention of the troubadours to profess that their sweetest melodies were learned from the song of birds. 19. *tucket*, a flourish of trumpets.

Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones
of all the world, 30
Holding his head up for a flag of all the
free.

Love-light of Spain—hurrah!

Death-light of Africa!

Don John of Austria

Is riding to the sea. 35

Mahound is in his paradise above the
evening star;

(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)

He moves a mighty turban on the time-
less houri's knees,

His turban that is woven of the sunsets
and the seas.

He shakes the peacock gardens as he
rises from his ease, 40

And he strides among the tree-tops and
is taller than the trees,

And his voice through all the garden is
a thunder sent to bring

Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on
the wing.

Giants and the Genii,

Multiplex of wing and eye, 45

Whose strong obedience broke the sky

When Solomon was king.

They rush in red and purple from the
red clouds of the morn,

From temples where the yellow gods
shut up their eyes in scorn;

They rise in green robes roaring from
the green hells of the sea, 50

Where fallen skies and evil hues and
eyeless creatures be;

On them the sea-valves cluster and the
gray sea-forests curl,

Splashed with a splendid sickness, the
sickness of the pearl;

They swell in sapphire smoke out of the
blue cracks of the ground—

33. **Death-light of Africa.** Don Juan's first command had been in 1568 against the Algerian pirates. 36. **Mahound**, Mahomet. 38. **houris**. There are very many of these beautiful female spirits in the Mohammedan paradise. 43. **Azrael**, etc. In the Mohammedan religion God is attended by certain mighty angels, among whom are Gabriel, Azrael—the angel of death—Ariel, Israfil—the angel of the resurrection—and Ammon. 44. **Giants and Genii**. In the Mohammedan religion there are spirits of evil, most interesting of whom are the Genii, or Jinni, who are said to be created from smokeless fire and to inhabit it. The *Arabian Nights' Tales* are filled with allusions to them. 47. **Solomon**. The Koran records how he curbed the Jinni by means of his signet or seal ring. 53. **sickness of the pearl**, an allusion to the old belief that in diseased oysters alone would be found pearls.

They gather and they wonder and give
worship to Mahound. 55

And he saith, "Break up the mountains
where the hermit-folk can hide,

And sift the red and silver sands lest
bone of saint abide,

And chase the Giaours flying night and
day, not giving rest,

For that which was our trouble comes
again out of the west.

We have set the seal of Solomon on all
things under sun, 60

Of knowledge and of sorrow and en-
durance of things done,

But a noise is in the mountains, in the
mountains, and I know

The voice that shook our palaces—
four hundred years ago:

It is he that saith not 'Kismet'; it is he
that knows not Fate;

It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is God-
frey in the gate! 65

It is he whose loss is laughter when he
counts the wager worth,

Put down your feet upon him, that our
peace be on the earth."

For he heard drums groaning and he
heard guns jar,

(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)

Sudden and still—hurrah! 70

Bolt from Iberia!

Don John of Austria

Is gone by Alcalar.

St. Michael's on his Mountain in the
sea-roads of the north

(*Don John of Austria is girt and going
forth.*) 75

Where the gray seas glitter and the
sharp tides shift

And the sea-folk labor and the red sails
lift.

58. **Giaours**, infidels. 60. **seal of Solomon**, a mystical sign made of two interlaced triangles in the form of a six-pointed star, symbolizing the union of body and soul. With it Solomon ruled the Jinni. 63. **four hundred years ago**, when the Crusades began. 64. **Kismet**, the oriental word for fate. 65. **Richard**, Richard I, Coeur de Lion, king of England, 1189-1199. He participated in the Third Crusade (1189-1192). **Raymond** . . . **Godfrey**. Raymond of Toulouse and Godfrey of Bouillon were among the leaders of the First Crusade (1096-1099). 71. **Iberia**, the ancient name for the Spanish peninsula. 73. **Alcalar**, or Alcala, near Madrid. It contains a university, in which Don Juan was educated. 74. **St. Michael**, etc. St. Michael's Mount is an island off the coast of Cornwall, where St. Michael was supposed once to have appeared. He was regarded as one of the warrior archangels of God. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, Book VI, line 44 (page 89).

He shakes his lance of iron and he claps
 his wings of stone;
 The noise is gone through Normandy;
 the noise is gone alone;
 The North is full of tangled things and
 texts and aching eyes 80
 And dead is all the innocence of anger
 and surprise,
 And Christian killeth Christian in a
 narrow dusty room,
 And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath
 a newer face of doom,
 And Christian hateth Mary that God
 kissed in Galilee,
 But Don John of Austria is riding to the
 sea. 85
 Don John calling through the blast and
 the eclipse,
 Crying with the trumpet, with the trum-
 pet of his lips,
 Trumpet that sayeth ha!
Domino gloria!
 Don John of Austria 90
 Is shouting to the ships.

King Philip's in his closet with the
 Fleece about his neck,
 (*Don John of Austria is armed upon the
 deck.*)
 The walls are hung with velvet that is
 black and soft as sin,
 And little dwarfs creep out of it and
 little dwarfs creep in. 95
 He holds a crystal phial that has colors
 like the moon,
 He touches, and it tingles, and he
 trembles very soon,
 And his face is as a fungus of a leprous
 white and gray
 Like plants in the high houses that are
 shuttered from the day,
 And death is in the phial and the end of
 noble work, 100
 But Don John of Austria has fired upon
 the Turk.
 Don John's hunting, and his hounds
 have bayed—

80. **The North**, etc. The following lines refer to the effects of the Reformation, the stern picture of Christ and the Last Judgment evoked by the Calvinists, and their turning away from the medieval reverence for Mary, the Mother of God. 89. **Domino gloria!** Glory to God. 92. **King Philip**, Philip II of Spain. **Fleece**, the Spanish Order of the Golden Fleece. 96. **crystal phial**. Philip has been accused of employing poison to eliminate his mad son, Don Carlos, and his enemies.

Booms away past Italy the rumor of his
 raid.
 Gun upon gun, ha! ha!
 Gun upon gun, hurrah! 105
 Don John of Austria
 Has loosed the cannonade.

The Pope was in his chapel before day
 or battle broke,
 (*Don John of Austria is hidden in the
 smoke.*)
 The hidden room in man's house where
 God sits all the year, 110
 The secret window whence the world
 looks small and very dear.
 He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous
 twilight sea
 The crescent of his cruel ships whose
 name is mystery;
 They fling great shadows foe-wards,
 making Cross and Castle dark,
 They veil the plumed lions on the gal-
 leys of St. Mark; 115
 And above, the ships are palaces of
 brown, black-bearded chiefs,
 And below, the ships are prisons, where
 with multitudinous griefs,
 Christian captives sick and sunless, all
 a laboring race repines
 Like a race in sunken cities, like a na-
 tion in the mines.
 They are lost like slaves that swat, and
 in the skies of morning hung 120
 The stair-ways of the tallest gods when
 tyranny was young.
 They are countless, voiceless, hopeless
 as those fallen or fleeing on
 Before the high King's horses in the
 granite of Babylon.
 And many a one grows witless in his
 quiet room in hell
 Where a yellow face looks inward
 through the lattice of his cell, 125
 And he finds his God forgotten, and he
 seeks no more a sign—

108. **The Pope**, Pius V. 113. **The crescent**, the symbol of the Mohammedans. 114. **Cross and Castle**. The Cross was on the Arms of Aragon, and the Castle on the Arms of Castille. At Lepanto the fleet was made up of the Spanish and Venetian navies. 115. **lions on the galleys**, etc., the Venetian fleet. 116. **palaces**. In the upper cabins lived the Moslem commanders. 117. **prisons**, the lower parts of the ship where galley slaves were kept for years as rowers. 120. **swat**, sweated. 123. **Before the high King's horses**, etc. In Babylonian bas-reliefs the king is pictured as driving countless foes in flight before his chariot.

(But Don John of Austria has burst the battle-line!)

Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,
 Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
 Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds, 130
 Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,
 Thronging of the thousands up that labor under sea
 White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.

Vivat Hispania!

Domino gloria! 135

Don John of Austria
 Has set his people free!

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath,

(Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath.)

And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain, 140

Up which a lean and foolish knight forever rides in vain,

And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the blade. . . .

(But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.) (1915)

134. *Vivat Hispania!* Long live Spain, 138. *Cervantes* (1547-1616), the author of *Don Quixote*, in which he humorously contrasts the ideals of chivalry with the facts of real life. Cervantes fought at Lepanto, and it is peculiarly fitting to close this account of the last crusade—if it may be so called—made by the last Spanish troubadour and knight of chivalry, with a mention of the man who made the code of chivalry an object of mirth.

THOMAS HARDY (1840-)

NOTE

Hardy is better known as a novelist than as a poet, but in his poetry he portrays the same relentless, ironical fate that molds and controls the destinies of man in his novels. In the *Satires of Circumstance* we see first what seems to be, and then, often by a slight turn of events, what really is. Whether the revelation is amusing, saddening, or horrifying, the reader must decide for himself. The only comment needed is that the interest centers rather upon the element of surprise or contrast than upon the story itself.

SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE

*IN FIFTEEN GLIMPSES

I. AT TEA

The kettle descants in a cosy drone,
 And the young wife looks in her husband's face,
 And then at her guest's, and shows in her own
 Her sense that she fills an envied place;
 And the visiting lady is all abloom, 5
 And says there was never so sweet a room.

And the happy young housewife does not know
 That the woman beside her was first his choice,
 Till the fates ordained it could not be so . . .
 Betraying nothing in look or voice, 10
 The guest sits smiling and sips her tea,
 And he throws her a stray glance yearningly.

II. IN CHURCH

"And now to God the Father," he ends,
 And his voice thrills up to the topmost tiles.
 Each listener chokes as he bows and bends,
 And emotion pervades the crowded aisles.
 Then the preacher glides to the vestry-door, 5
 And shuts it, and thinks he is seen no more.

The door swings softly ajar meanwhile,
 And a pupil of his in the Bible class,
 Who adores him as one without gloss or guile,
 Sees her idol stand with a satisfied smile 10
 And reenact at the vestry-glass
 Each pulpit gesture in deft dumb-show
 That had moved the congregation so.

* Seven are here reprinted.

III. BY HER AUNT'S GRAVE

"Sixpence a week," says the girl to her lover,

"Aunt used to bring me, for she could confide

In me alone, she vowed. 'Twas to cover
The cost of her headstone when she died.
And that was a year ago last June; ⁵
I've not yet fixed it. But I must soon."

"And where is the money now, my dear?"
"Oh, snug in my purse . . . Aunt was so slow

In saving it—eighty weeks, or near." . . .
"Let's spend it," he hints. "For she won't know. ¹⁰
There's a dance tonight at the Load of Hay."
She passively nods. And they go that way.

IV. IN THE ROOM OF THE BRIDE-ELECT

"Would it had been the man of our wish!"

Sighs her mother. To whom with vehemence she

In the wedding-dress—the wife to be—

"Then why were you so mollyish
As not to insist on him for me!" ⁵

The mother, amazed: "Why, dearest one,
Because you pleaded for this or none!"

"But father and you should have stood out strong!

Since then, to my cost, I have lived to find

That you were right and that I was wrong; ¹⁰

This man is a dolt to the one declined . . .
Ah!—here he comes with his buttonhole rose.

Good God—I must marry him, I suppose!"

VII. OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

"My stick!" he says and turns in the lane

To the house just left, whence a vixen voice

Comes out with the firelight through the pane,

And he sees within that the girl of his choice

Stands rating her mother with eyes aglare ⁵

For something said while he was there.

"At last I behold her soul undraped!"
Thinks the man who had loved her more than himself;

"My God!—'tis but narrowly I have escaped—

My precious porcelain proves it delf." ¹⁰
His face has reddened like one ashamed,
And he steals off, leaving his stick unclaimed.

XII. AT THE DRAPER'S

"I stood at the back of the shop, my dear,

But you did not perceive me.

Well, when they deliver what you were shown

I shall know nothing of it, believe me!"

And he coughed and coughed as she paled and said, ⁵

"Oh, I didn't see you come in there—

Why couldn't you speak?"—"Well, I didn't. I left

That you should not notice I'd been there.

"You were viewing some lovely things.
'Soon required for a widow of latest fashion';

And I knew 'twould upset you to meet the man

Who had to be cold and ashen,

"And screwed in a box before they could dress you

'In the last new note in mourning,' ¹⁵

As they defined it. So, not to distress you,
I left you to your adorning."

XIII. ON THE DEATH-BED

"I'll tell—being past all praying for—
Then promptly die . . . He was out at the war,

10. *delf*, Dutch pottery glazed over white or brown clay. In England it is much used as common household ware.

At the Draper's. Title, *draper's*, a cloth or clothing shop.
On the Death-Bed. Cf. "The Eve of St. John" (page 257).

And got some scent of the intimacy
That was under way between her and me;
And he stole back home, and appeared
like a ghost 5

One night, at the very time almost
That I reached her house. Well, I shot
him dead,
And secretly buried him. Nothing was
said.

"The news of the battle came next day;
He was scheduled missing. I hurried
away, 10
Got out there, visited the field,
And sent home word that a search
revealed
He was one of the slain; though, lying
alone
And stript, his body had not been
known.

"But she suspected. I lost her love, 15
Yea, my hope of earth, and of heaven
above;
And my time's now come, and I'll pay
the score,
Though it be burning for evermore."
(1911)

EDGAR LEE MASTERS (1868-)

FROM SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY

NOTE

Before Edgar Lee Masters wrote *Spoon River Anthology* and Edgar Arlington Robinson wrote his narrative poems, the contribution of America to modern narrative poetry had not been considerable. The New England group of the latter part of the nineteenth century had imitated rather well the ballad or romance type, but Whitman and Poe, who could best, perhaps, have coöperated in the new phase of narrative poetry, did not do so, for both were essentially autobiographic and lyric. Both poets apparently preferred to express an emotional reaction to an incident instead of relating the incident itself, and in "The Raven" the tone is that of a lyrical ballad rather than what we have designated as modern narrative poetry. *Spoon River Anthology* was published, poem by poem, in Reedy's *Mirror* during 1914. In two hundred fourteen short autobiographical monologues in free verse, the spirits of former inhabitants of a little Western town tell what life brought them, and what they think of it, now that the race is run. The form is not a dramatic monologue such as Browning employed,

for the characters of Mr. Masters speak in retrospect without present emotional reaction. The poems are therefore reflective rather than dramatic narratives.

*PAULINE BARRETT

Almost the shell of a woman after the
surgeon's knife!
And almost a year to creep back into
strength,
Till the dawn of our wedding decennial
Found me my seeming self again.
We walked the forest together, 5
By a path of soundless moss and turf.
But I could not look in your eyes,
And you could not look in my eyes,
For such sorrow was ours—the begin-
ning of gray in your hair,
And I but a shell of myself. 10
And what did we talk of?—sky and
water,
Anything, 'most, to hide our thoughts.
And then your gift of wild roses,
Set on the table to grace our dinner.
Poor heart, how bravely you struggled 15
To imagine and live a remembered
rapture!
Then my spirit drooped as the night
came on,
And you left me alone in my room for a
while,
As you did when I was a bride, poor
heart.
And I looked in the mirror and some-
thing said: 20
"One should be all dead when one is
half-dead—
Nor ever mock life, nor ever cheat
love."
And I did it looking there in the mirror—
Dear, have you ever understood?

*BERT KESSLER

I winged my bird,
Though he flew toward the setting sun;
But just as the shot rang out, he soared
Up and up through the splinters of
golden light,
Till he turned right over, feathers ruf-
fled, 5

* Reprinted by permission from *Spoon River Anthology* by E. L. Masters. Copyright, 1914, by The Macmillan Company.

With some of the down of him floating
 near,
 And fell like a plummet into the grass.
 I tramped about, parting the tangles,
 Till I saw a splash of blood on a stump,
 And the quail lying close to the rotten
 roots. 10
 I reached my hand, but saw no brier,
 But something pricked and stung and
 numbed it.
 And then, in a second, I spied the
 rattler—
 The shutters wide in his yellow eyes,
 And the head of him arched, sunk back
 in the rings of him, 15
 A circle of filth, the color of ashes,
 Or oak leaves bleached under layers of
 leaves.
 I stood like a stone as he shrank and
 uncoiled
 And started to crawl beneath the
 stump,
 When I fell limp in the grass.

*SEARCY FOOTE

I wanted to go away to college,
 But rich Aunt Persis wouldn't help me.
 So I made gardens and raked the lawns
 And bought John Alden's books with my
 earnings
 And toiled for the very means of
 life. 5
 I wanted to marry Delia Prickett,
 But how could I do it with what I
 earned?
 And there was Aunt Persis more than
 seventy,
 Who sat in a wheel-chair half alive,
 With her throat so paralyzed, when she
 swallowed 10
 The soup ran out of her mouth like a
 duck—
 A gourmand yet, investing her income
 In mortgages, fretting all the time
 About her notes and rents and papers.
 That day I was sawing wood for her, 15
 And reading Proudhon in between.

I went in the house for a drink of water,
 And there she sat asleep in her chair,
 And Proudhon lying on the table,
 And a bottle of chloroform on the
 book, 20
 She used sometimes for an aching
 tooth!
 I poured the chloroform on a handker-
 chief
 And held it to her nose till she died.—
 O Delia, Delia, you and Proudhon
 Steadied my hand, and the coroner 25
 Said she died of heart failure.
 I married Delia and got the money—
 A joke on you, Spoon River?

*LUCINDA MATLOCK

I went to the dances at Chandlerville,
 And played snap-out at Winchester.
 One time we changed partners,
 Driving home in the moonlight of middle
 June,
 And then I found Davis. 5
 We were married and lived together for
 seventy years,
 Enjoying, working, raising the twelve
 children,
 Eight of whom we lost
 Ere I had reached the age of sixty.
 I spun, I wove, I kept the house,
 I nursed the sick, 10
 I made the garden, and for holiday
 Rambled over the fields where sang the
 larks,
 And by Spoon River gathering many a
 shell,
 And many a flower and medicinal
 weed—
 Shouting to the wooded hills, singing to
 the green valleys. 15
 At ninety-six I had lived enough, that is
 all,
 And passed to a sweet repose.
 What is this I hear of sorrow and wear-
 i-ness,
 Anger, discontent, and drooping hopes?
 Degenerate sons and daughters, 20
 Life is too strong for you—
 It takes life to love Life.

(1914)

*Reprinted by permission from *Spoon River Anthology* by E. L. Masters. Copyright, 1914, by the Macmillan Company.

16. **Proudhon.** Pierre Joseph Proudhon (1809-1865) was a celebrated French socialist, who was a leading spirit in the revolution of 1848. His two best-known works are *What Is Property* and *System of Economic Contradictions or the Philosophy of Poverty*.

*Reprinted by permission from *Spoon River Anthology* by E. L. Masters. Copyright, 1914, by The Macmillan Company.

AMY LOWELL (1874-1925)

PATTERNS

NOTE

Robert Browning, Edgar Lee Masters, and Amy Lowell have employed the monologue as a medium for narrative poetry. In Browning the predominating tendency is to be dramatic, in Mr. Masters to be reflective. Miss Lowell could do both equally well. In "Patterns" the emotion of the young lady who has just received word of the death of her betrothed finds expression in an irregular but strongly accentual free verse, with many repetitions of word and phrase. But Miss Lowell was not content to record merely the emotions of the situation. The young lady in her grief contrasts her world as it looked when her fiancé was alive and as it looks now that he is dead. Moreover, she foresees what that world will make of her in the future as its victim. Emotion and reflection are subtly combined, as she recalls the incidents of her courtship and looks about her at the symbols of the world of custom as it closes in upon her.

I walk down the garden paths,
And all the daffodils
Are blowing, and the bright blue squills.
I walk down the patterned garden
paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown. 5

With my powdered hair and jeweled fan,
I, too, am a rare
Pattern. As I wander down
The garden paths.
My dress is richly figured, 10
And the train
Makes a pink and silver stain
On the gravel, and the thrift
Of the borders.
Just a plate of current fashion, 15
Tripping by in high-heeled, ribboned
shoes.

Not a softness anywhere about me,
Only whalebone and brocade.
And I sink on a seat in the shade
Of a lime tree. For my passion 20
Wars against the stiff brocade.
The daffodils and squills
Flutter in the breeze
As they please.
And I weep; 25
For the lime tree is in blossom
And one small flower has dropped upon
my bosom.

3. *squill*, a small bulbous flower like a tulip or lily.

And the plashing of waterdrops
In the marble fountain
Comes down the garden paths. 30
The dripping never stops.
Underneath my stiffened gown
Is the softness of a woman bathing in a
marble basin,
A basin in the midst of hedges grown
So thick she cannot see her lover hid-
ing, 35
But she guesses he is near,
And the sliding of the water
Seems the stroking of a dear
Hand upon her.
What is summer in a fine brocaded
gown! 40
I should like to see it lying in a heap
upon the ground.
All the pink and silver crumpled up
on the ground.

I would be the pink and silver as I ran
along the paths,
And he would stumble after,
Bewildered by my laughter. 45
I should see the sun flashing from his
sword hilt and the buckles on his
shoes.

I would choose
To lead him in a maze along the pat-
terned paths,
A bright and laughing maze for my
heavy-booted lover,
Till he caught me in the shade, 50
And the buttons of his waistcoat
bruised my body as he clasped
me,
Aching, melting, unafraid.
With the shadows of the leaves and the
sundrops,
And the plopping of the waterdrops,
All about us in the open afternoon— 55
I am very like to swoon
With the weight of this brocade,
For the sun sifts through the shade.

Underneath the fallen blossom
In my bosom, 60
Is a letter I have hid.
It was brought to me this morning by a
rider from the Duke.
"Madam, we regret to inform you that
Lord Hartwell
Died in action Thursday se'nnight."

As I read it in the white, morning sun-
light,

The letters squirmed like snakes. 66

"Any answer, Madam?" said my foot-
man.

"No," I told him.

"See that the messenger takes some re-
freshment.

No, no answer." 70

And I walked into the garden,
Up and down the patterned paths,
In my stiff, correct brocade.

The blue and yellow flowers stood up
proudly in the sun,

Each one. 75

I stood upright, too,
Held rigid to the pattern
By the stiffness of my gown.
Up and down I walked,
Up and down. 80

In a month he would have been my
husband.

In a month, here, underneath this lime,
We would have broke the pattern;

He for me, and I for him,

He as Colonel, I as Lady, 85

On this shady seat.

He had a whim

That sunlight carried blessing.

And I answered, "It shall be as you have
said."

Now he is dead. 90

In summer and in winter I shall walk
Up and down

The patterned garden paths

In my stiff, brocaded gown.

The squills and daffodils 95

Will give place to pillared roses, and to
asters, and to snow.

I shall go

Up and down,

In my gown.

Gorgeously arrayed, 100

Boned and stayed.

And the softness of my body will be
guarded from embrace

By each button, hook, and lace.

For the man who should loose me is
dead,

Fighting with the Duke in Flanders, 105

In a pattern called a war.

Christ! What are patterns for? (1916)

NUMBER 3 ON THE DOCKET

NOTE

In "Number 3 on the Docket" Miss Lowell used the dramatic monologue for an autobiographical narrative, which is related in a critical moment. The murderess confesses her guilt to her lawyer and explains the deed as caused by her lonely home life. The narrative element gives way to the dramatic, until at the end of the poem we break into the realm of the drama with a stage direction.

The lawyer, are you?

Well! I ain't got nothin' to say.

Nothin'!

I told the perlice I hadn't nothin'.

They know'd real well 'twas me. 5

Ther warn't no supposin',

Ketchin' me in the woods as they did,

An' me in my house dress.

Folks don't walk miles an' miles

In the drifted snow, 10

With no hat nor wrap on 'em

Ef everythin's all right, I guess.

All right? Ha! Ha! Ha!

Nothin' warn't right with me.

Never was. 15

Oh, Lord! Why did I do it?

Why ain't it yesterday, and Ed here
agin?

Many's the time I've set up with him
nights

When he had cramps, or rheumatism, or
somethin'.

I used ter nurse him same's ef he was a
baby. 20

I wouldn't hurt him; I love him!

Don't you dare to say I killed him.

Twarn't me!

Somethin' got aholt o' me. I couldn't
help it.

Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!

Yes, sir. 25

No, sir.

I beg your pardon, I—I—

Oh, I'm a wicked woman!

An' I'm desolate, desolate!

Why warn't I struck dead or para-
lyzed 30

Afore my hands done it.

Oh, my God, what shall I do!

Title. *docket*, a calendar or schedule of cases which a court is to try. Compare this poem with "A Warning for All Desperate Women" (page 234).

No, sir, ther ain't no extenuatin' circumstances,
 An' I don't want none.
 I want a bolt o' lightnin' 35
 To strike me dead right now!
 Oh, I'll tell yer.
 But it won't make no diff'rence.
 Nothin' will.
 Yes, I killed him. 40
 Why do yer make me say it?
 It's cruel! Cruel!
 I killed him because o' th' silence;
 The long, long silence,
 That watched all around me, 45
 And he wouldn't break it.
 I tried to make him,
 Time an' agin,
 But he was terrible taciturn, Ed was.
 He never spoke 'cept when he had
 to, 50
 An' then he'd only say "yes" and "no."
 You can't even guess what that silence
 was.
 I'd hear it whisperin' in my ears,
 An' I got frightened, 'twas so thick,
 An' al'ays comin' back. 55
 Ef Ed would ha' talked sometimes
 It would ha' driven it away;
 But he never would.
 He didn't hear it same as I did.
 You see, sir, 60
 Our farm was off'n the main road,
 And set away back under the mountain;
 And the village was seven mile off,
 Measurin' after you'd got out o' our
 lane.
 We didn't have no hired man, 65
 'Cept in hayin' time;
 An' Dane's place,
 That was the nearest,
 Was clear way 'tother side the moun-
 tain.
 They used Marley post-office 70
 An' ours was Benton.
 Ther was a cart-track took yer to Dane's
 in summer,
 An' it warn't above two mile that way,
 But it warn't never broke out winters.
 I used to dread the winters. 75
 Seem's ef I couldn't abear to see the
 goldenrod bloomin';
 Winter'd come so quick after that.
 You don't know what snow's like when
 yer with it

Day in an' day out.
 Ed would be out all day loggin', 80
 An' I set at home and look at the
 snow
 Layin' over everythin';
 It 'ud dazzle me blind,
 Till it warn't white any more, but black
 as ink.
 Then the quiet 'ud commence rushin'
 past my ears 85
 Till I most went mad listenin' to it.
 Many's the time I've dropped a pan on
 the floor
 Jest to hear it clatter.
 I was most frantic when dinner-time
 come
 An' Ed was back from the woods. 90
 I'd ha' give my soul to hear him speak.
 But he'd never say a word till I asked
 him
 Did he like the raised biscuits or what-
 ever,
 An' then sometimes he'd jest nod his
 answer.
 Then he'd go out agin, 95
 An' I'd watch him from the kitchin
 winder.
 It seemed the woods come marchin' out
 to meet him
 An' the trees 'ud press round him an'
 hustle him.
 I got so I was scared o' th' trees.
 I thought they come nearer, 100
 Every day a little nearer,
 Closin' up round the house.
 I never went in t' th' woods winters,
 Though in summer I liked 'em well
 enough.
 It warn't so bad when my little boy was
 with us. 105
 He used to go sleddin' and skatin',
 An' every day his father fetched him to
 school in the pung
 An' brought him back agin.
 We scraped an' scraped fer Neddy;
 We wanted him to have a education. 110
 We sent him to high school,
 An' he went up to Boston to Tech-
 nology.
 He was a minin' engineer,
 An' doin real well,
 A credit to his bringin' up. 115

107. **pung**, a box sleigh.

But his very first position ther was an
 explosion in the mine.
 And I'm glad! I'm glad!
 He ain't here to see me now.
 Neddy! Neddy!
 I'm your mother still, Neddy. 120
 Don't turn from me like that.
 I can't abear it. I can't! I can't!
 What did you say?
 Oh, yes, sir.
 I'm here. 125
 I'm very sorry,
 I don't know what I'm sayin'.
 No, sir,
 Not till after Neddy died.
 'Twas the next winter the silence
 come; 130
 I don't remember noticin' it afore.
 That was five year ago,
 An' it's been gittin' worse an' worse.
 I asked Ed to put in a telephone.
 I thought ef I felt the whisperin' comin'
 on 135
 I could ring up some o' th' folks.
 But Ed wouldn't hear of it.
 He said we'd paid so much for Neddy
 We couldn't hardly git along as 'twas.
 An' he never understood me wantin' to
 talk. 140
 Well, this year was worse'n all the
 others;
 We had a terrible spell o' stormy
 weather,
 An' the snow lay so thick
 You couldn't see the fences even.
 Out o' doors was as flat as the palm
 o' my hand. 145
 Ther warn't a hump or a holler
 Fer as you could see.
 It was so quiet
 The snappin' o' the branches back in the
 wood-lot
 Sounded like pistol shots. 150
 Ed was out all day
 Same as usual.
 An' it seemed he talked less'n ever.
 He didn't even say "Good-mornin',"
 once or twice,
 An' jest nodded or shook his head when
 I asked him things. 155
 On Monday he said he'd got to go over
 to Benton
 Fer some oats.
 I'd oughter ha' gone with him,

But 'twas washin'-day
 An' I was afeared the fine weather'd
 break, 160
 An' I couldn't do my dryin'.
 All my life I'd done my work punctual,
 An' I couldn't fix my conscience
 To go junketin' on a washin'-day.
 I can't tell you what that day was to
 me. 165
 It dragged an' dragged,
 Fer ther warn't no Ed ter break it in the
 middle
 Fer dinner.
 Every time I stopped stirrin' the water
 I heerd the whisperin' all about me. 170
 I stopped oftener'n I should
 To see ef 'twas still ther,
 An' it al'ays was.
 An' gittin' louder
 It seemed ter me. 175
 Once I threw up the winder to feel the
 wind.
 That seemed most alive somehow.
 But the woods looked so kind of men-
 acin'
 I closed it quick
 An' started to mangle's har's I could.
 The squeakin' was comfortin'. 181
 Well, Ed come home 'bout four.
 I seen him down the road,
 An' I run out through the shed inter th'
 barn
 To meet him quicker. 185
 I hollered out, 'Hullo!'
 But he didn't say nothin';
 He jest drove right in
 An' climbed out o' th' sleigh
 An' commenced unharnessin'. 190
 I asked him a heap o' questions;
 Who he'd seed
 An' what he'd done.
 Once in a while he'd nod or shake,
 But most o' th' time he didn't do nothin'.
 'Twas gittin' dark then, 196
 An' I was in a state,
 With the loneliness
 An' Ed payin' no attention
 Like somethin' warn't livin'. 200
 All of a sudden it come,
 I don't know what,
 But I jest couldn't stand no more.
 It didn't seem's though that was Ed,
 An' it didn't seem as though I was
 me. 205

I had to break a way out somehow;
 Somethin' was closin' in
 An' I was stiflin'.
 Ed's loggin' ax was ther,
 An' I took it. 210
 Oh, my God!
 I can't see nothin' else afore me all the
 time.
 I run out inter th' woods,
 Seemed as ef they was pullin' me;
 An' all the time I was wadin' through
 the snow 215
 I seed Ed in front of me

Where I'd laid him.
 An' I see him now.
 There! There!
 What you holdin' me fer? 220
 I want ter go to Ed,
 He's bleedin'.
 Stop holdin' me.
 I got to go.
 I'm comin', Ed. 225
 I'll be ther in a minit.
 Oh, I'm so tired!
 (Faints.)

(1919)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Modern Narrative Poetry

A very comprehensive criticism of modern narrative poetry will be found in the last two chapters of W. MacNeil Dixon's *English Epic and Heroic Poetry*. Dutton, New York, 1912. Unfortunately he does not treat contemporary narrative poetry.

List of Modern Narrative Poems

Note. Collections of modern narrative poetry are rare; in fact none shows the development and diversification of the form. The most satisfactory collection is that of Mr. G. E. Teter entitled *One Hundred Narrative Poems*, published in the Lake English Classics Series, Scott Foresman and Company, 1918.

A. ENGLISH NARRATIVE POETRY

Among the better known English narratives of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *The Lady of the Lake*, and *Marmion*, by Scott; *The Ancient Mariner*, and *Christabel*, by Coleridge; *Laodamia* and *Lucy Gray*, by Wordsworth; *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*, by Byron; *Endymion*, by Keats;

The Revolt of Islam, by Shelley; *Enoch Arden* and *Idylls of the King*, by Tennyson; *The Life and Death of Jason*, *Sigurd the Volsung*, *The Fall of the Nibelungs*, and *The Earthly Paradise*, by Morris; *Sohrab and Rustum*, by Arnold; *Dramatic Romances, Men and Women*, by Browning; *Aurora Leigh*, by Mrs. Browning; *Tristram in Lyonesse*, by Swinburne; *Barrack-Room Ballads*, by Kipling; *The Highwayman* and *The Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, by Noyes; *Marpessa*, by Stephen Phillips; and *The Widow in the Bye Street*, *Dauber*, and *The Daffodil Fields*, by Masfield.

B. AMERICAN NARRATIVE POETRY

Among the better known American narratives of the same period are: *Snow-bound*, by Whittier; *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, by Lowell; *The One-Hoss Shay*, by Holmes; *The Tales of a Wayside Inn*, by Longfellow; the western narratives of Bret Harte; the narratives of Robert Frost contained in *North of Boston* and *New Hampshire*; *Men, Women, and Ghosts*, *Can Grande's Castle*, and *Legends*, by Amy Lowell; *Spoon River Anthology*, by Masters; and such poems of E. A. Robinson as *Avon's Harvest* and *Roman Bartholow*.

CHAPTER V

LYRIC POETRY

AN INTRODUCTION

I. WHAT IS LYRIC POETRY?

The distinguishing characteristic of narrative poetry—whether epic, romance, ballad, or modern tale in verse—is its story; if it does not, like a story, unfold a succession of events, it is not narrative poetry.

Narrative poetry has the power of arousing emotion in those who read it or hear it read, but their feelings of love, fear, and hate, their admiration of the heroic, their breathless excitement and anxiety over the outcome, and their amusement at the absurd or ludicrous, arise directly from the story itself and only indirectly from any emotions which the author of the tale may have felt while creating it. The minstrel or storyteller may arouse the feelings of his audience with his voice or harp; but the more absorbed the listeners are in the story, the less they think of its creator. Poems that are purely narrative are, in other words, essentially objective; that is, they often exist almost independent of the mind and emotions of the author, who need not be thought of in connection with them.

In contrast with such objective poems, there are others which do not depend for their effectiveness upon narrative, for they tell no story. Such poems are the metrical embodiments of the author's thoughts and feelings, and become the direct and immediate channel of his communication with his reader. They are subjective; that is, they pertain to their creator and are the direct expression of his reflections and emotions. Poems of this type naturally cover a very wide range of thinking and feeling. The term ordinarily but loosely applied to the type is lyric. Lyric meant originally suitable for singing to the accompaniment of the lyre, but, as we shall see, the word is now applied to many reflective and philosophical poems as well as to those which are purely emotional. Some conception of this range

in content, mood, form, and emphasis, as well as some idea of the historical development of the type in English literature, will appear in the following paragraphs. It must be understood, of course, that in so complex a type the classification is not easy. There will be much overlapping of divisions, and the classification itself will not be complete. The discussion may serve, however, to give some idea of the range and content of the lyric.

Because lyric poetry is subjective, it is usually thought of as being invariably emotional. Much of it is, to be sure, the expression of the poet's feelings; but much, also, is the expression of his thoughts. The whole sweep of this type may be said to extend, in fact, from the philosophical, reflective, interpretative, and didactic, on the one hand—the poetry of thought—to the highly personal and emotional on the other hand—the poetry of feeling. From the first we get light; from the second, heat. It would be going much too far to suggest that a reflective poem never contains an expression of feeling, or that an emotional poem is always devoid of philosophical teaching; nevertheless, these general divisions of thought and feeling do exist in lyrical poetry. Poetry of thought may be defined as the essay mood in poetry; in it the poet is as emotionally detached from his product as he ever is in this form of literature. Among the subjects which appear in the poetry of thought are, morality, social relationships, and the strength and weaknesses of human beings. These subdivisions will be clearer in illustration.

Wordsworth has defined "all good poetry" as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." And yet much of Wordsworth's poetry and that of many other poets shows more thought than feeling and is sometimes characterized, indeed, by a cool and placid absence of emotion. Poems on the meaning

of life and on contentment, happiness, independence, duty, and other moral virtues appear in this group. Examples are Surrey's "The Means to Attain a Happy Life," Greene's "Sweet Content," Wotton's "The Character of a Happy Life," Wordsworth's "The Happy Warrior" and the "Ode to Duty," and Clough's "Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth." Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" is a treatise on old age, a Ciceronian *De Senectute* in verse; Shelley's "Ozymandias" is a comment on the vanity of human ambition. And so with many other poems which are essentially moral and didactic, and in which the poet appears as a lay preacher rather than as a man of feeling.

Social criticism, too, is the basis of many of these reflective poems. Here, however, hot indignation at "man's inhumanity to man" frequently gives the poem a glow which the purely philosophical poems do not possess. Burns's "A Man's a Man for A' That" is a plea for social equality; Hood's poignant "Song of the Shirt" inveighs against sweat-shop slavery; Kipling's "The White Man's Burden" argues for Anglo-Saxon responsibility in the world; Whitman's poems and those of Carl Sandburg are filled with social comment and criticism.

E. A. Robinson's work provides examples of another division of reflective poetry, that in which the author's concern is with the numerous motives of human actions. Here, too, the poet is much more concerned with his material than he is with himself. In this subdivision most of the poetry is modern, since chiefly in democratic times have lyric poets revealed an interest, not in their own souls, but in the souls of others. In his social satires Burns provides the best early examples of the type. Such a poem as "Holy Willie's Prayer" shows the keenest possible power of penetration into the characters of men; sham, pretense, and all the masks of life are stripped away, and a human soul lies naked and quivering before us. This poem and many others like it which are based on events lie in the border-land between lyric and narrative poetry and may be classified in either division. In this volume they appear among the lyric poems in the present chapter, although their inclusion in Chapter IV could also be defended.

These few illustrations will serve to show

that not all lyric poetry is filled with the emotions of the poet. Some is highly reflective; some almost completely objective. But most lyric poetry is charged with emotion and stamped with the feelings of the poet; love, grief, religious and patriotic passion, love of nature, of art, of the past world or the realms of fancy, all provide him with subjects and moods to be poured into the mold of the lyric poem.

II. THE THEMES AND MOODS OF LYRIC POETRY

Love, and especially romantic love, is one of the most frequent of lyric moods. It may appear in various aspects—enjoyment of love in youth, love pain or longing, sorrow over the unfaithfulness or loss of the beloved, praise or repudiation of the beloved, invitation to marry, and conjugal happiness. The burning love poems of the Lesbian Sappho, who died centuries before the beginning of the Christian era, are proof, if any is needed, that women may express the love mood in verse. And yet in English literature there were no women poets of any merit until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Then we have a great sequence of love poems in Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, addressed to her husband, and many love poems by other modern women. Most love poetry, however, is either expressed in the third person, or presents a man's passionate regard for a woman. Some of these addresses are entirely conventional, suggesting nothing more than a polite compliment; such are most of the love sonnets of the artificial Elizabethans. Others flame with glowing passion; such is, for example, Burns's "A Red, Red Rose," in which the poet begins with praise of his mistress and, as though unable to restrain himself, bursts into a direct and impassioned address to her. Love poems are so familiar a subtype of the lyric as hardly to need illustration; a few examples will suffice. Poems which have love as the basic mood are Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love," Shakespeare's "O Mistress Mine" and "Take, O Take Those Lips Away," Suckling's "Why So Pale and Wan, Fond Lover?" Carey's "Sally in Our Alley," Burns's "Highland

Mary" and "To Mary in Heaven," Landor's "Rose Aylmer," and countless other metrical expressions of the way of a man with a maid in palace or cottage.

Love is the mood of life and youth and spring. It is perhaps less profoundly moving, however, than the mood of death, the thought of which thickens men's blood with chill anticipation or thrusts them into the black depths of sorrow. In his *Philosophy of Composition* Poe declares that "melancholy is . . . the most legitimate of all the poetical tones," and later in the same essay that "the death . . . of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world." Poe certainly followed his own theory, for the prevailing situation in his poems and short stories is the death of a beautiful young woman and the grief of her lover. For old men and women to pass in the fullness of their years back into the mists of eternity from which they have come may seem fitting enough; indeed, there is an element of melancholy in the sight of aged folks lingering like withered apples on a bough, belated beyond their span. But when youth and beauty are thrust into the damp earth in the springtime of their life, the contrast is sharp, depressing, and therefore deeply emotional and poetic. Many poets besides Poe have found the truth of this contrast; witness Sir John Beaumont's "Of His Dear Son, Gervase," Rossetti's "My Sister's Sleep," and Bryant's "The Death of the Flowers." Similar poems in which the sorrow is sharp, but not especially enhanced by the contrast of death and youthful beauty, are Milton's "On His Deceased Wife," Cowper's "On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture," and Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue," in which a child is lost forever from the world.

In the poems just listed the grief is personal and sharp. Many poems of death, however, are commemorative rather than poignant in tone; in others, as in Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and Arnold's "Rugby Chapel," the two moods mingle. Commemorative and obituary poems, in which the poet has no thought of his own relationship to death, are called elegiac. Of these some are very general, like Gray's famous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" and other productions of the "graveyard school."

Others contain the note of lament or of the requiem; such are Scott's "Soldier, Rest! Thy Warfare O'er" and Burns's "Lament for Culloden." Many are memorial poems, tributes to the departed in which the sense of personal loss is either lacking altogether or overcast by reflection. To this class belong tributes to national heroes, like Wolfe's "The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna"; Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," written by England's official bard to commemorate the passing of an heroic figure; Milton's "Lycidas," in honor of a college friend; and Shelley's "Adonais," dedicated to the memory of John Keats.

It is natural that lyric poets, even more than other men, should give expression to reflections on their old age and death. Hence a great number of lyric poems show a concern—not often an anxiety—over the last phases of a poet's life, his death, and what lies beyond. Such poems are: Landor's "On His Seventy-fifth Birthday"; Arnold's "Growing Old"; Keats's sonnets, "When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be" and "Bright Star, Would I Were Steadfast As Thou Art"; Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," with its note of resignation and faith; Browning's "Prospice"; Henley's "Invictus," robust and brave in tone; Stevenson's fine "Requiem"; and Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," one of a great many death-poems by soldier poets.

The theme of death suggests another subject and mood of frequent occurrence in lyric poetry—religious feeling. All hymns are, of course, religious poems, although not all are great lyrics. But not all religious poems are hymns; many that have no connection with organized religion embody prolonged reflections on religious subjects, as do Raleigh's conception of heaven expressed in "His Pilgrimage," and Herbert's poem of submission to divine will, "The Collar," a poem which has the same general theme as Thompson's more vivid "The Hound of Heaven." Among hymns which are still sung, and which are worthy of inclusion in any collection of religious lyrics are Addison's "Divine Ode," which Thackeray praised so highly; Watts's "O God, Our Help in Ages Past"; Cowper's "God Moves in a Mysterious Way"; and Charles Wes-

ley's "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." All of these poets were moved profoundly by a deeply religious feeling; they and other famous hymn-writers were stirred by the same spirit which came to the prophet Isaiah when the burning coals from the altar touched his lips.

Love of country, too, is a frequent theme of poets, and is often as movingly expressed as is religious emotion. Thus Emerson's "Concord Hymn" is hymnal in spirit, though the shrine of the patriot's devotion is his native land. Thomson in "Rule, Britannia" and Henley in "England, My England" were moved by similar devotion to the land of their birth. Longfellow's "The Ship of State" and Scott's "Breathes There the Man with Soul So Dead" are general expressions of love of country. Finally, lyrics in which the ruler or the national flag is addressed or praised often find their way into the body of patriotic literature, the king or the banner becoming the symbol of all that the country means to those who love it.

During some periods of English literature, notably the age of Queen Anne, nature did not appear extensively as a subject in lyric poetry; in other periods, and especially during the so-called Romantic Movement at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, it exerted a powerful influence. Nature in English and American poetry is so broad a topic that it has been treated in several whole volumes; here it will be possible only to suggest some phases of the subject. Poets frequently deal with the grander aspects of nature—the storms, the winds, the sea, and the mountains. Shelley, for example, has written an ode "To a Cloud" and another "To the West Wind," and Lanier has a "Song of the Chattahoochee," in which he describes the mountains and waterfalls. Wordsworth's poems are filled with descriptions of mountains, valleys, and glens. Poetic descriptions of water might be made the subject of a long study. The poetry of any maritime people is naturally marked by the influence of the sea. This is especially true of English poetry; from numerous possible examples Masfield's "Sea-fever" stands out as an expression of the enchantment which the salt air has for the Englishman, and Campbell's "Ye Mariners of England" as an

illustration of the combination of the heroic and the love of the sea. One is tempted to digress into epic, novel, and short story to show the wide extent of this influence; it will be enough to say, however, that lyric poetry has a full share of it. Water is further treated in Wordsworth's descriptions of his beloved lakes and mountain tarns, in Tennyson's "The Brook," and in Yeats's "The Lake Isle of Innisfree."

Nature appears further in those poems which deal with beasts, birds, and flowers. The skylark, spurning the earth and soaring as he sings, has become the subject of poems by Wordsworth, Shelley, and Meredith; the American poets Hayne and Lanier have glorified the mocking-bird; Burns and Bryant have both written odes to the water-fowl. Burns has addressed a poem to a mouse, Cowper to a pet hare, Gray to a favorite cat. Blake has made the sunflower the subject of his verse, Wordsworth, the daffodil and the celandine, Bryant, the fringed gentian, Tennyson, a flower "in the crannied wall."

The method of treatment of nature varies almost as widely as do the subjects themselves. Sometimes the poet is detached from the object described or interpreted, becoming, as Wordsworth usually did, "Nature's priest." Sometimes his attitude is pantheistic; that is, he sees in natural phenomena and objects the indwelling spirit of Nature personified, or of God. Often he treats natural objects but as the symbols of human life; thus, in the mouse whose nest he has accidentally destroyed Burns sees himself, and in the mountain-daisy which he has plowed under he beholds not only a flower destroyed but a maiden ruined. So each lyric poet interprets the effect upon him of his contact with nature and employs his poem as a mold of his emotional response to nature's influence.

Art as well as nature is the subject of lyric poetry. Thus we find poets inspired by music, painting, sculpture, and literature. Keats was moved by "the glory that was Greece" into writing his "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and his sonnets "On Seeing the Elgin Marbles" and "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer"; Byron's "Stanzas for Music," and Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" and "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day" have

music as their subject; the stories of the past reappear in Landor's "Past Ruined Iliion Helen Lives," Lowell's "The Shepherd of King Admetus," Tennyson's "Ulysses" and "Æneid," Swinburne's "Hymn to Proserpine," E. A. Robinson's "Cassandra," Sara Teasdale's "Helen of Troy," and numerous other poems in which the creations of earlier bards live again in the work of their literary posterity. So one generation of artists inspires the labors of a succeeding group, and a world of legend and beauty is reinterpreted and kept alive.

Some of the most significant and frequent themes and moods of lyric poetry have been listed and illustrated in the preceding paragraphs. It may be enough, therefore, to conclude what is to be said here about lyric subjects by enumerating briefly a very few more, in order that something of the full range of the lyric may be understood. Longing for the past, for lost childhood, for one's native land, or for the never-never land is a lyric mood which has the fragrance of pensive melancholy. This mood appears in Lamb's "Old Familiar Faces," Hood's "I Remember, I Remember," Moore's "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," Arnold's "The Forsaken Merman," Whittier's "The Barefoot Boy," and Lady Nairne's "The Land o' the Leal." Love of children is still another lyric subject, represented in Greene's "Sephastia's Song to Her Child" and other lullaby songs, and in Blake's "The Lamb" and other poems. The fairy world appears in Shakespeare's song sung by Ariel, "Where the Bee Sucks, There Suck I," and more directly in Allingham's "The Fairies" and scores of other poems dealing with the fairy world. The love of the heroic, the basis of so many narrative poems, crops out in the lyric in such praises of great achievement as Drayton's "The Virginian Voyage," Scott's "March, March, Ettrick and Teviotdale," Miller's "Columbus," and numerous poems on Lincoln. Finally, convivial poems of wine, women, song, and friendship, appear in considerable numbers. These include drinking songs such as Burns's "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Malt"; songs of friendship like "Auld Lang Syne"; and a host of others in which the prevailing tone is *carpe diem*, enjoy the day, give no thought for the

morrow, take the cash and let the credit go, and bid dull care go hang.

III. INDIVIDUAL AND COMMUNAL ELEMENTS IN LYRIC POETRY

The preceding paragraphs have been devoted to the content and mood of lyrical poetry. Before form is taken up, some brief attention must be given to another matter, the comparative individuality of lyric poems. A careful reading of a number will show that a striking difference exists among them. Some are very obviously the expression of the poet's innermost feeling and give the impression that they would have been written even if no reader had existed; others are just as clearly communal and suggest that the poet was but the mouthpiece of a social group. Thus among the religious poems Charles Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" is a distinctly individual and personal prayer, and when it is sung, each singer applies the words to himself, whereas Watts's "O God, Our Help in Ages Past" is just as plainly a group petition. Drinking songs and other convivial pieces, to illustrate further, are obviously communal, whereas the anguished lyric cry of a bereaved lover is almost too personal and sacred for profane eyes and lips. So lyric poems may be considered not only from the point of view of content and form, but also from the point of view of the extent to which they pertain to the heart of the poet himself or are but his expression of a group thought or sentiment.

IV. THE FORMS OF LYRIC POETRY

This is not the place for a discussion of the relationship of poetry and verse or even for an outline of the old and bitterly waged debate on the question as to whether all poetry must be metrical or not. It must be said, therefore, somewhat dogmatically that the popular conception of a lyric poem is that it is a brief, metrical expression of an elevated thought or emotion. A reflective or philosophical lyric, such as an ode or an elegy, may be long; an emotional lyric must necessarily be short. The reason for this brevity Poe makes clear in his *Philosophy of*

Composition (page 989), where he says that it is physically impossible for a reader to sustain the intense emotion of a lyric poem beyond a reasonable limit. Rhythm is basic in life and in labor, and a sense for rhythm is inherent in most men. Hence meter, which is based on the regular recurrence of a beat or accent, in accordance with some definite scheme or pattern, is generally thought to be part of the beauty of poetry and to distinguish it from prose, which may be rhythmic but not according to a regular plan. Great poetry as distinguished from mere verse or doggerel is a felicitous harmonizing of lofty thinking, noble sentiment, beauty of language, and melodious measure which pleases the ear while the thought sets the mind aglow and the feeling expressed stirs the heart. Content and form are soul and body; in great poetry neither is trivial nor lacking in power to arouse admiration.

It is not possible here to enumerate all of the metrical molds into which the lyric poet has poured his material, since these are almost as numerous as the subjects themselves. It must be enough, therefore, to define meter and to explain very simply and non-technically how the verse of a given poem may be described.

When a line of poetry is read, it will be noticed that the voice accents instinctively certain of the syllables and leaves certain others unaccented. For example, each of the following lines from Byron's "The Isles of Greece" contains eight syllables:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
The	isles	of	Greece,	the	isles	of	Greece
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Where	burning	Sappho	loved	and	sung		

When these are "scanned," or read for the accent, it will be observed that the beat falls on syllables 2, 4, 6, and 8; that is, there are four accented and four unaccented syllables in each line. In other lines of poetry it will be found that the number, proportion, and relative order of accented and unaccented syllables differ from those in the lines quoted. The length of all lines is described, however, in terms of the number of accented syllables. Thus the accented syllable, together with either one or two unaccented syllables, becomes the unit of line measurement, and is called the metrical foot. In marking verse

the accented syllable is usually represented by the acute accent (') and the unaccented by the cross (x). It is readily apparent that one accented and one or two unaccented syllables may be made into the following combinations: (1) x'; (2) 'x; (3) xx'; (4) 'xx; (5) x'x. These metrical feet are given the Greek names: (1) iamb; (2) trochee; (3) anapest; (4) dactyl; (5) amphibrach. To these may be added the spondee, ''', where the relatively rare combination of two accented syllables into one foot is made. The prevailing feet are the iamb and its inversion the trochee; the anapest, and more rarely its inversion, the dactyl, are occasionally used for variety or for certain verse movements. Sometimes a rest, or blank, takes the place of an unaccented syllable. Thus the first two lines of Tennyson's monody would be marked as below.

x	'	x	'	x	'
	Break,		break,		break
x	x	'	x	'	x
On	thy	cold		gray	stones,
					O
					sea!

The time given to a correct reading of the three accented syllables in the first line is the same as would be devoted to the reading of six syllables, and the line consists, therefore, of the full time equivalent of three iambs.

In describing the meter of a line of poetry, then, we name the prevailing foot and the number of feet to the line, as, for example, *trimeter* for three feet; *tetrameter* for four; *pentameter* for five; *hexameter* for six. Thus the two lines from Byron quoted above are described as iambic tetrameter. The meter of Longfellow's *Hiawatha* is trochaic tetrameter, and of his *Evangeline*, dactylic hexameter.

In describing the form of a lyric poem there are two other items to consider, the rime and the stanzaic form. Rime consists of correspondence or identity of final sounds with difference of sounds preceding the terminals; thus *boat* and *moat* rime, but *moat* and *mote* do not, because completely identical in sound. Rime is ordinarily employed for words coming at the end of the line and is represented in metrical description by the use of letters to show which lines rime. In the following sonnet of Wordsworth the letters follow the lines:

The world is too much with us; late and soon, (a)
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers. (b)
 Little we see in nature that is ours: (b)
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon! (a)
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon; (a)
 The winds that will be howling at all hours, (b)
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers; (b)
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune: (a)
 It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be (c)
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn; (d)
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea, (c)
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn; (d)
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea; (c)
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn. (d)

The rime in this poem runs, *abba abba cdcddc*.

Finally, in describing the meter of a poem we must take into account the pattern made by the line groupings or stanzas. In this paragraph only a few of the most important can be defined. A stanza consisting of four lines is described as a *quatrain*; two iambic pentameter lines riming *aabb*, etc., form an *heroic couplet*. Spenser in his *Faerie Queene* first used the *Spenserian stanza*. This consists of eight iambic pentameter lines riming *abab bcbe* with a final iambic hexameter, called an *Alexandrine*, riming with the second and fourth lines of the preceding quatrain. The sonnet, brought to England from Italy by Wyatt and Surrey about the middle of the sixteenth century, is a poem consisting of fourteen iambic pentameter lines divided into two linked quatrains, eight lines forming the "octave" and six lines forming the "sestet"; the lines rime *abba abba cde cde* (or *cd cd cd*). Wordsworth's poem, just quoted, is an Italian sonnet in form. The English sonnet, used by Shakespeare and other Elizabethan sonneteers also contains fourteen iambic pentameter lines; its rime scheme, however, is *abab cdcd efef gg*, that is, three quatrains, and a riming couplet at the end.

Thus in describing a poem metrically one must name the prevailing foot, give the number of feet to the line, indicate the rime scheme, and designate the stanzaic form. An absolutely complete description would include also a catalogue of metrical peculiarities and irregularities, but into such details it is not possible to enter here.

The preceding paragraphs have dealt with the traditional verse forms. Certain poems, however, cannot be fitted into any traditional metrical scheme. Among these

are poems written in *vers libre*, or free verse. Poetry always tends to follow patterns or to create new ones, but not all patterns need be symmetrical and regular. Any period in the history of literature which is characterized by a strong movement toward freedom and variety may create verse which is unsymmetrical and irregular. In such free verse the patterns have their bases in cadences and recurring images and symbols. Free verse is not prose straining at poetry; it is poetry itself if the rhythm springs from the sincere emotion of the poet expressed in rhapsodical cadences and images. The development of this "new" poetry, as it is sometimes called, began in America with Whitman, and appears notably in the work of Amy Lowell, E. L. Masters, John Gould Fletcher, and Carl Sandburg. In England the free verse movement is less advanced.*

V. THE TREND OF LYRIC POETRY

The history of lyric poetry in England shows a constant battle between standardization and revolt. The desire of poets to conform to the established in subject and verse creates a period characterized by convention. Then come the revolutionists, eager for new themes, new theories, and new verse forms, and create a period of revolt. The revolutionists of one age seem old-fashioned to their literary successors and are rebelled against in their turn; thus, poetry develops, so to speak, in waves of alternate convention and revolt. To these movements must be added numerous cross-currents of native and foreign influences, so that whereas some periods in which creative genius seems to be particularly stimulated abound in lyric poetry, others which lack the stimulation are barren and arid. How these forces operate will appear in the following brief sketch of the development of the lyric in England.

In the period before the beginning of the Renaissance, about 1500, lyrical poetry is represented by a comparatively thin list of poems dealing mainly with religious subjects, love, and nature. The first significant out-

*For a fuller exposition of free verse consult Marguerite Wilkinson's *New Voices* (The Macmillan Company, 1919).

pouring of lyrics came in the sixteenth century, when the Reformation, the rebirth of learning, and national expansion through commerce and exploration, stimulated the imagination of the English people mightily. Under the Tudor monarchs the writing of lyrics became an elegant pastime. It was an artificial age characterized by a thirst for novelty, which was unchecked by any instinct toward conformity. The Italian influence predominated; thus blank verse and sonnet were borrowed from Italy together with many other forms and practices in art. The period was rich in lyric poetry of every conceivable theme and form. Every courtier tried his hand at sonnet or madrigal, and the dramas were crammed with popular songs, Shakespeare's plays alone containing more than three score.

The Cavalier and Puritan period, which stretches across the second and third quarters of the seventeenth century, is marked by two influences. From Ben Jonson the poets of the Commonwealth inherited a taste for the classical and particularly for the Horatian; from John Donne some of them caught an interest in the metaphysical. Jonson's influence shows itself in the work of such poets as Herrick, Donne's in the religious poetry of the so-called metaphysical school.

At the end of the century, after the restoration of Charles II, came a period of satirical writing in which poets impaled their enemies on the smooth shafts of epigrammatic pentameters. Pope, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, inherited this love of satire. The age of Pope is called the neo-classical, or pseudo-classical, period, because the poets, while pretending to imitate the Greek and Roman classical writers, caught more of the form than of the spirit of their great models. The age was highly artificial, subscribing quite readily to Pope's

dictum that "the proper study of mankind is man," and adopting society as the principal theme of its lyric poetry. But just as the poetry of the age of Dryden and of Pope represents a revolt against the freer and more varied forms of the Elizabethan period, so the neo-classical period suffered a similar rebellion when the Romantic Movement of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries brought in the themes of nature and medieval legend and revived a general interest in the sonnet and a desire to experiment with newer verse forms.

The influence of Wordsworth and Coleridge and their successors, Shelley and Keats, appears in the work of the Victorians, Tennyson, Morris, Arnold, and others. In the Victorian period lyric poetry embodies also, to an unusual extent, the current interest in problems of human society and in the individual souls of men and women. In the twentieth century, especially during and since the World War, lyric poetry has become widely varied in both content and form, and shows at present an impatience with any bolts and shackles which would confine it to set shapes and subjects. This revolt has resulted specifically in the development of free verse as a vehicle for lyric expression.

Less need be said of the history of American poetry. In the colonial period and during the first half of the nineteenth century, lyric poetry in America was sometimes frankly, sometimes covertly, imitative: Whitman is usually thought of as the first distinctly American lyric poet. Since his death there has gradually developed more of a national spirit, so that at present many of the new American voices in song are clearly detached from the English influence which checked the independent development of American poetry in its early years.

CHAPTER V. SELECTIONS

ENGLISH LYRIC POETRY

FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES

NOTE

The Middle English lyric shows at first the strong influence of Latin and French verse forms and subjects, but the native element begins to assert itself in the fourteenth century. Yet even in the earliest lyrics one finds traces of English thought rather than completely servile translation. Our first selection, "Alisoun," for example, although it has many characteristics of contemporary French love songs, has a carefree attitude in thought and meter which is typical of English folk songs rather than French. "Ubi Sunt Qui Ante Nos Fuerunt?" combines Latin moralizing with the Anglo-Saxon tradition of wonder and lament at the mysterious loss of youth and beauty as we found in the laments in Part IV of *Beowulf* (pages 40-42). "The Nutbrowne Maide" (page 344) adopts the mediæval debate form of poetry for the purpose of a charming love dialogue, the atmosphere of which is completely English. Finally "Fredome" (page 348), taken from *The Bruce* of John Barbour, a long narrative poem, is one of the earliest recorded lyric expressions of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic idealization of the life of the free man. These four poems contain the genesis of many of the dominant ideas in English and American lyric poetry: the mystery of life which leads to foreboding and lament, but which also arouses the determination to fight out one's destiny; patriotism and the ideals of the happy warrior; love and social conviviality; songs of nature; and, finally, general reflections upon life.

ANONYMOUS

ALISOUN

Bytuene Mershe ant Averil
When spray biginneth to springe,
The lutel foul hath hire wyl
On hyre lud to synge.
Ich libbe in love-longinge
For semlokest of alle thynges;
He may me blisse bringe—
Icham in hire bandoun.
An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent,

2. *spray*, branch, shoot. 4. *On hyre lud*, in her manner. 5. *libbe*, live. 6. *semlokest*, loveliest. 7. *He*, she (Old English). 8. *Icham*, etc., "I am in her thrall." 9. *An hendy hap*, etc., "a lucky chance I have seized."

Ichot from hevene it is me sent, 10
From alle wymmen my love is lent
Ant lyht on Alisoun.

On heu hire her is fayr ynoh,
Hire browe broune, hire eye blake;
With lossum chere he on me loh; 15
With middel smal ant wel y-make;
Bote he me wolte to hire take
For to buen hire owen make,
Long to lyven ichulle forsake
Ant feye fallen adoun. 20
An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent, etc.

Nihtes when I wende and wake,
For-thi myn wonges waxeth won;
Levedi, al for thine sake
Longinge is y-lent me on. 25
In world his non so wyter mon
That al hire bounté telle con;
Hire swyre is whittore than the swon,
Ant feyrest may in toune.
An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent, etc. 30

Icham for wowyng al for-wake,
Wery so water in wore;
Lest eny reve me my make
Ichabbe y-versed yore.
Betere is tholien whyle sore 35
Then mournen evermore.
Geynest under gore,
Herkne to my roun—
An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent, etc.
(c. 1300)

10. *Ichot*, I believe. 11. *lent*, turned away. 12. *lyht*, alighted. 13. *heu*, color. 14. *hire her*, her hair. 15. *lossum chere*, lovely face. 16. *loh*, laughed. 17. *Bote*, etc., unless. 18. *buen*, be. 19. *Long*, etc., "I shall give up living long." 20. *feye*, doomed. 21. *wende*, turn. 22. *For-thi*, etc., "therefore my cheeks grow pale." 23. *Levedi*, lady. 24. *Longinge*, etc., "longing is come upon me." 25. *non so wyter mon*, "no man so wise." 26. *can*, can. 27. *Hire swyre*, etc., "her neck is whiter than the swan." 28. *Ant feyrest*, etc., "and she's the fairest maid in town." 29. *wowyng*, wooing. 30. *for-wake*, exhausted with watching. 31. *as wore*, pool. 32. *reve*, deprive. 33. *y-versed yore*, worried long. 34. *Betere is*, etc., "it is better to suffer bitterly for a while." 35. *Geynest*, etc., "fairest in women's dress." 36. *roun*, love-song.

UBI SUNT QUI ANTE NOS
FUERUNT?

Were beth they that biforen us weren,
Houndes ladden and havekes beren,
And hadden feld and wode?
The riche levedies in here bour,
That wereden gold in here tressour, 5
With here brighte rode;

Eten and drounken, and maden hem
glad;
Here lif was al with gamen y-lad,
Men kneleden hem biforen;
They beren hem wel swithe heye; 10
And in a twincing of an eye
Here soules weren forloren.

Were is that lawhing and that song,
That trayling and that proude gong,
Tho havekes and tho houndes? 15
Al that joye is went away,
That wele is comen to weylaway
To manye harde stoundes.

Here paradis they nomen here,
And nou they lyen in helle y-fere; 20
The fyr hit brennes evere.
Long is ay, and long is o,
Long is wy, and long is wo;
Thennes ne cometh they nevere.
(c. 1350)

THE NUTBROWNE MAIDE

Be it right or wrong, these men among
on women do complaine,
Affermyng this, how that it is a labor
spent in vaine
To love them wele, for never a dele they
love a man agayne;

Ubi Sunt Qui Ante Nos Fuerunt? The title means, "Where are those who were before us?" Cf. Vaughan, "Departed Friends" (page 406), Shirley, "Death the Leveler" (page 380), Lamb, "The Old Familiar Faces" (page 471), and Housman, *Last Poems* (page 618). 1. *Were beth*, where are. 2. *ladden*, led. 3. *havekes beren*, carried hawks. 4. *levedies*, ladies. 5. *here*, their. 6. *wereden*, wore. 7. *tressour*, headdress. 8. *rode*, complexion. 9. *with gamen y-lad*, led (lived) with joy. 10. *hem*, them. 11. *swithe heye*, very high. 12. *forloren*, lost. 13. *lawhing*, laughing. 14. *trayling*, wearing trains; hence, majestic, noble. 15. *gong*, gait. 16. *Tho*, those. 17. *That wele*, etc., "that joy has become grief." 18. *To manye*, etc., "and to many hard hours." 19. *Here*, there. 20. *nomen*, took. 21. *y-fere*, together. 22. *brennes*, burns. 23. *wy*, strife.

The Nutbrowne Maide. The "débat" was a mediæval dialogue form of poetry, wherein two people debate a question. Here it is the faithfulness of a girl to her lover.

For lete a man do what he can ther
favor to attayne,
Yet yf a newe to them pursue, ther
furst trew lover than 5
Laboreth for nought, and from her
thought he is a bannished man.

I say not nay but that all day it is bothe
writ and sayde
That woman's fayth is, as who saythe,
all utterly decayed;
But nevertheless right good witnes in
this case might be layde
That they love trewe and contynew—
recorde the Nutbrowne Maide, 10
Whiche from her love, whan, her to
prove, he cam to make his mone,
Wolde not departe, for in her herte she
lovyd but hym allone.

Than betwene us lete us discusse what
was all the maner
Betwene them too, we wyl also telle all
the peyne and fere
That she was in. Now I begynne, see
that ye me answere. 15
Wherfore alle ye that present be, I pray
you geve an eare.
I am a knyght, I cum be nyght, as secret
as I can,
Sayng, "Alas! thus stondyth the case; I
am a bannished man."

And I your wylle for to fulfyll, in this
wyl not refuse,
Trusting to shewe in wordis fewe that
men have an ille use, 20
To ther owne shame wymen to blame,
and causeles them accuse.
Therfore to you I answere now, alle
wymen to excuse:
"Myn owne hert dere, with you what
chiere? I prey you telle anon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you allon."

"It stondith so, a dede is do whereof
moche harme shal growe. 25
My desteny is for to dey a shamful
dethe, I trowe,
Or ellis to flee; the ton must bee, none
other wey I knowe

8. as who saythe, as people say. 20. use, custom.
27. ton, one.

But to withdrawe as an outlaw and take
me to my bowe.
Wherefore adew, my owne hert trewe,
none other red I can;
For I muste to the grene wode goo,
alone, a bannysshed man." 30

"O Lorde, what is this worldis blisse,
that chaungeth as the mone?
My somers day in lusty May is derked
before the none.
I here you saye 'farwel'; nay, nay, we
departe not soo sone.
Why say ye so? wheder wyl ye goo?
alas! what have ye done?
Alle my welfare to sorow and care
shulde chaunge if ye were gon; 35
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"I can beleve it shal you greve, and
somewhat you distrayne;
But afterwarde your paynes harde with-
in a day or tweyne
Shal sone aslake, and ye shal take con-
fort to you agayne.
Why shuld ye nought? for to take
thought, your labur were in vayne.
And thus I do, and pray you, too, as
hertely as I can; 41
For I muste too the grene wode goo,
alone, a bannysshed man."

"Now syth that ye have shewed to me
the secret of your mynde,
I shalbe playne to you agayne, lyke as
ye shal me fynde;
Syth it is so that ye wyll goo, I wol not
leve behynde; 45
Shal never be sayd the Nutbrowne Mayd
was to her love unkind.
Make you redy, for soo am I, all though
it were anoon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"Yet I you rede to take good hede, what
men wyl thinke and sey;
Of yonge and olde it shalbe tolde that
ye be gone away, 50
Your wanton wylle for to fulfyll, in
grene wood you to play,

And that ye myght from your delyte noo
lenger make delay.
Rather than ye shuld thus for me be
called an ylle woman,
Yet wolde I to the grenewodde goo
alone, a bannysshed man."

"Though it be songe of olde and yonge
that I shuld be to blame, 55
Theirs be the charge that speke so large
in hurting of my name;
For I wyl prove that feythful love it is
devoyd of shame,
In your distresse and hevynesse to parte
wyth you the same;
And sure all thoo that doo not so, trewe
lovers ar they noon;
But in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone." 60

"I councel yow, remembre how it is noo
maydens lawe
Nothing to dought, but to renne out to
wod with an outlawe;
For ye must there in your hands bere a
bowe redy to drawe,
And as a theef thus must ye lyve ever in
drede and awe,
By whiche to yow gret harme myght
grow; yet had I lever than 65
That I had too the grenewod goo, alone,
a bannysshed man."

"I thinke not nay, but as ye saye, it is
noo maydens lore;
But love may make me for your sake,
as ye have said before,
To com on fote, to hunte and shote to
gete us mete and store;
For soo that I your company may have,
I aske noo more; 70
From whiche to parte, it makith myn
herte as colde as ony ston;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"For an outlawe this is the lawe, that
men hym take and binde,
Wythout pytee hangéd to bee, and
waver wyth the wynde.

29. red I can, plan do I know. 33. departe, part.
37. distrayne, distress. 43. syth, since. 45. leve,
stay. 49. rede, advise.

56. charge, responsibility. large, freely. 58. parte,
share. 59. thoo, these. 61. noo, no. 62. Nothing to
dought, not at all to hesitate. 65. lever than, rather
then.

Yf I had neede, as God forbede, what
 rescous coude ye finde? 75
 For sothe I trowe, you and your bowe
 shul drawe for fere behynde;
 And noo mervyle, for lytel awayle were
 in your councel than;
 Wherefore I too the wode wyl goo, alone,
 a bannysshid man."

"Ful wel knowe ye that wymen bee ful
 febyl for to fyght;
 Noo womanhed is it indeede to bee bolde
 as a knight; 80
 Yet in suche fere yf that ye were, amonge
 enemys day and nyght,
 I wolde wythstonde, with bowe in hande,
 to greve them as I myght,
 And you to save, as wymen have from
 deth many one;
 For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
 but you alone."

"Yet take good hede, for ever I drede
 that ye coude not sustein 85
 The thorney wayes, the depe valeis, the
 snowe, the frost, the reyn,
 The colde, the hete; for, drye or wete, we
 must lodge on the playn,
 And, us above, noon other rove but a
 brake, bussh, or twayne;
 Whiche sone shulde greve you, I beleve,
 and ye wolde gladly than
 That I had too the grenewode goo, alone,
 a banysshid man." 90

"Syth I have here ben partynere with
 you of joy and blysse,
 I muste also parte of your woo endure,
 as reason is;
 Yet am I sure of oo plesure, and shortly
 it is this,
 That where ye bee, me semeth, perde, I
 coude not fare amysse.
 Wythout more speche, I you beseche
 that we were soon agone; 95
 For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
 but you alone."

"Yef ye goo thedyr, ye must consider,
 whan ye have lust to dyne,
 Ther shal no mete be fore to gete, nor
 drinke, bere, ale, ne wine,

Ne shetis clene to lye betwene, made of
 thred and twyne,
 Noon other house but levys and bowes,
 to kever your hed and myn. 100
 Loo! myn herte swete, this ylle dyet
 shuld make you pale and wan;
 Wherefore I to the wood wyl goo, alone,
 a banysshid man."

"Amonge the wylde dere suche an
 archier as men say that ye bee
 Ne may not fayle of good vitayle, where
 is so grete plente;
 And watir cleere of the ryvere shalbe ful
 swete to me, 105
 Wyth whiche in hele I shal right wele
 endure, as ye shal see;
 And, er we goo, a bed or too I can
 provide anon;
 For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
 but you alone."

"Loo! yet before ye must doo more, yf
 ye wyl goo with me—
 As cutte your here up by your ere, your
 kirtle by the knee, 110
 Wyth bowe in hande, for to withstonde
 your enemys, yf nede be,
 And this same nyght before daylyght to
 woodward wyl I flee;
 And if ye wyl all this fulfyllen, doo it
 shortly as ye can;
 Ellis wil I to the grenewode goo, alone,
 a banysshid man."

"I shal, as now, do more for you than
 longeth to womanhede, 115
 To short my here, a bowe to bere to
 shote in time of nede.
 O my swete moder, before all other, for
 you have I most drede;
 But now adiew! I must ensue, wher
 fortune doth me leede.
 All this make ye; now lete us flee, the
 day cum fast upon;
 For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
 but you alone." 120

"Nay, nay, not soo, ye shal not goo! and
 I shal tell you why:
 Your appetyte is to be lyght of love, I
 wele asprie;

For right as ye have sayd to me, in
lykewise hardely
Ye wolde answer, whosoever it were, in
way of company.
It is sayd of olde, 'sone hote, sone colde,'
and so is a woman; 125
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo, alone,
a banysshid man."

"Yef ye take hede, yet is noo nede, suche
wordis to say bee me,
For oft ye preyd, and longe assayed, or
I you lovid, perdee!
And though that I of auncestry a barons
doughter bee,
Yet have you proved how I you loved,
a squyer of lowe degree, 130
And ever shal, what so befall, to dey
therfore anoon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"A barons childe to be begyled, it were
a curssed dede,
To be felaw with an outlawe, almyghty
God forbede!
Yet bettyr were the power squyer alone
to forest yede, 135
Than ye shal say, another day, that be
my wyked dede
Ye were betrayed; wherfore, good maide,
the best red that I can,
Is that I too the grenewode goo, alone,
a banysshid man."

"Whatsoever befall, I never shal of this
thing you upbraid;
But yf ye goo and leve me so, than have
ye me betraied. 140
Remembre you wele how that ye dele,
for yf ye, as ye sayde,
Be so unkynde to leve behynde your
love, the Notbrowne Maide,
Trust me truly that I shal dey sone after
ye be gone;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"Yef that ye went, ye shulde repent, for
in the forest now 145
I have purveid me of a maide, whom I
love more than you—

Another fayrer than ever ye were, I dare
it wel avowe;
And of you both, eche shulde be wrothe
with other, as I trowe.
It were myn ease to lyve in pease; so wyl
I yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyl goo, alone,
a banysshid man." 150

"Though in the wood I undirstode ye
had a paramour,
All this may nought remeve my thought,
but that I wyl be your;
And she shal fynde me softe and kynde,
and curteis every our,
Glad to fulfyll all that she wylle com-
maunde me, to my power;
For had ye, loo! an hondred moo, yet
wolde I be that one; 155
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"Myn oun dere love, I see the prove
that ye be kynde and trewe;
Of mayde and wyfe, in all my lyf, the
best that ever I knewe!
Be mery and glad, be no more sad, the
case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe that for your trouth
you shuld have cause to rewe. 160
Be not dismayed, whatsoever I sayd, to
you whan I began,
I wyl not too the grenewode goo, I am
noo banysshid man."

"Theis tidings be more glad to me than
to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they shuld endure; but
it is often seen,
When men wyl breke promyse, they
speke the wordis on the splene. 165
Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle, and
stele fro me, I wene.
Then were the case wurs than it was, and
I more woo-begone;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"Ye shal not nede further to drede, I
wyl not disparage
You, God defende, sith you descende of
so grete a lynage. 170

127. **Yef**, if. **bee**, concerning. 128. **or**, ere. 131.
dey, die. 135. **power**, poor. **yede**, gone. 136. **be**, by.
137. **red I can**. See note on line 29.

165. **on the splene**. The spleen was believed to be
the seat of guile and anger. 166. **wene**, believe.

Now understonde, to Westmerlande,
 whiche is my herytage,
 I wyle you bringe, and wyth a rynge, be
 wey of maryage,
 I wyl you take, and lady make, as
 shortly as I can;
 Thus have ye wone an erles son, and not
 a bannysshyd man."

Here may ye see that wymen be in love
 meke, kinde, and stable; 175
 Late never man repreve them than, or
 calle them variable,
 But rather prey God that we may to
 them be comfortable—
 Whiche somtyme provyth suche as he
 loveth, yf they be charitable.
 For sith men wolde that wymen sholde
 be meke to them echeon,
 Moche more ought they to God obey,
 and serve but hym alone.

(c. 1500)

171. *Westmerlande*, Westmorland, a shire in north-west England. 176. *Late*, let. 178. *Whiche*, etc., Who sometimes tests those whom he loves, to see if they are charitable. 179-180. *For*, etc. Here is a medieval moral tag which disappears in later lyric poetry. The dialogue form is not much used after the sixteenth century, but see A. E. Housman's "O See How Thick the Goldcup Flowers" (page 618).

JOHN BARBOUR (1316-1395)

FREDOME

A ! Fredome is a noble thing!
 Fredome mayse man to haiff liking;
 Fredome all solace to man giffis—
 He levys at ese that frely levys!
 A noble hart may haiff nane ese, 5
 Na ellys nocht that may him plese,
 Gyffe fredome fail; for fre liking
 Is yarnyt our all othir thing.
 Na he that ay has levyt fre
 May nocht know weill the propyrté, 10
 The angyre, na the wretchyt dom
 That is complyt to foule thyrldome.
 Bot gyff he had assayit it,
 Than all perquer he suld it wyt;
 And suld think fredome mar to prise 15
 Than all the gold in warld that is.
 Thus contrar thingis evermar
 Discoweryngis off the tothir ar.

Fredome. This is an excerpt from Barbour's poem, *The Bruce* (lines 225-242). Cf. "A Man's a Man for A' That" (page 446), "Scots, Wha Hae" (page 446), and "Patriotism" (page 472). 2. *Fredome mayse*, etc., "freedom gives a man liberty." 5. *haiff*, have. 7. *Gyffe*, if. 8. *yarnyt our*, longed for o'er. 10. *propyrté*, "condition peculiar to." 12. *complyt*, etc., complete in foul thralldom. 14. *Than all*, etc., "then thoroughly he should know it." 15. *And suld*, "and should think freedome more to be prized."

SIXTEENTH CENTURY

NOTE

The sixteenth century shows the influence upon England of the Renaissance and the development of a conscious, national patriotism. The native tradition of simple folk songs continues, but tends to merge in content and form with the lyric products of the Renaissance. That the two fused is characteristic of the English, who have always absorbed what they wished of a foreign literary movement, and have cast aside the rest. For example, the experiments of Wyatt and Surrey with the Italian sonnet form led naturally to Shakespeare's English variation, and since his day both forms of sonnet have persisted with equal popularity. The age was one of youthful and unrestricted experimentation; lyric poetry was at this time an informal pastime of statesmen, soldiers, divines, and playwrights, while the inconsequential way in which it was regarded is revealed in the anonymous publication of much lyric poetry in general anthologies of verse. In this century every phase of lyric poetry seems to be represented, from the simple folk songs included in the dramas, through the elaborate sonnet series of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, to the magnificent *Eclogues*, *Hymns*, and *Odes* of Spenser.

ANONYMOUS

AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND

As ye came from the holy land
 Of Walsinghame,
 Met you not with my true love
 By the way as you came?
 How should I know your true love, 5
 That have met many a one
 As I came from the holy land,
 That have come, that have gone?
 She is neither white nor brown,
 But as the heavens fair; 10
 There is none hath her form divine
 In the earth or the air.

2. *Walsinghame*. A famous medieval pilgrimage was to the church of the Virgin at Walsingham, Norfolkshire.

Such a one did I meet, good sir,
 Such an angelic face,
 Who like a nymph, like a queen, did
 appear 15
 In her gait, in her grace.

She hath left me here alone,
 All alone, as unknown,
 Who sometime did me lead with herself,
 And me loved as her own. 20

What's the cause that she leaves you
 alone
 And a new way doth take,
 That sometime did love you as her own,
 And her joy did you make?

I have loved her all my youth, 25
 But now am old, as you see;
 Love likes not the falling fruit,
 Nor the withered tree.

Know that Love is a careless child,
 And forgets promise past; 30
 He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
 And in faith never fast.

His desire is a dureless content,
 And a trustless joy;
 He is won with a world of despair, 35
 And is lost with a toy.

Of womenkind such indeed is the love,
 Or the word love abuséd,
 Under which many childish desires
 And conceits are excuséd. 40

But true love is a durable fire,
 In the mind ever burning,
 Never sick, never dead, never cold,
 From itself never turning.
 (COMPOSED BEFORE 1550)

THERE IS A LADY SWEET AND KIND

There is a Lady sweet and kind;
 Was never face so pleased my mind.
 I did but see her passing by,
 And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles, 5
 Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
 Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
 And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingéd and doth range,
 Her country so my love doth change; 10
 But change she earth, or change she
 sky,
 Yet will I love her till I die.

(COMPOSED ABOUT 1580)

LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE

Love not me for comely grace,
 For my pleasing eye or face,
 Nor for any outward part,
 No, nor for a constant heart;
 For these may fail or turn to ill, 5
 So thou and I shall sever.

Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,
 And love me still but know not why—
 So hast thou the same reason
 still

To dote upon me ever!
 (COMPOSED ABOUT 1580)

ICARUS

Love winged my hopes and taught me
 how to fly
 Far from base earth, but not to mount
 too high;

For true pleasure
 Lives in measure,
 Which if men forsake, 5
 Blinded they into folly run and grief for
 pleasure take.

But my vain hopes, proud of their new
 taught flight,
 Enamored sought to woo the sun's fair
 light,
 Whose rich brightness
 Moved their lightness 10

10. so, likewise. 11. But, etc., but whether she lives or dies.

Icarus. Daedalus, an Athenian inventor who was exiled to the Island of Crete with his son Icarus, escaped on artificial wings to Sicily. Icarus soared so near the sun as to melt the wax on his wings, and was drowned in the Icarian Sea.

To aspire so high
That all scorched and consumed with
fire now drowned in woe they lie.

And none but Love their woeful hap did
rue,

For Love did know that their desires
were true;

Though fate frownéd, 15

And now drownéd

They in sorrow dwell;

It was the purest light of heaven for
whose fair love they fell.

(COMPOSED ABOUT 1580)

THE NEW JERUSALEM

Hierusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbor of the Saints! 5

O sweet and pleasant soil!

In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell, 10

There envy bears no sway;

There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,

Thy bulwarks diamonds square;

Thy gates are of right orient pearl, 15

Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles

With carbuncles do shine;

Thy very streets are paved with gold, 20

Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Hierusalem,

Would God I were in thee!

Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks 25

Continually are green;

There grow such sweet and pleasant
flowers

As nowhere else are seen.

15. *orient*, eastern, bright.

Quite through the streets, with silver
sound,

The flood of Life doth flow; 30

Upon whose banks on every side

The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,

And evermore do spring;

There evermore the angels sit, 35

And evermore do sing.

Our Lady sings *Magnificat*

With tones surpassing sweet;

And all the virgins bear their part,

Sitting about her feet. 40

Hierusalem, my happy home,

Would God I were in thee!

Would God my woes were at an end,

Thy joys that I might see!

(COMPOSED BEFORE 1550)

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH

Crabbed Age and Youth

Cannot live together:

Youth is full of pleasance,

Age is full of care;

Youth like summer morn, 5

Age like winter weather;

Youth like summer brave,

Age like winter bare.

Youth is full of sport,

Age's breath is short; 10

Youth is nimble, Age is lame;

Youth is hot and bold,

Age is weak and cold;

Youth is wild, and Age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee; 15

Youth, I do adore thee;

O my Love, my Love is young!

Age, I do defy thee.

O sweet shepherd, hie thee!

For methinks thou stay'st too long.

(1599)

37. *Magnificat*, the psalm of thanksgiving of the Virgin Mary, commencing "My soul doth magnify the Lord" (Luke, i, 46-55).

Crabbed Age and Youth. 19. *O sweet shepherd*, etc. English poetry borrowed from the Greek poet Theocritus (third century B.C.), whose *Idylls*—poems of shepherd life—contain love poems, elegies, musical contests, and magic spells. The names of his shepherds, Corydon, Thyrsis, Amoryllis, etc., are used in English pastoral poetry.

SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503?-1542)

FORGET NOT YET

THE LOVER BESEECHETH HIS MISTRESS
NOT TO FORGET HIS STEADFAST
FAITH AND TRUE INTENT

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began 5
The weary life ye know, since when
The suit, the service, none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways, 10
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not! Oh, forget not this!—
How long ago hath been, and is,
The mind that never meant amiss— 15
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved,
Forget not this! (1557)

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF
SURREY (1517?-1547)THE MEANS TO ATTAIN
HAPPY LIFE

Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet
mind;

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife; 5
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance;

The Means to Attain Happy Life. 1. **Martial**, a Roman satirist of the first century A.D., from whose Epigrams (x, 47) this poem was translated.

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom joined with simple-
ness; 10
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate, 15
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.
(1557)

SIR EDWARD DYER (c. 1550-1607)

MY MIND TO ME A
KINGDOM IS

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind.
Though much I want which most would
have, 5
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye; 10
To none of these I yield as thrall—
For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft 15
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get with toil, they keep with
fear—
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice; 20
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more. 26
They are but poor, though much they
have,

My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is. Cf. "To Althea, from Prison" (page 388), and "The Happy Warrior" (page 463). 4. **kind**, nature. 5. **want**, lack. **which**, who.

And I am rich with little store.
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lack, I leave; they pine, I live. 30

I laugh not at another's loss;
 I grudge not at another's pain;
 No worldly waves my mind can toss;
 My state at one doth still remain.
 I fear no foe, I fawn no friend; 35
 I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their
 lust,
 Their wisdom by their rage of will;
 Their treasure is their only trust;
 A cloakéd craft their store of skill. 40
 But all the pleasure that I find
 Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
 My conscience clear my chief defense;
 I neither seek by bribes to please, 45
 Nor by deceit to breed offense.
 Thus do I live; thus will I die;
 Would all did so as well as I!

(1588)

JOHN LYL (1554?-1606)

CUPID AND MY CAMPASPE PLAYED

Cupid and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses—Cupid paid.
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of spar-
 rows;
 Loses them too; then down he throws 5
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows
 how);
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chin—
 All these did my Campaspe win. 10
 At last he set her both his eyes—
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love, has she done this for thee?
 What shall, alas! become of me?

(1584)

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586)

THE BARGAIN

My true love hath my heart, and I have
 his,
 By just exchange one for another
 given.
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;
 There never was a better bargain
 driven.
 My true love hath my heart, and
 I have his. 5

His heart in me keeps him and me in
 one;
 My heart in him his thoughts and
 senses guides.
 He loves my heart, for once it was his
 own;
 I cherish his because in me it bides.
 My true love hath my heart,
 and I have his.

c. 1580 (1598)

LOVE IS DEAD

Ring out your bells, let mourning shows
 be spread;
 For Love is dead.
 All Love is dead, infected
 With plague of deep disdain;
 Worth, as nought worth, rejected, 5
 And Faith fair scorn doth gain.
 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female franzie,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us! 10

Weep, neighbors, weep; do you not hear
 it said
 That Love is dead?
 His deathbed, peacock's folly;
 His winding-sheet is shame;
 His will, false-seeming holy; 15
 His sole exec'tor, blame.
 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female franzie,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us! 20

28. store, supply. 34. at one, the same. still, ever.
Cupid and My Campaspe Played. From the comedy
Alexander and Campaspe. It is one of the many beautiful
 lyrics written by the Elizabethan dramatists. Campaspe
 was the beloved of Alexander the Great.

Love Is Dead. One of many jesting poems on love.
 Cf. "Since There's No Help" (page 360), "Why So Pale
 and Wan" (page 387), and "The Lover's Resolution"
 (page 402). 8. franzie, frenzy. 13. peacock's folly,
 pride.

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly
 read,
 For Love is dead;
 Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
 My mistress' marble heart;
 Which epitaph containeth, 25
 "Her eyes were once his dart."
 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female franzie,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us! 30

Alas, I lie. Rage hath this error bred;
 Love is not dead;
 Love is not dead, but sleepeth
 In her unmatched mind,
 Where she his counsel keepeth, 35
 Till due deserts she find.
 Therefore from so vile fancy,
 To call such wit a franzie,
 Who Love can temper thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us!
 (1595)

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

I

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my
 love to show,
 That she, dear she, might take some
 pleasure of my pain—
 Pleasure might cause her read, reading
 might make her know,
 Knowledge might pity win, and pity
 grace obtain—
 I sought fit words to paint the blackest
 face of woe, 5
 Studying inventions fine, her wits to
 entertain,
 Oft turning others' leaves, to see if
 thence would flow
 Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my
 sunburned brain.
 But words came halting forth, wanting
 Invention's stay;

21. *trentals*, thirty masses said for the dead, usually one a day for a month.

Astrophel and Stella. A sonnet sequence written by Sidney, under the name of Astrophel, to Penelope Devereux, under the name of Stella. The Elizabethan sonnet sequences imitated those of Petrarch (1304-1374), the father of the Italian Renaissance. He addressed his sonnets to his beloved, Laura, and inaugurated the convention of flattery and elaborate phraseology in Renaissance love poetry. I. 9. *wanting Invention's stay*, lacking the aid of Wit.

Invention, Nature's child, fled step-
 dame Study's blows; 10
 And others' feet still seemed but
 strangers in my way.
 Thus, great with child to speak, and
 helpless in my throes,
 Biting my truant pen, beating myself
 for spite—
 "Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in
 thy heart, and write."

XXXI

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou
 climb'st the skies!
 How silently, and with how wan a
 face!
 What, may it be that even in heavenly
 place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows
 tries!
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted
 eyes 5
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's
 case,
 I read it in thy looks; thy languished
 grace,
 To me, that feel the like, thy state
 describes.
 Then, ev'n of fellowship, O Moon, tell
 me,
 Is constant love deemed there but want
 of wit? 10
 Are beauties there as proud as here they
 be?
 Do they above love to be loved, and
 yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love
 doth possess?
 Do they call virtue there ungrateful-
 ness?

XLI

Having this day my horse, my hand, my
 lance
 Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
 Both by the judgment of the English
 eyes
 And of some sent from that sweet enemy,
 France,
 Horsemen my skill in horsemanship
 advance, 5

Town folks my strength; a daintier judge
 applies
 His praise too slight which from good use
 doth rise.
 Some lucky wits impute it but to
 chance;
 Others, because of both sides I do
 take
 My blood from them who did excel in
 this, 10
 Think Nature me a man-at-arms did
 make.
 How far they shot awry! The true cause
 is,
 Stella looked on, and from her heavenly
 face
 Sent forth the beams which made so fair
 my race. (1591)

LEAVE ME, O LOVE, WHICH REACHEST BUT TO DUST

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to
 dust,
 And thou, my mind, aspire to higher
 things!
 Grow rich in that which never taketh
 rust.
 Whatever fades, but fading pleasure
 brings.
 Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy
 might 5
 To that sweet yoke where lasting free-
 doms be,
 Which breaks the clouds and opens forth
 the light
 That doth both shine and give us sight to
 see.
 O take fast hold! Let that light be thy
 guide
 In this small course which birth draws
 out to death, 10
 And think how evil becometh him to
 slide
 Who seeketh heaven, and comes of
 heavenly breath.
 Then farewell, world! thy uttermost
 I see;
 Eternal Love, maintain thy life in
 me! (1598)

EDMUND SPENSER (1552-1599)

PROTHALAMION

Calm was the day, and through the
 trembling air
 Sweet, breathing Zephyrus did softly
 play
 A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
 Hot Titan's beams, which then did
 glister fair;
 When I (whom sullen care, 5
 Through discontent of my long fruit-
 less stay
 In princes' court, and expectation vain
 Of idle hopes, which still do fly away,
 Like empty shadows, did afflict my
 brain)
 Walked forth to ease my pain 10
 Along the shore of silver streaming
 Thames;
 Whose ruddy bank, the which his river
 hems,
 Was painted all with variable flowers,
 And all the meads adorned with dainty
 gems
 Fit to deck maidens' bowers, 15
 And crown their paramours
 Against the bridal day, which is not
 long—
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
 my song.
 There, in a meadow, by the river's side,
 A flock of nymphs I chanced to espy, 20
 All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
 With goodly greenish locks, all loose un-
 tied,
 As each had been a bride.
 And each one had a little wicker basket,
 Made of fine twigs, entrailéd curiously,
 In which they gathered flowers to fill
 their flasket, 26
 And with fine fingers cropt full feat-
 eously
 The tender stalks on high.
 Of every sort, which in that meadow
 grew,

Prothalamion. This poem was written by Spenser in 1596 to celebrate the double marriage of two daughters of the Earl of Worcester to Henry Guilford and William Peter. The verse is an elaborate lyric form, imitative of the marriage odes of the Greeks and Romans. *Prothalamion* is the ode preceding the marriage ceremony. 2. *Zephyrus*, the west wind. 4. *Titan*, the sun. 8. *still*, ever. 12. *ruddy*, rooty. 25. *entrailéd*, woven. 27. *feateously*, neatly.

They gathered some: the violet, pallid
 blue, 30
 The little daisy, that at evening closes,
 The virgin lily, and the primrose true,
 With store of vermeil roses,
 To deck their bridegroom's posies
 Against the bridal day, which was not
 long— 35
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
 my song.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
 Come softly swimming down along the
 Lee;
 Two fairer birds I yet did never see.
 The snow, which doth the top of Pindus
 strew, 40
 Did never whiter shew,
 Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would
 be
 For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
 Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing
 near; 45
 So purely white they were,
 That even the gentle stream, the which
 them bare,
 Seemed foul to them, and bade his bil-
 lows spare
 To wet their silken feathers, lest they
 might
 Soil their fair plumes with water not so
 fair, 50
 And mar their beauties bright,
 That shone as heaven's light,
 Against their bridal day, which was not
 long—
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
 my song.

Eftsoons the nymphs, which now had
 flowers their fill, 55
 Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
 As they came floating on the crystal
 flood;
 Whom when they saw, they stood
 amazed still,
 Their wondering eyes to fill;
 Them seemed they never saw a sight so
 fair 60

33. *vermeil*, red. 38. *Lee* (Lea), a tributary of the Thames River. 40. *Pindus*, a mountain range in Greece. 43. *Leda*, a mythical queen of Sparta, whom Jove wooed in the form of a swan, and to whom she bore Helen and Pollux.

Of fowls so lovely, that they sure did
 deem
 Them heavenly born, or to be that same
 pair
 Which through the sky draw Venus'
 silver team;
 For sure they did not seem
 To be begot of any earthly seed, 65
 But rather angels, or of angel's breed;
 Yet were they bred of summer's heat,
 they say,
 In sweetest season, when each flower and
 weed
 The earth did fresh array;
 So fresh they seemed as day, 70
 Even as their bridal day, which was not
 long—
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
 my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets
 drew
 Great store of flowers, the honor of the
 field,
 That to the sense did fragrant odors
 yield, 75
 All which upon those goodly birds they
 threw
 And all the waves did strew,
 That like old Peneus' waters they did
 seem,
 When down along by pleasant Tempe's
 shore,
 Scattered with flowers, through Thessaly
 they stream, 80
 That they appear, through lilies' plen-
 teous store,
 Like a bride's chamber floor.
 Two of those nymphs meanwhile, two
 garlands bound
 Of freshest flowers which in that mead
 they found,
 The which presenting all in trim
 array, 85
 Their snowy foreheads there withal they
 crowned,
 Whilst one did sing this lay,
 Prepared against that day,
 Against their bridal day, which was not
 long—
 Sweet Thames! run softly till I end
 my song. 90

78. *Peneus*, a river in Thessaly which runs through the Vale of Tempe, sacred to the Muses.

"Ye gentle birds! the world's fair ornament,
And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
Doth lead unto your lover's blissful bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle hearts' content

Of your love's couplement; 95
And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,
With her heart-quelling son upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath virtue to remove
All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile

Forever to assoil; 100
Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed plenty wait upon your board;
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
That fruitful issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound, 105
And make your joys redound
Upon your bridal day, which is not long—"

Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said their bridal day should not be long. 111

And gentle Echo from the neighbor ground

Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous birds did pass along,

Adown the Lee, that to them murmured low, 115

As he would speak, but that he lacked a tongue,

Yet did by signs his glad affection show,
Making his stream run slow.

And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell

'Gan flock about these twain, that did excel 120

The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend

The lesser stars. So they, enrangéd well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long— 125
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to merry London came,

To merry London, my most kindly nurse,

That to me gave this life's first native source,

Though from another place I take my name, 130

An house of ancient fame.

There when they came, whereas those bricky towers

The which on Thames' broad, aged back do ride,

Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,

There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide 135

Till they decayed through pride.

Next whereunto there stands a stately place,

Where oft I gainéd gifts and goodly grace

Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell,

Whose want too well now feels my friendless case; 140

But ah! here fits not well

Old woes, but joys, to tell

Against the bridal day, which is not long—

Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder, 146

Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,

130. **another place**, Lancashire, where lived the Spensers of Hurstwood and Althorpe. 132. **whereas**, where. 135-136. These lines refer to the Temple, which had passed out of the hands of the Knights Templars into those of the lawyers of London. 137. **stately place**, the palace of the Earl of Leicester, Spenser's patron, who died in 1588. 145. **noble peer**. The Earl of Essex took up his residence in Leicester House after 1588. 146-147. The reference is to the capture, in 1596, of Cadiz, where Essex commanded the land forces. Five years later he was convicted of treason, and executed.

97. **heart-quelling son**, Cupid. 98. **virtue**, power. 121. **so far**, etc., "as the goddess of the moon (known as 'Cynthia', Diana, or Artemis) puts to shame the lesser stars."

And Hercules' two pillars standing near
 Did make to quake and fear:
 Fair branch of honor, flower of chivalry!
 That fillest England with thy triumph's
 fame, 151
 Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
 And endless happiness of thine own name,
 That promiseth the same;
 That through thy prowess, and victori-
 ous arms, 165
 Thy country may be freed from foreign
 harms;
 And great Elisa's glorious name may
 ring
 Through all the world, filled with thy
 wide alarms,
 Which some brave muse may sing
 To ages following, 160
 Upon the bridal day, which is not long—
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
 my song.

From those high towers this noble lord
 issuing,
 Like radiant Hesper, when his golden
 hair
 In th' ocean billows he hath bathéd
 fair, 165
 Descended to the river's open viewing,
 With a great train ensuing.
 Above the rest were goodly to be seen
 Two gentle knights of lovely face and
 feature
 Beseeming well the bower of any queen,
 With gifts of wit, and ornaments of
 nature, 171
 Fit for so goodly stature,
 That like the twins of Jove they seemed
 in sight,
 Which deck the baldrick of the heavens
 bright;
 They two, forth pacing to the river's
 side, 175
 Received those two fair brides, their
 love's delight;
 Which, at th' appointed tide,

148. **Hercules' two pillars**, the high promontories bounding the western exit of the Mediterranean Sea. The ancients supposed that Hercules piled them up as landmarks. 157. **great Elisa**, Queen Elizabeth. 164. **Hesper**, the evening star, which appeared to rise from the ocean. 173. **twins of Jove**, the constellation of Castor and Pollux, situated near the Milky Way. Castor was the son of Leda and Tyndareus, king of Sparta; Pollux was his half-brother (see note on line 43). On the death of Castor, Jove made the brothers stars. 174. **baldrick**, belt, referring here to the Milky Way.

Each one did make his bride
 Against their bridal day, which is not
 long—
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
 my song. (1596)

GEORGE PEELE (c. 1558-c. 1597)

FAIR AND FAIR

Oenone.

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
 As fair as any may be;
 The fairest shepherd on our green,
 A love for any lady.

Paris.

Fair and fair, and twice so fair, 5
 As fair as any may be;
 Thy love is fair for thee alone,
 And for no other lady.

Oenone.

My love is fair, my love is gay,
 As fresh as bin the flowers in May, 10
 And of my love my roundelay,
 My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
 Concludes with Cupid's curse—
 "They that do change old love for
 new,

Pray gods they change for worse!" 15

Ambo Simul.

They that do change old love for
 new,
 Pray gods they change for worse!

Oenone.

Fair and fair, etc.

Paris.

Fair and fair, etc.
 Thy love is fair, etc. 20

Oenone.

My love can pipe, my love can sing,
 My love can many a pretty thing,
 And of his lovely praises ring
 My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
 Amen to Cupid's curse— 25
 "They that do change," etc.

Paris.

They that do change, etc.

Ambo.

Fair and fair, etc. (1584)

Fair and Fair. From *The Arraignment of Paris*, a comedy. Paris, son of King Priam, first loved Oenone, a nymph who lived on Mt. Ida, near Troy. Cf. Tennyson's "Oenone" (page 522). 10. **bin**, are. 16. **Ambo Simul**, both together.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

(TO QUEEN ELIZABETH)

His golden locks Time hath to silver
turned;

O Time too swift, O swiftness never
ceasing!

His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever
spurned,

But spurned in vain; youth waneth by
increasing.

Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but
fading seen; 5

Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever
green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for
bees;

And, lovers' sonnets turned to holy
psalms,

A man-at-arms must now serve on his
knees,

And feed on prayers, which are Age
his alms. 10

But though from court to cottage he
depart,

His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a
song—

"Blest be the hearts that wish my
sovereign well, 15

Curst be the souls that think her any
wrong."

Goddess, allow this aged man his right
To be your beadsman now that was your
knight. (1597)

ROBERT GREENE (1560?-1592)

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO
HER CHILD

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee;

When thou art old there's grief enough
for thee.

A Farewell to Arms. 8. *sonnets.* Here it means
merely songs. 10. *Age his.* Age's. 18. *beadsman,*

one who is engaged to pray for others.
Sephestia's Song. From *Menaphon*, a prose romance.
Sephestia, a princess, whose husband has disappeared,
is cast ashore on a mythical island, where she is cared for
by the shepherd Menaphon, and is finally restored to
her husband. 1. *wanton,* carefree boy.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see 5
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changed made him so,
When he left his pretty boy
Last his sorrow, first his joy. 10

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee;

When thou art old there's grief enough
for thee.

Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl-drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes, 15

That one another's place supplies;
Thus he grieved in every part,

Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,

Father's sorrow, father's joy. 20

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee;

When thou art old there's grief enough
for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crowed, more he cried, 25

Nature could not sorrow hide.
He must go, he must kiss

Child and mother, baby bless,
For he left his pretty boy,

Father's sorrow, father's joy. 30

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee,

When thou art old there's grief enough
for thee. (1589)

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;

And sweeter, too,

For kings have cares that wait upon a
crown,

The Shepherd's Wife's Song. From *A Mourning Garment*, an autobiographical treatise. Greene was a lovable
and brilliant poet, whose debauches hastened his death.
Cf. this poem with "The Passionate Shepherd to His
Love" (page 361) and "The Nymph's Reply to the
Shepherd" (page 361). These poems illustrate the
pastoral convention.

And cares can make the sweetest love to
frown. 5

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do
gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd
swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at
night,

As merry as a king in his delight; 10
And merrier, too,

For kings bethink them what the state
require,

Where shepherds careless carol by the
fire.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do

gain, 15
What lady would not love a shepherd
swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his
meat;

And blither, too,
For kings have often fears when they do

sup, 20
Where shepherds dread no poison in
their cup.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do

gain, 15
What lady would not love a shepherd
swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen; 26

More wanton, too,
For kings have many griefs affects to

move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief

than love.

Ah then, ah then, 30
If country loves such sweet desires do

gain, 10
What lady would not love a shepherd
swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as
sound

As doth the king upon his bed of down;
More sounder, too, 35

28. affects to move, to stir the emotions.

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep
to spill,

Where weary shepherds lie and snort
their fill.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do

gain, 10
What lady would not love a shepherd
swain? 40

Thus with his wife he spends the year,
as blithe

As doth the king at every tide or sithe;
And blither, too,

For kings have wars and broils to take in
hand

When shepherds laugh and love upon
the land. 45

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do

gain, 10
What lady would not love a shepherd
swain? (1590)

SONG

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of con-
tent;

The quiet mind is richer than a
crown.

Sweet are the nights in careless slumber
spent;

The poor estate scorns fortune's angry
frown.

Such sweet content, such minds, such
sleep, such bliss, 5

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet
rest;

The cottage that affords no pride nor
care;

The mean that 'grees with country music
best;

The sweet consort of mirth and
music's fare; 10

Obscured life sets down a type of
bliss—

A mind content both crown and king-
dom is. (1591)

36. spill, lose. 37. snort, snore. 42. tide or sithe,
season or time.

Song. From *The Farewell to Folly*, a prose tract.
10. consort, union.

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631)

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

You brave heroic minds,
 Worthy your country's name,
 That honor still pursue,
 Go and subdue!
 Whilst loitering hinds 5
 Lurk here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long;
 Quickly aboard bestow you!
 And with a merry gale
 Swell your stretched sail, 10
 With vows as strong
 As the winds that blow you!

Your course securely steer;
 West-and-by-south forth keep!
 Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals, 15
 When Eolus scowls,
 You need not fear,
 So absolute the deep.

And, cheerfully at sea,
 Success you still entice, 20
 To get the pearl and gold;
 And ours to hold,
 Virginia,
 Earth's only Paradise,

Where Nature hath in store 25
 Fowl, venison, and fish;
 And the fruitful'st soil—
 Without your toil,
 Three harvests more,
 All greater than your wish. 30

And the ambitious vine
 Crowns with his purple mass
 The cedar reaching high
 To kiss the sky,
 The cypress, pine, 35
 And useful sassafras.

To whom the Golden Age
 Still Nature's laws doth give;
 Nor other cares attend,
 But them to defend 40
 From winter's rage,
 That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
 Of that delicious land,
 Above the seas that flows, 45
 The clear wind throws,
 Your hearts to swell,
 Approaching the dear strand,

In kenning of the shore
 (Thanks to God first given!) 50
 O you, the happiest men,
 Be frolic then!
 Let cannons roar,
 Frightening the wide heaven!

And in regions far, 55
 Such heroes bring ye forth
 As those from whom we came!
 And plant our name
 Under that star
 Not known unto our North! 60

And where in plenty grows
 The laurel everywhere,
 Apollo's sacred tree,
 Your days may see 65
 A poet's brows 65
 To crown, that may sing there.

Thy *Voyages* attend,
 Industrious Hakluyt!
 Whose reading shall inflame
 Men to seek fame; 70
 And much commend
 To after times thy wit. (1605)

SONNET FROM IDEA

LXI

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss
 and part!
 Nay, I have done; you get no more of
 me!
 And I am glad, yea, glad, with all my
 heart,
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
 Shake hands forever! Cancel all our
 vows! 5
 And when we meet at any time again,

To the *Virginian Voyage*. This is one of the earliest poetic notices of the American colonies. Cf. "Bermudas" (page 404). 5. *hinds*, peasants, rustics. 16. *Eolus*, the Greek god of the winds.

49. *kenning*, sight. 67. *Voyages*, referring to Hakluyt's earliest book of *Voyages*, published in 1582. *Sonnet from Idea*. Cf. "Love Turns to Hate, They Say" (page 625).

Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain!
 Now at the last gasp of Love's latest
 breath,
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speech-
 less lies, 10
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of
 death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes—
 Now, if thou wouldst, when all have
 given him over,
 From death to life thou might'st him
 yet recover! (1619)

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE
 (1564-1593)

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO
 HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my Love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
 Or woods or steepe mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks, 5
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
 And a thousand fragrant posies; 10
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Fair-lined slippers for the cold, 15
 With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds
 With coral clasps and amber studs—
 And if these pleasures may thee
 move,
 Come live with me and be my Love. 20

The shepherd swains shall dance and
 sing

For thy delight each May morning—
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my Love.
 (1599)

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (c. 1552-1618)

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE
 SHEPHERD

If all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move,
 To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to
 fold, 5
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
 And Philomel becometh dumb;
 The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward Winter reckoning yields; 10
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon for-
 gotten, 15
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
 Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
 All these in me no means can move,
 To come to thee and be thy love. 20

But could youth last, and love still
 breed,
 Had joys no date, nor age no need,
 Then these delights my mind might
 move,
 To live with thee and be thy love.
 (1599)

THE LIE

Go, soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless arrant.
 Fear not to touch the best;
 The truth shall be thy warrant.
 Go, since I needs must die, 5
 And give the world the lie.

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd. 7. **Philomel becometh dumb.** Philomela, in Greek legend, was a maiden whose tongue was slit. She was later changed into a nightingale. 9. **wanton**, luxuriant.

The Lie. Cf. this poem with "Invictus" (page 600), and "Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth" (page 570). It represents Raleigh's disgust with the government of James I. 2. **arrant**, errand.

Say to the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good. 10
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others' action,
Not loved unless they give, 15
Not strong but by a faction.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That manage the estate, 20
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most, 25
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie. 30

Tell zeal it wants devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust.
And wish them not reply, 35
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honor how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
Tell favor how it falters— 40
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles 45
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;
Tell skill it is pretension; 50
Tell charity of coldness;

Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness; 55
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness;
Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie. 60

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming. 65
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood shakes off pity;
Tell virtue least preferreth. 70
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie 75
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.
(1608)

HIS PILGRIMAGE

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage; 5
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like a quiet palmer,
Traveleth toward the land of heaven,

His Pilgrimage. This is a very uneven poem. Notice the belief that heaven is a sort of El Dorado, and the tendency to work out elaborate parallels. 1. **scallop-shell.** Pilgrims picked up these shells on the beaches of Palestine and wore them in their hats. They took with them staves carved in symbolic shapes, such as crosses or crooks, and they carried *scrips*, or bags for provisions. 2. **palmer**, pilgrim, or wandering religious votary who bore a palm leaf as a sign of having visited the Holy Land.

20. **estate**, state. 25. **brave it most**, make the most show.

Over the silver mountains, 11
Where spring the nectar fountains.
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill 15
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But, after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy, blissful day
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see, 20
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk appareled fresh like me.
I'll take them first,
To quench their thirst
And taste of nectar suckets, 25
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality, 30
Then the blessed paths we'll travel,
Strowed with rubies thick as gravel;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.

From thence to heaven's bribeless
hall, 35
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold;
No forged accuser bought or sold;
No cause deferred, no vain-spent jour-
ney,
For there Christ is the king's attorney,
Who pleads for all, without degrees, 41
And he hath angels but no fees.
And when the grand twelve million
jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
Against our souls black verdicts give, 45
Christ pleads his death; and then we
live.

Be Thou my speaker, taintless pleader!
Unblotted lawyer! true proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation, even for alms,
Not with a bribéd lawyer's palms. 50

And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven and earth
and sea:

25. *suckets*, sweetmeats. 42. *angels*, a pun, for an angel was a gold coin worth about \$3.50.

That since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke, when my veins start
and spread, 55
Set on my soul an everlasting head!
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths, which before
I writ.

Of death and judgment, heaven and
hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.
c. 1603 (1651)

THE CONCLUSION

Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways, 5
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.
1618 (1628)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

*SONNETS

XII

When I do count the clock that tells the
time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous
night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silveréd o'er with
white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the
herd, 6

53. *flesh*. Raleigh was in prison from 1603 to 1616, and in danger of being beheaded.

The Conclusion. These lines are said to have been composed the night before Raleigh's execution. They were found in his Bible.

*Notice in Shakespeare's sonnets the perfect union of distinctly English ideas and emotions with the rather artificial Renaissance ideas and literary form. The word pictures are created partly from a vivid appreciation of the beauties of nature, and partly from a keen artistic sense of the beauty of an artificial simile.

Sonnet XII. Cf. this sonnet with "Ubi Sunt Qui Ante Nos Fuerunt?" (page 344), and Sonnet LXXIII (page 366).

And summer's green all girded up in
 sheaves
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly
 beard—
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the wastes of time
 must go, 10
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves
 forsake
 And die as fast as they see others grow;
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe
 can make defense
 Save breed, to brave him when he
 takes thee hence.

xv

When I consider everything that grows
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,
 That this huge stage presenteth nought
 but shows
 Whereon the stars in secret influence
 comment;
 When I perceive that men as plants in-
 crease, 5
 Cheeréd and checked even by the self-
 same sky,
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height
 decrease,
 And wear their brave state out of mem-
 ory—
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
 Sets you most rich in youth before my
 sight, 10
 Where wasteful Time debateth with
 Decay,
 To change your day of youth to sullied
 night;
 And all in war with Time for love of
 you,
 As he takes from you, I engraft you
 new.

xviii

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more tem-
 perate;
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds
 of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a
 date.
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven
 shines, 5

And often is his gold complexion
 dimmed;
 And every fair from fair sometime de-
 clines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course
 untrimmed.
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou
 owest; 10
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in
 his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou
 growest.
 So long as men can breathe or eyes
 can see,
 So long lives this and this gives life to
 thee.

xxix

When, in disgrace with fortune and
 men's eyes,
 I all alone beweep my outcast state
 And trouble deaf heaven with my boot-
 less cries
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in
 hope, 5
 Featured like him, like him with friends
 possessed,
 Desiring this man's art and that man's
 scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost de-
 spising,
 Haply I think on thee, and then my
 state, 10
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at
 heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remembered such
 wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state
 with kings.

xxx

When to the sessions of sweet silent
 thought
 I summon up remembrance of things
 past,

Sonnet XVIII. 8. *untrimmed*, stripped. 10. *owest*, ownest. 12. *eternal lines*. It was a literary tradition for a poet to imply that he conferred immortality upon those whom he enshrined in his verse.

I sigh the lack of many a thing I
 sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear
 time's waste.
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to
 flow, 5
 For precious friends hid in death's date-
 less night,
 And weep afresh love's long since can-
 celed woe,
 And moan the expense of many a van-
 ished sight—
 Then can I grieve at grievances fore-
 gone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er 10
 The sad account of fore-bemoanéd
 moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear
 friend,
 All losses are restored and sorrows
 end.

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I
 seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sover-
 eign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows
 green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly al-
 chemy;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to
 ride 5
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage
 hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this dis-
 grace.
 Even so my sun one early morn did
 shine
 With all-triumphant splendor on my
 brow; 10
 But out, alack! he was but one hour
 mine;
 The region cloud hath masked him from
 me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit dis-
 daineth;
 Suns of the world may stain when
 heaven's sun staineth.

Sonnet XXXIII. 6. rack, ragged, flying clouds.

LX

Like as the waves make toward the
 pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 Each changing place with that which
 goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light, 5
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being
 crowned,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time that gave doth now his gift
 confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on
 youth
 And delves the parallels in beauty's
 brow, 10
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to
 mow.
 And yet to times in hope my verse
 shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel
 hand.

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms
 to dwell. 4
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be
 forgot
 If thinking on me then should make you
 woe.
 Oh, if, I say, you look upon this verse
 When I perhaps compounded am with
 clay, 10
 Do not so much as my poor name re-
 hearse,
 But let your love even with my life
 decay,
 Lest the wise world should look into
 your moan
 And mock you with me after I am
 gone.

Sonnet LX. Cf. this sonnet with *The Rubáiyát*, stanzas xcvi-ci (page 517).

Sonnet LXXI. Cf. this with "John Anderson, My Jo, John" (page 443), and *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, XLIII (page 520).

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me
 behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do
 hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against
 the cold,
 Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet
 birds sang.
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such
 day 5
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take
 away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in
 rest. 8
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the deathbed whereon it must expire,
 Consumed with that which it was nour-
 ished by.
 This thou perceivest, which makes thy
 love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must
 leave ere long.

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rime
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely
 knights,
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's
 best, 5
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have ex-
 pressed
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring; 10
 And, for they looked but with divining
 eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth
 to sing;
 For we, which now behold these pres-
 ent days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues
 to praise.

Sonnet LXXIII. Cf. "On Growing Old" (page 624).
Sonnet CVI. Cf. "Ubi Sunt Qui Ante Nos Fuerunt?"
 (page 344). 2. *wights*, people. 5. *blazon*, proclama-
 tion.

CVII

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic
 soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things
 to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse en-
 dured 5
 And the sad augurs mock their own
 presage;
 Incertainties now crown themselves
 assured
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy
 time
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me
 subscribes, 10
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor
 rime,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless
 tribes.
 And thou in this shalt find thy monu-
 ment,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of
 brass are spent.

CIX

Oh, never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seemed my flame to
 qualify.
 As easy might I from myself depart
 As from my soul, which in thy breast
 doth lie.
 That is my home of love; if I have
 ranged, 5
 Like him that travels I return again,
 Just to the time, not with the time ex-
 changed,
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature
 reigned
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of
 blood, 10
 That it could so preposterously be
 stained,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my
 all.

Sonnet CVII. 8. *olives*. The olive tree is the sym-
 bol of peace. 10. *subscribes*, yields.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true
minds

Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark 5

That looks on tempests and is never
shaken;

It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his
height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass
come; 10

Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of
doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXXVIII

How oft, when thou, my music, music
play'st,

Upon that blessed wood whose motion
sounds

With thy sweet fingers, when thou
gently sway'st

The wiry concord that mine ear con-
founds,

Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap 5
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,

Whilst my poor lips, which should that
harvest reap,

At the wood's boldness by thee blushing
stand!

To be so tickled, they would change
their state

And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle
gait, 11

Making dead wood more blest than
living lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to
kiss. BEFORE 1598 (1609)

Sonnet CXVI. Cf. *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, vi (page 519).

Sonnet CXXVIII. The poet sees his beloved playing a spinet, the earliest predecessor of the piano, and envies the contact of the keys with the hands of the beloved. 5. **jacks**, keys.

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE
WALL

FROM LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl, 5
Tu-whit, tu-who! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's
saw, 10
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, tu-who! a merry note, 15
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

c. 1589 (1598)

WHO IS SILVIA?

FROM TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her
That she might admiréd be. 5

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there. 10

Then to Silvia let us sing
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling—
To her let us garlands bring.

c. 1590 (1623)

When Icicles Hang by the Wall. This song is a triumph of lyric beauty in frankest realism. Cf. with Campion's "Winter Nights" (page 371), which gives a more courtly version of the same picture. 8. **keel**, scour. 10. **saw**, moralizing or sermon. 13. **crabs**, crab-apples.

TELL ME, WHERE IS FANCY BRED

FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes, 5
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it—Ding-dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

c. 1596 (1600)

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Here shall he see 6
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun, 10
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy 15
But winter and rough weather.

c. 1600 (1623)

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND!

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;

Tell Me, Where Is Fancy Bred. 1. *fancy*, love.
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind. There is a reminiscent
Anglo-Saxon ring to this lyric. It is as bitter as "The
Collar" (page 386) and "Invictus" (page 600), but it
does not show the same determination to fight back.

Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen, 5
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green
holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly.
Then, heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly. 10

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp 15
As friend remembered not.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! etc.
c. 1600 (1623)

O MISTRESS MINE, WHERE ARE YOU ROAMING?

FROM TWELFTH NIGHT

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
Oh, stay and hear; your true love's
coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting, 5
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is Love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty; 10
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.
c. 1601 (1623)

TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

FROM MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Take, O, take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.
But my kisses bring again, 5
Bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain!
c. 1603 (1623)

HARK, HARK! THE LARK

FROM CYMBELINE

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gates sings
 And Phoebus' gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin 5
 To ope their golden eyes.
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise!
 Arise, arise! c. 1610 (1623)

FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O'
THE SUN

FROM CYMBELINE

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
 Golden lads and girls all must, 5
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak. 10
 The scepter, learning, physic must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 Fear not slander, censure rash; 15
 Thou hast finished joy and moan.
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Hark, Hark! the Lark. 2. **Phoebus**, Apollo, the Greek sun god.

Fear No More the Heat o' th' Sun. A dirge sung over the supposedly dead "Fidele," who is Imogene in disguise. On the whole, English and American literature shows fortitude and resignation to death in such poems as "The Litany" (page 385), "In Time of Pestilence" (page 370), "Death" (page 379), "Prospect" (page 566), "Invictus" (page 600), "Thanatopsis" (page 634), "Crossing the Bar" (page 547), "Requiem" (page 593), and the "1914 Sonnets" (page 620). The dirges and elegies emphasize this. Cf. "Of His Dear Son, Gervase" (page 375), "Departed Friends" (page 406), "The Elegy" (page 416), "The Burial of Sir John Moore" (page 479), "At the Grave of Burns" (page 460), "Adonais" (page 493), "In Memoriam" (page 533), "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" (page 540), "Matri Dilectissimae" (page 601), and "Pater Filio" (page 605). The hope of immortality appears in "Departed Friends" (page 406), "In Memoriam" (page 533), "Crossing the Bar" (page 547), and "The Choir Invisible" (page 520). 14. **thunder-stone**, thunderbolt. 18. **Consign**, yield.

No exorciser harm thee!
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee! 20
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
 Nothing ill come near thee!
 Quiet consummation have;
 And renown'd be thy grave!
 c. 1610 (1623)

FULL FATHOM FIVE THY
FATHER LIES

FROM THE TEMPEST

Full fathom five thy father lies.
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes;
 Nothing of him that doth fade 5
 But doth suffer a sea change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Ding-dong!
 Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong,
 bell!
 c. 1611 (1623)

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS, THERE
SUCK I

FROM THE TEMPEST

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly 5
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the
 bough.
 c. 1611 (1623)

THOMAS NASH (1567-1601)

SPRING

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's
 pleasant king;
 Then blooms each thing, then maids
 dance in a ring;
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do
 sing—
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

Full Fathom Five Thy Father Lies. Ariel, who sings this song and the next, is the fairy spirit who attends the magician Prospero.

The palm and may make country houses
 gay; 5
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds
 pipe all day;
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry
 lay—
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss
 our feet;
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning
 sit; 10
 In every street these tunes our ears do
 greet—
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
 Spring, the sweet Spring! (1600)

IN TIME OF PESTILENCE

Adieu, farewell earth's bliss!
 This world uncertain is.
 Fond are life's lustful joys;
 Death proves them all but toys.
 None from his darts can fly; 5
 I am sick, I must die—
Lord, have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth;
 Gold cannot buy you health;
 Physic himself must fade; 10
 All things to end are made;
 The plague full swift goes by;
 I am sick, I must die—
Lord, have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower 15
 Which wrinkles will devour;
 Brightness falls from the air;
 Queens have died young and fair;
 Dust hath closed Helen's eye;
 I am sick, I must die— 20
Lord, have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave;
 Worms feed on Hector brave;
 Swords may not fight with fate;
 Earth still holds ope her gate; 25
Come, come! the bells do cry;
 I am sick, I must die—
Lord, have mercy on us!

5. *may*, hawthorn. 3. *Fond*, foolish. 19. *Helen*, the mythical queen of Sparta whose beauty caused the Trojan War. 23. *Hector*, a son of King Priam of Troy, and the bravest of the Trojan warriors.

Wit with his wantonness
 Tasteth death's bitterness; 30
 Hell's executioner
 Hath no ears for to hear
 What vain art can reply;
 I am sick, I must die—
Lord, have mercy on us! 35

Haste therefore each degree
 To welcome destiny;
 Heaven is our heritage,
 Earth but a player's stage.
 Mount we unto the sky; 40
 I am sick, I must die—
Lord, have mercy on us!
 (1600)

THOMAS CAMPION (1540-1619)

INTEGER VITAE

The man of life upright,
 Whose guiltless heart is free
 From all dishonest deeds,
 Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days 5
 In harmless joys are spent,
 Whom hopes cannot delude,
 Nor sorrow discontent;

That man needs neither towers
 Nor armor for defense, 10
 Nor secret vaults to fly
 From thunder's violence.

He only can behold
 With unaffrighted eyes
 The horrors of the deep 15
 And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
 That fate or fortune brings,
 He makes the heaven his book,
 His wisdom heavenly things; 20

Good thoughts his only friends,
 His wealth a well-spent age,
 The earth his sober inn
 And quiet pilgrimage. (1601)

29. *Wit*, etc., the mind with its quickness. *Integer Vitae* (Upright of Life). Adapted from *The Odes of Horace*, Book I, Ode xxii.

SIC TRANSIT

Come, cheerful day, part of my life to me;
 For while thou view'st me with thy
 fading light,
 Part of my life doth still depart with
 thee,
 And I still onward haste to my last
 night.
 Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly; 5
 So every day we live a day we die.

But, O ye nights, ordained for barren
 rest,
 How are my days deprived of life in
 you,
 When heavy sleep my soul hath dis-
 possest,
 By feigned death life sweetly to re-
 new! 10
 Part of my life in that, you life deny;
 So every day we live a day we die.
 (1613)

CHERRY-RIPE

There is a garden in her face
 Where roses and white lilies blow;
 A heavenly paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
 These cherries grow which none
 may buy 5
 Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
 Of orient pearl a double row,
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rosebuds filled with
 snow; 10
 Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy
 Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,
 Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
 All that attempt with eye or hand 16
 Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
 Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.
 (c. 1617)

Sic Transit [*Gloria Mundi*], "thus passes the glory of the world." This poem has a distinctly Horatian sentiment, which Petrarch developed in the Renaissance and which spread widely through the lyric poetry of Europe. 3. still, ever.
Cherry-ripe. 8. orient, rich.

WINTER NIGHTS

Now winter nights enlarge
 The number of their hours,
 And clouds their storms discharge
 Upon the airy towers.
 Let now the chimneys blaze 5
 And cups o'erflow with wine;
 Let well-tuned words amaze
 With harmony divine.
 Now yellow waxen lights
 Shall wait on honey love, 10
 While youthful revels, masks, and
 courtly sights
 Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense
 With lover's long discourse;
 Much speech hath some defense, 15
 Though beauty no remorse.
 All do not all things well;
 Some measures comely tread,
 Some knotted riddles tell,
 Some poems smoothly read. 20
 The summer hath his joys,
 And winter his delights;
 Though love and all his pleasures
 are but toys,
 They shorten tedious nights.
 (c. 1617)

SIR HENRY WOTTON (1568-1639)

ON THE SUDDEN RESTRAINT OF
 ROBERT CARR, EARL OF SOMER-
 SET; THEN FALLING FROM FAVOR

Dazzled thus with height of place,
 Whilst our hopes our wits beguile,
 No man marks the narrow space
 'Twixt a prison and a smile!

Then, since Fortune's favors fade, 5
 You that in her arms do sleep,
 Learn to swim, and not to wade;
 For the hearts of kings are deep.

Winter Nights. Adapted from *The Odes of Horace*, Book I, Ode x. Horace and Vergil have had the greatest classical influence upon English lyric poetry. 11. mask, a dramatic performance on a mythological or allegorical subject, into which music and dancing were introduced. The actors were often masked.

On the Sudden Restraint. Title. falling from favor. Robert Carr was an early favorite of James I. His scandalous conduct caused his ruin. Notice the tendency in seventeenth-century lyric poetry to be epigrammatic.

But if greatness be so blind
 As to trust in towers of air, 10
 Let it be with goodness lined,
 That, at least, the fall be fair.

Then, though darkened, you shall say,
 When friends fail and princes frown:
 "Virtue is the roughest way, 15
 But proves, at night, a bed of down!"
 c. 1615 (1651)

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will;
 Whose armor is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are; 5
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth
 raise,
 Nor vice; who never understood 10
 How deepest wounds are given by
 praise;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers
 feed, 15
 Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend; 20

—This man is freed from servile
 bands
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.
 c. 1615 (1651)

The Character of a Happy Life. This poem and
 "Character of the Happy Warrior" (page 463) are the
 most popular English lyric poems on the subject of how
 to lead a vigorous, happy life. 6. still, ever.

THOMAS DEKKER (c.1575-c.1641)

SWEET CONTENT

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden
 slumbers?

O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
 O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are
 vexed 5

To add to golden numbers golden num-
 bers?

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet
 content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
 Honest labor bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny
 nonny! 10

Canst drink the waters of the crisped
 spring?

O sweet content!

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in
 thine own tears?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden
 bears, 15

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
 O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet
 content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
 Honest labor bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny
 nonny! c. 1599 (1603)

SONG

Virtue smiles: cry holiday;
 Dimples on her cheeks do dwell.
 Virtue frowns: cry welladay;
 Her love is heaven, her hate is hell.

Since heaven and hell obey her power, 5
 Tremble when her eyes do lower.
 Since heaven and hell her power obey,
 Where she smiles, cry holiday.

Holiday with joy we cry,
 And bend, and bend, and merrily 10
 Sing hymns to Virtue's deity:
 Sing hymns to Virtue's deity. (1600)

Sweet Content. From *Patient Grissill*, a comedy.
 11. *crispéd*, rippling.
Song. From *Old Fortunatus*, a comedy.

SIR JOHN DAVIES (1569-1626)

MAN

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
 Yet is she blind and ignorant in all.
 I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
 Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain and but a span;
 I know my sense is mocked with every-thing;
 And, to conclude, I know myself a man—
 Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

(1599)

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

NOTE

In this century English lyric poetry swept from the preceding period of youthful experimentation and mastery, through the terrific religious and political disturbances of the Civil War, to the conscious maturity of middle age, with a consequent loss of imaginative power and a growing attention to form. Three main lines of development may in general be distinguished. Under the leadership of Ben Jonson, the Cavalier Poets—Herrick, Carew, Lovelace, and Suckling—carried on the traditions of the Renaissance in passionate and imperious love lyrics. The Metaphysical Poets—Donne, Herbert, Crashaw, and Vaughan—broke with this tradition in search of new subjects and images for lyric expression—chiefly philosophical. After the Restoration both tendencies disappeared in the polished court poetry of Cowley, Waller, and Dryden. Meanwhile under the influence of Puritanism arose the group of religious poets headed by Milton, and including Wither and Marvell. The general tendency of lyric poetry toward the end of this century was to turn away from the emotional love poetry of the Cavaliers, and the equally emotional religious poetry of the Puritans, to the less emotional, more intellectual, and more elaborately constructed poems of the Restoration. Individual emotion was finally supplanted by brilliant and impersonal reflections upon life, and the simple lyric forms were replaced by the heroic couplet and the elaborate choral ode.

BEN JONSON (1573-1637)

HYMN TO DIANA

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep.
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright.

5

Man. Cf. with "To Althea, from Prison" (page 388), and "Invictus" (page 600).

Hymn to Diana. From *Cynthia's Revels*, a dramatic social satire. Cynthia was another name for Diana. 5. *Hesperus*, the evening star.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close.
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal-shining quiver;
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever.
 Thou that mak'st a day of night—
 Goddess excellently bright. (1601)

TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth
 rise
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

5

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I
 swear,
 Not of itself but thee!

10

15

(1616)

To Celia. Here Jonson gives immortality to the stilted phrases of the Hellenistic Greek sophist, Philostratus of Lemnos (170-250 A.D.), as contained in *Imagines*, a series of high-flown, artificial love letters. For this poem see letters 24, 30, 31. Cf. "To Electra" (page 382).

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed—
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,⁵
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace.
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,
Such sweet neglect more taketh me ¹⁰
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my
heart. (1616)

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED,
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy
name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be
such
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too
much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But
these ways ⁵
Were not the paths I meant unto thy
praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but
echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er ad-
vance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all
by chance; ¹⁰
Or crafty malice might pretend this
praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to
raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or
whore

Simplex Munditiis. "Simple in her adornments," a phrase from *The Odes of Horace*, Book I, Ode v. 1. Still, always.

To the Memory of My Beloved, Master William Shakespeare. With Jonson the spirit of conscious scholarship enters English poetry. Notice the comparisons he institutes between Shakespeare and authors of other literatures. Each of his poems given here has classical compression of phrase, coupled with simple English lyric beauty.

Should praise a matron. What could
hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and,
indeed, ¹⁵
Above the ill fortune of them, or the
need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of
our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge
thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont
lie ²⁰
A little further, to make thee a room;
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live
And we have wits to read and praise to
give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain ex-
cuses, ²⁵
I mean with great, but disproportioned
Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of
years,
I should commit thee surely with thy
peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly
outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty
line. ³⁰
And though thou hadst small Latin and
less Greek,
From thence to honor thee, I would not
seek
For names; but call forth thundering
Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us; ³⁴
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks
were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty
Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes
come. ⁴⁰

29-30. *Lyly*, *Kyd*, *Marlowe*, early contemporaries of Shakespeare in the drama. Marlowe developed dramatic blank verse. 33-34. *Æschylus*, *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, Greek tragic dramatists. See introductory essay on the drama (page 719). 35. *Pacuvius*, *Accius*, Roman tragic dramatists, whose works have been lost. *him of Cordova*. Seneca, the Roman philosopher, dramatist, and tutor of Nero, was born in Spain. 36. *buskin*, the thick-soled boot used in Greek tragedy to give height to the actors. 37. *sock*, the thin-soled shoe used in Greek comedy.

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to
show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage
owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their
prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm! 46
Nature herself was proud of his designs
And joyed to wear the dressing of his
lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven
so fit, 49
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not
please,
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a
part. 56
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must
sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second
heat 60
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to
frame,
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the
father's face 65
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners
brightly shines
In his well turnéd, and true filéd lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a
lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it
were 71
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks
of Thames,

That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere 75
Advanced, and made a constellation
there!
Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with
rage
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping
stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath
mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's
light. (1623)

JOHN FLETCHER (1579-1625)

SLEEP

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet de-
ceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence
I may feel an influence 5
All my powers of care bereaving!
Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought 10
Through an idle fancy wrought;
O let my joys have some abiding!
c. 1606 (1647)

WEEP NO MORE

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone.
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully; 5
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see.
Joys as wingéd dreams fly fast;
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.
c. 1619 (1647)

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT (1583-1627)

OF HIS DEAR SON, GERVASE

Dear Lord, receive my son, whose win-
ning love
To me was like a friendship, far above

45. *Apollo*, the Greek god of music. 46. *Mercury*, the messenger of the gods, famous for his eloquence. 51. *Aristophanes*, a Greek comic dramatist. 52. *Terence . . . Plautus*, Roman comic dramatists. For all three see introductory essay on the drama (page 721). 59. *casts*, intends; also a pun on casting metal. 74. *Eliza*, Queen Elizabeth (1558-1603.) *James*, James I of England (1603-1625).

The course of nature or his tender age;
Whose looks could all my bitter griefs
assuage.

Let his pure soul, ordained seven years
to be

In that frail body which was part of
me,

Remain my pledge in heaven, as sent
to show

How to this port at every step I go.
(1629)

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (c. 1584-1616)

ON THE LIFE OF MAN

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood, 5
Or bubbles which on water stood—
Even such is man, whose borrowed
light

Is straight called in and paid to night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring intombed in autumn lies;
The dew's dried up, the star is shot, 11
The flight is past, and man forgot.
(1640)

JOHN WEBSTER (c. 1580-c. 1630)

A DIRGE

Call for the robin-redbreast and the
wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole 5
The ant, the field-mouse, and the
mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him
warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sus-
tain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe
to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up
again. (1612)

A Dirge. 5. **funeral dole**, funeral share of food.

THE SHROUDING OF THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

Hark! Now everything is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!

Much you had of land and rent; 5
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturbed your mind;
Here your perfect peace is signed.

Of what is't fools make such vain keep-
ing?
Sin their conception, their birth weep-
ing, 10
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.

Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,

And—the foul fiend more to check— 15
A crucifix let bless your neck.

'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan and come away.
(1623)

FRANCIS QUARLES (1592-1644)

RESPICE FINEM

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on;
Judge not the play before the play is
done.

Her plot hath many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns
the play. (1635)

THOMAS HEYWOOD (c. 1575-c. 1650)

MATIN SONG

Pack, clouds, away! and welcome, day!
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my Love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow; 6
Bird, prune thy wing! nightingale, sing!

The Shrouding of the Duchess of Malfi. From *The Duchess of Malfi*, a tragedy. 6. **competent**, sufficient.
Respite Finem, "consider the end."

To give my Love good-morrow!
 To give my Love good-morrow
 Notes from them all I'll borrow. 10

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast!
 Sing, birds, in every furrow!
 And from each bill let music shrill
 Give my fair Love good-morrow!
 Blackbird and thrush in every bush, 15
 Stare, linnet, and cocksparrow,
 You pretty elves, among yourselves
 Sing my fair Love good-morrow!
 To give my Love good-morrow!
 Sing, birds, in every furrow!
 (1608)

JOHN DONNE (1573-1631)

SONG

Go and catch a falling star,
 Get with child a mandrake root,
 Tell me where all past years are,
 Or who cleft the devil's foot;
 Teach me to hear mermaids singing, 5
 Or to keep off envy's stinging,
 And find
 What wind
 Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights, 10
 Things invisible go see,
 Ride ten thousand days and nights
 Till Age snow white hairs on thee;
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
 All strange wonders that befell thee, 15
 And swear
 No where
 Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
 Such a pilgrimage were sweet. 20
 Yet do not; I would not go,
 Though at next door we might meet.
 Though she were true when you met her,
 And last till you write your letter,
 Yet she 25
 Will be
 False, ere I come, to two or three.
 (1633)

16. *Stare*, staring.Song. 2. *mandrake root*. Mandrake roots were supposed to look like a human body, and were employed in magic practices.

THE INDIFFERENT

I can love both fair and brown;
 Her whom abundance melts, and her
 whom want betrays;
 Her who loves loneliness best, and her
 who masks and plays;
 Her whom the country formed, and
 whom the town;
 Her who believes, and her who tries; 5
 Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
 And her who is dry cork and never cries.
 I can love her, and her, and you, and
 you;
 I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you? 10
 Will it not serve your turn to do as did
 your mothers?
 Or have you all old vices spent and now
 would find out others?
 Or doth a fear that men are true torment
 you?
 O we are not, be not you so;
 Let me—and do you—twenty know; 15
 Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.
 Must I, who came to travel thorough
 you,
 Grow your fixed subject, because you are
 true?

Venus heard me sigh this song;
 And by love's sweetest part, variety,
 she swore 20
 She heard not this till now; it should be
 so no more.
 She went, examined, and returned ere
 long,
 And said, "Alas! some two or three
 Poor heretics in love there be,
 Which think to stablish dangerous con-
 stancy. 25
 But I have told them, 'Since you will be
 true,
 You shall be true to them who're false
 to you'."
 (1633)

THE DREAM

Dear love, for nothing less than thee
 Would I have broke this happy dream;
 It was a theme

The Indifferent. 6. still, ever.*The Dream*. A variation of the theme expressed in "Since There's No Help" (page 360) and "Why So Pale and Wan, Fond Lover?" (page 387)

For reason, much too strong for fantasy.

Therefore thou waked'st me wisely;
yet

My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it. 6

Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice

To make dreams truths and fables histories;

Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best

Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest. 10

As lightning, or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise, waked me;

Yet I thought thee—

For thou lov'st truth—an angel, at first sight;

But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angel's art, 16

When thou knew'st what I dreamt,
when thou knew'st when

Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,

I must confess it could not choose but be

Profane to think thee anything but thee. 20

Coming and staying showed thee thee,

But rising makes me doubt that now
Thou art not thou.

That Love is weak where Fear's as strong as he;

'Tis not all spirit pure and brave 25
If mixture it of fear, shame, honor have.

Perchance as torches, which must ready be,

Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me.

Thou cam'st to kindle, go'st to come;
then I

Will dream that hope again, but else would die. (1633)

LOVE'S DEITY

I long to talk with some old lover's
ghost

Who died before the god of love was born.

I cannot think that he who then loved most

Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn.

But since this god produced a destiny 5
And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,

I must love her that loves not me.

Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much,

Nor he in his young godhead practiced it.

But when an even flame two hearts did touch, 10

His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives. Correspondency
Only his subject was; it cannot be
Love till I love her who loves me.

But every modern god will not extend 15
His vast prerogative as far as Jove.

To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,

All is the purlieu of the god of love.

O! were we wakened by this tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not be 20

I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I,
As though I felt the worst that love could do?

Love may make me leave loving, or might try

A deeper plague, to make her love me too; 25

Which, since she loves before, I'm loath to see.

Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be,

If she whom I love, should love me. (1633)

Love's Deity. Cf. "Memory" (page 380), "A Doubt of Martyrdom" (page 387), "Ah, Sunflower" (page 434), "Love's Secret" (page 434), and "Remembrance" (page 625).

THE FUNERAL

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not
harm

Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair about mine
arm;

The mystery, the sign you must not
touch,

For 'tis my outward soul, 5
Viceroy to that which, unto heaven
being gone,

Will leave this to control
And keep these limbs, her provinces,
from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets
fall

Through every part 10
Can tie those parts, and make me one
of all,

Those hairs, which upward grew, and
strength and art

Have from a better brain,
Can better do't; except she meant that I

By this should know my pain, 15
As prisoners then are manacled, when
they're condemned to die.

Whate'er she meant by't, bury it with
me,

For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry
If into other hands these reliques came.

As 'twas humility 21
T'afford to it all that a soul can do,

So 'tis some bravery
That, since you would have none of me,
I bury some of you. (1633)

DEATH

Death, be not proud, though some have
called thee

Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not
so;

For those whom thou think'st thou dost
overthrow

Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou
kill me.

The Funeral. 3. **wreath of hair.** It is said that when Swift died, those who prepared him for burial found in a pouch about his neck an envelope on which was written "Only a woman's hair." Within was a lock of the hair of Esther Johnson, his Stella.

From Rest and Sleep, which but thy
picture be, 5

Much pleasure; then from thee much
more must flow;

And soonest our best men with thee do
go—

Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
Thou'rt slave to Fate, chance, kings,

and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness

dwell; 10
And poppy or charms can make us sleep
as well

And better than thy stroke. Why
swell'st thou then?

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more. Death,

thou shalt die! (1633)

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were
done before?

Wilt Thou forgive that sin through
which I run,

And do run still, though still I do
deplore?

When Thou hast done, Thou hast not
done; 5

For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have
won

Others to sin, and made my sins their
door?

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did
shun

A year or two, but wallowed in a
score? 10

When Thou hast done, Thou hast not
done;

For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the
shore;

But swear by Thyself that at my death
Thy Son 15

Shall shine as He shines now and
heretofore;

And having done that, Thou hast done;
I fear no more. (1633)

WILLIAM BROWNE (c.1588-c.1643)

MEMORY

So shuts the marigold her leaves
 At the departure of the sun;
 So from the honeysuckle sheaves
 The bee goes when the day is done;
 So sits the turtle when she is but one, ⁵
 And so all woe, as I since she is gone.

To some few birds kind Nature hath
 Made all the summer as one day,
 Which once enjoyed, cold winter's wrath
 As night they sleeping pass away. ¹⁰
 Those happy creatures are, that know
 not yet
 The pain to be deprived or to forget.

I oft have heard men say there be
 Some that with confidence profess
 The helpful art of memory. ¹⁵
 But could they teach forgetfulness,
 I'd learn; and try what further art could
 do

To make me love her and forget her, too.

AFTER 1616 (1852)

EPITAPH : ON THE COUNTESS
DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse:
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
 Death, ere thou hast slain another
 Fair and learned and good as she, ⁵
 Time shall throw a dart at thee. (1660)

JAMES SHIRLEY (1596-1666)

DEATH THE LEVELER

The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armor against Fate;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings. ⁵
 Scepter and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Memory. 5. *turtle*, turtle-dove, the bird of love.
Death the Leveler. Cf. "The Elegy" (page 416).

Some men with swords may reap the
 field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they
 kill. ¹⁰

But their strong nerves at last must
 yield;

They tame but one another still.

Early or late

They stoop to Fate,

And must give up their murmuring
 breath ¹⁵

When they, pale captives, creep to
 death.

The garlands wither on your brow;

Then boast no more your mighty
 deeds!

Upon Death's purple altar now

See where the victor-victim bleeds. ²⁰

Your heads must come

To the cold tomb;

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

c. 1640 (1659)

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT
(1606-1668)

AUBADE

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
 And climbing shakes his dewy wings.
 He takes this window for the east,
 And to implore your light he sings—
 Awake, awake! the morn will never rise
 Till she can dress her beauty at your
 eyes. ⁶

The merchant bows unto the seaman's
 star;

The plowman from the sun his season
 takes;

But still the lover wonders what they are
 Who look for day before his mistress
 wakes. ¹⁰

Awake, awake! break through your veils
 of lawn!

Then draw your curtains, and begin the
 dawn! (1672)

Aubade. This type of French morning love-song is
 not usual in English. See, however, "Hark, Hark!
 the Lark" (page 369), "Matin Song" (page 376), and
 "Corinna's Going a-Maying" (page 381).

THOMAS CAREW (c.1598-c.1639)

SONG

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray 5
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past; 10
For in your sweet, dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars
'light
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there 15
Fixéd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.
(1640)

THE UNFADING BEAUTY

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires—
As old Time makes these decay, 5
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires. 10
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.
(1640)

Song. The idea and imagery of this poem are Renaissance. Cf. "A Meditation for His Mistress" (page 383) and "Wishes to His Supposed Mistress" (page 388). 18. **phoenix**, a mythical Egyptian bird which lived five hundred years, then entombed itself in a spicy nest, which burned up. From its ashes rose the new phoenix. *The Unfading Beauty.* Cf. "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms" (page 479).

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674)

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

Get up, get up for shame! The bloom-
ing morn

Upon her wings presents the god un-
shorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair,
Fresh-quilted colors through the air.
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see 5
The dew bespangling herb and tree!
Each flower has wept and bowed toward
the east

Above an hour since, yet you not drest;
Nay! not so much as out of bed? 9

When all the birds have matins said
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,

Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in
May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the springtime, fresh
and green, 16

And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair.
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you. 20

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept
Against you come, some orient pearls
unwept.

Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;
And Titan on the eastern hill 25

Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth! Wash, dress, be
brief in praying;

Few beads are best when once we go
a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming,
mark

How each field turns a street, each
street a park, 30

Made green and trimmed with trees!
see how

Corinna's Going a-Maying. A May morning song of the boys and girls who on the first of May went to the meadows to gather flowers as the survival of an ancient spring festival. The latter part of the poem is quite Horatian. Cf. "May Is Back" (page 628). 2. **the god unshorn**, the sun, whose rays were supposed to be his flowing hair. 5. **slug-a-bed**, sluggard. 17. **Flora**, goddess of flowers. 25. **Titan**, the sun god. 28. **Few beads**, etc., i.e., since each bead on a rosary represents a prayer.

Devotion gives each house a bough
 Or branch! each porch, each door,
 ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of whitethorn neatly inter-
 wove, 35
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street
 And open fields, and we not see't?
 Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May, 40
 And sin no more, as we have done, by
 staying;
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-May-
 ing.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
 But is got up and gone to bring in May.
 A deal of youth ere this is come 45
 Back, and with whitethorn laden
 home.
 Some have dispatched their cakes
 and cream,
 Before that we have left to dream;
 And some have wept and wooed, and
 plighted troth,
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast
 off sloth. 50
 Many a green-gown has been given,
 Many a kiss, both odd and even;
 Many a glance, too, has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament;
 Many a jest told of the keys betraying
 This night, and locks picked; yet we're
 not a-Maying! 56

Come, let us go, while we are in our
 prime,
 And take the harmless folly of the time!
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty. 60
 Our life is short, and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun.
 And, as a vapor or a drop of rain,
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
 So when or you or I are made 65
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.
 Then, while time serves, and we are but
 decaying,
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's go
 a-Maying. (1648)

51. *green-gown*, grass-stained dress.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee;
 The shooting stars attend thee;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee. 5
 No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
 Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
 But on, on thy way
 Not making a stay,
 Since ghost there's none to affright
 thee. 10

Let not the dark thee cumber;
 What though the moon does slumber?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light
 Like tapers clear without number. 15
 Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
 Thus, thus to come unto me;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silv'ry feet,
 My soul I'll pour into thee. (1648)

TO ELECTRA

I dare not ask a kiss,
 I dare not beg a smile,
 Lest having that, or this,
 I might grow proud the while.
 No, no, the utmost share 5
 Of my desire shall be
 Only to kiss that air
 That lately kisséd thee. (1648)

CHERRY-RIPE

Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
 Full and fair ones; come and buy.
 If so be you ask me where
 They do grow, I answer: There
 Where my Julia's lips do smile; 5
 There's the land, or cherry-isle,
 Whose plantations fully show
 All the year where cherries grow. (1648)

A MEDITATION FOR HIS
MISTRESS

You are a tulip seen today,
But, dearest, of so short a stay
That where you grew scarce man can
say.

You are a lovely July-flower,
Yet one rude wind or ruffling shower 5
Will force you hence, and in an hour.

You are a sparkling rose i' th' bud,
Yet lost ere that chaste flesh and blood
Can show where you or grew or stood.

You are a full-spread, fair-set vine, 10
And can with tendrils love entwine,
Yet dried ere you distill your wine.

You are like balm enclosed well
In amber or some crystal shell,
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell. 15

You are a dainty violet,
Yet withered ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among;
But die you must, fair maid, ere long, 20
As he, the maker of this song.

(1648)

TO ANTHERA, WHO MAY
COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind, 5
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honor thy decree; 10
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

To Anthea. 2. **protestant**, ardent follower.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see;
And, having none, yet will I keep 15
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress-tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee. 20

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee. (1648)

TO DAFFODILS

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay 5
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along. 10

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.

We die 15
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again. (1648)

TO VIOLETS

Welcome, maids of honor!
You do bring
In the spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many, 5
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies,
And so graced 10
To be placed
'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,
By-and-by
Ye do lie, 15
Poor girls, neglected.
(1648)

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, 5
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst 11
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime, 15
You may forever tarry. (1648)

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE

Lord, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell,
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof,
Under the spars of which I lie 5
Both soft and dry;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep. 10
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by th' poor,
Who thither come and freely get 15
Good words or meat.

Like as my parlor, so my hall
And kitchen 's small;
A little buttery, and therein 20
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipped, unflead;
Some little sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit, 25
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee; 30
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of watercress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet, 35
To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering
hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink. 40
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay 45
Her egg each day;
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream, for wine. 50
All these, and better thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign, 55
As wholly thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by thee. (1648)

A CHILD'S GRACE

Here, a little child, I stand
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall 5
On our meat and on us all. Amen.
(1648)

22. *unflead*, unfledged, uncut. 39. *wassail*, convivial.
A Child's Grace. 3. *paddock*, frog, toad.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed, 5
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep, 10
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the Furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul, 15
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 20

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tossed about 25
Either with despair or doubt;
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th 30
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise, 35
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! (1648)

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633)

VIRTUE

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright!
The bridal of the earth and sky—
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye, 6
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and
roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie, 10
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives (1633)

THE PULLEY

When God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing
by—
"Let us," said he, "pour on him all we
can;
Let the world's riches, which disperséd
lie,
Contract into a span." 5

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom,
honor, pleasure.
When almost all was out, God made a
stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay. 10

"For if I should," said he,
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in nature, not the God of
nature;
So both should losers be. 15

The Pulley. This lyric is a typical example of metaphysical poetry.

14. *Furies*, Greek goddesses of vengeance.

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restless-
ness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast."
(1633)

THE COLLAR

I struck the board, and cried, "No more;
I will abroad!
What! shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the
road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store. 5
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine 10
Before my sighs did dry it; there was
corn
Before my tears did drown it;
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it,
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted,
All wasted? 16
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold
dispute 20
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands
Which petty thoughts have made; and
made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law, 25
While thou didst wink and wouldst
not see.
Away! take heed;
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there; tie up
thy fears.
He that forbears 30
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load."

The Collar. This poem and the one entitled "Love" are among the first of an important series of poems depicting the rebellion of the soul and its ultimate subjugation to the will of God. Cf. the sonnet "On His Blindness" (page 401), "Lead, Kindly Light" (page 585), "The Buried Life" (page 580), and "The Hound of Heaven" (page 591). 6. *suit*, service.

But as I raved, and grew more fierce and
wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling,
"Child"; 35
And I replied, "My Lord."
(1633)

LOVE

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul
drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me
grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly question-
ing, 5
If I lacked anything.
"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be
here."
Love said, "You shall be he."
"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my
dear,
I cannot look on thee!" 10
Love took my hand and smiling did
reply,
"Who made the eyes but I?"
"Truth, Lord; but I have marred them.
Let my shame
Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not," says Love, "who
bore the blame?" 15
"My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down," says Love, "and
taste my meat."
So I did sit and eat.
(1633)

THE WORLD

Love built a stately house, where For-
tune came;
And spinning fancies, she was heard
to say
That her fine cobwebs did support the
frame,
Whereas they were supported by the
same;
But Wisdom quickly swept them all
away. 5

Then Pleasure came, who, liking not the
fashion,
Began to make balconies, terraces,
Till she had weakened all by alteration;
But reverend laws, and many a procla-
mation,
Reform'd all at length with menaces. 10

Then entered Sin, and with that sycamore
Whose leaves first sheltered man from
drought and dew,
Working and winding slyly evermore,
The inward walls and summers cleft and
tore;
But Grace shored these, and cut that
as it grew. 15

Then Sin combined with Death in a firm
band
To raze the building to the very floor:
Which they effected, none could them
withstand;
But Love and Grace took Glory by the
hand,
And built a braver palace than be-
fore. (1633)

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-1642)

A DOUBT OF MARTYRDOM

O for some honest lover's ghost,
Some kind unbodied post
Sent from the shades below!
I strangely long to know
Whether the noble chaplets wear, 5
Those that their mistress' scorn did
bear
Or those that were used kindly.

For whatsoe'er they tell us here
To make those sufferings dear,
'Twill there, I fear, be found 10
That to the being crowned
T' have loved alone will not suffice,
Unless we also have been wise
And have our loves enjoyed.

The World. 11. *sycamore*, believed to be the original
tree of the knowledge of good and evil in the Garden of
Eden. 14. *summers*, floor timbers.

What posture can we think him in 15
That, here unloved, again
Departs, and 's thither gone
Where each sits by his own?
Or how can that Elysium be
Where I my mistress still must see 20
Circl'd in other's arms?

For there the judges all are just,
And Sophonisba must
Be his whom she held dear,
Not his who loved her here. 25
The sweet Philoclea, since she died,
Lies by her Pirocles his side,
Not by Amphialus.

Some bays, perchance, or myrtle bough
For difference crowns the brow 30
Of those kind souls that were
The noble martyrs here;
And if that be the only odds
(As who can tell?), ye kinder gods,
Give me the woman here! (1639)

WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND
LOVER?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale? 5
Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Prithee, why so mute? 10

Quit, quit for shame! This will not
move;
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her! (1639)

THE CONSTANT LOVER

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together!
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

A Doubt of Martyrdom. 23-28. *Sophonisba*, etc.,
characters in Sidney's *Arcadia*. 27. *Pirocles his*,
Pirocles's.
Why So Pale and Wan. 1. *fond*, foolish.

Time shall molt away his wings 5
 Ere he shall discover
 In the whole wide world again
 Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
 Is due at all to me; 10
 Love with me had made no stays,
 Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
 And that very face, 15
 There had been at least ere this
 A dozen dozen in her place.

(1639)

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658)

TO LUCASTA, GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase, 5
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As thou too shalt adore; 10
 I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
 Loved I not honor more.

(1649)

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfinéd wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates;
 When I lie tangled in her hair 5
 And fettered to her eye,
 The birds that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames, 10
 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and drafts go free—
 Fishes that tippie in the deep 15
 Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my King; 20
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Enlargéd winds, that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make, 25
 Nor iron bars a cage;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage;
 If I have freedom in my love
 And in my soul am free, 30
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty. (1649)

RICHARD CRASHAW (c. 1613-1649)

WISHES TO HIS SUPPOSED MISTRESS

Whoe'er she be—
 That not impossible She
 That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie,
 Locked up from mortal eye 5
 In shady leaves of destiny;

Till that ripe birth
 Of studied Fate stand forth,
 And teach her fair steps to our earth;

Till that divine 10
 Idea take a shrine
 Of crystal flesh, through which to shine—

Meet you her, my Wishes,
 Bespeak her to my blisses,
 And be ye called my absent kisses. 15

I wish her Beauty,
 That owes not all its duty
 To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie;

Wishes to His Supposed Mistress. 18. tire, attire.

Something more than Taffeta or tissue can, Or rampant feather, or rich fan.	20	Smiles, that can warm The blood, yet teach a charm, That chastity shall take no harm.	60
A face, that's best By its own beauty drest, And can alone commend the rest.		Blushes, that bin The burnish of no sin, Nor flames of aught too hot within.	
A face, made up Out of no other shop Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.	25	Joys, that confess Virtue their mistress, And have no other head to dress.	65
A cheek, where youth And blood, with pen of truth, Write what the reader sweetly ru'th.	30	Fears, fond and slight As the coy bride's, when night First does the longing lover right.	
A cheek, where grows More than a morning rose, Which to no box his being owes.		Days, that need borrow No part of their good-morrow From a forespent night of sorrow.	70
Lips, where all day A lover's kiss may play, Yet carry nothing thence away.	35	Days, that in spite Of darkness, by the light Of a clear mind, are day all night.	75
Looks, that oppress Their richest tires, but dress And clothe their simplest nakedness.		Nights, sweet as they, Made short by lovers' play, Yet long by th' absence of the day.	
Eyes, that displace The neighbor diamond, and outface That sunshine by their own sweet grace.	40	Life, that dares send A challenge to his end, And when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend!"	80
Tresses, that wear Jewels but to declare How much themselves more precious are;	45	Sydneian showers Of sweet discourse, whose powers Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.	
Whose native ray Can tame the wanton day Of gems that in their bright shades play.		Soft silken hours, Open suns, shady bowers; 'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.	85
Each ruby there, Or pearl that dare appear, Be its own blush, be its own tear.	50	Whate'er delight Can make Day's forehead bright, Or give down to the wings of Night.	90
A well-tamed heart, For whose more noble smart Love may be long choosing a dart.		I wish her store Of worth may leave her poor Of wishes; and I wish—no more.	
Eyes, that bestow Full quivers on love's bow, Yet pay less arrows than they owe.	55	Now, if Time knows That Her, whose radiant brows Weave them a garland of my vows;	95

30. ru'th, suffers pangs of love for.

61. bin, are. 82. Sydneian, referring to Sidney's
Arcadia, a prose pastoral.

Her, whose just bays
My future hopes can raise,
A trophy to her present praise;

Her, that dares be 100
What these lines wish to see;
I seek no further, it is She.

'Tis She, and here,
Lo! I unclothe and clear
My Wishes' cloudy character. 105

May she enjoy it
Whose merit dare apply it,
But modesty dares still deny it!

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying Wishes, 110
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye;
Be ye my fictions—but her story. (1648)

FROM THE FLAMING HEART

UPON THE BOOK AND PICTURE OF THE
SERAPHICAL SAINT TERESA

[CONCLUSION]

O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large drafts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large
than they; 6
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce
desire,
By thy last morning's draft of liquid
fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and sealed
thee His; 10
By all the heaven thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim!);
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life that I 15
Unto all life of mine may die! (1652)

From The Flaming Heart. Saint Teresa, a Spanish nun of the sixteenth century, was one of the world's great mystical writers.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)

L'ALLEGRO

Hence, loathéd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight
born

In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks,
and sights unholy!

Find out some uncouth cell, 5
Where brooding Darkness spreads his
jealous wings,

And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-
browed rocks,

As ragged as thy locks, 9
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,

In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,

With two sister Graces more, 15
To ivy-crownéd Bacchus bore;
Or whether—as some sager sing—

The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying, 20

There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,

So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with
thee 25

Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathéd smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek; 30
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,

And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light, fantastic toe;

L'Allegro. See headnote on Milton (page 72). Milton's *Minor Poems* show how closely he was in touch with poetry as practiced by the followers of Ben Jonson. In "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" the poet contrasts the desirable life as it appears to a lighthearted and to a contemplative man. 2. *Cerberus*, the three-headed dog which guarded the entrance to the classical hell. 3. *Stygian*, of the River Styx which flowed through the classical hell. 5. *uncouth*, unknown. 8. *ebon*, black. 10. *Cimmerian*. The classical idea of the world was a flat plain surrounded by the ocean. Beyond lay Cimmeria, the land of darkness. 12. *yclept Euphrosyne*, called the Amiable-minded. 24. *buxom*, graceful. 27. *Quips*, witty sayings. 28. *cranks*, amusing turns of speech. 28. *becks*, beckonings by head or hand. 29. *Hebe*, the cup-bearer of the Greek gods.

And in thy right hand lead with thee 35
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And, if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unprovoked pleasures free: 40
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And, singing, startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow, 45
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-brier or the vine
 Or the twisted eglantine;
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin, 50
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before;
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill, 55
 Through the high wood echoing shrill;
 Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state, 60
 Robed in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the plowman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new
 pleasures,
 Whilst the landskip round it meas-
 ures: 70
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim, with daisies pied; 75
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes. 80
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,

Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of herbs and other country messes, 85
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned haycock in the mead. 90
 Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid 95
 Dancing in the checkered shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How Faëry Mab the junkets eat.
 She was pinched and pulled, she said;
 And he, by Friar's lantern led,
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat 105
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the
 corn
 That ten day-laborers could not end;
 Then lies him down, the lubber-fiend, 110
 And, stretched out all the chimney's
 length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
 Towered cities please us then, 117
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons
 bold,
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize 122
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear 125
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,

62. dight, clad. 67. tells his tale, counts his flock.
 70. landskip, landscape. 71. fallows, farm lands left
 idle for a year. 75. pied, party-colored. 80. cynosure,
 the central attraction. The word comes from the Greek
 name for the constellation containing the North Star.

83. Corydon, Thyrsis, names applied to shepherds in
 Greek pastoral poetry, as are Phyllis and Thestylis.
 91. secure, carefree. 94. jocund rebecks, joyous
 fiddles. 102. Faëry Mab, the English queen of the
 fairies. 103-104. She . . . he, two of the story-tellers.
 104. Friar's lantern, will-o'-the-wisp. 105. drudging
 goblin, Puck, the elf of the English farms. 110. lubber-
 fiend, awkward elf. 120. weeds, garments. 121. store
 of, many. 125. Hymen, the Greek god of marriage.

And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With masque and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream. 130
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever, against eating cares, 135
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out 140
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes run-
 ning,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed 146
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice. 150
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.
 c. 1634 (1645)

IL PENSEROSO

Hence, vain, deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly without father
 bred!
 How little you bestéd,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your
 toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain, 5
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes
 possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-
 beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,

130. Milton loved the twilight and evening hours. Cf. "Il Penseroso," "To The Nightingale" (page 399), and *Paradise Lost* (page 73, line 40). 132. **sock**. The classical actors wore a low shoe or sock when playing comedy, and a thick-soled heavy buskin when playing tragedy. 136. **Lydian airs**. The Greeks had at least three different musical modes. The Lydian was that of tender melody. 136-150. No poet loved music more deeply and intelligently than Milton, whose father was by avocation an excellent musician. Cf. "Il Penseroso," 151-166. 145. **Orpheus**, a reference to the famous myth of how Orpheus by his playing of the lyre nearly won back his wife from the halls of death.

Il Penseroso. 3. **bestéd**, satisfy. 6. **fond**, foolish.

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus'
 train. 10
 But, hail! thou Goddess, sage and
 holy!
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view, 15
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above 20
 The Sea-nymphs, and their powers of-
 fended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended;
 Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she; in Saturn's reign 25
 Such mixture was not held a stain.
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress lawn 35
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come; but keep thy wonted state
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes; 40
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad, leaden, downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And join with thee calm Peace and
 Quiet, 45
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth
 diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring

10. **pensioners**, retainers, those who receive alms from someone. **Morpheus**, the god of sleep. 14. **hit**, suit. 18. **Memnon**, an Ethiopian prince, who aided the Trojans during the Trojan War. He was considered the most handsome of warriors. Milton supposes the beauty of his sister to be equal. 19. **queen**, Cassiopeia, who was punished for her pride by being made a constellation which hangs upside down half of the time. 23. **Vesta**, goddess of the hearth. 24. **Saturn**, the first ruler of the Greek gods. 29. **Ida**, a mountain in Crete. 33. **grain**, color. 35. **stole**, veil, hood. 36. **decent**, comely. 37. **keep thy state**. Usually this means to take one's seat on a throne under the canopy of state; here it means, "maintain your regal bearing." 39. **wonted**, accustomed. 39. **commerc**, communing. 41. **passion**, ecstasy. 42. **Forget**, etc., "remain fixed so long as to seem a marble statue."

Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retiréd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleas-
ure; 50

But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along, 55
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak. 60
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of
folly,

Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy evensong;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen 65
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide, pathless
way, 70

And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore, 75
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removéd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the
room

Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour, 85
Be seen in some high, lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold 90
The immortal mind that hath forsook

Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent 95
With planet or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepteréd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine. 100
Or what—though rare—of later age
Ennobled hath the buskinéd stage.
But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musaeus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did
seek;

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and
glass,

And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride; 115
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the
ear. 120

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale
career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frowncéd, as she was
wont

With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud, 125
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops from off the eaves. 130
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring

95. *consent*, harmony. 98. *pall*, a long, sweeping robe. 99. *Thebes*, etc. All of these myths were subjects of classical tragedy. 104-105. *Musaeus*, *Orpheus*. Milton yearns to recall the past, especially that part whose achievements have been lost, or else have been left incomplete. *Musaeus* and *Orpheus* were mythical bards. See note on "L'Allegro" (page 392, line 145). 110. *story of Cambuscan*, a reference to the unfinished *Squire's Tale* in *The Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer. 122 ff. *Morn*, a reference to the love of Eos, the dawn, for Cephalus.

56. *Philomel*, the nightingale. See note on line 7, page 361. 59. *Cynthia*, the moon goddess, whose chariot was drawn by dragons. 63. *chauntress*, singer. 83. *bellman's drowsy charm*, the night watchman's hourly call, "All's well." 88. *thrice-great Hermes*. *Hermes Trismegistus* (Thrice Great) was a mythical king of Egypt and a great magician. *unsphere*, bring from the place assigned him in the universe.

To archéd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Silvan
loves.

Of pine, or monumental oak, 135
Where the rude ax with heavéd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed
haunt.

There in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look, 140
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep, 145
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.

And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid; 150

And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail 155

To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowéd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light. 160

There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine
ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies, 165
And bring all heaven before mine
eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell 170

Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain. 174

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

c. 1634 (1645)

FROM COMUS

I

Comus Speaks

The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold,
And the gilded car of day,
His glowing axle doth allay

In the steep Atlantic stream, 5
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal

Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast, 10
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.

Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odors, dropping wine.
Rigor now is gone to bed, 15
And Advice with scrupulous head;

Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire 20
Imitate the starry quire,

Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and
years.

The sounds and seas with all their
finny drove
Now to the moon in wavering morrice
move,

And on the tawny sands and shelves, 25
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper
elves;

By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs decked with daisies
trim,

Their merry wakes and pastimes keep—
What hath night to do with sleep? 30
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.

.....
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantastic round.

.....
.....
.....

.....
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantastic round.

Comus. A masque depicting the conflict between lust and chastity. Comus, the son of Circe and Bacchus, vainly attempts the virtue of the Lady, who is protected by her purity, and is rescued by her brothers and the Attendant Spirit.

Comus Speaks. 1. *star*, Hesperus, the evening star. 6. *slope*, slanting. 24. *morrice*, an English country dance. Comus imagines all nature as moving rhythmically to the music of the spheres. See note on *Paradise Lost* (page 76, line 176).

134. *brown*, dark. *Silvan*, Silvanus was the Roman god of country and forest. 137. *daunt*, frighten. 141. *garish*, staring. 157. *embowéd*, arched (Gothic). 158. *With antique pillars*, etc., "with ancient pillars massive enough to bear the weight resting upon them." 159. *storied windows*, etc., windows richly painted to tell stories. 170. *rightly spell*, learn the meaning.

II

The Lady sings

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that
 liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet embroidered vale
 Where the lovelorn nightingale 5
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth
 well—
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave, 10
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the
 sphere!
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all
 heaven's harmonies!

III

The Spirit epiloguizes

To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky. 5
 There I suck the liquid air
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree.
 Along the crispéd shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring; 10
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed
 Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring,
 That there eternal Summer dwells,
 And west winds, with musky wing
 About the cedarn alleys fling 15
 Nard, and Cassia's balmy smells.
 Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purfled scarf can shew, 20
 And drenches with Elysian dew
 (List mortals, if your ears be true)

The Lady Sings. 1. *Echo*, a nymph of Artemis, who angered Hera by her constant talk and was forbidden to speak unless spoken to first. She loved Narcissus in vain and pined away until she was only a voice. 3. *Meander*, a Phrygian river. *margent*, margin.

The Spirit epiloguizes. 17. *Iris* *humid bow*. Iris was the goddess of the rainbow. 20. *purfled*, embroidered.

Beds of hyacinth, and roses
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound 25
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced
 After her wandering labors long, 31
 Till free consent the gods among
 Make her his eternal bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born, 35
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
 And from thence can soar as soon 41
 To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
 Love Virtue; she alone is free.
 She can teach ye how to climb 45
 Higher than the sphery chime;
 Or if Virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

1634 (1637)

LYCIDAS

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; and by occasion, foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once
 more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sear,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and
 crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellow-
 ing year. 5

24. *Adonis*. He was killed by a wild boar that ripped open his side. 27. *Assyrian Queen*, really Venus, who was worshipped as Astarte by the Assyrians. She had fallen in love with Adonis. 28. *sheen*, brightness. 40. *bowed welkin*, sky. 46. *sphery chime*, music of the spheres. *Lycidas*. This poem is an elegy in the manner of Theocritus. Milton considers himself and his friend as shepherds. In "Lycidas" we can foresee the mature Milton. In two passages, lines 64-84 and 108-131, the young poet questions whether there is any use in keeping true to his ideals when the self-seekers appear to get on so well. The final answer is contained in his life, as expressed in the sonnet "On His Blindness" (page 401), and the "Final Chorus" (page 402) from *Samson Agonistes*. 3. *I come to pluck*, etc., i. e., in order to place them on his empty tomb. Milton implies that the occasion forced him to write poetry before he was ready to do so.

Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his
peer.

Who would not sing for Lycidas? He
knew 10

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rime.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching
wind,

Without the meed of some melodious
tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred
well, 15

That from beneath the seat of Jove doth
spring;

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the
string.

Hence with denial vain and coy excuse;
So may some gentle muse 19

With lucky words favor my destined urn,
And as he passes turn

And bid fair peace be to my sable
shroud!

For we were nursed upon the selfsame
hill,

Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade,
and rill;

Together both, ere the high lawns ap-
peared 25

Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove afield, and both together
heard

What time the gray-fly winds her sultry
horn,

Battening our flocks with the fresh dews
of night,

Oft till the star that rose at evening,
bright, 30

Toward heaven's descent had sloped his
westerling wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not
mute,

Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with
cloven heel

From the glad sound would not be
absent long; 35

And old Damoetas loved to hear our
song.

But, oh! the heavy change, now thou
art gone,

Now thou art gone, and never must
return!

Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and
desert caves,

With wild thyme and the gadding vine
o'ergrown, 40

And all their echoes, mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft
lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose, 45
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds

that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay ward-
robe wear,

When first the white-thorn blows—
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the
remorseless deep 50

Closed o'er the head of your loved
Lycidas?

For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous

Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard
stream. 55

Aye me! I fondly dream
"Had ye been there"—for what could

that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Or-
pheus bore,

The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament, 60

When, by the rout that made the hid-
eous roar,

His gory visage down the stream was
sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian
shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant
care

care

36. **Damoetas**, a Theocritan shepherd. Possibly the allusion is to the college tutor of Milton and King. 45. **canker**, worm. 54. **Mona**, the ancient name for the Island of Anglesey. 55. **Deva**, the River Dee. 56. **fondly**, idly. 58-63. **What could the Muse**, etc. Even Calliope could not save her son from death when he was attacked by maddened Thracian women. They tore him to pieces and cast him into the River Hebrus, whence he floated to Lesbos. 64. **what boots**, etc., "of what avail is it?"

15. **sacred well**, the Pierian Spring, the home of the Greek Muses. It was near Mt. Olympus. 23. **nursed**, etc., a reference to their college life at Cambridge. 28. **horn**. The hum of the trumpet fly resounds on hot spring and summer noons. 29. **Battening**, feeding fat.

To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's
trade, 65
And strictly meditate the thankless
Muse?

Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit
doth raise 70

(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious
days;

But, the fair guerdon when we hope to
find,

And think to burst out into sudden
blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhor-
réd shears, 75

And slits the thin-spun life. "But not
the praise,"

Phoebus replied, and touched my trem-
bling ears;

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal
soil,

Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor
lies, 80

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure
eyes

And perfect witness of all-judging
Jove;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy
meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou hon-
ored flood, 85

Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with
vocal reeds,

That strain I heard was of a higher
mood.

But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea

That came in Neptune's plea. 90

He asked the waves, and asked the felon
winds,

What hard mishap hath doomed this
gentle swain!

And questioned every gust of rugged
wings

68-69. *Amaryllis*, *Neaera*, shepherdesses in classical Latin pastoral poetry. 73. *guerdon*, reward. 75. *blind Fury*, the impartial Fate Atropos, who cuts the thread of life. 79. *glistening foil*, glittering tinsel. 85-86. *Arethuse*, *Mincius*, rivers often alluded to by Theocritus in his pastorals. 88. *oat*, oaten flute or pipe. 89. *Herald of the Sea*, Triton. 90. *plea*, inquest.

That blows from off each beakéd prom-
ontory.

They knew not of his story; 95

And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon
strayed;

The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark, 100
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with
curses dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of
thine.

Next, Camus, reverend sire, went
footing slow,

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the
edge 105

Like to that sanguine flower inscribed
with woe.

"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my
dearest pledge?"

Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;

Two massy keys he bore of metals
twain 110

(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitered locks, and stern
bespake:

"How well could I have spared for thee,
young swain,

Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the
fold! 115

Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers'
feast,

And shove away the worthy bidden
guest.

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves
know how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learned aught
else the least 120

That to the faithful herdman's art
belongs!

96. *Hippotades*, Aeolus, the god of the winds. 99. *Panope*, one of the fifty daughters of the sea god Nereus. 100. *bark*. The bark was unlucky, for it was built at an ill-omened time. 103. *Camus*, the personification of the River Cam, which flows through Cambridge. 106. *flower*. The hyacinth, which sprang up after Apollo unwittingly killed Hyacinthus, is supposed to be marked with the Greek word *Alas*, which means "Alas." 109. *Pilot*, St. Peter, who bears the keys of heaven, and wears the bishop's cap, or miter, as the first bishop of Rome. 113. *swain*, countryman. 115. *fold*. Milton symbolizes through shepherds, sheep, and the fold the church situation of his day as it seemed to him.

What recks it them? What need they?
 They are sped;
 And, when they list, their lean and
 flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched
 straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not
 fed, 125
 But, swoln with wind and the rank mist
 they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy
 paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
 But that two-handed engine at the
 door 130
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite
 no more."

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is
 past
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian
 Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither
 cast
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand
 hues. 135
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers
 use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gush-
 ing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely
 looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enameled
 eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed
 showers, 140
 And purple all the ground with vernal
 flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken
 dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked
 with jet,
 The glowing violet, 145
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired
 woodbine,

122. *What recks*, etc., "what do they care?" *They are sped*, "they are cared for." 123. *flashy*, frothy. 124. *scrannel*, thin. 128. *grim wolf*, the church of Rome. *privy*, referring to secret methods of conversion. 130-131. *two-handed engine*, etc. Retribution will come in the shape of an executioner. What the two-handed engine is no one knows. 132. *Alpheus*, a Greek river in Elis. As a river god he loved Arethusa. 133. *Sicilian Muse*, Theocritus. Milton here returns to the pastoral mood. 138. *swart star*. The dog star was called the black star, and was supposed to blast vegetation. 142. *rathe*, early. 144. *freaked*, irregularly decorated.

With cowslips wan that hang the pen-
 sive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery
 wears;
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with
 tears, 150
 To strew the laureate hearse where
 Lycid lies.
 For so, to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false
 surmise.
 Aye me! Whilst thee the shores and
 sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are
 hurled, 155
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming
 tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous
 world;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows
 denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
 Where the great Vision of the guarded
 mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's
 hold.
 Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt
 with ruth;
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless
 youth.
 Weep no more, woeful shepherds,
 weep no more, 165
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery
 floor;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-
 spangled ore 170
 Flames in the forehead of the morning
 sky.
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted
 high,
 Through the dear might of Him that
 walked the waves,

149. *amaranthus*, a flower supposed to grow in Elysium. 151. *laureate hearse*, the laurel bier, for Lycidas was a poet. 160. *fable of Bellerus*, his fabled abode at Land's End, Cornwall. 161. *mount*. St. Michael's Mount is a rocky island near Land's End, on which a castle stands. Visions of St. Michael were supposed to be seen there. 162. *Namancos*, a medieval town, in Spain, near the castle of Bayona and Cape Finisterre. 163. *ruth*, pity. 168. *day-star*, sun. 172-181. A reference to heaven as St. John describes it in Revelation, vii, 17.

Where, other groves and other streams
 along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he
 laves, 175
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and
 love.
 There entertain him all the Saints
 above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory
 move, 180
 And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no
 more;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the
 shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be
 good
 To all that wander in that perilous
 flood. 185
 Thus sang the uncouth swain to the
 oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with
 sandals gray;
 He touched the tender stops of various
 quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric
 lay.
 And now the sun had stretched out all
 the hills, 190
 And now was dropped into the western
 bay.
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle
 blue;
 Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures
 new. (1638)

*SONNETS

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy
 spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are
 still,

176. *unexpressive*, inexpressible. 186. *uncouth* swain, unskilled countryman or shepherd. 188. *stops of various quills*, on his shepherd's pipe. 189. *Doric lay*, pastoral song. Theocritus was from Syracuse, a Dorian colony, and consequently employed the Doric dialect in his poetry. 192. *twitched*, threw about him. *Milton's sonnets are his autobiography. Compare the attitude of the young poet of the first two sonnets with the life-scarred veteran who wrote the last four.

Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart
 dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious
 May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of
 day, 5
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's
 bill,
 Portend success in love. Oh, if Jove's will
 Have linked that amorous power to thy
 soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of
 hate
 Foretell my hopeless doom, in some
 grove nigh; 10
 As thou from year to year hast sung too
 late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
 Whether the Muse or Love call thee
 his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train
 am I. (1645)

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief
 of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three and
 twentieth year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom
 shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive
 the truth 5
 That I to manhood am arrived so near;
 And inward ripeness doth much less
 appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits
 endu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the
 will of Heaven; 12
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.
 (1645)

4. *jolly*, lovely. 6. *shallow cuckoo's bill*. To hear a cuckoo before a nightingale, in the spring, portended bad luck in love for that year. 9. *bird of hate*, the cuckoo.

On His Having Arrived. 5. *semblance*, appearance. 8. *endu'th*, endows. 13-14. *All is*, etc. Cf. the end of the sonnet "On His Blindness" (page 401).

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenseless doors
may seize,
If ever deed of honor did thee please,
Guard them, and him within protect
from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the
charms 5
That call fame on such gentle acts as
these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands
and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle
warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses'
bower;
The great Æmathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and
tower 11
Went to the ground; and the repeated
air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin
bare. (1645)

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES

I did but prompt the age to quit their
cloys
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise en-
virons me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and
dogs;
As when those hinds that were trans-
formed to frogs 5

When the Assault. This sonnet was written in November, 1642, when it seemed as if the Cavalier army would enter London. 10. *Æmathian conqueror.* Alexander the Great spared the house of the poet Pindar when he sacked Thebes, 333 B.C. 12. *repeated air.* When Sparta prepared to level the walls of Athens after its surrender, 404 B.C., it is said that Lysander, the Spartan general, happened to hear a recital of part of the *Electra* by the dramatist Euripides, and spared the city.

On the Detraction. The treatises referred to in the title dealt with divorce. When Milton was angry he did not always reason well or maintain his dignity. The first sonnet, omitted here, is savage doggerel. In the second he has overcome his anger in part. 5-7. *As when,* etc. When Latona was about to bear Apollo and Artemis, some farmers refused to let her drink out of their lake. At her prayer they were changed into frogs.

Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in
fee.

But this is got by casting pearls to
hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless
mood,
And still revolt when truth would set
them free. 10
License they mean when they cry
Liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise
and good.
But from that mark how far they rove
we see,
For all this waste of wealth and loss of
blood. 1645 (1673)

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY, 1652

ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINIS-
TERS AT THE COMMITTEE FOR
PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through
a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way
hast plowed,
And on the neck of crownéd Fortune
proud 5
Hast reared God's trophies, and his
work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of
Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises
loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet
much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her vic-
tories 10
No less renowned than war; new foes
arise,

7. *fee*, possession.

To The Lord General Cromwell. Title. *proposals*, among them, that the Puritan ministers be supported by the Government. 7. *Darwen stream*, near Preston Pans, where Cromwell defeated the Scotch, August 17, 1648. 8. *Dunbar field.* There Cromwell on September 3, 1650, defeated the Scotch, who had rallied to the banner of Charles II. 9. *Worcester's laureate wreath.* Exactly a year after the battle of Dunbar, Cromwell again defeated the Royalists at Worcester.

Threatening to bind our souls with
secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from
the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is
their maw. (1694)

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,
whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains
cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure
of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks
and stones,
Forget not; in thy book record their
groans⁵
Who were thy sheep, and in their an-
cient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that
rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks.
Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and
ashes sow¹⁰
O'er all the Italian fields, where still
doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may
grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt
thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.
1655 (1673)

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and
wide,

On the Late Massacre in Piedmont. In 1655 the Duke of Savoy murderously persecuted the Vaudois, who were the Protestant group in Piedmont. Protestant England was indignant, and Milton wrote the letter of protest from the English government to the Duke of Savoy. The sonnet expresses Milton's personal feelings. 3. **kept thy truth.** The Vaudois were an ancient Protestant sect. 12. **triple tyrant.** Milton means the Pope, who wears a triple tiara. 14. **Babylonian woe.** The Puritans thought of Rome as the Babylon spoken of in Revelation.

On His Blindness. Cf. "Epilogue to Asolando" (page 569).

And that one talent which is death to
hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul
more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and
present⁵
My true account, lest he returning
chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light de-
nied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth
not need
Either man's work or his own gifts.
Who best¹⁰
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him
best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding
speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without
rest;
They also serve who only stand and
wait." c. 1655 (1673)

TO CYRIACK SKINNER

Cyriack, this three years' day these
eyes, though clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun or moon or star throughout the
year,⁵
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate
a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and
steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost
thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost
them overplied¹⁰
In liberty's defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to
side.
This thought might lead me through
the world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better
guide. c. 1655 (1673)

8. **fondly**, foolishly.
To Cyriack Skinner. Cyriac Skinner was a young scholar and friend of Milton. Milton became blind in 1652. 7. **bate a jot**, lose a bit. 12. **Europe talks.** Time effects many changes. We think little of his controversial pamphlets now.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the
 grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad hus-
 band gave,
 Rescued from death by force though
 pale and faint.
 Mine as whom washed from spot of child-
 bed taint, 5
 Purification in the old law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in heaven without
 restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her
 mind.
 Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied
 sight, 10
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her per-
 son shined
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O, as to embrace me she inclined,
 I waked, she fled, and day brought
 back my night. c. 1658 (1673)

FINAL CHORUS

FROM SAMSON AGONISTES

All is best, though we oft doubt,
 What th' unsearchable dispose
 Of highest wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close.
 Oft He seems to hide His face, 5
 But unexpectedly returns
 And to his faithful champion hath in
 place
 Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza
 mourns

On His Deceased Wife. On November 12, 1657, Milton married Catherine Woodcock as his second wife. She died in 1658 shortly after bearing a child. The poem beautifully expresses Milton's personal grief in terms of the Greek myth of how Alcestis gave her life that her husband Admetus might live, and how Heracles wrestled with Death and restored her to Admetus. Cf. "The Blessed Damozel" (page 587) and *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, XLIII (page 520). 6. *old law*, Leviticus, xii. 10. *veiled*. This is a beautiful touch. Milton probably had never seen her, for he was blind by 1652. Hence all she meant to him came through her invisible qualities.

Final Chorus. Milton's last work, *Samson Agonistes*, is a tragedy modeled on the Greek form. The climax is the pulling down of Dagon's temple by Samson. *Agonistes* means "contestant," and Samson's last act was to appear in the arena to amuse the Philistine lords. 8. *Gaza*, a Philistine stronghold.

And all that band them to resist
 His uncontrollable intent. 10
 His servants He with new acquist
 Of true experience from this great event
 With peace and consolation hath dis-
 mist,
 And calm of mind all passion spent.
 (1671)

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667)

THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION

Shall I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day, 5
 Or the flow'ry meads in May,
 If she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall my silly heart be pined
 'Cause I see a woman kind? 10
 Or a well disposed nature
 Joined with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder, than
 Turtle-dove or pelican,
 If she be not so to me, 15
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love?
 Or her well-deservings known
 Make me quite forget my own? 20
 Be she with that goodness blest
 Which may merit name of Best,
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high, 25
 Shall I play the fool and die?
 She that bears a noble mind,
 If not outward helps she find,
 Thinks what with them he would do
 That without them dares her woo; 30
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I how great she be?

11. *acquist*, acquisition.

The Lover's Resolution. 14. *Turtle-dove*, a symbol of love. *pelican*, a symbol of parental love, from the belief that to keep its young from starving the pelican will tear open its breast and let them drink its lifeblood.

(1615)

5

10

20

25

(1641)

5

10

5

The Prayer of Old Age. Only the last part is given here.

O thou, that dear and happy Isle,
 The garden of the world erewhile,
 Thou Paradise of the four seas 15
 Which Heaven planted us to please,
 But, to exclude the world, did guard
 With wat'ry if not flaming sword;
 What luckless apple did we taste
 To make us mortal and thee waste! 20
 Unhappy! shall we never more
 That sweet militia restore,
 When gardens only had their towers,
 And all the garrisons were flowers;
 When roses only arms might bear, 25
 And men did rosy garlands wear! (1681)

BERMUDAS

Where the remote Bermudas ride
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat that rowed along
 The listening winds received this song:

"What should we do but sing His
 praise 5
 That led us through the watery maze
 Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own?
 Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks
 That lift the deep upon their backs, 10
 He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storms' and prelates' rage.
 He gave us this eternal spring
 Which here enamels everything,
 And sends the fowls to us in care 15
 On daily visits through the air.
 He hangs in shades the orange bright
 Like golden lamps in a green night,
 And does in the pomegranates close
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows. 20
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet
 And throws the melons at our feet;
 But apples plants of such a price,
 No tree could ever bear them twice.
 With cedars chosen by His hand 25
 From Lebanon He stores the land;
 And makes the hollow seas that roar
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
 He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The Gospel's pearl upon our coast; 30
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple where to sound His name.

22. militia, military order.

Bermudas. 12. prelates' rage, a Puritan allusion to their persecution by the Established Church of England.

20. Ormus, Persia.

Oh, let our voice His praise exalt
 Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
 Which thence, perhaps, rebounding may
 Echo beyond the Mexique bay!" 36

Thus sung they in the English boat
 A holy and a cheerful note;
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time.
 (1681)

HENRY VAUGHAN (c.1621-1695)

THE RETREAT

Happy those early days, when I
 Shined in my angel-infancy!
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy aught 5
 But a white celestial thought;
 When yet I had not walked above
 A mile or two from my first Love,
 And looking back—at that short space—
 Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
 When on some gilded cloud, or flower,
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour, 12
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity;
 Before I taught my tongue to wound 15
 My conscience with a sinful sound,
 Or had the black art to dispense
 A several sin to ev'ry sense,
 But felt through all this fleshly dress
 Bright shoots of everlastingness. 20

O how I long to travel back,
 And tread again that ancient track!
 That I might once more reach that plain
 Where first I left my glorious train;
 From whence th' enlightened spirit sees
 That shady City of Palm-trees. 26
 But ah! my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move;
 And when this dust falls to the urn, 31
 In that state I came, return. (1650)

The Retreat. Vaughan, as a mystical poet sought peace either in the past or in the future. "The Retreat" recalls the past. Note the variations of this theme in "There Was a Boy" (page 454), "Intimations of Immortality" (page 465), "I Remember" (page 476), "Sing Me a Song of a Lad That Is Gone" (page 598), "My Lost Youth" (page 639), and "The Barefoot Boy" (page 644).

PEACE

My soul, there is a country
 Far beyond the stars,
 Where stands a wingéd sentry
 All skillful in the wars.
 There, above noise and danger, 5
 Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
 And One born in a manger
 Commands the beauteous files.
 He is thy gracious Friend,
 And—O my soul, awake!— 10
 Did in pure love descend
 To die here for thy sake.
 If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of Peace,
 The Rose that cannot wither, 15
 Thy fortress, and thy ease.
 Leave then thy foolish ranges;
 For none can thee secure
 But One who never changes—
 Thy God, thy life, thy cure. (1650)

THE WORLD

I saw Eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless
 light,
 All calm, as it was bright;
 And round beneath it, Time, in hours,
 days, years,
 Driven by the spheres 5
 Like a vast shadow moved; in which
 the world
 And all her train were hurled.
 The doting lover in his quaintest strain
 Did there complain;
 Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his
 flights, 10
 Wit's sour delights,
 With gloves, and knots, the silly snares
 of pleasure,
 Yet his dear treasure,
 All scattered lay, while he his eyes did
 pour
 Upon a flower. 15
 The darksome statesman, hung with
 weights and woe,
 Like a thick midnight-fog moved there
 so slow,

The World. A half mystical, half humorous description of the folly of the world.

He did not stay, nor go;
 Condemning thoughts, like sad eclipses,
 scowl
 Upon his soul, 20
 And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout.
 Yet digged the mole, and lest his ways
 be found,
 Worked under ground,
 Where he did clutch his prey; but one
 did see 25
 That policy;
 Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
 Were gnats and flies;
 It rained about him blood and tears,
 but he
 Drank them as free. 30
 The fearful miser on a heap of rust
 Sat pining all his life there, did scarce
 trust
 His own hands with the dust,
 Yet would not place one piece above,
 but lives
 In fear of thieves. 35
 Thousands there were as frantic as
 himself,
 And hugged each one his pelf;
 The downright epicure placed heaven
 in sense,
 And scorned pretense;
 While others, slipped into a wide ex-
 cess,
 Said little less; 41
 The weaker sort, slight, trivial wares
 enslave,
 Who think them brave;
 And poor, despised Truth sat counting
 by
 Their victory. 45
 Yet some, who all this while did weep
 and sing,
 And sing and weep, soared up into the
 ring;
 But most would use no wing.
 O fools, said I, thus to prefer dark night
 Before true light! 50
 To live in grots and caves, and hate the
 day
 Because it shows the way,
 The way, which from this dead and
 dark abode
 Leads up to God;

A way there you might tread the sun,
 and be 55
 More bright than he!
 But, as I did their madness so discuss,
 One whispered thus
 "This ring the Bridegroom did for none
 provide,
 But for his bride." (1650)

THE TIMBER

Sure thou didst flourish once! and many
 springs,
 Many bright mornings, much dew,
 many showers,
 Passed o'er thy head; many light hearts
 and wings,
 Which now are dead, lodged in thy
 living bowers.

And still a new succession sings and
 flies; 5
 Fresh groves grow up, and their green
 branches shoot
 Toward the old and still enduring skies,
 While the low violet thrives at their
 root.

But thou beneath the sad and heavy
 line
 Of death doth waste all senseless,
 cold, and dark; 10
 Where not so much as dreams of light
 may shine,
 Nor any thought of greenness, leaf, or
 bark.

And yet—as if some deep hate and
 dissent,
 Bred in thy growth betwixt high
 winds and thee,
 Were still alive—thou dost great storms
 resent 15
 Before they come, and know'st how
 near they be.

Else all at rest thou liest, and the fierce
 breath
 Of tempests can no more disturb thy
 ease;
 But this thy strange resentment after
 death
 Means only those who broke—in
 life—thy peace. (1655)

DEPARTED FRIENDS

They are all gone into the world of light!
 And I alone sit lingering here;
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy
 breast, 5
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill
 is drest,
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my
 days; 10
 My days, which are at best but dull
 and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
 High as the heavens above!
 These are your walks, and you have
 showed them me, 15
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of
 the just,
 Shining nowhere but in the dark,
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark! 20

He that hath found some fledged bird's
 nest, may know
 At first sight if the bird be flown;
 But what fair well or grove he sings in
 now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter
 dreams 25
 Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transcend our
 wonted themes,
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
 The captive flames must needs burn
 there, 30

Departed Friends. Cf. "The Old Familiar Faces"
 (page 471) and "The Land o' the Leal" (page 451). In
 "Departed Friends" the poet yearns for peace in the
 future.

But when the hand that locked her up,
 gives room,
 She'll shine through all the sphere.
 O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under thee,
 Resume thy spirit from this world of
 thrall 35
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot
 and fill
 My perspective still as they pass,
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
 Where I shall need no glass. (1655)

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667)

THE SWALLOW

Foolish prater, what do'st thou
 So early at my window do
 With thy tuneless serenade?
 Well 't had been, had Tereus made
 Thee as dumb as Philomel; 5
 There his knife had done but well.
 In thy undiscovered nest
 Thou dost all the winter rest,
 And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
 Free from the stormy season's noise, 10
 Free from th' ill thou'st done to me;
 Who disturbs, or seeks out thee?
 Had'st thou all the charming notes
 Of the wood's poetic throats,
 All thy art could never pay 15
 What thou'st ta'en from me away;
 Cruel bird, thou'st ta'en away
 A dream out of my arms today,
 A dream that ne'er must equaled be
 By all that waking eyes may see. 20
 Thou this damage to repair,
 Nothing half so sweet or fair,
 Nothing half so good can'st bring,
 Though men say, "Thou bring'st the
 spring." (1647)

The Swallow. Cowley's inspiration was not great, but he treated such simple themes adequately. Note the contrast in poetic feeling between Cowley and his predecessors. The poem is translated from the *Anacreontics*, late Greek imitations of the love songs of Anacreon. 5. **Philomel.** Tereus, king of Thrace, having tired of his wife, Procne, who had borne him a son, Itys, hid her away, and dishonored her sister, Philomela, whose tongue he cut out. Philomela wove a web which revealed the truth to Procne, and the two killed Itys, and gave his body to his father as food. The gods punished the group by transforming Procne into a swallow, Philomela into a nightingale, and Tereus into a hawk, which always pursued them.

THE WISH

Well then! I now do plainly see
 This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.
 The very honey of all earthly joy
 Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
 And they, methinks, deserve my pity
 Who for it can endure the stings, 5
 The crowd and buzz and murmurings,
 Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave
 May I a small house and large garden
 have; 10
 And a few friends, and many books,
 both true,
 Both wise, and both delightful, too!
 And since love ne'er will from me flee,
 A mistress moderately fair,
 And good as guardian angels are, 15
 Only beloved and loving me.

O fountains! when in you shall I
 Myself eased of unpeaceful thoughts
 espy?
 O fields! O woods! when, when shall I
 be made
 The happy tenant of your shade? 20
 Here's the spring-head of pleasure's
 flood;
 Here's wealthy Nature's treasury,
 Where all the riches lie that she
 Has coined and stamped for good.

Pride and ambition here 25
 Only in far-fetched metaphors appear;
 Here naught but winds can hurtful
 murmurs scatter,
 And naught but Echo flatter.
 The gods, when they descended,
 hither
 From heaven did always choose their
 way; 30
 And therefore we may boldly say
 That 'tis the way, too, thither.

How happy here should I
 And one dear She live, and embracing die!
 She who is all the world, and can exclude,
 In deserts, solitude. 36
 I should have then this only fear:
 Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
 Should hither throng to live like me,
 And so make a city here. (1647)

The Wish. Cf. "A Thanksgiving to God for His House" (page 384) and "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" (page 633).

EDMUND WALLER (1606-1687)

GO, LOVELY ROSE

Go, lovely Rose—
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be. 5

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died. 10

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired. 15

Then die—that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!
(1645)

OLD AGE

The seas are quiet when the winds give
o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no
more.
For then we know how vain it was to
boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger
eyes 5
Conceal that emptiness which age
descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and
decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that
Time hath made.
Stronger by weakness wiser men be-
come

Go, Lovely Rose. Waller popularized the heroic couplet, and had distinct ability in lyric forms. No more beautiful love lyric than "Go, Lovely Rose" was written after his day until the time of Blake and Burns.

Old Age. The seventeenth century prized the dignity, moral sentiment, and compact and brilliant expression of such poems.

As they draw near to their eternal
home. 10
Leaving the old, both worlds at once
they view
That stand upon the threshold of the
new. (1686)

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700)

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY,
NOVEMBER 22, 1687

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head, 5
The tuneful voice was heard from
high,
Arise, ye more than dead.

Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey. 10
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day. Much of Dryden's poetry lies in the field of satire and translation, but he was also master of an elaborate lyric form, the choral ode, which was patterned after the triumphal odes of Pindar. The basic scheme of such odes is a strophe followed by an antistrophe of the same metrical structure. Frequently a third stanza with a different metrical scheme is added, and is known as the epode. Many odes merely use a series of strophes and antistrophes, but Gray in "The Bard" uses the strophe, antistrophe, and epode. Few English poets have closely followed the structure of the Pindaric ode, which was meant to be sung by a chorus and be accompanied by dancing. Dryden's odes, however, were sung by a choral society which commissioned him to write an ode for their annual festival in 1687, and again in 1697. Dryden altered the Pindaric scheme to meet the literary taste of the time. In the first ode a number of stanzas exemplify diverse kinds of music and emotion, and the ode terminates with a climactic chorus. In the second ode, stanzas exemplifying the emotions roused by the minstrel Timotheus are each followed by a choral refrain, and the ode ends in a climactic chorus. These odes exhibit what the neo-classical age of the later seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries expected of poetry. It must be elevated and dignified; if any emotion was expressed, it must not be individual and common, but collective and exceptional in its grandeur; the subject should be classical or at least have classical form and allusions. Pope perfected what Dryden began. In the eighteenth century Gray made the best use of the Pindaric ode, both in a simple English modification and in its elaborate Greek form, but his work is approached closely in excellence by Collins. In the nineteenth century Wordsworth did not follow the Pindaric form strictly in his ode "Intimations of Immortality," but composed long and elaborate metrical stanzas which have no metrical correspondence between themselves. His example has been generally followed by both English and American poets. 1-15. *From harmony*, etc. Notice in the first two stanzas of this ode the mingling of philosophical, religious, and pseudo-scientific reflection.

Through all the compass of the notes
 it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man. 15
 What passion cannot Music raise and
 quell?
 When Jubal struck the chorded
 shell,
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound. 20
 Less than a god they thought there
 could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly, and so well.
 What passion cannot Music raise and
 quell?
 The trumpet's loud clangor 25
 Excites us to arms
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double, double, double beat
 Of the thundering drum 30
 Cries, hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!
 The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers, 35
 Whose dirge is whispered by the
 warbling lute.
 Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains and height of passion,
 For the fair, disdainful dame. 41
 But, oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love, 45
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
 And trees unrooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre; 50

15. *diapason*, the entire compass of tones on any instrument; the fundamental stop on any organ, by which all the stops can be thrown into play. 17. *Jubal*. See Genesis, iv, 21. He was regarded as the inventor of the harp. 25 ff. *The trumpet*, etc. Notice the imitative metrical modulations. 48. *Orpheus*, a mythical Greek musician, whose music had wondrous powers. How he almost won back his wife Eurydice from the courts of the dead, and how he was torn to pieces later by mad Thracian women, have been the subjects of myth and poetry from earliest Greek times. 50. *Sequacious* of, following.

But bright Cecilia raised the wonder
 higher;
 When to her organ vocal breath was
 given,
 An angel heard, and straight appeared,
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays 55
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blest above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour, 60
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

(1693)

ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR, THE
POWER OF MUSIC

A SONG

IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1697

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son—
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne; 5
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles
 bound
 (So should desert in arms be crowned);
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's
 pride— 11
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves
 the fair! 15

51. *Cecilia*, St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music. Her playing on the organ is supposed to have called down the angels from heaven. 56-57. *The spheres . . . sung*. The music of the spheres is meant.

Alexander's Feast. Dryden manufactured from legends about Alexander the Great a truly magnificent picture of a banquet, where Alexander's emotions are played upon by his minstrel Timotheus. 9. *Thais*, a courtesan of Athens, who accompanied Alexander to Persia. 15. *None but*, etc. Notice that the Restoration poets tend to compress their thoughts or emotions within a single line or a couplet.

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves
the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high 20
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the
sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove 25
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode
When he to fair Olympia pressed, 30
And while he sought her snowy
breast;

Then round her slender waist he
curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a
sovereign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty
sound;

A present deity! they shout around; 35
A present deity! the vaulted roofs re-
bound.

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod, 40
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod, 45
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet
musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;

21. *quire*, choir. 25. *from Jove*, etc. Pindaric odes related some heroic or divine myth, and Timotheus here relates the supposed paternity of Alexander. Jove, in the form of a dragon, descended from heaven and became his father by Olympia, the queen of Philip of Macedon. 47. *Bacchus*, the god of wine.

Sound the trumpets, beat the
drums! 50

Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he
comes, he comes.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain; 55
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleas-
ure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain. 60

CHORUS

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain. 65

Soothed with the sound, the king grew
vain;

Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and
thrice he slew the slain!

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes; 70
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his
pride.

He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse.
He sung Darius great and good, 75

By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need 80

By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor
sate,

Revolving in his altered soul 85
The various turns of chance
below;

And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

53. *hautboys*, wood-wind instruments. 75. *Darius*, the king of Persia, whom Alexander defeated and dethroned.

CHORUS

Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance 90
 below;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love. 96
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleas-
 ures.

War (he sung) is toil and trouble,
 Honor but an empty bubble; 100
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying;
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying.
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee, 105
 Take the good the gods provide
 thee!

The many rend the skies with loud
 applause;
 So love was crowned, but music won the
 cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his
 pain,
 Gazed on the fair 110
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and
 looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
 At length, with love and wine at once
 oppressed
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her
 breast. 115

CHORUS

The prince, unable to conceal his
 pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and
 looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
 At length, with love and wine at once
 oppressed, 121
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her
 breast.

97. *Lydian measures*, the Greek musical mode for love poetry (see note on line 136, page 392).

Now strike the golden lyre again,
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
 Break his bands of sleep asunder 125
 And rouse him like a rattling peal
 of thunder.

Hark, hark! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head;
 As awaked from the dead
 And amazed he stares around. 130
 "Revenge, revenge!" Timotheus
 cries,

"See the Furies arise!
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from
 their eyes! 135

Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle
 were slain
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain. 140
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew!

Behold how they toss their torches on
 high,

How they point to the Persian
 abodes
 And glittering temples of their hostile
 gods!" 145

The princes applaud with a furious joy;
 And the King seized a flambeau with
 zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another
 Troy! 150

CHORUS

And the King seized a flambeau with
 zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another
 Troy.

Thus, long ago, 155
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute

132. *Furies arise*. The Furies avenged the murdered. Here the ghosts of the slain Greeks are said by Timotheus to urge Alexander to burn Persepolis, the capital of Persia, where Alexander is holding his feast. 147. *flambeau*, torch. 150. *Helen*. In one account of the fall of Troy Helen aided the Greeks to fire the town.

And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle
 soft desire. 160
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred
 store
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds, 165
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts un-
 known before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize
 Or both divide the crown;

161. *Cecilia*. St. Cecilia is brought in with some difficulty, but since the society was in her honor and the ode was sung on her day, she had to be mentioned.

He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down! 170

GRAND CHORUS

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred
 store
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds, 175
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts un-
 known before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down! (1697)

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

NOTE

Although prose was the principal medium for the literary expression of the eighteenth century, and was best suited to express its ideas and general temper, yet poetry played a considerable and important part. During the first half of the century the neo-classical school, headed by Pope, continued the tradition of Waller and Dryden, and elaborated it. Poetry became an accomplishment of the intellect rather than a vehicle for expressing the emotions. Satire, philosophy, criticism, and translation occupied the attention of most of the poets of the period, and their lyric poetry confined itself chiefly to hymns, elegies, and odes. But in the middle of the century the expression of individual emotion began to develop until it culminated in the Romantic Movement of the nineteenth century. We can trace this development in the hymns of Watts, Wesley, and Cowper; in the nature poetry of James Thomson; in the shifting interest from classical subjects to national folklore traditions by Gray, Collins, and Macpherson; until pure lyric poetry of the personal, subjective type blazes up once more in Blake and Burns.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719)

HYMN

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun from day to day 5
 Does his Creator's power display;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Hymn. This poem has the dignity and poise which are characteristic of eighteenth-century verse at its best.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And nightly to the listening earth 11
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll, 15
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found? 20
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 Forever singing as they shine,
 "The Hand that made us is divine."
 (1712)

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744)

RISE, CROWNED WITH LIGHT

Rise, crowned with light, imperial
 Salem, rise!
 Exalt thy towering head and lift thine
 eyes!
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide
 display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.

Rise, Crowned with Light. An arrangement for a hymn made from Pope's *Messiah*, itself a free adaptation of the Fourth Eclogue of Vergil. Pope's poetry did not adapt itself well to music. 1. *Salem*, meaning "peace," a name for Jerusalem.

See a long race thy spacious courts
adorn; 5
See future sons and daughters yet un-
born,
In crowding ranks on every side
arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

See barbarous nations at thy gates
attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple
bend; 10
See thy bright altars thronged with
prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute
brings.

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke
decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt
away;
But fixed His word, His saving power
remains; 15
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah
reigns. (1712)

UNIVERSAL PRAYER

Father of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least under-
stood, 5
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill; 10
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do;
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue. 16

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
T' enjoy is to obey. 20

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand 25
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On which I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay; 30
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied, 35
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me. 40

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath,
O lead me, whereso'er I go,
Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot; 45
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies, 50
One chorus let all being raise,
All nature's incense rise! (1738)

HENRY CAREY (c.1693-1743)

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Sally in Our Alley. Not all eighteenth-century poetic humor was satiric, for many charmingly humorous poems, like this one, were written, and the type continued into the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, though with a stronger infusion of the narrative element, as in "Duncan Gray" by Burns, and "The Courtin'" by Lowell.

There is no lady in the land 5
 Is half so sweet as Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
 And through the streets does cry 'em;
 Her mother she sells laces long 11
 To such as please to buy 'em.
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally!
 She is the darling of my heart, 15
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely;
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely. 20
 But let him bang his bellyful,
 I'll bear it all for Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week 25
 I dearly love but one day—
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday;
 For then I'm drest all in my best
 To walk abroad with Sally; 30
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blaméd
 Because I leave him in the lurch 35
 As soon as text is naméd;
 I leave the church in sermon-time
 And slink away to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley. 40

When Christmas comes about again,
 Oh, then I shall have money;
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
 I'll give it to my honey.
 I would it were ten thousand pound, 45
 I'd give it all to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
 Make game of me and Sally, 50
 And, but for her, I'd better be
 A slave and row a galley;

But when my seven long years are
 out,
 Oh, then I'll marry Sally;
 Oh, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed—
 But not in our alley! (1713)

*ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748)

O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home—

Under the shadow of thy throne, 5
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame, 10
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun. 16

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day. 20

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home! (1719)

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

When the fierce Northwind with his
 airy forces
 Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,
 And the red lightning with a storm of
 hail comes
 Rushing amain down—

*Ill-health caused this Protestant minister to withdraw from active work. Out of the quiet came the expression of strong religious faith in his hymns.

How the poor sailors stand amazed and
tremble, ⁵
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody
trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild
disorder
(If things eternal may be like these
earthly), ¹⁰
Such the dire terror when the great
Archangel
Shakes the creation;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault
of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of
princes,
Sees the graves open, and the bones
arising, ¹⁵
Flames all around them.

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty
wretches!
Lively bright horror and amazing
anguish
Stare through their eyelids, while the
living worm lies
Gnawing within them. ²⁰

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon
their heartstrings,
And the smart twinges, when the eye
beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of
vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream
and shiver, ²⁵
While devils push them to the pit wide-
yawning
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them
headlong
Down to the center!

Stop here, my fancy! (All away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas!) Come, arise to Jesus, ³⁰
How he sits God-like! and the saints
around him
Throned, yet adoring!

11. **Archangel.** The angel Gabriel is supposed to blow the trumpet which will usher in the end of the world.

O may I sit there when he comes trium-
phant,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to
glory,
While our Hosannas all along the
passage
Shout the Redeemer. (1719)

JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748)

RULE, BRITANNIA: AN ODE

FROM ALFRED, A MASQUE

When Britain first, at Heaven's com-
mand,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain:
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves! ⁵
Britons never will be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all. ¹⁰
Rule, Britannia, etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign
stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak. ¹⁵
Rule, Britannia, etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown. ²⁰
Rule, Britannia, etc.

Rule, Britannia. In the sixteenth century the English developed a conscious patriotic, national life; in the seventeenth century they were torn by civil war; in the eighteenth century they were content to record their earlier patriotism in literature. It is strange that a Scotch poet of nature, who was no warrior, should have helped to crystallize English patriotism by this poem. "Rule Britannia" was followed by a long line of patriotic poems. Cf. "Ye Mariners of England" (page 475), "England, My England" (page 602), "Recessional" (page 609) and "For All We Have and Are" (page 612), not to speak of poems written during the World War by Sassoon, McRae, Brooke, Gibson, and Noyes. It is significant that in American literature while few patriotic poems have been written as the result of foreign wars, many have been written about America at peace. Much of Whitman expresses the soul of the nation, as "I Hear America Singing" (page 658); and the same may be said for much of Sandburg, though his work reveals a section of the country, rather than the country as a whole. Cf. "Chicago" (page 708) and "Smoke and Steel" (page 709).

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine. 25
 Rule, Britannia, etc.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest isle, with matchless beauty
 crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair!
 Rule, Britannia, etc. (1740)

THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771)

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A
 COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the
 lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his
 weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and
 to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on
 the sight, 5
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds
 Save where the beetle wheels his dron-
 ing flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
 folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled
 tower
 The moping owl does to the moon
 complain 10

Elegy. The poetic development of Gray epitomizes the history of eighteenth-century lyric poetry. In form he confined himself almost exclusively to classical models—the ode and the elegy. His first period was classical, his second was transitional, and his third was romantic. The "Elegy" is the most significant poem of his transitional period, for in it Gray took the general reflective type of elegy popular in his day and applied it directly to English life. There is still the neo-classical love for concise and quotable thoughts, but Gray introduced genuine personal emotion. The turning point is apparent in the changes which Gray made in the fifteenth stanza, where he replaced the classical names of Cato, Tully (Cicero), and Caesar by the English Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell. Once more the balance swings back from foreign to national influence. The odes of the third period are still classical in form, but their content represents Gray's reading of Norse and early English sagas; "The Bard" (page 419) as well as "The Fatal Sisters" (page 422) are highly imaginative creations of the spirit of the early English heroic age. Even as Gray swung away from classical and foreign subjects to English and national subjects, so English lyric poetry swung, toward the end of the eighteenth century.

Of such, as wandering near her secret
 bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-
 tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a
 mold'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid, 15
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet
 sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing
 morn,
 The swallow twittering from the
 straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
 horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their
 lowly bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth
 shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening
 care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to
 share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield; 25
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe
 has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team
 afield!
 How bowed the woods beneath their
 sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful
 toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny ob-
 scure; 30
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful
 smile,
 The short and simple annals of the
 poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of
 power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth
 e'er gave,
 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour. 35
 The paths of glory lead but to the
 grave.

26. *glebe*, soil.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the
 fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies
 raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and
 fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note
 of praise. 40

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting
 breath?
 Can honor's voice provoke the silent
 dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear
 of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid 45
 Some heart once pregnant with celest-
 tial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might
 have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample
 page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er
 unroll; 50
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the
 soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean
 bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush un-
 seen, 55
 And waste its sweetness on the desert
 air.

Some village Hampden, that with
 dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields with-
 stood;
 Some mute, inglorious Milton here may
 rest;
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his coun-
 try's blood. 60

The applause of listening senates to
 command,

The threats of pain and ruin to de-
 spise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's
 eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed
 alone 65
 Their growing virtues, but their
 crimes confined;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to
 a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on man-
 kind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth
 to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous
 shame, 70
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the muse's
 flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
 strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to
 stray;
 Along the cool, sequestered vale of life 75
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their
 way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to
 protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected
 nigh,
 With uncouth rimes and shapeless sculp-
 ture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a
 sigh. 80

Their name, their years, spelt by th'
 unlettered muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she
 strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey, 85
 This pleasing anxious being e'er re-
 signed,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful
 day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look
 behind?

41. storied, carved with an epitaph or relief. 51.
 rage, poetical genius. 52. genial, conducive to genius.

On some fond breast the parting soul
 relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye
 requires; 90
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature
 cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted
 fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonored
 dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale
 relate,
 If chance, by lonely contemplation
 led, 95
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy
 fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may
 say:
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of
 dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews
 away
 To meet the sun upon the upland
 lawn. 100

"There at the foot of yonder nodding
 beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots
 so high
 His listless length at noontide would he
 stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles
 by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in
 scorn, 105
 Muttering his wayward fancies he
 would rove,
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one for-
 lorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in
 hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the cus-
 tomed hill,
 Along the heath and near his favorite
 tree; 110
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was
 he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path
 we saw him borne.
 Approach and read (for thou can'st
 read) the lay, 115
 Graved on the stone beneath yon
 aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame un-
 known.
 Fair science frowned not on his humble
 birth,
 And melancholy marked him for her
 own. 120*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely
 send.
 He gave to misery, all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he
 wished) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose, 125
 Or draw his frailties from their dread
 abode.
 (There they alike in trembling hope
 repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.
 c. 1742-1750 (1751)*

HYMN TO ADVERSITY

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best!
 Bound in thy adamantine chain, 5
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and
 alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, designed, 10
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,

98 ff. *Oft have*, etc. The melancholy of this passage is a point of union between eighteenth-century elegiac poetry and nineteenth-century romantic poetry. Byron and Poe imagined themselves to be like this young poet.

Hymn to Adversity. Though published during his second period, this hymn, or ode, is typical of the classical point of view of the eighteenth century and of Gray's first poetic period. However, Gray has vitalized it from his own experience. 7. *purple tyrants*. Purple was the color reserved for the Roman emperors. Hence it became a sign of royalty.

And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore.
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learned to melt
 at others' woe. 16

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thought-
 less Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good. 20
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer friend, the flattering foe;
 By vain Prosperity received,
 To her they vow their truth, and are
 again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb arrayed, 25
 Immersed in rapturous thought pro-
 found,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend;
 Warm Charity, the general friend, 30
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleas-
 ing tear.

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread goddess, lay thy chastening
 hand!
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad, 35
 Not circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thundering voice, and threaten-
 ing mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly
 Poverty. 40

Thy form benign, O goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound, my heart.
 The generous spark extinct revive, 45
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are, to feel, and know myself
 a Man. (1753)

17-32. **Scared**, etc. Notice in these two stanzas the influence upon Gray of Milton's "Il Penseroso." 35. **Gorgon**. The Gorgons were three Greek mythological sisters of terrifying aspect. Medusa, the only mortal one of the three, turned all beholders to stone.

THE BARD

A PINDARIC ODE

I. 1

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
 Confusion on thy banners wait;
 Though fanned by conquest's crim-
 son wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail, 5
 Nor even thy virtues, tyrant, shall
 avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly
 fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cam-
 bria's tears!"
 Such were the sounds that o'er the
 crested pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild
 dismay, 10
 As down the steep of Snowdon's
 shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his
 long array.
 Stout Gloucester stood aghast in
 speechless trance;
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couched
 his quivering lance.

I. 2

On a rock, whose haughty brow 15
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming
 flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood
 (Loose his beard and hoary hair
 Streamed, like a meteor, to the
 troubled air), 20
 And with a master's hand and proph-
 et's fire
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:
 "Hark how each giant oak and desert
 cave
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice
 beneath!
 O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms
 they wave, 25

The Bard. "The following ode is founded on a tradi-
 tion, current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he
 completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the
 bards that fell into his hands to be put to death" (Gray).
 The names of the Welsh bards belong chiefly to tradition.
 5. **hauberk**, coat of mail. 8. **Cambria**, Wales. 11.
Snowdon, the highest mountain in Wales.

Revenge on thee in hoarser mur-
murs breathe,
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal
day,
To highborn Hoel's harp or soft
Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main; 30
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy
bed;
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-
topped head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smeared with gore and ghastly
pale; 36
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens
sail;
The famished eagle screams, and
passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful
art,
Dear as the light that visits these
sad eyes, 40
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm
my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying coun-
try's cries—
No more I weep; they do not sleep!
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet 45
Avengers of their native land;
With me in dreadful harmony they
join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue
of thy line.

II. 1

"Weave the warp and weave the
woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's
race; 50
Give ample room and verge
enough
The characters of hell to trace.

34. *Plinlimmon*, a mountain in Wales. 35. *Arvon's shore*, "the shores of Caernarvonshire opposite Anglesey" (Gray). 49. *Weave the warp*, etc., a reference to the web of fate woven usually by the Scandinavian Norns, the equivalent of the Greek Fates.

Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall reëcho with af-
fright
The shrieks of death through Berk-
ley's roofs that ring, 55
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting
fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy
mangled mate,
From thee be born who o'er thy
country hangs
The scourge of Heaven; what
terrors round him wait! 60
Amazement in his van, with Flight
combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude
behind.

II. 2

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies;
No pitying heart, no eye, afford 65
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the Sable Warrior fled?
Thy son is gone; he rests among the
dead.
The swarm that in thy noontide beam
were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn. 70
Fair laughs the morn and soft the
zephyr blows,
While, proudly riding o'er the azure
realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel
goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure
at the helm,
Regardless of the sweeping Whirl-
wind's sway, 75
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his
evening prey.

II. 3

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;

56. *king*, Edward II, murdered by an insurrection of his nobles in 1327. 57. *She-wolf*, Isabella of France, queen to Edward II, who was supposed to have intrigued against her husband with Mortimer. 59. *be born who*. Edward III was her son. 63. *Mighty victor*, Edward III (1327-1377), king of England. 67. *Sable Warrior*, the Black Prince. 68. *son*, Richard II.

Reft of a crown, he yet may share the
feast.

Close by the regal chair 80

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl

A baleful smile upon their baffled
guest.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,

Lance to lance, and horse to horse?

Long years of havoc urge their des-
tined course, 85

And through the kindred squadrons
mow their way.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting
shame,

With many a foul and midnight
murder fed,

Revere his consort's faith, his father's
fame,

And spare the meek usurper's holy
head! 90

Above, below, the rose of snow,

Twined with her blushing foe, we
spread;

The bristled Boar in infant gore

Wallows beneath thy thorny shade.

Now, brothers, bending o'er th' ac-
curséd loom, 95

Stamp we our vengeance deep, and
ratify his doom!

III. 1

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread
is spun.)

Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is
done.) 100

Stay, oh, stay! nor thus forlorn

Leave me unblest, unpitied, here
to mourn!

In yon bright track, that fires the
western skies,

85. *Long years*, etc., the Wars of the Roses, in the reign of Henry VI. 87. *Ye towers of Julius*. The Tower of London is often spoken of as having been begun by Julius Caesar. 89. *consort*, Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. *father*, Henry V. 90. *meek usurper*, Henry VI was very pious. The Lancastrian House to which he belonged had no valid claim to the crown. 91-92. *rose of snow . . . blushing foe*, an allusion to the attempt to secure peace between the Lancastrian party, whose symbol was the red rose, and the Yorkist party, whose symbol was the white rose. 93. *bristled Boar*, one of the insignia of Richard III. *infant gore*, a reference to the murder of the little princes in the Tower. 99. *Half of thy heart*. Eleanor of Castile, wife of Edward I, died shortly after the conquest of Wales. Once when her husband was wounded with a poisoned sword she sucked out the poison.

They melt, they vanish from my
eyes.

But, oh! what solemn scenes on Snow-
don's height, 105

Descending slow, their glittering
skirts unroll?

Visions of glory, spare my aching
sight!

Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my
soul!

No more our long-lost Arthur we
bewail:

All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's
issue, hail! 110

III. 2

"Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and states-
men old

In bearded majesty appear.

In the midst a form divine! 115

Her eye proclaims her of the Briton
line;

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding
face,

Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.

What strings symphonious tremble
in the air,

What strains of vocal transport round
her play! 120

Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,
hear;

They breathe a soul to animate thy
clay.

Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as
she sings,

Waves in the eye of heaven her many-
colored wings.

III. 3

"The verse adorn again 125

Fierce War and faithful Love

And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction
dressed.

In buskined measures move

Pale Grief and pleasing Pain,

With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing
breast. 130

A voice, as of the cherub choir,

115. *form divine*, Queen Elizabeth, whose grand-
father, Henry VII, was of Welsh descent. 125-130. *The
verse*, etc., a reference to Spenser and Shakespeare. 131-134.
A voice, etc., a reference to Milton and his successors.

Gales from blooming Eden bear;
 And distant warblings lessen on my
 ear,
 That, lost in long futurity, expire.
 Fond, impious man, think'st thou yon
 sanguine cloud, 135
 Raised by thy breath, has quenched
 the orb of day?
 Tomorrow he repairs the golden
 flood,
 And warms the nations with re-
 doubled ray.
 Enough for me; with joy I see
 The different doom our Fates
 assign. 140
 Be thine Despair and sceptered
 Care;
 To triumph and to die are mine."
 He spoke, and headlong from the
 mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to
 endless night. (1757)

THE FATAL SISTERS

AN ODE FROM THE NORSE TONGUE

Now the storm begins to lower
 (Haste, the loom of hell prepare);
 Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
 Hurtles in the darkened air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom, 5
 Where the dusky warp we strain,
 Weaving many a soldier's doom,
 Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow
 ('Tis of human entrails made), 10

135. *Fond*, foolish.

The Fatal Sisters. An adaptation of a Norse poem commemorating the battle of Clontarf, 1014, where two Norse heroes—Sictrygg and Sigurd, the latter the Earl of the Orkney Islands—invaded Ireland and fought with Brian, King of Dublin. Sigurd and Brian were slain. The poem describes the Valkyries—the daughters of Odin—as weaving from human entrails the web of fate before the battle (the three Norns [Fates] usually weave this web). During the battle the Valkyries ride among the slain and carry to Valhalla, Odin's hall, the most heroic champions, who are resuscitated and live ever after in bliss. A change had come over the eighteenth century, to be able to relish such stark realistic details and such a conception. Thereafter English poetry, through Macpherson, Percy, Burns, and Scott, reclaimed her past traditions in Anglo-Saxon, Celtic, and medieval literature, and did not imitate neo-classical poetry. In America, likewise, the poets of the twentieth century have followed Whitman rather than the more conservative poets of New England and the South. 8. *Randver*, an unknown allusion.

And the weights, that play below,
 Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipped in gore,
 Shoot the trembling cords along.
 Sword, that once a monarch bore, 15
 Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista black, terrific maid,
 Sangrida, and Hilda see,
 Join the wayward work to aid;
 'Tis the woof of victory. 20

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
 Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
 Blade with clattering buckler meet,
 Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war.) 25
 Let us go, and let us fly,
 Where our friends the conflict share,
 Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
 Wading through th' ensanguined field, 30
 Gondula, and Geira, spread
 O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
 Ours to kill, and ours to spare;
 Spite of danger he shall live. 35
 (Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
 Pent within its bleak domain,
 Soon their ample sway shall stretch
 O'er the plenty of the plain. 40

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
 Gored with many a gaping wound.
 Fate demands a nobler head;
 Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep; 45
 Ne'er again his likeness see.
 Long her strains in sorrow steep,
 Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath;
 Clouds of carnage blot the sun. 50

17 ff. *Mista*, etc. The names are those of Valkyries. 32. *king*, probably Sictrygg. 40. *plain*. The Norse lived on a bleak coast, as described in *Beowulf*. They were now to possess the fertile north of Ireland. 41. *earl*, Sigurd. 44. *king*, Brian. 45. *Eirin*, Ireland.

Sisters, weave the web of death;
Sisters, cease, the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands; 55
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scot'and, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong. 60

Sisters hence with spurs of speed;
Each her thundering falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field. (1768)

*WILLIAM COLLINS (1721-1759)

A SONG FROM SHAKESPEARE'S CYMBELINE

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS
OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall
bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear, 5
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew; 10
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered
flow'rs, 15
To deck the ground where thou art
laid.

*Many critics believe this shy poet to be Gray's equal as a lyric writer. Certainly no one else rivaled him in this century, except Blake and Burns. Notice the return of Celtic folklore, as well as his simple, tender love of nature. Cf. Shakespeare's original dirge, "Fear No More the Heat O' the Sun" (page 369). 2. *hinds*, rustics. 11. *fays*, fairies.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the silvan cell,
Or midst the chase on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall
dwell, 20

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved, till life could charm no more,
And mourned, till Pity's self be dead. (1744)

ODE

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE
YEAR 1746

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod 5
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay; 10
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy
modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales;

O nymph reserved—while now the
bright-haired sun 5
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy
skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-
eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on
leathern wing, 10
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

Ode to Evening. 7. *brede*, embroidery. 11. *Or where*, etc. Cf. "The Elegy" (page 416).

As oft he rises, 'midst the twilight path
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless
hum—

Now teach me, maid composed, 15
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy
darkening vale,

May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return! 20

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her
brows with sedge, 25

And sheds the freshening dew, and,
lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some
sheety lake

Cheers the lone heath, or some time-
hallowed pile, 30

Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or
driving rain,

Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side 35
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered
spires,

And hears their simple bell, and marks
o'er all

Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil. 40

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as
oft he wont,

And bathe thy breathing tresses, meek-
est Eve!

While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with
leaves, 45

41. *wont*, is accustomed.

Or Winter, yelling through the troublous
air,

Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardless of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-
lipped Health, 50

Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favorite name!
(1746)

THE PASSIONS

AN ODE FOR MUSIC

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell, 4

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind

Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired, 10

From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of
sound;

And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness ruled the hour, 15
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made. 20

Next Anger rushed; his eyes, on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the
strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair 25
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure? 30
Still it whispered promised pleasure,

The Passions. Contrast with "Alexander's Feast" (page 409). 3. *shell*, lyre. According to legend, the first lyre was made by stretching strings along a large tortoise-shell.

And bade the lovely scenes at distance
 hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the
 vale,
 She called on Echo still through all the
 song; 35
 And where her sweetest theme she
 chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at
 ev'ry close,
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved
 her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but with a
 frown
 Revenge impatient rose; 40
 He threw his blood-stained sword in
 thunder down
 And with a with'ring look
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of
 woe. 45

And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat;
 And though sometimes, each dreary
 pause between,
 Dejected Pity, at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied, 50
 Yet still he kept his wild unaltered
 mien,
 While each strained ball of sight seemed
 bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were
 fixed,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state;
 Of diff'ring themes the veering song was
 mixed, 55
 And now it courted Love, now raving
 called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sate retired,
 And from her wild sequestered seat,
 In notes by distance made more
 sweet, 60
 Poured through the mellow horn her
 pensive soul;
 And, dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound;

Through glades and glooms the mingled
 measure stole;
 Or o'er some haunted stream with
 fond delay 65
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh, how altered was its sprightlier
 tone,
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of health-
 iest hue, 70
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morning
 dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and
 thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to faun and dryad
 known!
 The oak-crowned sisters, and their
 chaste-eyed queen, 75
 Satyrs, and silvan boys, were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green;
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Sport leaped up, and seized
 his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial. 80
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand ad-
 dressed;
 But soon he saw the brisk awak'ning
 viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he
 loved the best.
 They would have thought, who
 heard the strain, 85
 They saw in Tempe's vale her
 native maids
 Amidst the vestal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the
 strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fan-
 tastic round; 90
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone
 unbound,
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air re-
 pay,
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy
 wings.

63. runnels, rills.

86. *Tempe's vale*, a valley in northern Greece, near Olympus. It was supposed to be the haunt of the Muses.

O Music, sphere-descended maid, 95
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
 Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
 As in that loved Athenian bow'r 99
 You learned an all-commanding pow'r
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
 Can well recall what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
 Arise as in that elder time, 105
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording sister's page.—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more pre-
 vail, 110
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard
 age,
 Ev'n all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
 Oh, bid our vain endeavors cease, 115
 Revive the just designs of Greece,
 Return in all thy simple state,
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

(1746)

***WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)**

FROM OLNEY HYMNS

WALKING WITH GOD

GENESIS V, 24

Oh! for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb!
 Where is the blessedness I knew 5
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word?
 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
 How sweet their memory still! 10

99-102. As in, etc., a reference to the golden age of lyric poetry in Greece, especially in Athens. 114. Cecilia, etc., probably a reference to Dryden's ode (page 408).

*For Cowper, whose life was clouded by insanity, poetry was a diversion suggested by his friends, the Unwins, with whom he lived at Olney.

But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn 15
 And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee. 20

So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb. (1779)

FROM OLNEY HYMNS

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines, 5
 With never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
 The clouds ye so much dread 10
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
 Behind a frowning providence 15
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower. 20

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain. (1779)

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

Oh, that those lips had language! Life
has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee
last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet
smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced
me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they
say,
“Grieve not, my child, chase all thy
fears away!”
The meek intelligence of those dear
eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time’s tyrannic
claim
To quench it) here shines on me still
the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected
here!
Who bidst me honor with an artless
song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her
own;
And, while that face renews my filial
grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother! when I learned that thou
wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I
shed?
Hovered thy spirit o’er thy sorrowing
son,
Wretch even then, life’s journey just
begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt,
a kiss;

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in
bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—
Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow
away,
And turning from my nursery window,
drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou
art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound un-
known.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful
shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no
more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my
concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still de-
ceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *tomorrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad tomorrow came and
went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne’er
forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is
heard no more;
Children not thine have trod my nur-
sery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by
day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and
wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet
capped,
’Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house
our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record
fair
That memory keeps, of all thy kindness
there,
Still outlives many a storm that has
effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply
traced

On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture. Cowper's mother died in 1737, when he was six years old. His feeling for her is expressed in the following statement, written over half a century later. "Not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day) in which I do not think of her." He received the picture from his cousin Anne Bodham, in 1788. Cf. "Matri Dilectissimæ" (page 601). 19. *Elysian*, heavenly, from the Greek Elysian Fields, the resort of the blessed among the dead.

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safe and
 warmly laid;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my
 home, 60
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks
 bestowed
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone
 and glowed;
 All this, and more endearing still than
 all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew
 no fall, 65
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and
 brakes
 That humor interposed too often makes;
 All this still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to
 pay 70
 Such honors to thee as my numbers
 may;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorned in heaven, though little
 noticed here.
 Could Time, his flight reversed, re-
 store the hours,
 When, playing with thy vesture's tis-
 sued flowers, 75
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I pricked them into paper with a pin
 (And thou wast happier than myself the
 while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my
 head and smile),
 Could those few pleasant days again
 appear, 80
 Might one wish bring them, would I
 wish them here?
 I would not trust my heart—the dear
 delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I
 might.—
 But no—what here we call our life is
 such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so much, 85
 That I should ill requite thee to con-
 strain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
 Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's
 coast

(The storms all weathered and the ocean
 crossed)
 Shoots into port at some well-havened
 isle, 90
 Where spices breathe, and brighter
 seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods that
 show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear
 below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers
 gay; 95
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast
 reached the shore,
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows
 roar."
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous
 tide
 Of life long since has anchored by thy
 side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that
 rest, 100
 Always from port withheld, always dis-
 tressed—
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tem-
 pest tost,
 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and
 compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwart-
 ing force
 Sets me more distant from a prosper-
 ous course. 105
 Yet, oh, the thought that thou art safe,
 and he!
 That thought is joy, arrive what may
 to me.
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned and rulers of the
 earth;
 But higher far my proud pretensions
 rise— 110
 The son of parents passed into the skies!
 And now, farewell—Time unrevoked
 has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wished is
 done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in
 vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er
 again; 115

66. *brakes*, rapids or obstacles. 88. *Albion*, England.

100-105. *But me*, etc. Later Cowper was to embody this picture in the autobiographical poem "The Castaway" (page 430).

To have renewed the joys that once
 were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine.
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are
 free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his
 theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe
 me left. (1798)

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

Toll for the brave!
 The brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave, 5
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset; 10
 Down went the Royal George,
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
 His last sea-fight is fought; 15
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
 No tempest gave the shock;
 She sprang no fatal leak;
 She ran upon no rock. 20

His sword was in its sheath;
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up, 25
 Once dreaded by our foes!

On the Loss of the Royal George. Before the days of dry-docks, barnacles were scraped from a ship by heeling her over on one side as far as was safe, and then reversing the process. The *Royal George*, the flagship of Rear Admiral Kempenfelt, capsized in harbor, August 29, 1787, while this process was going on. Both Admiral and crew were drowned. The poem is a dirge, and is included here as a contrast to others, like "The Burial of Sir John Moore" (page 479) and "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" (page 540).

And mingle with our cup
 The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again 30
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plow the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er;
 And he and his eight hundred 35
 Shall plow the wave no more. (1803)

TO MARY UNWIN

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings;
 Such aid from Heaven as some have
 feigned they drew!

An eloquence scarce given to mortals,
 new,
 And undebased by praise of meaner
 things!

That, ere through age or woe I shed my
 wings, 5

I may record thy worth, with honor due,
 In verse as musical as thou art true—

Verse, that immortalizes whom it sings!
 But thou hast little need; there is a book,
 By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly
 light, 10

On which the eyes of God not rarely
 look;

A chronicle of actions just and bright!
 There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary,
 shine,

And since thou own'st that praise, I
 spare thee mine. (1803)

TO MARY

The twentieth year is well-nigh past
 Since first our sky was overcast;
 Ah, would that this might be the last!
 My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow; 5
 I see thee daily weaker grow.
 'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
 My Mary!

To Mary Unwin. Title. Mary Unwin was the wife of the minister with whom Cowper long resided. She cared for him during his fits of insanity.

And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried "Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast, 45
Could catch the sound no more;
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
Of narrative sincere, 50
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear;
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream, 55
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date;
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case. 60

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone;
But I beneath a rougher sea, 65
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.
(1803)

*CHARLES WESLEY (1707-1788)

IN TEMPTATION

Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high! 5
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee; 10

*The rise of Methodism among the English country people was effected by the Wesley brothers, John and Charles, and their deeply devotional hymns are by-products of their ministry. Evangelism rose from the lower classes and not from the upper classes, whose religion was somewhat stereotyped and ritualized in the eighteenth century.

Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring.
Cover my defenseless head 15
With the shadow of thy wing!

Wilt thou not regard my call?
Wilt thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo! on thee I cast my care! 20
Reach me out thy gracious hand!
While I of thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want; 25
More than all in thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness. 30
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin.
Let the healing streams abound; 35
Make and keep me pure within!
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity! (1740)

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774)

WOMAN

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melan-
choly?
What art can wash her tears away?

The only art her guilt to cover, 5
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom is—to die.
(1766)

Woman. This was sung by Olivia, eldest daughter of the Vicar of Wakefield, when she had returned home, having been betrayed by her lover.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827)*TO THE MUSES**

Whether on Ida's shady brow
 Or in the chambers of the East,
 The chambers of the sun, that now
 From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair, 5
 Or the green corners of the earth,
 Or the blue regions of the air
 Where the melodious winds have
 birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
 Beneath the bosom of the sea, 10
 Wandering in many a coral grove,
 Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry—

How have you left the ancient love
 That bards of old enjoyed in you!
 The languid strings do scarcely move; 15
 The sound is forced, the notes are few.
 (1783)

TO THE EVENING STAR

Thou fair-haired angel of the evening,
 Now, whilst the sun rests on the moun-
 tains, light
 Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant
 crown
 Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
 Smile on our loves, and while thou
 drawest the 5
 Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy
 silver dew

* William Blake was equally creative in the realm of the fine arts and literature, for he excelled both in painting and engraving. He engraved his poems and surrounded them with beautiful etchings, which he tinted. Blake was a mystic, whose visions were as real to him as the world of the senses. Consequently his poetry has an exalted other-world quality which we do not find to an equal degree in other English lyric poetry, although occasional poems of Crashaw, Cowper, Coleridge, Poe, and Francis Thompson give a similar impression. Blake became progressively insane or unbalanced, so that while his early books—*Poetical Sketches* (1783), *Songs of Innocence* (1789), and *Songs of Experience* (1794)—are clear, his prophetic books become increasingly unintelligible. Of these we include one of the earliest, "The Book of Thel" (1789), and a lyric from one called *Milton*. Blake unconsciously did much to popularize the renaissance of wonder and the supernatural in poetry, as can be seen by comparing his poetry with that of Rossetti. Notice the progressive unearthliness of the poems of Blake given here. 1. *Ida*, a mountain which was a haunt of the Greek Muses. 12. *Fair Nine*, the Muses.

On every flower that shuts its sweet
 eyes
 In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep
 on
 The lake; speak silence with thy glim-
 mering eyes,
 And wash the dusk with silver. Soon,
 full soon, 10
 Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages
 wide,
 And the lion glares through the dun
 forest.
 The fleeces of our flocks are covered with
 Thy sacred dew; protect them with
 thine influence. (1783)

SONG

My silks and fine array,
 My smiles and languished air,
 By Love are driven away;
 And mournful lean Despair
 Brings me yew to deck my grave. 5
 Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
 When springing buds unfold.
 O why to him was't given,
 Whose heart is wintry cold? 10
 His breast is Love's all-worshiped tomb,
 Where all Love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an ax and spade,
 Bring me a winding-sheet;
 When I my grave have made, 15
 Let winds and tempests beat;
 Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay—
 True love doth pass away! (1783)

**INTRODUCTION TO SONGS
OF INNOCENCE**

Piping down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!" 5
 So I piped with merry cheer.
 "Piper, pipe that song again";
 So I piped. He wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!" 10
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight; 15
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear. (1789)

THE LAMB

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight, 5
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee? 10

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and he is mild; 15
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee! (1789)

NIGHT

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower 5
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,
Where flocks have took delight; 10

Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing
And joy without ceasing
On each bud and blossom, 15
On each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm. 20
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey, 25
They pitying stand and weep,
Seeking to drive their thirst away
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful, 30
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold;
And pitying the tender cries, 35
And walking round the fold,
Saying, "Wrath by His meekness,
And, by his health, sickness,
Are driven away
From our immortal day. 40

"And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee, and weep.
For, washed in life's river, 45
My bright mane forever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold." (1789)

THE TIGER

Tiger! tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies 5
Burned the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart? 10
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
 In what furnace was thy brain?
 What the anvil? what dread grasp 15
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
 And watered heaven with their tears,
 Did he smile his work to see?
 Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! tiger! burning bright 21
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry? (1794)

THE CLOD AND THE PEBBLE

"Love seeketh not itself to please,
 Nor for itself hath any care,
 But for another gives its ease,
 And builds a heaven in hell's despair."

So sung a little clod of clay, 5
 Trodden with the cattle's feet,
 But a pebble of the brook
 Warbled out these meters meet:

"Love seeketh only self to please,
 To bind another to its delight, 10
 Joys in another's loss of ease,
 And builds a hell in heaven's despite." (1794)

A POISON TREE

I was angry with my friend;
 I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
 I was angry with my foe;
 I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears 5
 Night and morning with my tears,
 And I sunned it with smiles
 And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,
 Till it bore an apple bright, 10

The Clod and the Pebble. Cf. "The Book of Thel" (page 435) and "Ulalume" (page 651).

And my foe beheld it shine,
 And he knew that it was mine—

And into my garden stole
 When the night had veiled the pole;
 In the morning, glad, I see 15
 My foe outstretched beneath the tree. (1794)

AH, SUNFLOWER

Ah, Sunflower! weary of time,
 Who countest the steps of the sun,
 Seeking after that sweet golden clime
 Where the traveler's journey is done—

Where the youth pined away with de-
 sire, 5
 And the pale virgin, shrouded in snow,
 Arise from their graves, and aspire
 Where my sunflower wishes to go! (1794)

LOVE'S SECRET

Never seek to tell thy love,
 Love that never told can be;
 For the gentle wind doth move
 Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love, 5
 I told her all my heart,
 Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.
 Ah! she did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me,
 A traveler came by, 10
 Silently, invisibly;
 He took her with a sigh.

c. 1793 (1866)

I SAW A CHAPEL ALL OF GOLD

I saw a Chapel all of gold
 That none did dare to enter in,
 And many weeping stood without,
 Weeping, mourning, worshipping.

Love's Secret. Poems with such psychological motivation were greatly developed in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Cf. the love poetry of Browning, Mrs. Browning, Rossetti, Swinburne, Meredith, Symonds, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Thomas S. Jones, Jr., E. A. Robinson, and Sara Teasdale.

I Saw a Chapel All of Gold. The violent revulsion of shattered ideals. Cf. all the poems from *Amoris Exsul* (page 625), "A Victory Dance" (page 632), "To Any Dead Officer" (page 616), and "Menelaus and Helen" (page 620). For a more resigned attitude, see "On Growing Old" (page 624) and "I Have a Rendezvous with Death" (page 692).

I saw a Serpent rise between 5
The white pillars of the door,
And he forced and forced and forced,
Down the golden hinges tore,

And along the pavement sweet,
Set with pearls and rubies bright, 10
All his shining length he drew,
Till upon the altar white

Vomiting his poison out
On the Bread and on the Wine.
So I turned into a sty, 15
And laid me down among the swine.
c. 1793 (1866)

THE BOOK OF THEL

Thel's Motto

*Does the Eagle know what is in the pit;
Or wilt thou go ask the Mole?
Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod,
Or Love in a golden bowl?*

I

The daughters of [the] Seraphim led
round their sunny flocks—
All but the youngest; she in paleness
sought the secret air,
To fade away like morning beauty from
her mortal day.
Down by the river of Adona her soft
voice is heard,
And thus her gentle lamentation falls
like morning dew: 5

"O life of this our spring! why fades the
lotus of the water?
Why fade these children of the spring,
born but to smile and fall?
Ah! Thel is like a wat'ry bow, and like
a parting cloud;
Like a reflection in a glass; like shadows
in the water;
Like dreams of infants, like a smile upon
an infant's face; 10
Like the dove's voice; like transient
day; like music in the air.

15. **turned**, went.

The Book of Thel. The general meaning of this poem is the search of the spirit for the significance of life. The names are all symbols drawn from Blake's imagination.

Ah! gentle may I lay me down, and
gentle rest my head,
And gentle sleep the sleep of death, and
gentle hear the voice
Of Him that walketh in the garden in
the evening time."

The Lily of the Valley, breathing in the
humble grass, 15

Answered the lovely maid and said:
"I am a wat'ry weed,

And I am very small, and love to dwell
in lowly vales;

So weak, the gilded butterfly scarce
perches on my head.

Yet I am visited from heaven, and He
that smiles on all

Walks in the valley, and each morn over
me spreads His hand, 20

Saying, 'Rejoice, thou humble grass,
thou newborn lily flower,

Thou gentle maid of silent valleys and
of modest brooks;

For thou shalt be clothéd in light, and
fed with morning manna,

Till summer's heat melts thee beside the
fountains and the springs,

To flourish in eternal vales.' Then why
should Thel complain? 25

Why should the mistress of the vales of
Har utter a sigh?"

She ceased, and smiled in tears, then
sat down in her silver shrine.

Thel answered: "O thou little Virgin of
the peaceful valley,

Giving to those that cannot crave, the
voiceless, the o'ertired,

Thy breath doth nourish the innocent
lamb; he smells thy milky gar-
ments; 30

He crops thy flowers while thou sittest
smiling in his face,

Wiping his mild and meekin mouth from
all contagious taints.

Thy wine doth purify the golden honey;
thy perfume,

Which thou dost scatter on every little
blade of grass that springs,

Revives the milkéd cow, and tames the
fire-breathing steed. 35

32. **meekin**. Blake coined words. Probably this means *meek*.

But Thel is like a faint cloud kindled
at the rising sun;
I vanish from my pearly throne, and
who shall find my place?"

"Queen of the vales," the Lily answered,
"ask the tender Cloud,
And it shall tell thee why it glitters in
the morning sky,
And why it scatters its bright beauty
through the humid air."⁴⁰
Descend, O little Cloud, and hover
before the eyes of Thel."

The Cloud descended, and the Lily
bowed her modest head,
And went to mind her numerous charge
among the verdant grass.

11

"O little Cloud," the Virgin said, "I
charge thee tell to me
Why thou complainest not, when in
one hour thou fade away;"⁴⁵
Then we shall seek thee, but not find.
Ah! Thel is like to thee;
I pass away; yet I complain, and no one
hears my voice."

The Cloud then showed his golden head,
and his bright form emerged,
Hovering and glittering on the air be-
fore the face of Thel.

"O Virgin, know'st thou not our steeds
drink of the golden springs"⁵⁰
Where Luvah doth renew his horses?
Look'st thou on my youth,
And fearest thou, because I vanish and
am seen no more,
Nothing remains? O Maid, I tell thee,
when I pass away,
It is to tenfold life, to love, to peace, and
raptures holy;
Unseen descending, weigh my light
wings upon balmy flowers,"⁵⁵
And court the fair-eyed dew, to take
me to her shining tent.
The weeping virgin, trembling, kneels
before the risen sun,
Till we arise, linked in a golden band
and never part,
But walk united, bearing food to all our
tender flowers."

"Dost thou, O little Cloud? I fear that
I am not like thee,"⁶⁰
For I walk through the vales of Har,
and smell the sweetest flowers,
But I feed not the little flowers; I hear
the warbling birds,
But I feed not the warbling birds; they
fly and seek their food.
But Thel delights in these no more, be-
cause I fade away;
And all shall say, 'Without a use this
shining woman lived,'"⁶⁵
Or did she only live to be at death the
food of worms?"

The Cloud reclined upon his airy throne,
and answered thus:

"Then if thou art the food of worms, O
Virgin of the skies,
How great thy use, how great thy bless-
ing! Everything that lives
Lives not alone nor for itself. Fear not,
and I will call"⁷⁰
The weak Worm from its lowly bed, and
thou shalt hear its voice.
Come forth, Worm of the silent valley,
to thy pensive Queen."

The helpless Worm arose, and sat upon
the Lily's leaf,
And the bright Cloud sailed on, to find
his partner in the vale.

111

Then Thel astonished viewed the Worm
upon its dewy bed."⁷⁵

"Art thou a Worm? Image of weakness,
art thou but a Worm?
I see thee like an infant wrapped in the
Lily's leaf.
Ah! weep not, little voice, thou canst
not speak, but thou canst weep.
Is this a Worm? I see thee lie helpless
and naked, weeping,
And none to answer, none to cherish
thee with mother's smiles."⁸⁰
The Clod of Clay heard the Worm's
voice, and raised her pitying head;
She bowed over the weeping infant, and
her life exhaled
In milky fondness. Then on Thel she
fixed her humble eyes.

"O Beauty of the vales of Har! we live
not for ourselves.
Thou seest me, the meanest thing, and
so I am indeed. 85
My bosom of itself is cold, and of itself
is dark;
But He that loves the lowly pours his
oil upon my head,
And kisses me, and binds his nuptial
bands around my breast,
And says: 'Thou mother of my children,
I have lovéd thee,
And I have given thee a crown that
none can take away.' 90
But how this is, sweet Maid, I know not,
and I cannot know;
I ponder, and I cannot ponder; yet I
live and love."

The daughter of beauty wiped her pity-
ing tears with her white veil,
And said: "Alas! I knew not this, and
therefore did I weep.
That God would love a worm I knew,
and punish the evil foot 95
That willful bruised its helpless form;
but that he cherished it
With milk and oil, I never knew, and
therefore did I weep;
And I complained in the mild air, be-
cause I fade away,
And lay me down in thy cold bed, and
leave my shining lot."

"Queen of the vales," the matron Clay
answered, "I heard thy sighs, 100
And all thy moans flew o'er my roof,
but I have called them down.
Wilt thou, O Queen, enter my house?
'Tis given thee to enter,
And to return. Fear nothing; enter with
thy virgin feet."

IV

The eternal gates' terrific porter lifted
the northern bar;
Thel entered in, and saw the secrets of
the land unknown. 105
She saw the couches of the dead, and
where the fibrous root
Of every heart on earth infixes deep its
restless twists—
A land of sorrows and of tears where
never smile was seen.

She wandered in the land of clouds
through valleys dark, listening
Dolors and lamentations; waiting oft
beside a dewy grave 110
She stood in silence, listening to the
voices of the ground,
Till to her own grave-plot she came,
and there she sat down,
And heard this voice of sorrow breathéd
from the hollow pit.

"Why cannot the ear be closéd to its
own destruction?
Or the glistening eye to the poison of
a smile? 115
Why are eyelids stored with arrows
ready drawn,
Where a thousand fighting men in
ambush lie,
Or an eye of gifts and graces showering
fruits and coinéd gold?"

Why a tongue impressed with honey
from every wind?
Why an ear, a whirlpool fierce to draw
creations in? 120
Why a nostril wide inhaling terror,
trembling, and affright?
Why a tender curb upon the youthful,
burning boy?
Why a little curtain of flesh on the bed
of our desire?"

The Virgin started from her seat, and
with a shriek
Fled back unhindered till she came into
the vales of Har. (1789)

AND DID THOSE FEET IN ANCIENT TIME

FROM MILTON

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains
green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance Divine 5
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
 Bring me my arrows of desire! 10
 Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
 Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
 Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
 Till we have built Jerusalem 15
 In England's green and pleasant
 land. (1804)

*ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

MARY MORISON

O Mary, at thy window be!
 It is the wished, the trysted hour.
 Those smiles and glances let me see
 That make the mis'r's treasure poor.
 How blythely wad I bide the stour 5
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure—
 The lovely Mary Morison!

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed through the lighted
 ha', 10
 To thee my fancy took its wing—
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
 Though this was fair, and that was
 braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sighed, and said amang them a': 15
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee? 20
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown;
 A thought ungente canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.
 1780 (1800)

*See headnotes on Burns in the chapters on the Ballad (page 235) and on Modern Narrative Poetry (page 254). With the exception of "Ae Fond Kiss" (page 444), which was written to Mrs. McLehose, with whom he carried on a sentimental flirtation in Edinburgh, the girls to whom Burns wrote his love poems are Scotch country girls. Mary Morison is an alias for Ellison Begbie; Mary Campbell died in 1789 and Burns wrote "To Mary in Heaven" (page 444), a year later; Jean Armour he married in 1788.

Mary Morison. 5. stour, dusty wind. 13. braw, fine.

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH
 THE PLOW, NOVEMBER, 1785

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
 O what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee, 5
 Wi' murdering pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle 10
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may
 thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun
 live!
 A daimen icker in a thrave 15
 'S a sma' request;
 I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
 An' never miss 't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin! 20
 An' naething now to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's win's ensuin,
 Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary winter comin fast, 26
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell—
 Till, crash! the cruel coulter passed
 Out through thy cell. 30

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turned out, for a' thy
 trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble, 35
 An' cranreuch cauld!

To a Mouse. Note Burns's delightful humor, tenderness, and realism. 4. bickering brattle, hurry-scurry. 6. pattle, plow-spade. 15. A daimen, etc., "an occasional ear of corn in a double shock." A thrave was a double shock of twenty-four sheaves. 17. lave, remainder. 21. big, build. 22. foggage, foliage. 24. Baith snell, both sharp. 29. coulter, plow. 34. But, etc., without house or home. 35. thole, suffer, endure. 36. cranreuch, hoar frost.

But mousie, thou art no thy lane
 In proving foresight may be vain;
 The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft agley, 40
 An' lea'e us naught but grief an' pain
 For promised joy!

Still, thou art blest compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee.
 But och! I backward cast my e'e, 45
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, though I canna see,
 I guess an' fear! (1786)

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

My loved, my honored, much respected
 friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish
 end—
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
 praise.
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays, 5
 The lowly train in life's sequestered
 scene,
 The native feelings strong, the guileless
 ways,
 What Aiken in a cottage would have
 been;
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far
 happier there, I ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry
 sough; 10
 The short'ning winter-day is near a
 close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the
 plough;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their
 repose;
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and
 his hoes, 16

37. **no thy lane**, not alone. 40. **agley**, amiss.
The Cotter's Saturday Night. A lyric rhapsody on
 Scottish country life. A combination of lyric and nar-
 rative poetry. When Burns moralized, he frequently
 employed English rather than his native Scotch dialect,
 as in the present poem. 1. **My loved**, etc. The poem
 is dedicated to Robert Aiken, a lawyer friend of Burns.
 See "Holy Willie's Prayer" (page 450). 10. **sough**,
 wail.

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to
 spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course
 does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree; 20
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stach-
 er through
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise
 and glee.
 His wee-bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wife's
 smile,
 The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care be-
 guile, 26
 And makes him quite forget his labor
 and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin
 in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun';
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some
 tentie rin 30
 A cannie errand to a neebor town.
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-
 grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in
 her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps to show a braw
 new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee, 35
 To help her parents dear, if they in
 hardship be.

With joy unfeigned brothers and sisters
 meet,
 And each for other's weelfare kindly
 spiers;
 The social hours, swift-winged, unno-
 ticed fleet;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or
 hears. 40
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful
 years;
 Anticipation forward points the view;
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her
 sheers,

21. **stacher**, stagger, toddle. 22. **flichterin**, chat-
 tering. 23. **ingle**, fireplace. 26. **kiaugh**, worry. 28.
Belyve, soon. 30. **ca'**, drive. **tentie**, carefully. 31. **can-**
nie, requiring intelligence. 34. **braw**, fine. 35. **sair-**
won, hard-earned. 38. **spiers**, asks. 40. **uncos**, news.

Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the
new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition
due. 45

Their master's and their mistress's com-
mand

The younkers a' are warnéd to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent
hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk
or play;

"And oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
And mind your duty, duly, morn an'
night; 51

Lest in temptation's path ye gang
astray,

Implore his counsel and assisting
might—

They never sought in vain that
sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the
door; 55

Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the
same,

Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the
moor,

To do some errands, and convoy her
hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious
flame

Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her
cheek; 60

With heart-struck, anxious care, in-
quires his name,

While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's
nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him
ben,

A strappin youth; he takes the mother's
eye; 65

Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs,

and kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows
wi' joy,

But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel
behave;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can
spy 70

What makes the youth sae bashfu' and
sae grave,

Weel-pleased to think her bairn's re-
spected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is
found!

O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond
compare!

I've pacéd much this weary, mortal
round, 75

And sage experience bids me this de-
clare—

"If Heaven a draft of heavenly pleasure
spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest

pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender
tale, 80

Beneath the milk-white thorn that
scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a
heart,

A wretch! a villain! lost to love and
truth!

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring
art,

Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting
youth? 85

Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling
smooth!

Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,

Points to the parents fondling o'er their
child;

Then paints the ruined maid, and
their distraction wild? 90

But now the supper crowns their simple
board,

The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's
food;

The sowpe their only hawkie does af-
ford,

That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her
cood;

The dame brings forth, in complimentary
mood, 95

44. Gars, makes. claes, clothes. 48. eydent, atten-
tive. 62. hafflins, in part. 64. ben, within. 67.
cracks, talks. kye, cows. 69. blate, bashful. laithfu',
shy.

72. the lave, the rest. 92. parritch, porridge. 93.
sowpe, liquid. hawkie, cow. 94. 'yont, beyond. hallan,
partition.

To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell;
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint
 was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They round the ingle form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And "Let us worship God!" he says
 with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim.
 Perhaps "Dundee's" wild, warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
 Or noble "Elgin" beets the heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie

96. **weel-hained**, well-saved. **kebbuck**, fell, strong cheese. 97. **aft**, often. 99. **towmond**, twelve-month. **lint**, flax. 103. **ha'** Bible, hall Bible. 105. **lyart haffets**, gray locks. 107. **wales**, chooses. 111-113. **Dundee**, **Martyrs**, **Elgin**, names of hymns. 113. **beets**, rouses. 122. **royal bard**, David.

Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
 How his first followers and servants sped;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heav'n's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days,
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear,
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
 The Pow'r, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,

127. **Christian volume**, New Testament. 133. **Patmos**, an island in the Aegean Sea, on which St. John the Evangelist wrote the book of Revelation. 138. **Hope springs**, etc., from Pope's *Windsor Forest*, line 112.

May hear, well pleased, the language of
the soul,
And in His Book of Life the inmates
poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral
way;

The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage
pay, 156

And proffer up to Heav'n the warm re-
quest

That He who stills the raven's clam'rous
nest,

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the
best, 160

For them and for their little ones pro-
vide;

But chiefly, in their hearts with grace
divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's
grandeur springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered
abroad.

Princes and lords are but the breath of
kings, 165

"An honest man's the noblest work of
God";

And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly
road,

The cottage leaves the palace far be-
hind;

What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous
load,

Disguising oft the wretch of human
kind, 170

Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness
refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven
is sent,

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and
sweet content! 175

And oh! may Heaven their simple lives
prevent

From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be
rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their
much-loved isle. 180

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's un-
daunted heart,

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and re-
ward!) 186

O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot-
bard,

In bright succession raise, her orna-
ment and guard! (1786)

A RED, RED ROSE

O my Luve's like a red, red rose

That's newly sprung in June;

O my Luve's like the melodie

That's sweetly played in tune!

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass, 5

So deep in luve am I;

And I will luve thee still, my dear,

Till a' the seas gang dry—

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,

And the rocks melt wi' the sun; 10

I will luve thee still, my dear,

While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve,

And fare thee weel a while!

And I will come again, my Luve, 15

Though it were ten thousand mile.

(1796)

MY JEAN

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,

I dearly like the west,

For there the bonnie lassie lives,

The lassie I lo'e best.

There wild woods grow, and rivers row, 5

And monie a hill between;

But day and night my fancy's flight

Is ever wi' my Jean.

182. Wallace. See note on line 1 of "Scots, Wha Hae"
(page 446).

My Jean. 1. airts, quarters of the compass.

166. An honest man's, etc., from Pope's *Essay on Man*, IV, 248.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair. 10
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air.
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green;
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings, 15
 But minds me o' my Jean. (1790)

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min'?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And auld lang syne?

Chorus.—For auld lang syne, my dear, 5
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine; 10
 But we've wandered monie a weary fit
 Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun til dine; 15
 But seas between us braid hae roared
 Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine; 20
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
 For auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine; 25
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne!

For auld, etc.

(1796)

14. *shaw*, wood.
Auld Lang Syne. The title means "old long ago."
 10. *gowans*, daisies. 11. *fit*, foot. 15. *dine*, dinner
 time. 16. *braid*, broad. 19. *fiere*, comrade. 21.
right guid-willie waught, good friendly big drink.
 24. *be*, have. *pint-stowp*, drinking cup.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John, 5
 Your locks are like the snow;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither; 10
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither.
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 And hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot, 15
 John Anderson, my jo. (1790)

OH, WILLIE BREWED A PECK
O' MAUT

Oh, Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see;
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang
 night,
 Ye wad na found in Christendie.

Chorus.—We are na fou, we're nae that
 fou, 5
 But just a drappie in our e'e;
 The cock may crawl, the day
 may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley
 bree!

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we; 10
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame, 15
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

John Anderson. Cf. "The Land o' the Leal" (page 451).
 1. *jo*, beloved. 4. *brent*, unwrinkled. 5. *beld*, bald.
 7. *pow*, head. 11. *canty*, happy.
Oh, Willie Brewed, etc. One of the many amusing
 convivial songs of Burns. The "Rob" is Burns himself;
 "Willie" and "Allan" are two friends. 8. *bree*, brew.
 14. *lift*, heaven. 15. *wyle*, decoy.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa, 17
 A cuckold, coward loun is he!
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three!
 (1790)

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade! 5
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
 breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallowed grove, 10
 Where by the winding Ayr we met
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports
 past,
 Thy image at our last embrace— 15
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning
 green;
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
 Twined amorous round the raptured
 scene. 20
 The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon the glowing west
 Proclaimed the speed of winged
 day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry
 wakes, 25
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper
 wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest? 30
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
 breast?
 (1790)

THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS

A LAMENT FOR CULLODEN

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
 For e'en and morn she cries, "Alas!"
 And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e:
 "Drumossie moor, Drumossie day, 5
 A waefu' day it was to me!
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear and brethren three.

"Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay;
 Their graves are growing green to see;
 And by them lies the dearest lad 11
 That ever blest a woman's e'e!
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;
 For monie a heart thou hast made sair
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or
 thee." (1796)

AE FOND KISS

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
 thee;
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him
 While the star of hope she leaves him? 6
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy;
 Naething could resist my Nancy; 10
 But to see her was to love her,
 Love but her, and love forever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted, 15
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure! 20

The Lovely Lass o' Inverness. In 1746 the Duke of Cumberland and the English defeated the Scotch supporters of the Stuart Pretender near Drumossie Moor, or Culloden.
Ae Fond Kiss. 4. *wage*, pledge. 10. *Nancy*, Mrs. M'Lehose.

THE BANKS O' DOON

BONNIE LESLEY

13. scaith, harm. 17. tent, tend. 18. steer, touch.
22. Caledonie, Caledonia, the poetic name for Scotland.
Highland Mary. Highland Mary is Mary Campbell.
4. drumlie, muddy. 9. birk, birch.

And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mold'ring now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly! 30
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

1792 (1799)

DUNCAN GRAY

Duncan Gray came here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
 On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
 Maggie coost her head fu heigh, 5
 Looked asklent and unco skiegh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh;
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

Duncan fleeched, and Duncan prayed;
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't! 10
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
 Duncan sighed baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
 Spak o' lowpin owre a linn; 15
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't! 20
 "Shall I, like a fool," quoth he,
 "For a haughty hizzie die?
 She may gae to—France for me!"
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

How it comes let doctors tell, 25
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
 Meg grew sick as he grew hale,
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings; 30
 And O! her een, they spak sic things!
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't!
 Maggie's was a piteous case, 35

3. *fou*, full. 6. *unco skiegh*, very shy. 7. *Gart*, made. *abiegh*, aloof. 9. *fleeched*, begged. 11. *Ailsa Craig*, a rocky islet in the Firth of Clyde. 14. *Grat*, etc., "wept his eyes both beared and blind." 15. *Spak*, etc., "spoke of jumping over a waterfall." 17. *tide*, season. 19. *bide*, endure. 22. *hizzie*, hussy.

Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
 Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smooored his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and cantie baith;
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't! 1792 (1798)

SCOTS, WHA HAE

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory!
 Now's the day, and now's the hour; 5
 See the front o' battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave? 10
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!
 Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or Freeman fa', 15
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free! 20
 Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!—
 Let us do or die! (1794)

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hings his head, an' a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that, 5
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

38. *smooored*, smothered. 39. *crouse*, lively. *cantie*, contented.

Scots, Wha Hae. Bruce and the Scotch defeated Edward II and the English at Bannockburn in 1314. The poem is the supposed speech of Bruce to his troops before the battle. 1. *Wallace*. During the thirteenth century Wallace, a Scottish chief, had kept up a continual resistance to the English. He was captured and executed in 1305.

A Man's a Man for A' That. This poem shows the republican spirit of Burns. 8. *gowd*, gold.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddan-gray, an' a' that; 10
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their
wine,

A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae
poor, 15
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that. 20
For a' that, an' a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight, 25
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that, 30
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, an' a' that. 36
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.
1794 (1800)

O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

O wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did misfortune's bitter storms 5
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

10. *hoddan-gray*, rough gray cloth. 17. *birkie*, young-ster. 20. *coof*, fool. 27. *aboon*, above. 28. *mauna fa'*, must not claim. 36. *gree*, prize.

O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast. 3. *airt*, quarter of the sky. 7. *bield*, shelter.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and
bare, 10
The desert were a paradise
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown 15
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.
1796 (1800)

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL

O thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie, 5
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damnéd bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
Ev'n to a deil, 10
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeal!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy
fame;
Far kenn'd an' noted is thy name;
An', though yon lowin heugh's thy
hame, 15
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles rangin' like a roarin' lion
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin'; 20
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest
flyin',
Tirlin' the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks.

Address to the Deil. To the orthodox Scots of Burns's time the Devil was a personal force to be reckoned with seriously. Not only did they think of him as the Great Opposite of the Almighty, but they believed that he interfered maliciously in the daily doings of men. Burns satirized the current superstitions by slapping Satan playfully on the back and even expressing pity for him—much to the horror of certain of his contemporaries. 2. *Clootie*, "hoofie," from Satan's cloven foot. 5. *Spairges about the brunstane cootie*, splashes about the brimstone dish. 7. *Hangie*, hangman, a frequent epithet for Satan. 11. *skelp*, strike. *scaud*, scald. 15. *lowin heugh*, flaming pit. 17. *lag*, slow. 18. *blate*, bashful. *scaur*, timid. 22. *Tirlin'*, unroofing.

I've heard my reverend grannie say 25
 In lanely glens ye like to stray;
 Or, where auld ruined castles gray
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
 Wi' eldritch croon. 30

When twilight did my grannie summon
 To say her pray'rs, douce, honest
 woman!

Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bum-
 min',

 Wi' eerie drone;
 Or, rustlin', through the boortrees
 comin', 35
 Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary windy winter night
 The stars shot down wi' sklentint' light,
 Wi' you mysel I gat a fright

 Ayont the lough; 40
 Ye like a rash-buss stood in sight
 Wi' waving sough.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
 Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch stoor "quaick,
 quaick," 45

 Among the springs,
 Awa ye squattered like a drake
 On whistlin' wings.

Let warlocks grim an' withered hags
 Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags 50
 They skim the muirs, an' dizzy crags
 Wi' wicked speed;
 And in kirkyards renew their leagues
 Owre howkit dead.

Thence country wives, wi' toil an'
 pain, 55
 May plunge an' plunge the kirk in
 vain;

For oh! the yellow treasure's taen
 By witchin' skill;

30. *eldritch croon*, unearthly moan. 32. *douce*, prudent and sedate. 33. *Aft*, often. *yont*, beyond. *bummin'*, humming. 35. *boortrees*, shrub-elders used as hedges. 38. *sklentint'*, slanting. 40. *Ayont*, beyond. *lough*, lake. 41. *rash-buss*, clump of rushes. 42. *sough*, moan. 43. *nieve*, fist. 45. *eldritch stoor*, unearthly hoarse; *stoor* is an adjective modifying *quaick*. 49. *warlocks*, wizards. With this stanza compare the description of warlocks and witches in "Tam O' Shanter" (page 254). 50. *ragweed nags*. Ragweeds, like broomsticks, were used by the witches for steeds. 54. *howkit*, disinterred. 56. *kirk*, churn. The witches were interfering with the churning.

An' dawtit twal-pint Hawkie's gane
 As yell's the bill. 60

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse
 On young guidmen, fond, keen, an'
 crouse;

When the best wark-lume i' the house,
 By cantrip wit,
 Is instant made no worth a louse, 65
 Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy
 hoord,

An' float the jinglin' icy-boord,
 Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,
 By your direction, 70

An' 'nighted trav'lers are allured
 To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing spunk-
 ies

Decoy the wight that late an' drunk
 is.

The bleezin, curst, mischievous monk-
 ies 75

 Delude his eyes,
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 Ne'er mair to rise.

When Masons' mystic word an' grip
 In storms an' tempests raise you up, 80
 Some cock or cat your rage maun
 stop,

 Or, strange to tell!
 The youngest brither ye wad whip
 Aff straught to hell.

Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard, 85
 When youthfu' lovers first were paired,
 And all the soul of love they shared,
 The raptured hour,
 Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird,
 In shady bow'r; 90

59. *dawtit twal-pint Hawkie*, etc. "The pet cow that gave twelve pints of milk has gone as dry as the bull." 62. *crouse*, jolly. 63. *wark-lume*, work-loom; the witches were tying the yarn into knots. 64. *cantrip wit*, magic trick. 66. *bit*, the nick of time; on the instant. 67. *thowes*, thaws. 68. *icy-boord*, the surface of the ice. 69. *water-kelpies*, water-demons, usually shaped like horses. 71. *'nighted*, benighted. 73. *spunkies*, marsh lights or will-o'-the-wisps. With this and the preceding three or four stanzas compare Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, i, where the same mischievous activities are ascribed to Puck, or Robin Goodfellow. 79. *Masons' mystic word*. Burns was an ardent Mason. The allusion here is to the Masonic initiation; the cock or cat is given to the devil as a substitute for the trembling initiate.

Then you, ye auld snick-drawing dog!
 Ye cam to Paradise incog.
 An' played on man a cursed brogue
 (Black be you fa!),
 An' gied the infant warld a shog, 95
 'Maist ruined a'.

D've mind that day, when in a bizz,
 Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
 Ye did present your smoutie phiz
 'Mang better folk, 100
 An' sklentend on the man of Uz
 Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' house an' hal',
 While scabs an' blotches did him gall 105
 Wi' bitter claw,
 An' loused his ill-tongu'd wicked
 scawl,
 Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares an' fechtin' fierce, 110
 Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
 In prose or rime.

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're
 thinkin' 115
 A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
 Some luckless hour will send him
 linkin',
 To your black pit;
 But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin',
 An' cheat you yet. 120

But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
 O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
 Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
 Still hae a stake;
 I'm wae to think upo' yon den, 125
 Ey'n for your sake!

(1786)

91. *snick-drawing*, latch-drawing. 93. *brogue*, trick. 95. *shog*, shake. 97. *bizz*, flurry. 98. *reekit duds*, smoky clothes. *reestit gizz*, singed hair. 99. *smoutie phiz*, smutty face. 101. *sklentend*, squinted. *man of Uz*, Job; for the allusions in this and the next stanza read the first two chapters of Job. 107. *loused*, loosed. 108. *ava*, of all. 110. *fechtin'*, fighting. 113. *ding*, beat. *Lallan*, Scotch lowland. *Erse*, Gaelic. 117. *linkin'*, skipping. 119. *jinkin'*, nimbly. 122. *men'*, mend, improve your ways. 123. *ablin's*, perhaps. 124. *stake*, chance. 125. *wae*, sorry.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS

*My son, these maxims make a rule,
 And lump them aye thegither:
 The rigid righteous is a fool,
 The rigid wise anither;
 The cleanest corn that e'er was dight,*
 May hae some pyles o' caff in;
 So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
 For random fits o' daffin.*
 SOLOMON (Eccles. vii. 16).

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
 Your neibor's fauts and folly!
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, 5
 Supplied wi' store o' water;
 The heap'd happer's ebbing still,
 And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
 As counsel for poor mortals, 10
 That frequent pass douce Wisdom's
 door,
 For glaikit Folly's portals;
 I, for their thoughtless careless sakes,
 Would here propone defenses—
 Their donsie tricks, their black mis-
 takes, 15
 Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' their's compared,
 And shudder at the niffer;
 But cast a moment's fair regard—
 What makes the mighty differ? 20
 Discount what scant occasion gave,
 That purity ye pride in,
 And (what's aft mair than a' the
 lave)
 Your better art o' hidin'.

Think, when your castigated pulse 25
 Gies now and then a wallop,
 What ragings must his veins convulse,
 That still eternal gallop!
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,

Address to the Unco Guid. As Burns was no saint himself, he had a warm pity for the sinner and a hearty dislike for the moral hypocrite. The satirical address to the unco guid, or rigidly righteous, is a defense of the erring and an attack on the thin-blooded plaster saints who would condemn them. The text which he paraphrases at the beginning of the poem runs thus: "Be not righteous over much, neither make thyself over wise; why shouldst thou destroy thyself?" **dight*, winnowed. *pyles*, grains. *caff*, chaff. *daffin*, fun. 5. *weel-gaun*, well-going. 7. *happer*, hopper. 9. *core*, corps. 11. *douce*, sweet. 12. *glaikit*, giddy. 15. *donsie*, unlucky. 18. *niffer*, exchange. 23. *lave*, rest, remainder.

Right on ye scud your seaway; 30
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes an unco leeway.

See Social life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmogrified, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking. 36
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses! 40

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear loved lad, convenience snug, 45
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman; 50
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark 55
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias. 60
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

(1787)

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for any guid or ill 5
They've done afore thee!

47. *lug*, ear. 48. *aiblins*, possibly. 51. *kennin*, a little.

Holy Willie's Prayer. Burns's explanation of the occasion of this vivid satire is as follows: "Argument—Holy Willie was a rather oldish bachelor elder, in the parish of Mauchline, and much and justly famed for that polemical chattering which ends in tippling orthodoxy, and for that spiritual bawdry which refines to

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts an' grace 10
A burnin' an' a shinin' light,
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation?
I, wha deserve most just damnation, 15
For broken laws,
Sax thousand years 'fore my creation,
Through Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plungéd me in hell, 20
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lakes,
Where damnéd devils roar and yell,
Chained to their stakes;

Yet I am here a chosen sample, 25
To show thy grace is great and ample;
I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, an example
To a' thy flock. 30

O Lord, thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers
swear,
And singin' there and dancin' here,
Wi' great an' sma';
For I am keepit by thy fear 35
Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must
At times I'm fashed wi' fleshy lust;
An' sometimes too, in worldly trust,
Vile self gets in; 40
But thou remembers we are dust,
Defiled in sin.

liquorish devotion. In a sessional process with a gentleman in Mauchline—a Mr. Gavin Hamilton—*Holy Willie* and his priest, Father Auld, after full hearing in the Presbytery of Ayr, came off but second best, owing partly to the oratorical powers of Mr. Robert Aiken, Mr. Hamilton's counsel; but chiefly to Mr. Hamilton's being one of the most irreproachable and truly respectable characters in the country. On losing his process, the Muse overheard him at his devotions as follows.

The dramatic monologue which resulted is earlier than Browning's similar self-revelations of human nature but is equally vivid. 3. *Sends ane to heaven*, etc. The Calvinistic doctrine of foreordination appears here and in the succeeding stanzas; Holy Willie assure that he had been predestined not only to be saved himself but to be a shining example to the rest. 18. *Adam's cause*, the doctrine of original sin. 38. *fashed*, troubled.

May be thou lets this fleshly thorn
Beset thy servant e'en and morn
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
That he's sae gifted; 46
If sae, thy hand maun e'en be borne,
Until thou lift it.

Lord, bless thy chosen in this place,
For here thou hast a chosen race; 50
But God confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace
An' public shame.

Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts, 55
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at
cartes,
Yet has sae wae takin' arts
Wi' grit an' sma',
Frae God's ain priest the people's
hearts
He steals awa'. 60

An' when we chastened him therefor,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us;
Curse thou his basket and his store, 65
Kail and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry an' prayer,
Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, Lord, make it bare
Upo' their heads; 70
Lord, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O Lord my God, that glib-tongued
Aiken,
My very heart and soul are quakin', 74
To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
An' filled wi' dread,
While he, wi' hingin' lips and snakin',
Held up his head.

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him;
Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in thy mercy by them, 81
Nor hear their prayer;

But, for thy people's sake, destroy them,
And dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me and mine 85
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine
Excelled by nane,
And a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen!
1785 (AFTER 1796)

CAROLINA OLIPHANT,
LADY NAIRNE (1766-1845)

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John, 5
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John; 10
And, oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last 15
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal. 20
Oh! dry your glistening e'e, John,
My soul langts to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John, 25
Your day it's wearin' through, John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John; 30
We'll meet, and we'll be fain
In the land o' the leal.

1798 (1804)

55. Gawn Hamilton, Burns's landlord, who had been tried by the session and acquitted. 58. grit, great. 62. splore, row. 66. Kail, cabbage. 73. Aiken, Hamilton's lawyer. 77. hingin' . . . snakin', hanging . . . sneering.

87. gear, goods, property.
The Land o' the Leal. Title. leal, faithful.

NINETEENTH CENTURY

NOTE

The nineteenth century opened with a blaze of poetic imagination, stimulated by the French and Industrial Revolutions. The poets of the Romantic Movement were strongly individualistic, but each had a single and rather clearly-defined ideal. By 1840, when the Victorian Age commenced, and the fervor of the Romantic Movement began to diminish before the scientific and industrial age, lyric poetry became a medium for expressing two views of life—on the one hand the imaginative and idealistic, and on the other the psychological and realistic. Tennyson and Swinburne well represent the former group; Browning and Kipling, the latter. English lyric poetry developed in this general manner until the World War brought about once more that union of realism and idealism which was characteristic in the Romantic Movement of Wordsworth's day.

*WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(1770-1850)

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN
ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS
OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR
JULY 13, 1798

Five years have passed; five summers,
with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their moun-
tain springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once
again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, 5
That on a wild, secluded scene impress

*Wordsworth spent most of his life in the Lake District in the northwest of England, near the Scottish border. It was in this general region that the author of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* had lived. Wordsworth perceived the glories of eternity in what had hitherto been called the common things of nature. His theory of poetry is contained in the *Preface* to the *Lyrical Ballads* (see page 914). Notice throughout the poetry of Wordsworth three general attitudes toward nature: the youthful physical joy at being with nature, the mature emotional joy of contemplation and memory, and the spiritual rapture of one who perceives in nature the presence of God. All of these attitudes are revealed in "Tintern Abbey" and "Intimations of Immortality."

Tintern Abbey. "No poem of mine was composed under circumstances more pleasant for me to remember than this. I began it upon leaving Tintern, after crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble of four or five days, with my sister. Not a line of it was altered, and not any part of it written down till I reached Bristol. It was published almost immediately after in the little volume of which so much has been said in these Notes." (Wordsworth's comment on this poem, which was published in the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798.)

Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and
connect

The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and
view 10

These plots of cottage-ground, these
orchard-tufts,

Which at this season, with their unripe
fruits,

Are clad in one green hue, and lose
themselves

'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows,
little lines 15

Of sportive wood run wild; these pas-
toral farms,

Green to the very door; and wreaths of
smoke

Sent up, in silence, from among the
trees!

With some uncertain notice, as might
seem

Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless
woods, 20

Or of some hermit's cave, where by his
fire

The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been
to me

As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the
din 25

Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the
heart;

And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration—feelings, too,
Of unremembered pleasure; such, per-
haps, 31

As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I
trust, 35

To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed
mood,

In which the burthen of the mystery,

In which the heavy and the weary
weight
Of all this unintelligible world, 40
Is lightened—that serene and blessed
mood
In which the affections gently lead us
on—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human
blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul; 46
While with an eye made quiet by the
power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful
stir 52
Unprofitable, and the fever of the
world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my
heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O silvan Wye! thou wanderer through
the woods, 56
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extin-
guished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity, 60
The picture of the mind revives again;
While here I stand, not only with the
sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing
thoughts
That in this moment there is life and
food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what
I was when first 66
I came among these hills; when like a
roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the
sides

56. *silvan Wye*. The Wye runs along the southern border of Wales before emptying into the sound made by the Severn River. Compare the feeling for nature in this poem with "Corinna's Going a-Maying" (page 381), "L'Allegro" (page 390), "From the Brake the Nightingale" (page 601), "The Garden of Proserpine" (page 595), "Sing Me a Song of a Lad That Is Gone" (page 598), "The Feet of the Young Men" (page 607), "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" (page 633), "Hit" (page 622), and "In Flanders Fields" (page 617).

Of the deep rivers, and the lonely
streams,
Wherever Nature led; more like a man 70
Flying from something that he dreads,
than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For
nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish
days,
And their glad animal movements all
gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint 75
What then I was. The sounding cata-
ract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then
to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love, 80
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time
is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other
gifts 86
Have followed; for such loss, I would
believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have
learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often-
times 90
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample
power
To chasten and subdue. And I have
felt
A presence that disturbs me with the
joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime 95
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of
man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels 100
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore
am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains; and of all that we be-
 hold
 From this green earth; of all the mighty
 world 105
 Of eye, and ear—both what they half
 create,
 And what perceive; well pleased to
 recognize
 In Nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the
 nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart,
 and soul 110
 Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the
 more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay;
 For thou art with me here upon the
 banks
 Of this fair river; thou my dearest
 friend, 115
 My dear, dear friend; and in thy voice
 I catch
 The language of my former heart, and
 read
 My former pleasures in the shooting
 lights
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
 May I behold in thee what I was once,
 My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I
 make, 121
 Knowing that Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privi-
 lege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to
 lead 124
 From joy to joy; for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil
 tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of
 selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor
 all 130
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith that all which we be-
 hold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the
 moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk; 135

And let the misty mountain-winds be
 free
 To blow against thee; and in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be ma-
 tured
 Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms 140
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh!
 then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what heal-
 ing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me, 145
 And these my exhortations! Nor, per-
 chance—
 If I should be where I no more can
 hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes
 these gleams
 Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful
 stream 150
 We stood together; and that I, so long
 A worshiper of Nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service; rather say
 With warmer love—oh! with far deeper
 zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then for-
 get 155
 That after many wanderings, many
 years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty
 cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were
 to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for
 thy sake!

(1798)

THERE WAS A BOY

There was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye
 cliffs
 And islands of Winander!—many a time
 At evening, when the earliest stars began
 To move along the edges of the hills,
 Rising or setting, would he stand
 alone, 5
 Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering
 lake;

There Was a Boy. During the winter of 1799 the Wordsworths were in Germany. This and the following four poems are among many written at this time.

And there, with fingers interwoven, both
hands
Pressed closely palm to palm and to
his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instru-
ment
Blew mimic hootings to the silent
owls, 10
That they might answer him.—And
they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout
again,
Responsive to his call—with quivering
peals,
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes
loud
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse
wild 15
Of jocund din! And when there came a
pause
Of silence such as baffled his best skill,
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while
he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild sur-
prise
Has carried far into his heart the voice 20
Of mountain torrents; or the visible
scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven
received
Into the bosom of the steady lake. 25

This Boy was taken from his mates,
and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve
years old.
Preëminent in beauty is the vale
Where he was born and bred; the
churchyard hangs
Upon a slope above the village school; 30
And, through that churchyard when my
way has led
On summer evenings, I believe that
there
A long half-hour together I have stood
Mute—looking at the grave in which he
lies! (1800)

34. Cf. "Rose Aylmer" (page 480) and "Little Boy Blue" (page 677). The poet feels wonder and questioning that youth should suffer, but, like Bridges in "Pater Filio" (page 605) and Anderson in "The Breaking" (page 705), he expresses no irony, as do Hardy in *Satires of Circumstance* and Masters in *Spoon River Anthology*.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING
THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND
EARLY YOUTH

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of
thought!
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or starlight, thus from my first
dawn 5
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for
me
The passions that build up our human
soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of
Man;
But with high objects, with enduring
things,
With life and nature; purifying thus 10
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear—until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to
me 15
With stinted kindness. In November
days,
When vapors rolling down the valleys
made
A lonely scene more lonesome; among
woods
At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer
nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling
lake, 20
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I
went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine.
Mine was it in the fields both day and
night,
And by the waters, all the summer long.
And in the frosty season, when the
sun 25
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage windows through the twi-
light blazed,

Influence of Natural Objects. Contrast the attitude here shown with that of Addison in the "Hymn" (page 412), of Holmes in "A Sun-Day Hymn" (page 643), or Whittier in "The Barefoot Boy" (page 644).

I heeded not the summons. Happy time
 It was indeed for all of us; for me 29
 It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
 The village clock tolled six—I wheeled
 about,
 Proud and exulting like an untired
 horse
 That cares not for his home.—All shod
 with steel,
 We hissed along the polished ice, in
 games
 Confederate, imitative of the chase 35
 And woodland pleasures—the resound-
 ing horn,
 The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted
 hare.
 So through the darkness and the cold we
 flew,
 And not a voice was idle. With the din
 Smitten, the precipices rang aloud; 40
 The leafless trees and every icy crag
 Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the
 stars,
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in
 the west 45
 The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
 Into a silent bay, or sportively
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumult-
 uous throng,
 To cut across the reflex of a star; 50
 Image, that, flying still before me,
 gleamed
 Upon the glassy plain. And oftentimes,
 When we had given our bodies to the
 wind,
 And all the shadowy banks on either side
 Came sweeping through the darkness,
 spinning still 55
 The rapid line of motion, then at once
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
 Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
 Wheeled by me—even as if the earth
 had rolled
 With visible motion her diurnal round!
 Behind me did they stretch in solemn
 train, 61
 Feebler and feebler, and I stood and
 watched
 Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

(1809)

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A maid whom there were none to praise
 And very few to love;

A violet by a mossy stone 5
 Half hidden from the eye!
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could
 know
 When Lucy ceased to be; 10
 But she is in her grave, and, oh!
 The difference to me!

(1800)

I TRAVELED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN

I traveled among unknown men,
 In lands beyond the sea;
 Nor, England! did I know till then
 What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream! 5
 Nor will I quit thy shore
 A second time; for still I seem
 To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
 The joy of my desire; 10
 And she I cherished turned her wheel
 Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights con-
 cealed,
 The bowers where Lucy played;
 And thine, too, is the last green field 15
 That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

(1807)

THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER

Three years she grew in sun and show-
 er.
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower

Three Years She Grew. Cf. "Love in the Valley" (page 571).

On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make 5
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and 10
bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs; 15
And hers shall be the breathing
balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall
lend
To her; for her the willow bend; 20
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mold the maiden's
form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear 25
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward
round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face. 30

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live 35
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake.—The work was
done.—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene; 40
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

(1800)

A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears—
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force; 5
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.
(1800)

MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I
BEHOLD

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old, 5
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.
(1807)

RESOLUTION AND INDE-
PENDENCE

There was a roaring in the wind all
night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and
bright;
The birds are singing in the distant
woods;
Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove 5
broods;
The jay makes answer as the magpie
chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant
noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of
doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with raindrops—on
the moors 10

Resolution and Independence. Social unrest now creeps
into English lyric poetry. To note how far it has run
compare this poem and "The Song of the Shirt" (page
476) with "Chicago" (page 708), "Lost" (page 708),
and "Smoke and Steel" (page 709).

The hare is running races in her mirth;¹⁵
 And with her feet she from the plashy
 earth
 Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,
 Runs with her all the way, wherever she
 doth run.

I was a Traveler then upon the moor;¹⁵
 I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
 I heard the woods and distant waters
 roar;
 Or heard them not, as happy as a boy.
 The pleasant season did my heart em-
 ploy;
 My old remembrances went from me
 wholly;²⁰
 And all the ways of men, so vain and
 melancholy.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the
 might
 Of joy in minds that can no further go,
 As high as we have mounted in delight
 In our dejection do we sink as low;²⁵
 To me that morning did it happen so;
 And fears and fancies thick upon me
 came;
 Dim sadness, and blind thoughts, I
 knew not, nor could name.

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky;
 And I bethought me of the playful
 hare.³⁰
 Even such a happy child of earth am I;
 Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
 Far from the world I walk, and all from
 care;
 But there may come another day to
 me—
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and
 poverty.³⁵

My whole life I have lived in pleasant
 thought,
 As if life's business were a summer mood;
 As if all needful things would come un-
 sought
 To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
 But how can he expect that others
 should⁴⁰
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his
 call
 Love him, who for himself will take no
 heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvelous
 Boy,
 The sleepless Soul that perished in his
 pride;
 Of him who walked in glory and in
 joy,⁴⁵
 Following his plow, along the mountain-
 side.
 By our own spirits we are deified;
 We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
 But thereof come in the end despond-
 ency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar
 grace,⁵⁰
 A leading from above, a something
 given,
 Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,
 When I with these untoward thoughts
 had striven,
 Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
 I saw a man before me unawares—⁵⁵
 The oldest man he seemed that ever
 wore gray hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
 Couched on the bald top of an eminence,
 Wonder to all who do the same espy,
 By what means it could thither come,
 and whence;⁶⁰
 So that it seems a thing endued with
 sense—
 Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a
 shelf
 Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun
 itself—

Such seemed this man, not all alive nor
 dead,
 Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age.⁶⁵
 His body was bent double, feet and
 head
 Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
 As if some dire constraint of pain, or
 rage
 Of sickness felt by him in times long
 past,
 A more than human weight upon his
 frame had cast.⁷⁰

43. Chatterton, a young poet (1752-1770) of great promise, who committed suicide because he could get no recognition for his work. The poets of the Romantic Movement were often despairing. Cf. "When I Have Fears" (page 505), or "Ode to the West Wind" (page 489).
 45. him, Robert Burns.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and
pale face,
Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood.
And, still as I drew near with gentle
pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old man
stood, 75
That heareth not the loud winds when
they call,
And moveth all together, if it move at
all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the
pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did
look
Upon that muddy water, which he
conned, 80
As if he had been reading in a book.
And now a stranger's privilege I took;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
"This morning gives us promise of a
glorious day."

A gentle answer did the old man make, 85
In courteous speech, which forth he
slowly drew;
And him with further words I thus be-
spoke:
"What occupation do you there pur-
sue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you."
Ere he replied a flash of mild sur-
prise 90
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet
vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble
chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance
drest—
Choice word and measured phrase,
above the reach 95
Of ordinary men; a stately speech,
Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and man
their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had
come
To gather leeches, being old and poor; 100
Employment hazardous and wearisome!

And he had many hardships to endure.
From pond to pond he roamed, from
moor to moor,
Housing, with God's good help, by
choice or chance;
And in this way he gained an honest
maintenance. 105

The old man still stood talking by my
side;
But now his voice to me was like a
stream
Scarce heard; nor word from word could
I divide;
And the whole body of the man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a
dream; 110
Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength, by apt
admonishment.

My former thoughts returned: the fear
that kills;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labor, and all fleshly
ills; 115
And mighty poets in their misery dead.
—Perplexed, and longing to be com-
forted,
My question eagerly did I renew,
"How is it that you live, and what is it
you do?"

He with a smile did then his words
repeat, 120
And said that, gathering leeches, far and
wide
He traveled; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they
abide.
"Once I could meet with them on every
side;
But they have dwindled long by slow
decay; 125
Yet still I persevere, and find them
where I may."

While he was talking thus, the lonely
place,
The old man's shape, and speech—all
troubled me.
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him
pace
About the weary moors continually, 130

Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself
pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same dis-
course renewed.

And soon with this he other matter
blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanor
kind, 135
But stately in the main; and when he
ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn,
to find
In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
"God," said I, "be my help and stay
secure;
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the
lonely moor!" (1807)

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain, 5
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands 10
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands.
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas 15
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago. 20
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of today?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang 25
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,

And o'er the sickle bending—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill, 30
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more. (1807)

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS, 1803

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH

I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold,
At thought of what I now behold;
As vapors breathed from dungeons cold
Strike pleasure dead,
So sadness comes from out the mold 5
Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
And thou forbidden to appear?
As if it were thyself that's here
I shrink with pain; 10
And both my wishes and my fear
Alike are vain.

Off weight—nor press on weight!—away
Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to
stay;
With chastened feelings would I pay 15
The tribute due
To him, and aught that hides his clay
From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
He sang, his genius "glinted" forth, 20
Rose like a star that touching earth,
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow, 25
The struggling heart, where be they
now?—
Full soon the aspirant of the plow,
The prompt, the brave,
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
And silent grave. 30

I mourned with thousands, but as one
More deeply grieved, for He was gone

At the Grave of Burns. Written in the tail rime stanza of Burns. The quotations and allusions are taken from his poems.

Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
 And showed my youth
 How verse may build a princely throne 35
 On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends,
 Regret pursues and with it blends—
 Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
 By Skiddaw seen— 40
 Neighbors we were, and loving friends
 We might have been;

True friends though diversely inclined;
 But heart with heart and mind with
 mind,
 Where the main fibers are entwined, 45
 Through Nature's skill,
 May even by contraries be joined
 More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow;
 Thou "poor Inhabitant below" 50
 At this dread moment—even so—
 Might we together
 Have sate and talked where gowans
 blow,
 Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been
 placed 55
 Within my reach; of knowledge graced
 By fancy what a rich repast!
 But why go on?—
 Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful
 blast,
 His grave grass-grown. 60

There, too, a son, his joy and pride
 (Not three weeks past the stripling died),
 Lies gathered to his father's side,
 Soul-moving sight!
 Yet one to which is not denied 65
 Some sad delight;

For he is safe, a quiet bed
 Hath early found among the dead,
 Harbored where none can be misled,
 Wronged, or distrest; 70
 And surely here it may be said
 That such are blest.

And, oh! for Thee, by pitying grace
 Checked oft-times in a devious race,
 May He who halloweth the place 75
 Where man is laid
 Receive thy spirit in the embrace
 For which it prayed!

Sighing I turned away; but ere
 Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear, 80
 Music that sorrow comes not near,
 A ritual hymn,
 Chaunted in love that casts out fear
 By Seraphim. (1845)

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair; 5
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From Maytime and the cheerful dawn;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman, too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet 15
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
 smiles. 20

And now I see with eyes serene
 The very pulse of the machine:
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveler between life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will, 25
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and
 skill;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light.

(1807)

39. *Criffel*, a mountain near Dumfries, where Burns lived. 40. *Skiddaw*, a mountain in the Lake District, where Wordsworth lived. 53. *gowan*, mountain daisy.

She Was a Phantom of Delight. Wordsworth wrote this poem as a by-product of "The Solitary Reaper" (page 460).

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and
hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees, 5
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay; 10
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee—
A poet could not but be gay 15
In such a jocund company.
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had
brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood, 20
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

(1807)

TO A SKY-LARK

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ring- 5
ing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!
I have walked through wildernesses
dreary,

I Wandered Lonely As a Cloud. Cf. "In the Highlands" (page 598) and "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" (page 633).
To a Sky-lark. Skylark poems abound in nineteenth-century English poetry, and should be compared with the mocking-bird poems of the American Southern poets or the thrush poems of the Northern poets. All should be contrasted with "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" (page 662) by Whitman, for his treatment was novel and influential.

And today my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a faëry, 10
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy
divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting place in the sky. 15

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy
rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be loath 20
To be such a traveler as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain
river
Pouring out praise to the Almighty
Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both! 25

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways
must wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod 30
on,
And hope for higher raptures, when
life's day is done. (1807)

TO A SKY-LARK

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares
abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and
eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy
ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at
will, 5
Those quivering wings composed, that
music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady
wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;

To a Sky-lark. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries preferred the retiring nightingale, but the nineteenth century preferred the skylark for the reasons which Wordsworth gives.

Whence thou dost pour upon the world
 a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more di-
 vine; 10
 Type of the wise who soar, but never
 roam;
 True to the kindred points of heaven
 and home! (1827)

ODE TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
 O Duty! if that name thou love,
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove;
 Thou who art victory and law 5
 When empty terrors overawe;
 From vain temptations dost set free;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail
 humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them; who, in love and truth, 10
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth;
 Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
 Who do thy work, and know it not.
 Oh, if through confidence misplaced they
 fail, 15
 Thy saving arms, dread Power! around
 them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security. 20
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed;
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to
 their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried, 25
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust.
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred 30
 The task, in smoother walks to stray;
 But thee, I now would serve more
 strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control; 35
 But in the quietness of thought.
 Me this unchartered freedom tires;
 I feel the weight of chance desires.
 My hopes no more must change their
 name; 39
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face. 44
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
 And fragrance in thy footing treads;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from
 wrong;
 And the most ancient heavens, through
 thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
 I call thee. I myself commend 50
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;
 Oh, let my weakness have an end!
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;
 The confidence of reason give; 55
 And in the light of truth thy bondman
 let me live! (1807)

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY
WARRIOR

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish
 to be?
 It is the generous Spirit, who, when
 brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath
 wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish
 thought; 5
 Whose high endeavors are an inward
 light
 That makes the path before him always
 bright;
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent
 to learn;

Character of the Happy Warrior. A consummate expression in lyric poetry of the English ideal of life, which we have seen developing in other literary types.

Abides by this resolve, and stops not
there, 10
But makes his moral being his prime
care;
Who doomed to go in company with
Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable
train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power 15
Which is our human nature's highest
dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes,
bereaves,
Of their bad influence, and their good
receives;
By objects, which might force the soul
to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compas-
sionate; 20
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skillful in self-knowledge, even
more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and dis-
tress; 25
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are
tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill, 30
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows;
Who, if he rise to station of command, 35
Rises by open means; and there will
stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the
same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of
aim; 40
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in
wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly
state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head
must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come
at all;

Whose powers shed round him in the
common strife, 45
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven
has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human
kind, 50
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man in-
spired;
And, through the heat of conflict keeps
the law
In calmness made, and sees what he
foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed, 55
Come when it will, is equal to the
need.
He who, though thus endued as with a
sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle
scenes; 60
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this that he hath much
to love—
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high 65
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or
not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that
one 70
Where what he most doth value must
be won.
Whom neither shape of danger can
dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness
betray;
Who, not content that former worth
stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last, 75
From well to better, daily self-surpass.
Who, whether praise of him must walk
the earth
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall to sleep without his
fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name, 80

Finds comfort in himself and in his
cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering,
draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's
applause—
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
Whom every Man in arms should wish
to be. (1807)

ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM
RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

"The Child is Father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

There was a time when meadow, grove,
and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a
dream. 5
It is not now as it hath been of yore—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can
see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes, 10
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens
are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair; 15
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory
from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous
song,
And while the young lambs bound, 20
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of
grief;

Ode. Intimations of Immortality. The reminiscence of
heaven in this ode is derived from the Platonic theory
that man tends to forget his divine origin, and becomes
blinded by experience. Cf. "The Vision of Mirza" (page
902) and "Self-Deception" (page 578).

A timely utterance gave that thought
relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from
the steep; 25
No more shall grief of mine the season
wrong;
I hear the echoes through the moun-
tains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields
of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea 30
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
thou happy shepherd-boy! 35

Ye blesséd creatures, I have heard the
call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your
jubilee.
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal, 40
The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel
it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling 45
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines
warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's
arm—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear! 50
—But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon;
Both of them speak of something that
is gone.
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat: 55
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the
dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's
star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting, 60

And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home. 65
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to
 close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it
 flows,
 He sees it in his joy; 70
 The youth, who daily farther from the
 east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the man perceives it die
 away, 75
 And fade into the light of common day.

 Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her
 own;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural
 kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's
 mind,
 And no unworthy aim, 80
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate
 man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he
 came.

 Behold the child among his new-born
 blisses, 85
 A six years' darling of a pygmy size!
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand
 he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's
 eyes!
 See, at his feet, some little plan or
 chart, 90
 Some fragment from his dream of human
 life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd
 art;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart, 95
 And unto this he frames his song;
 Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife.
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside, 100
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part;
 Filling from time to time his "humorous
 stage"
 With all the persons, down to palsied
 Age,
 That Life brings with her in her equi-
 page; 105
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou whose exterior semblance doth
 belie
 Thy soul's immensity;
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost
 keep 110
 Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal
 deep,
 Haunted forever by the eternal mind—
 Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest, 115
 Which we are toiling all our lives to
 find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the
 grave;
 Thou, over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a
 slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by; 120
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the
 might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's
 height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou
 provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at
 strife? 125
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly
 freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as
 life!

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live, 130
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!
 The thought of our past years in me
 doth breed

Perpetual benediction; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be
blest— 135

Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering
in his breast—

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise; 140

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings;

Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized, 145

High instincts before which our mortal
nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised.

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may, 150

Are yet the fountain light of all our
day,

Are yet a master light of all our see-
ing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to
make

Our noisy years seem moments in the
being

Of the eternal Silence: truths that
wake, 155

To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad
endeavor,

Nor man nor boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy! 160

Hence in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal
sea

Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither, 165

And see the children sport upon the
shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling
evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous
song!

And let the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound! 170

We in thought will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts today

Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was
once so bright 175

Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the
hour

Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the
flower;

We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what remains be-
hind; 180

In the primal sympathy

Which having been must ever be;

In the soothing thoughts that
spring

Out of human suffering;

In the faith that looks through
death, 185

In years that bring the philosophic
mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and
groves,

Forebode not any severing of our
loves!

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your
might;

I only have relinquished one delight 190
To live beneath your more habitual
sway.

I love the brooks which down their
channels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly
as they;

The innocent brightness of a new-born
day

Is lovely yet; 195

The clouds that gather round the set-
ting sun

Do take a sober coloring from an
eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mor-
tality;

Another race hath been, and other
palms are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which
we live, 200

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and
fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows
can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep
for tears.

(1807)

COMPOSED UPON WEST-
MINSTER BRIDGE,
SEPT. 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more
fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could
pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and
temples lie⁶
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smoke-
less air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or
hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will.
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!
(1807)

COMPOSED BY THE SEASIDE
NEAR CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802

Fair Star of evening, Splendor of the
west,
Star of my Country!—on the horizon's
brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem,
to sink
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to
rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious
crest⁵
Conspicuous to the nations. Thou, I
think,
Should'st be my Country's emblem; and
should'st wink,
Bright Star! with laughter on her ban-
ners, drest
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky
spot
Beneath thee that is England; there she
lies.¹⁰
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one
lot,

Composed upon Westminster Bridge. An early poetic re-
action to a city. Cf. "I Scarcely Grieve, O Nature! at
the Lot" (page 654), "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" (page 658),
"Lost" (page 708), "Skyscrapers" (page 714), and
"Broadway's Canyon" (page 715).

One life, one glory! I with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt
sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger
here. (1807)

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING,
CALM AND FREE

It is a beauteous evening, calm and
free.
The holy time is quiet as a nun,
Breathless with adoration; the broad
sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er
the sea;⁵
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with
me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn
thought,¹⁰
Thy nature is not therefore less divine;
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the
year,
And worship'st at the Temple's inner
shrine,
God being with thee when we know it
not. (1807)

LONDON, 1802

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this
hour:
England hath need of thee; she is a
fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and
pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and
bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English
dower⁵
Of inward happiness. We are selfish
men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,
power.
Thy Soul was like a Star, and dwelt
apart;

It Is a Beauteous Evening. 9. *Dear Child*, his sister
Dorothy. 12. *Thou liest*, etc. Thou art in God's
keeping.

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was
 like the sea; 10
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,
 free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common
 way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.
 (1807)

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

The world is too much with us : late and
 soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our
 powers.
 Little we see in nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid
 boon!
 This sea that bares her bosom to the
 moon, 5
 The winds that will be howling at all
 hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping
 flowers;
 For this, for everything, we are out of
 tune;
 It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather
 be
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn; 10
 So might I, standing on this pleasant
 lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less
 forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the
 sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd
 horn.
 (1807)

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

Two Voices are there; one is of the
 sea,
 One of the mountains; each a mighty
 Voice.

The World Is Too Much with Us. 13, 14. **Proteus**
 . . . **Triton**, Grecian sea-gods.
Thought of a Briton. The French conquered Switzer-
 land in 1798, and Napoleon annexed three cantons to
 France. He is referred to here as "the Tyrant."

In both from age to age thou didst
 rejoice;
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
 There came a Tyrant, and with holy
 glee 5
 Thou fought'st against him; but hast
 vainly striven.
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length
 art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by
 thee.
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been
 bereft;
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still
 is left; 10
 For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow
 would it be
 That mountain floods should thunder
 as before,
 And ocean bellow from his rocky
 shore,
 And neither awful voice be heard by
 thee!
 (1807)

THE TROSSACHS

There's not a nook within this solemn
 Pass,
 But were an apt confessional for
 one
 Taught by his summer spent, his
 autumn gone,
 That life is but a tale of morning
 grass
 Withered at eve. From scenes of art
 which chase 5
 That thought away, turn, and with
 watchful eyes
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more
 clear than glass
 Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice-
 happy quest,
 If from a golden perch of aspen spray 10
 (October's workmanship to rival May)
 The pensive warbler of the ruddy
 breast
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught
 lay,
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to
 rest!
 (1835)

The Trossachs. The Trossachs are rugged hills in Scot-
 land near the English border.

*SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(1772-1834)

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure-dome decree;

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran

Through caverns measureless to
manDown to a sunless sea. ⁵

So twice five miles of fertile ground

With walls and towers were girdled
round;

*For Coleridge's theory of poetry see headnote on page 261. His poetry sprang partly from his ability to describe images created by his imagination from the observation of natural objects.

Kubla Khan. Coleridge's headnote, to the 1816 edition of this poem explains the poem and his own poetic career perfectly. As his inspiration failed, he said, like the Greek poet whom he quotes, "Tomorrow I shall sing sweetly," but tomorrow never came.

"In the summer of the year 1797 the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in Purchas's *Pilgrimage*: 'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall.' The Author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away, like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter.

'Then all the charm

Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each misshapes the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes—
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo, he stays,
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror.

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him, *Αὔριον ἄδιον ἄσω*, but the tomorrow is yet to come."

Kubla Khan was the founder of the Mongol dynasty in China in the thirteenth century. His actual capital was at Peking. The geography of Coleridge's poem is as vague as that of his source. This poem, like the lyrics from *Prometheus Unbound* (page 490), appeals to the intellectual imagination through the symbolism of clearly perceptible sensuous images.

And there were gardens bright with
sinuous rills

Where blossomed many an incense-
bearing tree;

And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery. ¹¹

But O, that deep romantic chasm which
slanted

Down the green hill athwart a cedarn
cover!

A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was
haunted ¹⁵

By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless
turmoil seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were
breathing,

A mighty fountain momentarily was
forced;

Amid whose swift, half-intermitted
burst ²⁰

Huge fragments vaulted like rebound-
ing hail,

Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's
flail.

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once
and ever

It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy
motion ²⁵

Through wood and dale the sacred river
ran,

Then reached the caverns measureless
to man,

And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard
from far

Ancestral voices prophesying war! ³⁰

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;

Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device, ³⁵
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of
ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer

In a vision once I saw.

It was an Abyssinian maid,

And on her dulcimer she played, ⁴⁰
Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me
 That with music loud and long, 45
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
 And all who heard should see them
 there,
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair! 50
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

1797 (1816)

YOUTH AND AGE

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms stray-
 ing,
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
 Both were mine! Life went a-Maying
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
 When I was young! 5
When I was young?—Ah, woeful When!
 Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and
 Then!
 This breathing house not built with
 hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er æry cliffs and glittering sands, 10
 How lightly *then* it flashed along—
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide! 15
 Naught cared this body for wind or
 weather
 When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely! Love is flower-like;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree;

Youth and Age. The idea in this poem is Greek rather than English, for the English are not a race of hedonists. When the senses failed, the Greek wished to die, and much Greek elegiac poetry shows this attitude. Its influence on English poetry may be noted everywhere in Byron, and especially in his "We'll Go No More a-Roving" (page 482), in Tennyson's "The Lotos-Eaters" (page 526), in Swinburne's "The Garden of Proserpine" (page 595), in Rupert Brooke's "Menelaus and Helen" (page 620), and in Richard Le Gallienne's "An Echo from Horace" (page 626). The English point of view is better represented in Landor's "On His Seventy-fifth Birthday" (page 481), Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" (page 547), Browning's "Prospice" (page 566), Stevenson's "Requiem" (page 599), and Masefield's "On Growing Old" (page 624).

Oh, the joys, that came down shower-
 like, 20
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
 Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah, woeful Ere,
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer
 here!
 O Youth! for years so many and sweet, 25
 'Tis known that thou and I were one;
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be that thou are gone!
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled—
 And thou wert aye a masker bold! 30
 What strange disguise hast now put
 on,
 To *make believe* that thou art gone?
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this altered size;
 But springtide blossoms on thy lips, 35
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
 Life is but thought; so think I will
 That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
 But the tears of mournful eve! 40
 Where no hope is, life's a warning
 That only serves to make us grieve,
 When we are old!
 That only serves to make us grieve
 With oft and tedious taking-leave, 45
 Like some poor nigh-related guest
 That may not rudely be dismiss;
 Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
 And tells the jest without the smile.
 (1832)

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

I have had playmates, I have had
 companions,
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful
 school-days—
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been ca-
 rousing,
 Drinking late, sitting late, with my
 bosom cronies— 5
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

The Old Familiar Faces. Cf. "Departed Friends" (page 406).

I loved a Love once, fairest among
 women;
 Closed are her doors on me, I must not
 see her—
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
 I have a friend—a kinder friend has no
 man; 10
 Like an ingrate, I left my friend
 abruptly,
 Left him, to muse on the old familiar
 faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of
 my childhood;
 Earth seemed a desert I was bound to
 traverse,
 Seeking to find the old familiar faces. 15

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a
 brother,
 Why wert not thou born in my father's
 dwelling?
 So might we talk of the old familiar
 faces—

How some they have died, and some
 they have left me,
 And some are taken from me; all are
 departed— 20
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
 (1798)

*SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

PATRIOTISM

FROM THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Breathes there the man with soul so
 dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own, my native land!"
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him
 burned
 As home his footsteps he hath turned 5
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;

*Scott revived the Celtic tradition in lyric poetry many
 years before the Celtic revival in Ireland. He was ably
 seconded by Moore.
Patriotism. Cf. "Fredome" (page 348).

High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can
 claim; 10
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he
 sprung, 15
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.
 (1805)

HARP OF THE NORTH

FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE

Harp of the North! that moldering long
 hast hung
 On the witch-elm that shades Saint
 Fillan's spring,
 And down the fitful breeze thy numbers
 flung,
 Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
 Muffling with verdant ringlet every
 string— 5
 O minstrel Harp, still must thine ac-
 cents sleep?
 'Mid rustling leaves and fountains mur-
 muring,
 Still must thy sweeter sounds their
 silence keep,
 Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a
 maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon, 10
 Was thy voice mute amid the festal
 crowd,
 When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
 Aroused the fearful, or subdued the
 proud.
 At each according pause was heard aloud
 Thine ardent symphony sublime and
 high! 15
 Fair dames and crested chiefs attention
 bowed;
 For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
 Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and
 Beauty's matchless eye.

Harp of the North. This is the opening lyric of *The
 Lady of the Lake*. Cf. "The Harp That Once Through
 Tara's Halls" (page 479). The Celtic feeling for nature
 lives again in these poems. 2. *Saint Fillan's spring*,
 supposed to be endowed with miraculous curative powers
 by the medieval Scottish saint whose name it bears.
 10. *Caledon*, Scotland.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the
 hand
 That ventures o'er thy magic maze to
 stray; 20
 O wake once more! though scarce my
 skill command
 Some feeble echoing of thine earlier
 year;
 Though harsh and faint, and soon to die
 away,
 And all unworthy of thy nobler
 strain,
 Yet if one heart throb higher at its
 sway, 25
 The wizard note has not been touched
 in vain.
 Then silent be no more! Enchantress,
 wake again! (1810)

HARP OF THE NORTH, FAREWELL!

FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills
 grow dark,
 On purple peaks a deeper shade de-
 scending;
 In twilight copse the glowworm lights
 her spark,
 The deer, half-seen, are to the covert
 wending.
 Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain
 lending, 5
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder min-
 strelsy;
 Thy numbers sweet with Nature's
 vespers blending,
 With distant echo from the fold and
 lea,
 And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum
 of housing bee.
 Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel
 Harp! 10
 Yet, once again, forgive my feeble
 sway,
 And little reck I of the censure sharp
 May idly cavil at an idle lay.
 Much have I owed thy strains on life's
 long way,

Harp of the North, Farewell! This is the closing lyric
 of *The Lady of the Lake*.

Through secret woes the world has
 never known, 15
 When on the weary night dawned
 wearier day,
 And bitterer was the grief devoured
 alone.
 That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress!
 is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow
 retire,
 Some spirit of the air has waked thy
 string! 20
 'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
 'Tis now the brush of fairy's frolic wing.
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged
 dell,
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely
 bring 25
 A wandering witch-note of the distant
 spell—
 And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress,
 fare thee well! (1810)

SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER

FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE (Canto I)

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not break-
 ing;
 Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking. 5
 In our isle's enchanted hall
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more; 10
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armor's clang, or war-steed champing;
 Trump nor pibroch summon here 15
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come

Soldier, Rest! Thy Warfare O'er. 15. **Trump nor pibroch.** The trumpet summoned lowland Scottish squadrons, the pibroch (the call of the bagpipe), the highland clans.

At the daybreak from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow. 20
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here;
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champ-
 ing,
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done; 25
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveille.
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen 31
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For, at dawning to assail ye,
 Here no bugles sound reveille. (1810)

BRIGNALL BANKS

FROM ROKEBY

Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there,
 Would grace a summer queen.
 And as I rode by Dalton Hall, 5
 Beneath the turrets high,
 A maiden on the castle wall
 Was singing merrily:

"Oh, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green! 10
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there
 Than reign our English queen."

"If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with
 me
 To leave both tower and town,
 Thou first must guess what life lead we,
 That dwell by dale and down; 16
 And if thou canst that riddle read,
 As read full well you may,
 Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
 As blithe as Queen of May." 20

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are green!
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there
 Than reign our English queen.

"I read you by your bugle horn 25
 And by your palfrey good,
 I read you for a Ranger sworn
 To keep the King's greenwood."
 "A Ranger, Lady, winds his horn,
 And 'tis at peep of light; 30
 His blast is heard at merry morn,
 And mine at dead of night."

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are gay!
 I would I were with Edmund there, 35
 To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnished brand and musketoon
 So gallantly you come,
 I read you for a bold dragoon,
 That lists the tuck of drum." 40
 "I list no more the tuck of drum,
 No more the trumpet hear;
 But when the beetle sounds his hum,
 My comrades take the spear.

"And O! though Brignall banks be fair,
 And Greta woods be gay, 46
 Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
 Would reign my Queen of May!

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
 A nameless death I'll die; 50
 The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
 Were better mate than I!
 And when I'm with my comrades met
 Beneath the greenwood bough,
 What once we were we all forget, 55
 Nor think what we are now."

Chorus. Yet Brignall banks are fresh
 and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather flowers there
 Would grace a summer queen. (1813)

BORDER SONG

FROM THE MONASTERY

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
 Why the deil dinna ye march forward
 in order?
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale;

47. mickle, much.
Border Song. The proper names here mentioned are
 those of border clans or tribes in Scotland.

All the Blue Bonnets are bound for
the Border.
Many a banner spread, 5
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and the old Scot-
tish glory. 10

Come from the hills where the hirsels
are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and
the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is
blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and
the bow.
Trumpets are sounding, 15
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, then, and march
in good order;
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over
the Border. (1820)

GLEE FOR KING CHARLES

FROM WOODSTOCK

Bring the bowl which you boast,
Fill it up to the brim;
'Tis to him we love most,
And to all who love him.
Brave gallants, stand up, 5
And avaunt ye, base carles!
Were there death in the cup,
Here's a health to King Charles!
Though he wanders through dangers,
Unaided, unknown, 10
Dependent on strangers,
Estranged from his own;
Though 'tis under our breath
Amidst forfeits and perils,
Here's to honor and faith, 15
And a health to King Charles!

Let such honors abound,
As the time can afford,
The knee on the ground,

10. Queen, Mary Stuart. 11. hirsels, cattle.

And the hand on the sword; 20
But the time shall come round
When, 'mid lords, dukes, and earls,
The loud trumpet shall sound,
Here's a health to King Charles!
(1826)

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844)

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again 5
To match another foe;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow!
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow. 10
The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell 15
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow!
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow. 20

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak 25
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow!
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow. 30

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors! 35
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow!
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.
(1801)

THOMAS HOOD (1799-1845)

FAIR INES

O saw ye not fair Ines?
 She's gone into the West,
 To dazzle when the sun is down,
 And rob the world of rest.
 She took our daylight with her, 5
 The smiles that we love best,
 With morning blushes on her cheek,
 And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
 Before the fall of night, 10
 For fear the moon should shine alone,
 And stars unrivaled bright;
 And blessed will the lover be
 That walks beneath their light,
 And breathes the love against thy cheek
 I dare not even write! 16

Would I had been, fair Ines,
 That gallant cavalier,
 Who rode so gayly by thy side,
 And whispered thee so near! 20
 Were there no bonny dames at home,
 Or no true lovers here,
 That he should cross the seas to win
 The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines, 25
 Descend along the shore,
 With bands of noble gentlemen,
 And banners waved before;
 And gentle youth and maidens gay,
 And snowy plumes they wore. 30
 It would have been a beauteous dream—
 If it had been no more!

Alas, alas! fair Ines,
 She went away with song,
 With Music waiting on her steps, 35
 And shoutings of the throng;
 But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
 But only Music's wrong,
 In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,
 To her you've loved so long. 40

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
 That vessel never bore
 So fair a lady on its deck,
 Nor danced so light before—
 Alas for pleasure on the sea, 45
 And sorrow on the shore!
 The smile that blessed one lover's heart
 Has broken many more! (1827)

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn;
 He never came a wink too soon, 5
 Nor brought too long a day,
 But now, I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
 The roses, red and white, 10
 The violets, and the lily-cups,
 Those flowers made of light!
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birthday— 15
 The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing; 20
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember 25
 The fir trees dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky.
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy 30
 To know I'm farther off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy. (1826)

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch! 5
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

The Song of the Shirt. The lament of the factory worker here takes its place beside laments for the fallen in battle and for the lost beloved. Labor and social conditions are an acknowledged theme of poetry in the nineteenth century. Cf. "Resolution and Independence" (page 457), "I Hear America Singing" (page 658), and "Chicago" (page 708).

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof! 10
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's, oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work! 16

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim! 20
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear! 25
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt, 30
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape, 35
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap! 40

"Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked
floor— 45
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime, 50
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain be-
numbed, 55
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves 61
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath 65
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel, 70
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope 75
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!" 80

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch! 85
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous
pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the
Rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"
(1843)

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly, 5
Lift her with care;

The Bridge of Sighs. Another poem of social criticism.
The title alludes to the bridge in Venice over which
political prisoners were led either to prison or to execution.

Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her—
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful.
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed.
Love, by harsh evidence,

Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river.
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently—kindly—
Smooth, and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—

Cross her hands humbly, 100
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness, 105
Her sins to her Savior!
(1844)

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.—
So sleeps the pride of former days, 5
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for
praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells; 10
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.
(c. 1808)

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

Believe me, if all those endearing young
charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet
in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this
moment thou art, 5
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of
my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls. Tara was the ancient center of Druidism in County Meath. Ireland, and upon its hill the Irish kings were crowned.

It is not while beauty and youth are
thine own,

And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can
be known, 11

To which time will but make thee
more dear;

No, the heart that has truly loved never
forgets,

But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when
he sets, 15

The same look which she turned when
he rose.
(c. 1808)

CHARLES WOLFE (1791-1823)

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral
note,

As his corse to the rampart we hur-
ried;

Not a soldier discharged his farewell
shot

O'er the grave where our hero we
buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night, 5
The sods with our bayonets turn-
ing,

By the struggling moonbeam's misty
light,

And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound
him, 10

But he lay like a warrior taking his
rest

With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we
said,

And we spoke not a word of sorrow;

The Burial of Sir John Moore. Sir John Moore com-
manded the English forces in Spain which were sent
against Napoleon. He was killed, in 1809, at the battle
of Corunna. These events form the basis of Arthur
Quiller-Couch's "The Roll-Call of the Reef" (page 1140).
Cf. the death of Beowulf in *Beowulf* (page 47), and the
death of Sir Richard Grenville in "The Last Fight of the
Revenge" (page 770).

But we steadfastly gazed on the face
that was dead, 15
And we bitterly thought of the mor-
row.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow
bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pil-
low,
That the foe and the stranger would
tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow! 20

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's
gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep
on
In the grave where a Briton has laid
him.

But half of our weary task was done 25
When the clock struck the hour for
retiring;
And we heard the distant and random
gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and
gory; 30
We carved not a line, and we raised not
a stone—
But we left him alone with his
glory. (1817)

LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859)

JENNY KISSED ME

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad, 5
Say that health and wealth have
missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me. (1838)

Jenny Kissed Me. Jenny was his cousin, Jane Welsh, who married Thomas Carlyle.

*WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864)

ROSE AYLMER

Ah, what avails the sceptered race!
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see, 6
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee. (1806)

WHEN HELEN FIRST SAW WRIN- KLES IN HER FACE

FROM LYRICS TO IANTHE

When Helen first saw wrinkles in her
face
(’Twas when some fifty long had settled
there
And intermarried and branched off
awide),
She threw herself upon her couch and
wept.
On this side hung her head, and over
that 5
Listlessly she let fall the faithless brass
That made the men as faithless.
But when you
Found them, or fancied them, and would
not hear
That they were only vestiges of smiles,
Or the impression of some amorous hair
Astray from cloistered curls and roseate
band, 11
Which had been lying there all night
perhaps
Upon a skin so soft, “No, no,” you said,
“Sure, they are coming, yes, are come,
are here—
Well, and what matters it, while thou
art, too!” (1831)

*Walter Savage Landor represents a very curious mixture of classical and romantic influences. He knew and admired the poets of the Romantic Movement, and in his old age he idealized Browning, yet he wrote many poems in most felicitous imitation of the classics. In the lyrics here given he mingles classical mythology with romantic imagination.

Rose Aylmer. Rose Aylmer was a lovely Welsh girl of noble descent, whom Landor had known in Italy. She died there, and Landor commemorated her death by this poem.

When Helen First Saw Wrinkles. Cf. “Menelaus and Helen” (page 620). 6. *faithless brass.* Greek mirrors had polished bronze surfaces instead of glass.

PAST RUINED ILION HELEN LIVES

FROM LYRICS TO IANTHE

Past ruined Ilion Helen lives,
Alcestis rises from the shades;
Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives
Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil 5
Hide all the peopled hills you see,
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail
These many summers you and me. (1831)

WHY, WHY REPINE

FROM LYRICS TO IANTHE

Why, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipped away?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky, 5
The dew upon the grass—
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back; 'twere vain; 10
In this, or in some other spot,
I know they'll shine again. (1846)

MOTHER, I CANNOT MIND MY WHEEL

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry.
Oh, if you felt the pain I feel!
But, oh, who ever felt as I?
No longer could I doubt him true— 5
All other men may use deceit;
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet. (1846)

Past Ruined Ilion Helen Lives. Cf. "Ubi Sunt Qui Ante Nos Fuerunt?" (page 344), and "To the Virgins" (page 384).

Why, Why Repine. For another view, see "I Play for Seasons, Not Eternities" (page 575).

ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

I strove with none, for none was worth
my strife;
Nature I loved, and next to Nature,
Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of
life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart. (1853)

ON DEATH

Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear;
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear. (1853)

*GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788-1824)

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

FROM HEBREW MELODIES

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light 5
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face; 10
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling-
place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,

On His Seventy-fifth Birthday. Cf. "Epilogue to Asolando" (page 569), and "On Growing Old" (page 624). The first line is a contradiction of fact, as Landor spent much of his time in quarreling with friends and neighbors.

On Death. Cf. *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, I (page 518), and "Prospect" (page 566), "The Ways of Death Are Soothing and Serene" (page 599), "Dominus Illuminatio Mea" (page 590), and "In After Days" (page 590).

*For Byron, romance was largely autobiographical. He wrote about himself and his experiences under many disguises.

She Walks in Beauty. Cf. "She Was a Phantom of Delight" (page 461) and "The Indian Serenade" (page 502).

But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!
(1815)

WHEN WE TWO PARTED

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold, 5
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow— 10
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken, 15
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me— 20
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well;
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met— 25
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years, 30
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears.
(1816)

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me;
When, as if its sound were causing 5

When We Two Parted. Cf. "Ae Fond Kiss" (page 444).

The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lulled winds seem dreaming;

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep; 10
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep.
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion, 15
Like the swell of summer's ocean.
(1816)

SONNET ON CHILLON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou
art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can
bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are con- 5
signed—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless
gloom,
Their country conquers with their mar-
tyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on 10
every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas
trod, 10
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a
sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks
efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God. 15
(1816)

WE'LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING

So, we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

Sonnet on Chillon. Cf. "Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland" (page 469). François Bonnivard (1493-1570) was a Swiss clergyman who refused to acknowledge the sovereignty of his temporal lord, the Duke of Gex, and was therefore kept as a political prisoner for four years in the castle of Chillon.

We'll Go No More a-Roving. Cf. Henley's poem by the same title (page 600), and "The Chestnut Casts His Flambeaux" (page 619).

For the sword outwears its sheath, 5
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon, 10
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon. (1817)

THE ISLES OF GREECE

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece
Where burning Sappho loved and
sung,

Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phoebus
sprung!

Eternal summer gilds them yet, 5
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores re-
fuse;

Their place of birth alone is mute 10
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone, 15
I dreamed that Greece might still be
free;

For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis; 20
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

The Isles of Greece. From *Don Juan*, Canto III. Cf. Final Chorus from *Hellas*" (page 503) and "Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights" (page 529). Byron died in Greece, while aiding the Greeks to regain their freedom. 2. *Sappho* (sixth century B.C.), a Greek poetess. 4. *Delos*. . . . *Phoebus*. Apollo was fabled to have been born on the Island of Delos. 7. *Scian and the Teian Muse*. Homer of Chios (Scios) and Anacreon of Teos—both famous Greek poets. Homer is legendary, Anacreon real. 12. *Islands of the Blest*, the abode of the happy dead. 13, 20, 42. *Marathon, Salamis, Thermopylae*, battles in the Persian War (490-480 B.C.). 19. *A king*. Xerxes of Persia saw his fleet defeated at Salamis.

And where are they? and where art
thou, 25

My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine? 30

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered
race,

To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here? 35
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers
bled.

Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead! 40
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylae!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall, 45
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine! 50
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet; 55
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave? 60

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine.

40. *our Spartan dead*. Three hundred Spartans defended a pass against the entire Persian army, and died fighting. 54. *Bacchanal*, reveler of Bacchus. 55-56. *Pyrrhic dance, Pyrrhic phalanx*, an ancient Greek war dance and a military formation. 59. *Cadmus*, in Greek legend, the first user of writing. 63-64. *Anacreon*. . . . *Polycrates*. Anacreon was a Greek lyric poet (sixth century B.C.), who finally settled at the court of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos.

He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then 65
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest
friend;

That tyrant was Miltiades!
O that the present hour would lend 70
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line 75
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is
sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and
sells; 80

In native swords and native ranks
The only hope of courage dwells.
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however
broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine! 85
Our virgins dance beneath the
shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning teardrop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle
slaves. 90

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and
I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and
die.

A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine— 95
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

(1821)

69. *Miltiades*, an Athenian general of the Persian War, who also was tyrant of the Chersonese in southern Greece. 74. *Suli's rock, and Parga's shore*, Albanian localities connected with the Greek War of Independence (1820-1830). 76. *Doric Mothers*. The heroism of the Spartans (Dorians) is proverbial. 78. *Heracleidan blood*, pertaining to the descendants of Hercules. 79-80. *Franks* . . . *king*, alluding to the then calculating attitude of the French and their king, Louis XVIII (reigned 1815-1824). 91. *Sunium*, a promontory in Attica upon whose crest stood a marble temple to Poseidon, god of the sea.

*PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
(1792-1822)

STANZAS

Away! the moor is dark beneath the
moon,

Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale
beam of even:

Away! the gathering winds will call the
darkness soon,

And profoundest midnight shroud the
serene lights of heaven.

Pause not! the time is past! Every voice
cries "Away!" 5

Tempt not with one last tear thy
friend's ungentle mood;

Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold,
dares not entreat thy stay;

Duty and dereliction guide thee back
to solitude.

Away, away! to thy sad and silent home;
Pour bitter tears on its desolated
hearth; 10

Watch the dim shades as like ghosts
they go and come,
And complicate strange webs of
melancholy mirth.

The leaves of wasted autumn woods
shall float around thine head,

The blooms of dewy spring shall
gleam beneath thy feet.

But thy soul or this world must fade in
the frost that binds the dead, 15

Ere midnight's frown and morning's
smile, ere thou and peace, may
meet.

The cloud shadows of midnight pos-
sess their own repose,

For the weary winds are silent, or the
moon is in the deep;

Some respite to its turbulence unresting
ocean knows;

*To characterize Shelley unqualifiedly as the poet of
intellectual revolt is not fair. Shelley passionately de-
sired intellectual freedom, and shattered conventions,
but his spirit was harmonized and guided by a love of
intellectual beauty. Keats saw beauty in nature, and
desired to feel it by personal experience; Shelley per-
ceived intellectual beauty, and in many of his poems
created a symbolic world for its expression, especially in
Prometheus Unbound. His intense emotion moves
through the realm of nature, and beyond it; he employs
similes from nature merely to make clear his meaning.

Stanzas. An early fragment filled with despair. Cf.
"Ode to the West Wind" (page 489) for the calmer de-
velopment of this thought.

Whatever moves or toils or grieves
 hath its appointed sleep. 20
 Thou in the grave shalt rest—yet, till
 the phantoms flee,
 Which that house and heath and gar-
 den made dear to thee erewhile,
 Thy remembrance and repentance and
 deep musings are not free
 From the music of two voices, and
 the light of one sweet smile.
 (1816)

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
 Floats though unseen amongst us—
 visiting
 This various world with as inconstant
 wing
 As summer winds that creep from flower
 to flower—
 Like moonbeams that behind some
 piny mountain shower, 5
 It visits with inconstant glance
 Each human heart and counte-
 nance;
 Like hues and harmonies of evening—
 Like clouds in starlight widely
 spread—
 Like memory of music fled— 10
 Like aught that for its grace may be
 Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
 With thine own hues all thou dost
 shine upon
 Of human thought or form—where
 art thou gone? 15
 Why dost thou pass away and leave our
 state,
 This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and
 desolate?
 Ask why the sunlight not forever
 Weaves rainbows o'er yon moun-
 tain river,
 Why aught should fail and fade that
 once is shown, 20
 Why fear and dream and death
 and birth

22 ff. Alluding to Shelley's boyhood home and to a sister and girl cousin whom he especially loved.
Hymn to Intellectual Beauty. This poem expresses the poetic creed of Shelley. Contrast it with that of Keats in "Ode on a Grecian Urn" (page 509).

Cast on the daylight of this earth
 Such gloom—why man has such
 a scope
 For love and hate, despondency and
 hope?

No voice from some sublimer world
 hath ever 25
 To sage or poet these responses
 given—
 Therefore the names of Dæmon,
 Ghost, and Heaven,
 Remain the records of their vain en-
 deavor,
 Frail spells—whose uttered charm might
 not avail to sever,
 From all we hear and all we see, 30
 Doubt, chance, and mutability.
 Thy light alone—like mist o'er moun-
 tains driven,
 Or music by the night wind sent,
 Through strings of some still in-
 strument,
 Or moonlight on a midnight
 stream, 35
 Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet
 dream.

Love, Hope, and Self-Esteem, like clouds
 depart
 And come, for some uncertain mo-
 ments lent,
 Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
 Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou
 art, 40
 Keep with thy glorious train firm state
 within his heart.
 Thou messenger of sympathies,
 That wax and wane in lovers'
 eyes—
 Thou—that to human thought art
 nourishment,
 Like darkness to a dying flame! 45
 Depart not as thy shadow came,
 Depart not—lest the grave should
 be,
 Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts,
 and sped
 Through many a listening chamber,
 cave and ruin, 50
 And starlight wood, with fearful
 steps pursuing

Hopes of high talk with the departed
dead.

I called on poisonous names with which
our youth is fed;

I was not heard—I saw them not—

When musing deeply on the lot 55

Of life, at the sweet time when winds
are wooing

All vital things that wake to bring

News of birds and blossoming—

Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;

I shrieked, and clasped my hands in
ecstasy! 60

I vowed that I would dedicate my
powers

To thee and thine—have I not kept
the vow?

With beating heart and streaming
eyes, even now

I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave; they

have in visioned bowers 65

Of studious zeal or love's delight

Outwatched with me the envious
night—

They know that never joy illumed my
brow

Unlinked with hope that thou
wouldst free

This world from its dark slavery, 70

That thou—O awful Loveliness,

Wouldst give whate'er these words can-
not express.

The day becomes more solemn and
serene

When noon is past—there is a har-
mony

In autumn, and a luster in its sky, 75

Which through the summer is not heard

or seen,

As if it could not be, as if it had not
been!

Thus let thy power, which like the
truth

Of nature on my passive youth

Descended, to my onward life supply 80

Its calm—to one who worships thee,

And every form containing thee,

Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did
bind

To fear himself, and love all human
kind. (1817)

OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs
of stone

Stand in the desert. Near them, on the
sand,

Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose
frown,

And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold
command, 5

Tell that its sculptor well those pas-
sions read

Which yet survive, stamped on these
lifeless things,

The hand that mocked them and the
heart that fed.

And on the pedestal these words ap-
pear:

"My name is Ozymandias, king of
kings; 10

Look on my works, ye Mighty, and
despair!"

Nothing beside remains. Round the
decay

Of that colossal wreck, boundless and
bare

The lone and level sands stretch far
away. (1818)

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting
flowers,

From the seas and the streams;

I bear light shade for the leaves when
laid

In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews
that waken 5

The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's
breast,

As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,

And whiten the green plains un-
der, 10

And then again I dissolve it in rain,

And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;

Ozymandias. 8. *fed*, i.e., on them.

And all the night 'tis my pillow white, 15
While I sleep in the arms of the
blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skye's
bowers,

Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder;
It struggles and howls at fits. 20

Overearth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the
hills, 25

Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain
or stream,

The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's
blue smile,

Whilst he is dissolving in rains. 30

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor
eyes,

And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,

When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag, 35

Which an earthquake rocks and
swings,

An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.

And when sunset may breathe, from the
lit sea beneath,

Its ardors of rest and of love, 40
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,

With wings folded I rest, on mine airy
nest,

As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden, with white fire
laden, 45

Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like
floor,

By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen
feet,

Which only the angels hear, 50
May have broken the woof of my tent's
thin roof,

The stars peep behind her and
peer;

And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,

When I widen the rent in my wind-built
tent, 55

Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me
on high,

Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning
zone,

And the moon's with a girdle of
pearl; 60

The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel
and swim,

When the whirlwinds my banner
unfurl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like
shape,

Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof, 65

The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I
march

With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained
to my chair,

Is the million-colored bow; 70
The sphere-fire above its soft colors
wove,

While the moist earth was laughing
below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;

I pass through the pores of the ocean and
shores; 75

I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain when, with never a
stain,

The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their
convex gleams

Build up the blue dome of air, 80
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,

Like a child from the womb, like a ghost
from the tomb,

I arise and unbuild it again.

(1820)

81. **cenotaph**, empty tomb, commemorating one
buried elsewhere.

TO A SKY-LARK

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated
 art. 5

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring
 ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just
 begun. 15

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy
 shrill delight, 20

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is
 there. 25

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and
 heaven is overflowed. 30

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of
 melody. 35

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,

Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it
 heeded not; 40

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which over-
 flows her bower; 45

Like a glowworm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its ærial hue
 Among the flowers and grass which
 screen it from the view; 50

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet those
 heavy-winged thieves. 55

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music
 doth surpass. 60

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine;
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so
 divine: 65

Chorus Hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine, would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some
 hidden want. 70

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or moun-
 tains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what igno-
 rance of pain? 75

66. Hymeneal, from Hymen, Greek god of marriage.

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be—
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad
 satiety. 80

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a
 crystal stream? 85

We look before and after
 And pine for what is not;
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
 saddest thought. 90

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should
 come near. 95

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound—
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found—
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of
 the ground! 100

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then—as I am
 listening now. (1820)

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of
 Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the
 leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter
 fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic
 red, 4
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes; O thou,
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold
 and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave,
 until
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall
 blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and
 fill 10
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in
 air)
 With living hues and odors plain and
 hill—

Wild Spirit, which art moving every-
 where;
 Destroyer and preserver—hear, oh,
 hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep
 sky's commotion, 15
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves
 are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of
 heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning—there are
 spread
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the
 head 20

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the
 dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height
 The locks of the approaching storm.
 Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing
 night
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulcher, 25
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst—
 oh, hear!

21. *Maenad*, a nymph attendant on Bacchus.

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer
dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline
streams, 31

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser
day,

All overgrown with azure moss and
flowers 35
So sweet the sense faints picturing
them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level
powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far
below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods
which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know 40

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with
fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves—
oh, hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and
share 45

The impulse of thy strength, only less
free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over
heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey
speed 50
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er
have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore
need.

Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

32. *Baiae's bay*, part of the Bay of Naples.

A heavy weight of hours has chained
and bowed 55
One too like thee: tameless, and swift,
and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is;
What if my leaves are falling like its
own!

The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal
tone, 60

Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit
fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the uni-
verse

Like withered leaves to quicken a new
birth!

And, by the incantation of this verse, 65

Scatter, as from an unextinguished
hearth

Ashes and sparks, my words among
mankind!

Be through my lips to unawakened
earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far
behind? (1820)

LYRICS FROM PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

Chorus of Spirits

From unremembered ages we
Gentle guides and guardians be
Of heaven-oppressed mortality;
And we breathe, and sicken not,
The atmosphere of human thought, 5
Be it dim, and dank, and gray,
Like a storm-extinguished day,

Lyrics from Prometheus Unbound. The Prometheus legend has long been used as a symbol of revolt. In *Prometheus Bound*, by Aeschylus, Prometheus commences his long punishment; in *Prometheus Unbound*, Shelley pictures his deliverance, the overthrow of the tyrant Zeus, and the return of the golden age of innocence, beauty, and freedom. 1. *we*, a group of spirits sent to Prometheus by his Mother Earth to reveal to him the best in Mankind. These spirits come to him after he has been tortured by a Fury, who has shown him the worthlessness of Mankind, for whom he is suffering.

Traveled o'er by dying gleams;
 Be it bright as all between
 Cloudless skies and windless streams, 10
 Silent, liquid, and serene;
 As the birds within the wind,
 As the fish within the wave,
 As the thoughts of man's own mind
 Float through all above the grave; 15
 We make there our liquid lair,
 Voyaging cloudlike and unpent
 Through the boundless element.
 Thence we bear the prophecy
 Which begins and ends in thee! 20

First Spirit

On a battle-trumpet's blast
 I fled hither, fast, fast, fast,
 'Mid the darkness upward cast.
 From the dust of creeds outworn,
 From the tyrant's banner torn, 25
 Gathering 'round me, onward borne,
 There was mingled many a cry—
 Freedom! Hope! Death! Victory!
 Till they faded through the sky;
 And one sound, above, around, 30
 One sound beneath, around, above,
 Was moving; 'twas the soul of love;
 'Twas the hope, the prophecy,
 Which begins and ends in thee.

Second Spirit

A rainbow's arch stood on the sea, 35
 Which rocked beneath, immovably;
 And the triumphant storm did flee,
 Like a conqueror, swift and proud,
 Between, with many a captive cloud,
 A shapeless, dark, and rapid crowd, 40
 Each by lightning riven in half.
 I heard the thunder hoarsely laugh;
 Mighty fleets were strewn like chaff
 And spread beneath a hell of death
 O'er the white waters. I alit 45
 On a great ship lightning-split,
 And speeded hither on the sigh
 Of one who gave an enemy
 His plank, then plunged aside to die.

Third Spirit

I sat beside a sage's bed, 50
 And the lamp was burning red
 Near the book where he had fed,
 When a Dream with plumes of flame,
 To his pillow hovering came,

And I knew it was the same 55
 Which had kindled long ago
 Pity, eloquence, and woe;
 And the world awhile below
 Wore the shade its luster made.
 It has borne me here as fleet 60
 As Desire's lightning feet;
 I must ride it back ere morrow,
 Or the sage will wake in sorrow.

Fourth Spirit

On a poet's lips I slept
 Dreaming like a love-adept 65
 In the sound his breathing kept;
 Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses
 But feeds on the ærial kisses
 Of shapes that haunt thought's wilder-
 nesses.
 He will watch from dawn to gloom 70
 The lake-reflected sun illumine
 The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
 Nor heed nor see what things they
 be;
 But from these create he can
 Forms more real than living man, 75
 Nurselings of immortality!
 One of these awakened me,
 And I sped to succor thee.

Fifth Spirit

As over wide dominions
 I sped, like some swift cloud that wings
 the wide air's wildernesses, 80
 That planet-crested shape swept by
 on lightning-braided pinions,
 Scattering the liquid joy of life from
 his ambrosial tresses.
 His footsteps paved the world with light;
 but as I passed 'twas fading,
 And hollow Ruin yawned behind; great
 sages bound in madness,
 And headless patriots, and pale youths
 who perished, unupbraiding, 85
 Gleamed in the night. I wandered o'er,
 till thou, O King of sadness,
 Turned by thy smile the worst I saw to
 recollected gladness.

Sixth Spirit

Ah, sister! Desolation is a delicate
 thing:
 It walks not on the earth, it floats not
 on the air,

But treads with killing footstep, and
fans with silent wing 90
The tender hopes which in their hearts
the best and gentlest bear;
Who, soothed to false repose by the
fanning plumes above
And the music-stirring motion of its
soft and busy feet,
Dream visions of aërial joy, and call the
monster, Love,
And wake, and find the shadow Pain,
as he whom now we greet. 95

Chorus

Though Ruin now Love's shadow be,
Following him, destroyingly,
On death's white and wingéd steed
Which the fleetest cannot flee.
Trampling down both flower and
weed, 100
Man and beast, and foul and fair,
Like a tempest through the air;
Thou shalt quell this horseman grim,
Woundless though in heart or limb.
Prometheus. Spirits! how know ye
this shall be? 105

Chorus

In the atmosphere we breathe,
As buds grow red when the snow-
storms flee,
From spring gathering up beneath,
Whose mild winds shake the elder brake,
And the wandering herdsmen know 110
That the white-thorn soon will blow:
Wisdom, Justice, Love, and Peace,
When they struggle to increase,
Are to us as soft winds be
To shepherd boys, the prophecy 115
Which begins and ends in thee.
(1820)

*II

Voice in the Air Singing

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between
them,
And thy smiles before they dwindle

*At the moment when Zeus is dethroned, Asia, who represents love and beauty in nature, and who has been cast down by the imprisonment of Prometheus, her beloved, suddenly resumes her original splendor. A Voice in the air sings about her apotheosis, and then Asia chants the hymn of her ecstasy.

Make the cold air fire; then screen
them 120
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide
them;
As the radiant lines of morning 125
Through the clouds ere they divide
them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee whereso'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee 131
From the sight, that liquid splendor,
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with bright-
ness, 136
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing! 140

*III

Asia

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet
singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside a helm conducting it, 145
Whilst all the winds with melody are
ringing.
It seems to float ever, forever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses! 150
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading
sound.

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions; 155
Catching the winds that fan that happy
heaven.

And we sail on, away, afar,

124. vest, garment.

Without a course, without a star,
 But, by the instinct of sweet music
 driven;
 Till through Elysian garden islets 160
 By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
 Where never mortal pinnacle glided,
 The boat of my desire is guided.
 Realms where the air we breathe is love,
 Which in the winds and on the waves
 doth move, 165
 Harmonizing this earth with what we
 feel above.

We have passed Age's icy caves,
 And Manhood's dark and tossing
 waves,
 And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to
 betray.
 Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee 170
 Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
 Through Death and Birth, to a diviner
 day—
 A paradise of vaulted bowers,
 Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
 And watery paths that wind between
 Wildernesses calm and green, 176
 Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
 And rest, having beheld; somewhat like
 thee;
 Which walk upon the sea, and chant
 melodiously! (1820)

ADONAIIS

I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
 Oh, weep for Adonais! though our
 tears
 Thaw not the frost which binds so
 dear a head!
 And thou, sad Hour, selected from all
 years
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure
 compeers, 5
 And teach them thine own sorrow!
 Say: "With me
 Died Adonais; till the Future dares
 Forget the Past, his fate and fame
 shall be
 An echo and a light unto eternity."

Adonais. An elegy on the death of Keats. In it Shelley laments not merely Keats, but the lack of appreciation of poetry in England. Cf. "Lycidas" (page 395), "In Memoriam" (pages 533-540), and "The Nameless One" (page 513). In these elegies the spirit of the poet is regarded as being eternal.

Where wert thou, mighty Mother,
 when he lay, 10
 When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft
 which flies
 In darkness? Where was lorn Urania
 When Adonais died? With veiled
 eyes,
 'Mid listening Echoes, in her Para-
 dise
 She sate, while one, with soft en-
 namored breath, 15
 Rekindled all the fading melodies,
 With which, like flowers that mock
 the corse beneath,
 He had adorned and hid the coming
 bulk of death.

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
 Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and
 weep! 20
 Yet wherefore? Quench within their
 burning bed
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart
 keep,
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining
 sleep;
 For he is gone, where all things wise
 and fair
 Descend—oh, dream not that the
 amorous Deep 25
 Will yet restore him to the vital air;
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and
 laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep
 again!
 Lament anew, Urania!—He died—
 Who was the Sire of an immortal
 strain, 30
 Blind, old, and lonely, when his
 country's pride,
 The priest, the slave, and the liberti-
 cide,
 Trampled and mocked with many a
 loathéd rite
 Of lust and blood; he went, untermi-
 nated,
 Into the gulf of death; but his clear
 Sprite 35
 Yet reigns o'er earth—the third among
 the sons of light.

12. *Urania*, the heavenly Muse. 29. *He*, Milton, whom Shelley considered to be the third greatest poet, Homer and Dante alone surpassing him (see line 36).

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
 Not all to that bright station dared to
 climb;
 And happier they their happiness who
 knew,
 Whose tapers yet burn through that
 night of time 40
 In which suns perished; others more
 sublime,
 Struck by the envious wrath of man
 or God,
 Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent
 prime;
 And some yet live, treading the thorny
 road,
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to
 Fame's serene abode. 45

But now, thy youngest, dearest one
 has perished,
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who
 grew,
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden
 cherished,
 And fed with true-love tears, instead
 of dew;
 Most musical of mourners, weep
 anew! 50
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and
 the last,
 The bloom, whose petals, nipped be-
 fore they blew,
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is
 waste;
 The broken lily lies—the storm is over-
 past.

To that high Capital, where kingly
 Death 55
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and
 decay,
 He came; and bought, with price of
 purest breath,
 A grave among the eternal.—Come
 away!
 Haste, while the vault of blue Italian
 day
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while
 still 60
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
 Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all
 ill.

55. *Capital*, Rome, where Keats died.

He will awake no more, oh, never
 more!—
 Within the twilight chamber spreads
 apace, 65
 The shadow of white Death, and at
 the door
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-
 place;
 The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and
 awe
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to
 deface 70
 So fair a prey, till darkness, and the
 law
 Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal
 curtain draw.

Oh, weep for Adonais!—The quick
 Dreams,
 The passion-wingéd Ministers of
 thought,
 Who were his flocks, whom near the
 living streams 75
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom
 he taught
 The love which was its music, wander
 not—
 Wander no more, from kindling brain
 to brain,
 But droop there, whence they sprung;
 and mourn their lot
 Round the cold heart, where, after
 their sweet pain, 80
 They ne'er will gather strength, or find a
 home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps
 his cold head,
 And fans him with her moonlight
 wings, and cries:
 "Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not
 dead;
 See, on the silken fringe of his faint
 eyes, 85
 Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there
 lies
 A tear some Dream has loosened from
 his brain."
 Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!
 She knew not 'twas her own; as with
 no stain
 She faded, like a cloud which had out-
 wept its rain. 90

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
 Washed his light limbs as if embalm-
 ing them;
 Another clipped her profuse locks, and
 threw
 The wreath upon him, like an ana-
 dem,
 Which frozen tears instead of pearls
 begem; 95
 Another in her willful grief would
 break
 Her bow and wingéd reeds, as if to
 stem
 A greater loss with one which was
 more weak;
 And dull the barbéd fire against his
 frozen cheek.

Another Splendor on his mouth
 alit, 100
 That mouth, whence it was wont to
 draw the breath
 Which gave it strength to pierce the
 guarded wit,
 And pass into the panting heart
 beneath
 With lightning and with music; the
 damp death
 Quenched its caress upon his icy
 lips; 105
 And, as a dying meteor stains a
 wreath
 Of moonlight vapor, which the cold
 night clips,
 It flushed through his pale limbs, and
 passed to its eclipse.

And others came—Desires and Ado-
 rations,
 Wingéd Persuasions and veiled Des-
 tinies, 110
 Splendors, and Glooms, and glimmer-
 ing Incarnations
 Of hopes and fears, and twilight
 Phantasies;
 And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
 And Pleasure, blind with tears, led
 by the gleam
 Of her own dying smile instead of
 eyes, 115
 Came in slow pomp—the moving
 pomp might seem
 Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal
 stream.

All he had loved, and molded into
 thought,
 From shape, and hue, and odor, and
 sweet sound,
 Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
 Her eastern watchtower, and her hair
 unbound, 121
 Wet with the tears which should
 adorn the ground,
 Dimmed the aërial eyes that kindle
 day;
 Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
 Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay, 125
 And the wild winds flew round, sobbing
 in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless
 mountains,
 And feeds her grief with his re-
 membered lay,
 And will no more reply to winds or
 fountains,
 Or amorous birds perched on the
 young green spray, 130
 Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing
 day;
 Since she can mimic not his lips, more
 dear
 Than those for whose disdain she
 pined away
 Into a shadow of all sounds—a drear
 Murmur, between their songs, is all the
 woodmen hear. 135

Grief made the young Spring wild,
 and she threw down
 Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn
 were,
 Or they dead leaves; since her delight
 is flown,
 For whom should she have waked the
 sullen year?
 To Phoebeus was not Hyacinth so
 dear 140
 Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
 Thou, Adonais. Wan they stand and
 sear
 Amid the faint companions of their
 youth,
 With dew all turned to tears; odor, to
 sighing ruth.

140. **Phoebeus** . . . **Hyacinth**. Hyacinthus was a beloved companion of Apollo whom the god accidentally killed. 141. **Narcissus**, a handsome Greek youth who fell in love with his own reflection in a pool of water.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightin-
gale, 145
Mourns not her mate with such me-
lodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could
scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the
sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth
complain,
Soaring and screaming round her
empty nest, 150
As Albion wails for thee. The curse
of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy
innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was
its earthly guest!

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and
gone,
But grief returns with the revolving
year; 155
The airs and streams renew their joy-
ous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows re-
appear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead
Seasons' bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every
brake,
And build their mossy homes in field
and brere; 160
And the green lizard, and the golden
snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their
trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field
and hill and ocean
A quickening life from the earth's
heart has burst,
As it has ever done, with change and
motion 165
From the great morning of the world
when first
God dawned on Chaos; in its stream
immersed
The lamps of heaven flash with a
softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred
thirst,

Diffuse themselves, and spend in
love's delight 170
The beauty and the joy of their re-
newed might.

The leprous corpse, touched by this
spirit tender
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle
breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when
splendor
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine
death 175
And mock the merry worm that wakes
beneath;
Naught we know, dies. Shall that
alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the
sheath
By sightless lightning?—th' intense
atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most
cold repose. 180

Alas! that all we loved of him should
be,
But for our grief, as if it had not
been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? Of
what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and
mean 185
Meet massed in death, who lends
what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields
are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge
the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year
wake year to sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh, never
more! 190
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless
Mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy
heart's core,
A wound more fierce than his with
tears and sighs."
And all the Dreams that watched
Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their sis-
ter's song 195

Had held in holy silence, cried:
 "Arise!"
 Swift as a Thought by the snake
 Memory stung,
 From her ambrosial rest the fading
 Splendor sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that
 springs
 Out of the East, and follows wild and
 drear 200
 The golden Day, which, on eternal
 wings,
 Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
 Had left the earth a corpse. Sorrow
 and fear
 So struck, so roused, so rapt Ura-
 nia;
 So saddened round her like an atmos-
 phere 205
 Of stormy mist; so swept her on her
 way
 Even to the mournful place where
 Adonais lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
 Through camps and cities rough with
 stone, and steel,
 And human hearts, which to her æry
 tread 210
 Yielding not, wounded the invisible
 Palms of her tender feet where'er they
 fell;
 And barbéd tongues, and thoughts
 more sharp than they,
 Rent the soft Form they never could
 repel,
 Whose sacred blood, like the young
 tears of May, 215
 Paved with eternal flowers that un-
 deserving way.

In the death chamber for a moment
 Death,
 Shamed by the presence of that living
 Might,
 Blushed to annihilation, and the
 breath
 Revisited those lips, and life's pale
 light 220
 Flashed through those limbs, so late
 her dear delight.
 "Leave me not wild and drear and
 comfortless,

As silent lightning leaves the starless
 night!
 Leave me not!" cried Urania. Her
 distress
 Roused Death; Death rose and smiled,
 and met her vain caress. 225

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once
 again;
 Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may
 live;
 And in my heartless breast and burn-
 ing brain
 That word, that kiss shall all thoughts
 else survive,
 With food of saddest memory kept
 alive, 230
 Now thou art dead, as if it were a
 part
 Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
 All that I am to be as thou now art!
 But I am chained to Time, and cannot
 thence depart!

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou
 wert, 235
 Why didst thou leave the trodden
 paths of men
 Too soon, and with weak hands
 though mighty heart
 Dare the unpastured dragon in his
 den?
 Defenseless as thou wert, oh, where
 was then
 Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn
 the spear? 240
 Or hadst thou waited the full cycle,
 when
 Thy spirit should have filled its cres-
 cent sphere,
 The monsters of life's waste had fled
 from thee like deer.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pur-
 sue;
 The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er
 the dead; 245
 The vultures to the conqueror's ban-
 ner true,
 Who feed where Desolation first has
 fed,

238. the unpastured dragon, the harsh and mate-
 rial world. 244. herded wolves, etc., a bitter attack
 upon the critics, who had advised the young surgeon-
 poet to go back to his pill-boxes.

And whose wings rain contagion—how
they fled,
When like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow
sped 250
And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no
second blow;
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn
them lying low.

“The sun comes forth, and many
reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect
then
Is gathered into death without a
dawn, 255
And the immortal stars awake again;
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its
delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven,
and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or
shared its light 260
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit’s
awful night.”

Thus ceased she; and the mountain
shepherds came,
Their garlands sear, their magic
mantles rent;
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like heaven is
bent, 265
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his
song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest
wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music
from his tongue. 270

Midst others of less note, came one
frail Form,
A phantom among men, companion-
less
As the last cloud of an expiring storm

250. *Pythian*. Apollo slew a python at Delphi. Byron in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* is here said to have performed a like service with the critics. 264. *Pilgrim of Eternity*, Byron. 268. *Ierne*, Ireland. 269. *sweetest lyrist*, Moore. 271. *frail Form*, Shelley. His estimate of himself is touching and true. Shelley had fled to Italy to escape his family misfortunes in England.

Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I
guess,
Had gazed on Nature’s naked loveli-
ness, 275
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o’er the world’s
wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rug-
ged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father
and their prey.

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift—
A Love in desolation masked—a
Power 281
Girt round with weaknesses—it can
scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent
hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow—even whilst we
speak 285
Is it not broken? On the withering
flower
The killing sun smiles brightly; on a
cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while
the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies over-
blown,
And faded violets, white, and pied,
and blue; 290
And a light spear topped with a cyp-
ress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy
tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest’s noon-
day dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it;
of that crew 295
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the
hunter’s dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial
moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew
that gentle band
Who in another’s fate now wept his
own; 300

276. *Actæon-like*. Actæon saw Diana bathing. In punishment his own dogs tore him to pieces.

As, in the accents of an unknown
land,
He sung new sorrow; sad Urania
scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured,
"Who art thou?"
He answered not, but with a sudden
hand
Made bare his branded and ensan-
guined brow, 305
Which was like Cain's or Christ's—Oh!
that it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the
dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark man-
tle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white
deathbed,
In mockery of monumental stone, 310
The heavy heart heaving without a
moan?
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honored the
departed one,
Let me not vex with inharmonious
sighs
The silence of that heart's accepted
sacrifice. 315

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and viprous murderer
could crown
Life's early cup with such a draft of
woe?
The nameless worm would now itself
disown.
It felt, yet could escape the magic
tone 320
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and
wrong,
But what was howling in one breast
alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose
silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy
fame! 325
Live! fear no heavier chastisement
from me,

Thou noteless blot on a remembered
name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to
be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs
o'erflow. 330
Remorse and self-contempt shall cling
to thee;
Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret
brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou
shalt—as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion kites that
scream below; 335
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring
dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sit-
ting now.—
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit
shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence
it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must
glow 340
Through time and change, unquench-
ably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid
hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth
not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of
life—
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions,
keep 345
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our,
spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.—*We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and
grief
Convulse us and consume us day by
day, 350
And cold hopes swarm like worms with-
in our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our
night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall
delight,

307. *softer voice*, Leigh Hunt, a devoted friend of Keats. 322. *howling*. The following lines refer to an anonymous critic of Keats in the *Quarterly Review*.

Can touch him not and torture not
again; 355
From the contagion of the world's
slow stain
He is secure, and now can never
mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown
gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased
to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn. 360

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is
dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young
Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from
thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not
gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to
moan! 365
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains,
and thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf
hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned earth, now leave
it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile
on its despair!

He is made one with Nature; there is
heard 370
His voice in all her music, from the
moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's
sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and
known
In darkness and in light, from herb
and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power
may move 375
Which has withdrawn his being to its
own;
Which wields the world with never-
wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it
above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely; he
doth bear 380

His part, while the one Spirit's plastic
stress
Sweeps through the dull, dense world,
compelling there
All new successions to the forms they
wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that
checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may
bear; 385
And bursting in its beauty and its
might
From trees and beasts and men into the
heaven's light.

The splendors of the firmament of
time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished
not;
Like stars to their appointed height
they climb 390
And death is a low mist which cannot
blot
The brightness it may veil. When
lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal
lair,
And love and life contend in it for
what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead
live there 395
And move like winds of light on dark
and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond
mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale; his solemn agony had
not 400
Yet faded from him. Sidney, as he
fought
And as he fell and as he lived and
loved,
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose. And Lucan, by his death ap-
proved—
Oblivion, as they rose, shrank like a
thing reproved. 405

399. Chatterton (1752-1770), a young poet who died of despair at the lack of recognition of his work. 401. Sidney, Sir Philip (1554-1586), the Elizabethan soldier-poet. 404. Lucan (39-65), a Roman poet who committed suicide lest Nero take vengeance upon him as a conspirator against the Emperor's life.

And many more, whose names on
 earth are dark
 But whose transmitted effluence can-
 not die
 So long as fire outlives the parent
 spark,
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
 "Thou art become as one of us," they
 cry, 410
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere
 has long
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,
 Silent alone amid an Heaven of
 Song.
 Assume thy wingéd throne, thou Vesper
 of our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? oh, come
 forth, 415
 Fond wretch! and know thyself and
 him aright.
 Clasp with thy panting soul the
 pendulous Earth;
 As from a center, dart thy spirit's
 light
 Beyond all worlds, until its spacious
 might
 Sate the void circumference. Then
 shrink 420
 Even to a point within our day and
 night;
 And keep thy heart light, lest it make
 thee sink,
 When hope has kindled hope, and lured
 thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulcher,
 Oh, not of him, but of our joy; 'tis
 naught 425
 That ages, empires, and religions there
 Lie buried in the ravage they have
 wrought;
 For such as he can lend—they borrow
 not
 Glory from those who made the world
 their prey;
 And he is gathered to the kings of
 thought 430
 Who waged contention with their
 time's decay,
 And of the past are all that cannot pass
 away.

414. *Vesper*, the Latin word for evening. 416. *Fond*, foolish.

Go thou to Rome—at once the Para-
 dise,
 The grave, the city, and the wilder-
 ness;
 And where its wrecks like shattered
 mountains rise, 435
 And flowering weeds and fragrant
 copses dress
 The bones of Desolation's naked-
 ness,
 Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall
 lead
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green
 access
 Where, like an infant's smile, over the
 dead, 440
 A light of laughing flowers along the
 grass is spread.

And gray walls molder round, on
 which dull Time
 Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary
 brand;
 And one keen pyramid with wedge
 sublime,
 Pavilioning the dust of him who
 planned 445
 This refuge for his memory, doth
 stand
 Like flame transformed to marble;
 and beneath,
 A field is spread, on which a newer
 band
 Have pitched in Heaven's smile their
 camp of death,
 Welcoming him we lose with scarce
 extinguished breath. 450

Here pause. These graves are all too
 young as yet
 To have outgrown the sorrow which
 consigned
 Its charge to each; and if the seal is
 set,
 Here, on one fountain of a mourning
 mind,
 Break it not thou! too surely shalt
 thou find 455
 Thine own well full, if thou returnest
 home,
 Of tears and gall. From the world's
 bitter wind

439. *slope*, the Roman cemetery used by the English. It is outside the walls of Rome. Near it is the pyramidal tomb of Cestius referred to in line 444.

Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;⁴⁶⁰
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.
—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!⁴⁶⁵
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before; from all things here⁴⁷⁰
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is past from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles—the low wind whispers near;⁴⁷⁵
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse⁴⁸⁰
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which, through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,

Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,⁴⁸⁵
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;⁴⁹⁰
The massy earth and spheréd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are. (1821)

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright;
I arise from dreams of thee,⁵
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how!
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—¹⁰
And the Champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart—
As I must on thine,¹⁵
O! beloved as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.²⁰
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast—
Oh, press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last! (1822)

The Indian Serenade. 11. **Champak**, a spicy Indian tree.

FINAL CHORUS FROM HELLAS

The world's great age begins anew,
 The golden years return,
 The earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds outworn;
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires
 gleam, 5
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
 From waves serener far;
 A new Peneus rolls his fountains
 Against the morning-star. 10
 Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
 Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
 Fraught with a later prize;
 Another Orpheus sings again, 15
 And loves, and weeps, and dies.
 A new Ulysses leaves once more
 Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
 If earth Death's scroll must be! 20
 Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
 Which dawns upon the free;
 Although a subtler Sphinx renew
 Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise, 25
 And to remoter time
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
 The splendor of its prime;
 And leave, if naught so bright may live,
 All earth can take or Heaven can give. 30

Saturn and Love their long repose
 Shall burst, more bright and good
 Than all who fell, than One who rose,
 Than many unsubdued;
 Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
 But votive tears and symbol flowers. 36

Final Chorus from Hellas. Shelley believed in the final triumph of love. A new and greater Greece would arise with a Vale of Tempe (in Thessaly) through which a new River Peneus would flow. The Cyclades Islands of the Aegean would again be poet-haunted. Greek legend would flourish again with the Argonauts, who sailed for the Golden Fleece, with Orpheus, the legendary sweet singer of Greece, with the crafty Ulysses and his witch hostess Calypso. Such tragedies as those of the Trojan War and the incestuous House of Laius, whose son Oedipus married his own mother, would be unknown. The riddles of the world, like that of the Sphinx which Oedipus guessed, would be faced, and solved. The first golden age of Saturn would return. 4. *weeds, garments.* 33. *all who fell,* the gods of Greece and Rome. *One who rose,* Christ. 34. *many unsubdued,* the heathen gods of the East.

O cease! must hate and death return?
 Cease! must men kill and die?
 Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
 Of bitter prophecy. 40
 The world is weary of the past,
 O might it die or rest at last!
 (1822)

TO NIGHT

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave—
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear. 5
 Which make thee terrible and dear—
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star-inwrought!
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day; 10
 Kiss her until she be wearied out.
 Then wander o'er city and sea and
 land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn, 15
 I sighed for thee;
 When light rode high, and the dew was
 gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to her
 rest,
 Lingered like an unloved guest, 20
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 "Wouldst thou me?"
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noontide bee, 25
 "Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Wouldst thou me?"—And I replied,
 "No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon— 30
 Sleep will come when thou art fled.
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon! (1824)

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood
before;
When will return the glory of your
prime?
No more—oh, nevermore!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter
 hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but
 with delight
No more—Oh, nevermore!
(1824)

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken,

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead, 5
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art
gone
Love itself shall slumber on.

(1824)

When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute, 10
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges 15
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed. 20
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your
bier?

Its passions will rock thee 25
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home 30
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.
(1824)

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I traveled in the realms of
gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms
seen;
Round many western islands have
I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as
his demesne— 6
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud
and bold.
Then felt I like some watcher of the
skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle
eyes 11
He stared at the Pacific—and all his
men
Looked at each other with a wild
surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien. (1817)

*See headnotes for Keats on pages 183 and 190. Keats had so keen a sense of beauty that he appreciated at once and completely the art of Homer, the Parthenon sculptures in the British Museum (the Elgin Marbles), and Greek vases. His poetry is an immediate emotional reaction to the visible manifestations of beauty in the world of nature and art.

On *First Looking into Chapman's Homer*. Title. **Chapman**, the Elizabethan dramatist and poet, who translated the *Iliad* (1610-1611). 6. **demesne**, domain. 11. **Cortez**. Balboa, not Cortez, discovered the Pacific from Mt. Darien, on the Isthmus of Panama (1513).

WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE TO BE

When I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has gleaned my teeming
 brain,
 Before high-piléd books, in charact'ry,
 Hold like rich garners the full-ripened
 grain;
 When I behold, upon the night's starred
 face, 5
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of
 chance;
 And when I feel, fair creature of an
 hour,
 That I shall never look upon thee more,
 Never have relish in the faëry power 11
 Of unreflecting love—then on the shore
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and
 think,
 Till love and fame to nothingness do
 sink. 1817 (1848)

ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES

My spirit is too weak—mortality
 Weighs heavily on me like unwilling
 sleep,
 And each imagined pinnacle and steep
 Of godlike hardship tells me I must
 die
 Like a sick eagle looking at the sky. 5
 Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep
 That I have not the cloudy winds to
 keep,
 Fresh for the opening of the morning's
 eye.
 Such dim-conceivéd glories of the brain
 Bring round the heart an undescrib-
 able feud; 10
 So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
 That mingles Grecian grandeur with
 the rude
 Wasting of old Time—with a billowy
 main—
 A sun—a shadow of a magnitude.
(1817)

When I Have Fears. 3. *charact'ry*, writing.
On Seeing the Elgin Marbles. Lord Elgin brought
 a superb collection of Greek sculpture to England (1801-
 1803). Among them are many statues and bas-reliefs
 from the Parthenon.

ON THE SEA

It keeps eternal whisperings around
 Desolate shores, and with its mighty
 swell
 Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till
 the spell
 Of Hecate leaves them their old shad-
 ovy sound.
 Often 'tis in such gentle temper found, 5
 That scarcely will the very smallest
 shell
 Be moved for days from whence it some-
 time fell,
 When last the winds of heaven were
 unbound.
 O ye! who have your eyeballs vexed
 and tired,
 Feast them upon the wideness of the
 sea; 10
 O ye! whose ears are dinned with up-
 roar rude,
 Or fed too much with cloying melody—
 Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth,
 and brood
 Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs
 quired! (1817)

BRIGHT STAR! WOULD I WERE STEADFAST AS THOU ART

Bright star! would I were steadfast as
 thou art—
 Not in lone splendor hung aloft the
 night,
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,
 Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
 The moving waters at their priestlike
 task 5
 Of pure ablution round earth's human
 shores,
 Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
 Of snow upon the mountains and the
 moors—
 No—yet still steadfast, still unchange-
 able,
 Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening
 breast, 10
 To feel forever its soft fall and swell,

On the Sea. 4. *Hecate*, a late Greek goddess of
 magic and of night. 14. *quired*, sang.
Bright Star. Written by Keats to Fanny Brawne when
 he was on shipboard, about to sail for Italy, where he
 died. 4. *Eremite*, hermit, the moon.

Awake forever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken
breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

1820 (1848)

SONG OF THE INDIAN MAID

FROM ENDYMION

O Sorrow!
Why dost borrow
The natural hue of health, from vermeil
lips?—
To give maiden blushes
To the white rose bushes? 5
Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips?

O Sorrow!
Why dost borrow
The lustrous passion from a falcon-
eye?—
To give the glowworm light? 10
Or, on a moonless night,
To tinge, on siren shores, the salt sea-
spray?

O Sorrow!
Why dost borrow
The mellow ditties from a mourning
tongue?— 15
To give at evening pale
Unto the nightingale,
That thou mayst listen the cold dews
among?

O Sorrow!
Why dost borrow 20
Heart's lightness from the merriment
of May?—
A lover would not tread
A cowslip on the head,
Though he should dance from eve till
peep of day—
Nor any drooping flower 25
Held sacred for thy bower,
Wherever he may sport himself and
play.

To Sorrow
I bade good-morrow,
And thought to leave her far away
behind; 30

*Song of the Indian Maid. 3. vermeil, red. 12. sea-
spray, sea-spray.*

But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly;
She is so constant to me, and so kind:
I would deceive her,
And so leave her, 35
But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

Beneath my palm-trees, by the river
side,
I sat a-weeping. In the whole world
wide
There was no one to ask me why I
wept—
And so I kept 40
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Cold as my fears.
Beneath my palm-trees, by the river
side,
I sat a-weeping. What enamored
bride,
Cheated by shadowy wooer from the
clouds, 45
But hides and shrouds
Beneath dark palm-trees by a river side?

And as I sat, over the light blue hills
There came a noise of revelers. The
rills
Into the wide stream came of purple
hue— 50
'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
The earnest trumpet spake, and silver
thrills
From kissing cymbals made a merry
din—

'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
Like to a moving vintage down they
came, 55
Crowned with green leaves, and faces
all on flame;
All madly dancing through the pleasant
valley,
To scare thee, Melancholy!
O then, O then, thou wast a simple
name!
And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
By shepherds is forgotten, when in
June 61
Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and
moon—
I rushed into the folly!

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus
stood,

Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
 With sidelong laughing; 66
 And little rills of crimson wine imbrued
 His plump white arms and shoulders,
 enough white
 For Venus' pearly bite; 69
 And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
 Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
 Tipsily quaffing.

"Whence came ye, merry Damsels!
 whence came ye,
 So many, and so many, and such glee?
 Why have ye left your bowers deso-
 late, 75
 Your lutes, and gentler fate?"—
 "We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the
 wing,
 A-conquering!
 Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill
 betide,
 We dance before him thorough king-
 doms wide— 80
 Come hither, lady fair, and joinéd be
 To our wild minstrelsy!"

"Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs! whence
 came ye,
 So many, and so many, and such glee?
 Why have ye left your forest haunts,
 why left 85
 Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?"—
 "For wine, for wine we left our kernel
 tree;
 For wine we left our heath, and yellow
 brooms,
 And cold mushrooms;
 For wine we follow Bacchus through
 the earth; 90
 Great god of breathless cups and chirp-
 ing mirth!
 Come hither, lady fair, and joinéd be
 To our mad minstrelsy!"

Over wide streams and mountains great
 we went,
 And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy
 tent, 95
 Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
 With Asian elephants.
 Onward these myriads—with song and
 dance,

With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians'
 prance,
 Web-footed alligators, crocodiles, 100
 Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
 Plump infant laughers mimicking the
 coil
 Of seamen, and stout galley-rower's toil.
 With toying oars and silken sails they
 glide,
 Nor care for wind and tide. 105

Mounted on panthers' furs and lions'
 manes,
 From rear to van they scour about the
 plains;
 A three-days' journey in a moment
 done;
 And always, at the rising of the sun,
 About the wilds they hunt with spear
 and horn, 110
 On spleenful unicorn.

I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
 Before the vine-wreath crown!
 I saw parched Abyssinia rouse and sing
 To the silver cymbals' ring! 115
 I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
 Old Tartary the fierce!
 The kings of Ind their jewel-scepters
 vail,
 And from their treasures scatter pearléd
 hail;
 Great Brahma from his mystic heaven
 groans, 120
 And all his priesthood moans,
 Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turn-
 ing pale.
 Into these regions came I, following him,
 Sick-hearted, weary—so I took a whim
 To stray away into these forests drear,
 Alone, without a peer. 126
 And I have told thee all thou mayest
 hear.

Young Stranger!
 I've been a ranger
 In search of pleasure throughout every
 clime; 130
 Alas! 'tis not for me!
 Bewitched I sure must be,
 To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

70. *Silenus*, an aged woodland god, half man and half goat. 88. *brooms*, heathers.

111. *spleenful*, fiery. 112. *Osirian*, pertaining to Osiris, the Egyptian god of the underworld. 118. *vail*, lower. 120. *Brahma*, the first member of the Hindu trinity. He is the soul of the universe.

Come then, Sorrow,
Sweetest Sorrow! 135
Like an own babe I nurse thee on my
breast.

I thought to leave thee,
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world I love thee best.

There is not one, 140
No, no, not one
But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid;
Thou art her mother,
And her brother,
Her playmate, and her wooer in the
shade. (1818)

ROBIN HOOD

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years. 5
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen north, and chilling east,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases. 10

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh, 15
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon, 20
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan, 25
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent; 30
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spicy ale.

Robin Hood. 13. *Ivory*, horn. 30. *Trent*, a river
that runs north through Nottinghamshire and Sherwood
Forest.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw 35
Idling in the "grené shawe";
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfed grave,
And if Marian should have 40
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas; 45
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is; yet let us sing,
Honor to the old bowstring! 50
Honor to the bugle-horn!
Honor to the woods unshorn!
Honor to the Lincoln green!
Honor to the archer keen!
Honor to tight Little John 55
And the horse he rode upon!
Honor to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honor to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood-clan! 60
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try.

(1820)

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tipped drink more fine 5
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Dressed as though bold Robin Hood 10
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

33. *morris*, a square dance. 34. *Gamelyn*, a young
medieval nobleman who became leader of a band of
robbers. 36. *grené shawe* (green wood), from the
Robin Hood ballads. 62. *burden*, chorus.

Lines on the Mermaid Tavern. The Mermaid Tavern
was a favorite meeting-place of Ben Jonson and other
Elizabethan poets. 12. *bowse*, drink.

I have heard that on a day
 Mine host's signboard flew away,
 Nobody knew whither, till 15
 An astrologer's old quill
 To a sheepskin gave the story—
 Said he saw you in your glory,
 Underneath a new old sign
 Sipping beverage divine, 20
 And pledging with contented smack
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern, 25
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
 (1820)

ODE: BARDS OF PASSION AND OF MIRTH

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK PAGE BEFORE
 BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER'S TRAGI-
 COMEDY "THE FAIR MAID OF
 THE INN"

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
 Ye have left your souls on earth!
 Have ye souls in heaven, too,
 Doubled-lived in regions new?
 Yes, and those of heaven commune 5
 With the spheres of sun and moon;
 With the noise of fountains wondrous,
 And the parle of voices thund'rous;
 With the whisper of heaven's trees
 And one another, in soft ease 10
 Seated on Elysian lawns
 Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
 Underneath large bluebells tented,
 Where the daisies are rose-scented,
 And the rose herself has got 15
 Perfume which on earth is not;
 Where the nightingale doth sing
 Not a senseless, trancéd thing,
 But divine, melodious truth;
 Philosophic numbers smooth; 20
 Tales and golden histories
 Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
 On the earth ye live again;
 And the souls ye left behind you 25
 Teach us, here, the way to find you,
 Where your other souls are joying,
 Never slumbered, never cloying.

Here, your earthborn souls still speak
 To mortals, of their little week; 30
 Of their sorrows and delights;
 Of their passions and their spites;
 Of their glory and their shame;
 What doth strengthen and what maim.
 Thus ye teach us, every day, 35
 Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
 Ye have left your souls on earth!
 Ye have souls in heaven too,
 Double lived in regions new!
 (1820)

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow
 time,
 Silvan historian, who canst thus ex-
 press
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our
 rhyme:
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about
 thy shape 5
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What
 maidens loath?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to
 escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What
 wild ecstasy? 10

Heard melodies are sweet, but those un-
 heard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes,
 play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more en-
 deared,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone;
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou
 canst not leave 15
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be
 bare;
 Bold lover, never, never canst thou
 kiss
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do
 not grieve;

Ode on a Grecian Urn. On Greek vases, whether
 painted or sculptured, two or three scenes were placed
 around the middle of the vase. The poetic beliefs of
 Keats are here completely revealed.

She cannot fade, though thou hast not
thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be
fair! 20

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot
shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring
adieu;

And, happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy
love! 25

Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting, and forever
young,

All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and
cloyed,

A burning forehead, and a parching
tongue. 30

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious
priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the
skies,

And all her silken flanks with garlands
dressed?

What little town by river or sea shore, 35
Or mountain-built with peaceful cit-
adel,

Is emptied of this folk, this pious
morn?

And, little town, thy streets for ever-
more

Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er re-
turn. 40

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with
brede

Of marble men and maidens over-
wrought,

With forest branches and the trodden
weed;

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of
thought

As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral! 45
When old age shall this generation
waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other
woe

41. *brede*, decorative frieze.

Than ours, a friend to man, to whom
thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty"—
that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need
to know. (1820)

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numb-
ness pains

My sense, as though of hemlock I had
drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards
had sunk.

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happi-
ness— 6

That thou, light wingéd Dryad of
the trees,

In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows
numberless,

Singest of summer in full-throated
ease. 10

Oh, for a draught of vintage that hath
been

Cooled a long age in the deep-delved
earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-
burnt mirth!

Oh, for a beaker full of the warm South, 15
Full of the true, the blushful Hippo-
crene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the
brim,

And purple-stained mouth;

That I might drink, and leave the
world unseen,

And with thee fade away into the
forest dim— 20

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast
never known,

Ode to a Nightingale. 4. *Lethe-wards*, to oblivion. Whoever drank of the river Lethe in Hades forgot the past. 13. *Flora*, the Roman goddess of flowers. 14. *Provençal song*. The troubadours flourished in Provence during the Middle Ages. 16. *Hippocrene*, a spring on Mt. Helicon, sacred to the Muses.

The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each
other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray
hairs, 25

Where youth grows pale, and specter-
thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of
sorrow

And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lus-
trous eyes,

Or new Love pine at them beyond
tomorrow. 30

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his
pards,

But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and
retards:

Already with thee! tender is the
night, 35

And haply the Queen-Moon is on her
throne,

Clustered around by all her starry
Fays;

But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the
breezes blown

Through verdurous glooms and
winding, mossy ways. 40

I cannot see what flowers are at my
feet,

Nor what soft incense hangs upon the
boughs,

But, in embalméd darkness, guess each
sweet

Wherewith the seasonable month
endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree
wild; 45

White hawthorn, and the pastoral
eglantine;

Fast fading violets covered up in
leaves;

And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy
wine,

The murmurous haunt of flies on
summer eves. 50

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful
Death,

Called him soft names in many a muséd
rime,

To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to
die, 55

To cease upon the midnight with no
pain,

While thou art pouring forth thy
soul abroad

In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have
ears in vain—

To thy high requiem become a
sod. 60

Thou wast not born for death, immortal
Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee
down;

The voice I hear this passing night was
heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a
path 65

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when,
sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien
corn;

The same that oftentimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on
the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands for-
lorn. 70

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole
self!

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem
fades 75

Past the near meadows, over the still
stream,

Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried
deep

In the next valley-glades:

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music—do I wake or
sleep? (1820)

ODE ON MELANCHOLY

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
 Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poi-
 sonous wine;

Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed
 By nightshade, ruby grape of Proser-
 pine;

Make not your rosary of yew-berries, 5
 Nor let the beetle, nor the death-
 moth be

Your mournful Psyche, nor the
 downy owl

A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
 For shade to shade will come too
 drowsily,

And drown the wakeful anguish of
 the soul. 10

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping
 cloud,

That fosters the droop-headed flowers
 all,

And hides the green hills in an April
 shroud,

Then glut thy sorrow on a morning
 rose, 15

Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-
 wave,

Or on the wealth of globéd peonies.

Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
 Emprison her soft hand, and let her
 rave,

And feed deep, deep upon her peer-
 less eyes. 20

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that
 must die;

And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips,
 Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure
 nigh,

Turning to poison while the bee
 mouth sips.

Aye, in the very temple of Delight 25
 Veiled Melancholy has her sovran
 shrine,

Though seen of none save him
 whose strenuous tongue

Ode on Melancholy. 2. **Wolf's-bane**, aconite, a poi-
 sonous flower. 4. **nightshade**, a poisonous plant.
Proserpine, the Grecian goddess of the lower world.
 5. **yew-berries**. The yew-tree was symbolic of death.
 7. **Psyche**, the beloved of Cupid, who lost him for a
 while because of her curiosity and who regained him
 only after long wanderings and many labors.

Can burst Joy's grape against his palate
 fine.

His soul shall taste the sadness of her
 might,

And be among her cloudy trophies
 hung. (1820)

TO AUTUMN

Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing
 sun;

Conspiring with him how to load and
 bless

With fruit the vines that round the
 thatch-eves run;

To bend with apples the mossed cottage-
 trees, 5

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the
 core;

To swell the gourd, and plump the
 hazel shells

With a sweet kernel; to set budding
 more,

And still more, later flowers for the
 bees,

Until they think warm days will never
 cease, 10

For summer has o'er-brimmed their
 clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy
 store?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may
 find

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing
 wind; 15

Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies,
 while thy hook

Spares the next swath and all its
 twined flowers

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost
 keep

Steady thy laden head across a
 brook; 20

Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings
 hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Aye,
 where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy
 music too—
 While barréd clouds bloom the soft-
 dying day, 25
 And touch the stubble-plains with
 rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats
 mourn
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or
 dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from
 hilly bourn; 30
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with
 treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-
 croft;
 And gathering swallows twitter in
 the skies. (1820)

***JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN**
 (1803-1849)

THE NAMELESS ONE

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing
 river,
 That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
 God will inspire me while I deliver
 My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie
 whitening 5
 Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
 That once there was one whose veins
 ran lightning
 No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear
 night-hour,
 How shone for him, through his griefs
 and gloom, 10
 No star of all heaven sends to light our
 Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
 Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
 He would have taught men, from wis-
 dom's pages, 15
 The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
 And worn by weakness, disease, and
 wrong,
 He fled for shelter to God, who mated
 His soul with song. 20

—With song which alway, sublime or
 vapid,
 Flowed like a rill in the morning
 beam,
 Perchance not deep, but intense and
 rapid—
 A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for
 years long 25
 To herd with demons from hell be-
 neath,
 Saw things that made him, with groans
 and tears, long
 For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
 Betrayed in friendship, befooled in
 love, 30
 With spirit shipwrecked, and young
 hopes blasted,
 He still, still strove;

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for
 others
 And some whose hands should have
 wrought for him,
 (If children live not for sires and moth-
 ers), 35
 His mind grew dim;

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
 The gulf and grave of Maginn and
 Burns,
 And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
 Stock of returns. 40

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
 And shapes and signs of the final
 wrath,
 When death, in hideous and ghastly
 starkness,
 Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and
 sorrow, 45

25. *bloom*, make bloom.

*Considered by some to be the greatest Irish poet of the nineteenth century. His work, however, is very uneven. The Irish poets now begin to bring back the Celtic spirit into English literature.

33. *dreeing*, enduring. 38. *Maginn*, William (1793-1842), a versatile Irish writer.

And want, and sickness, and houseless
nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and
hoary

At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story 51
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms; there let him
dwell!

He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here and in hell.

(1849)

***GERALD GRIFFIN (1803-1840)**

EILEEN AROON

When, like the early rose,
Eileen Aroon!

Beauty in childhood blows,
Eileen Aroon!

When, like a diadem, 5
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem?—
Eileen Aroon!

Is it the laughing eye,
Eileen Aroon! 10

Is it the timid sigh,
Eileen Aroon!

Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the stringed harp's moan?
Oh, it is truth alone— 15
Eileen Aroon!

When, like the rising day,
Eileen Aroon!

Love sends his early ray,
Eileen Aroon! 20

What makes his dawning glow,
Changeless through joy or woe?
Only the constant know—
Eileen Aroon!

I know a valley fair, 25
Eileen Aroon!

I knew a cottage there,
Eileen Aroon!

Far in that valley's shade

I knew a gentle maid, 30
Flower of a hazel glade—
Eileen Aroon!

Who in the song so sweet?
Eileen Aroon!

Who in the dance so fleet? 35
Eileen Aroon!

Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy—
Eileen Aroon! 40

Were she no longer true,
Eileen Aroon!

What should her lover do?
Eileen Aroon!

Fly with his broken chain 45
Far o'er the sounding main,
Never to love again—
Eileen Aroon!

Youth must with time decay,
Eileen Aroon! 50

Beauty must fade away,
Eileen Aroon!

Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixed star— 55
Eileen Aroon!

(c. 1842)

***FRANCIS MAHONY (1804?-1866)**

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

With deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of

Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, 5

In the days of childhood,
Fling around my cradle

Their magic spells.
On this I ponder

Where'er I wander, 10
And thus grow fonder,

Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,

That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters 15

Of the River Lee.

*An Irish poet

Eileen Aroon, Title. *Aroon* means "my treasure."

*An Irish poet and novelist, known as Father Prout.
The Bells of Shandon. Title. St. Anne Shandon's
Church is in the town of Cork, Ireland.

I've heard bells chiming
 Full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine, 20
 While at a glib rate
 Brass tongues would vibrate—
 But all their music
 Spoke naught like thine;
 For memory, dwelling 25
 On each proud swelling
 Of the belfry knelling
 Its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on 30
 The pleasant waters
 Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
 Old Adrian's Mole in,
 Their thunder rolling 35
 From the Vatican,
 And cymbals glorious
 Swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Notre Dame; 40
 But thy sounds were sweeter
 Than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber,
 Pealing solemnly—
 Oh, the bells of Shandon 45
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
 While on tower and kiosk O! 50
 In Saint Sophia
 The Turkman gets,
 And loud in air
 Calls men to prayer
 From the tapering summits 55
 Of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom
 I freely grant them;
 But there's an anthem
 More dear to me— 60
 'Tis the bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the River Lee. (1834)

*EDWARD FITZGERALD (1809-1883)

RUBÁIYÁT

OF OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR

[SELECTIONS]

I

Wake! For the sun, who scattered into
 flight
 The stars before him from the field of
 night,
 Drives night along with them from
 heav'n, and strikes
 The Sultán's turret with a shaft of light.

VII

Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of
 spring
 Your winter-garment of repentance
 fling;
 The bird of time has but a little way
 To flutter—and the bird is on the wing.

XII

A book of verses underneath the bough,
 A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and
 Thou
 Beside me singing in the wilderness—
 Oh, wilderness were paradise enow!

XIII

Some for the glories of this world; and
 some
 Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
 Ah, take the cash, and let the credit
 go,
 Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum!

XIV

Look to the blowing rose about us—
 "Lo,
 Laughing," she says, "into the world
 I blow,
 At once the silken tassel of my purse
 Tear, and its treasure on the garden
 throw."

34. *Adrian's Mole*, the tomb of Hadrian or Castel St. Angelo in Rome. 40. *Notre Dame*, a cathedral of Paris. 51. *Saint Sophia*, a Byzantine church in Constantinople, now a mosque. The Moslems do not use bells to call to prayer, but muezzins, or criers.

*Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyám, the eleventh-century Persian astronomer and poet, introduced to the English, in poetry, the Eastern philosophy of hedonism.

xv

And those who husbanded the golden
grain,
And those who flung it to the winds
like rain,
Alike to no such aureate earth are
turned
As, buried once, men want dug up again.

xvi

The worldly hope, men set their hearts
upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty
face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

xvii

Think, in this battered caravanseraï
Whose portals are alternate night and
day,
How sultan after sultan with his pomp
Abode his destined hour, and went his
way.

xviii

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and
drank deep;
And Bahrám, that great hunter—
the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break
his sleep.

xix

I sometimes think that never blows so
red
The rose as where some buried Caesar
bled;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropped in her lap from some once
lovely head.

xx

And this reviving herb whose tender
green
Fledges the river-lip on which we lean—

Stanza xvii. *caravanseraï*, caravan inn.

Stanza xviii. *Jamshyd*, a mythical Persian king.
Bahrám, a Persian king of the Sassanid line, who pos-
sessed seven marvelous palaces.

Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who
knows
From what once lovely lip it springs
unseen!

xxi

Oh, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
Today of past regret and future fears:
Tomorrow!—Why, tomorrow I may
be
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand
years.

xxii

For some we loved, the loveliest and
the best
That from his vintage rolling Time hath
prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or
two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

xxiii

And we, that now make merry in the
room
They left, and Summer dresses in new
bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the couch
of earth
Descend—ourselves to make a couch—
for whom?

xxiv

Ah, make the most of what we yet may
spend,
Before we, too, into the dust descend;
Dust into dust, and under dust to
lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and—
sans end!

xxv

Alike for those who for Today prepare,
And those that after some Tomorrow
stare,
A muezzin from the tower of darkness
cries,
“Fools! your reward is neither here nor
there.”

Stanza xxiv. *Sans*, without.

Stanza xxv. *muezzin*, the Mohammedan crier of
the hour of prayer.

XXVI

Why, all the saints and sages who
discussed
Of the two worlds so wisely—they are
thrust
Like foolish prophets forth; their
words to scorn
Are scattered, and their mouths are
stopped with dust.

XXVII

Myself when young did eagerly fre-
quent
Doctor and saint, and heard great
argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door where in
I went.

LXIII

Oh threats of hell and hopes of paradise!
One thing at least is certain—*This*
life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is
lies:
The flower that once has blown forever
dies.

LXIV

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads
who
Before us passed the door of darkness
through,
Not one returns to tell us of the road,
Which to discover we must travel, too.

LXV

The revelations of devout and learned
Who rose before us, and as prophets
burned,
Are all but stories, which, awoke
from sleep,
They told their comrades, and to sleep
returned.

LXVI

I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of that after-life to spell;
And by and by my soul returned to
me,
And answered, "I myself am heaven and
hell":

LXVII

Heaven but the vision of fulfilled desire,
And hell the shadow from a soul on fire,
Cast on the darkness into which
ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon
expire.

LXVIII

We are no other than a moving row
Of magic shadow-shapes that come and
go
Round with the sun-illuminated lan-
tern held
In midnight by the master of the show;

LXIX

But helpless pieces of the game He plays
Upon this checkerboard of nights and
days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks,
and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays.

LXX

The ball no question makes of ayes and
noes,
But here or there as strikes the player
goes;
And He that tossed you down into
the field,
He knows about it all—*HE* knows—*HE*
knows!

LXXI

The Moving Finger writes; and, having
writ,
Moves on. Nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a
line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

XCVI

Yet ah, that spring should vanish with
the rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript
should close!
The nightingale that in the branches
sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again,
who knows!

XCVII

Would but the desert of the fountain
 yield
 One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed,
 revealed,
 To which the fainting traveler might
 spring,
 As springs the trampled herbage of the
 field!

XCVIII

Would but some wingéd angel ere too
 late
 Arrest the yet unfolded roll of Fate,
 And make the stern Recorder other-
 wise
 Enregister, or quite obliterate!

XCIX

Ah, Love! could you and I with Him
 conspire
 To grasp this sorry scheme of things
 entire,
 Would not we shatter it to bits—and
 then
 Remold it nearer to the heart's desire!

C

Yon rising moon that looks for us
 again—
 How oft hereafter will she wax and
 wane;
 How oft hereafter rising look for us
 Through this same garden—and for
one in vain!

CI

And when like her, O Sákí, you shall
 pass
 Among the guests star-scattered on the
 grass,
 And in your joyous errand reach the
 spot
 Where I made One—turn down an
 empty Glass!

(1859)

Stanza CI. Sákí, cupbearer.

*ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
 (1806-1861)

SONNETS FROM THE
 PORTUGUESE

[SELECTIONS]

I

I thought once how Theocritus had sung
 Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-
 for years,
 Who each one in a gracious hand appears
 To bear a gift for mortals, old or young.
 And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
 I saw, in gradual vision through my
 tears, 6
 The sweet, sad years, the melancholy
 years,
 Those of my own life, who by turns had
 flung
 A shadow across me. Straightway I
 was 'ware,
 So weeping, how a mystic Shape did
 move 10
 Behind me, and drew me backward by
 the hair;
 And a voice said in mastery, while I
 strove—
 "Guess now who holds thee?" —
 "Death," I said. But, there,
 The silver answer rang—"Not Death,
 but Love."

III

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
 Unlike our uses and our destinies.
 Our ministering two angels look surprise
 On one another, as they strike athwart
 Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink
 thee, art 5
 A guest for queens to social pageantries,
 With gages from a hundred brighter
 eyes

*Elizabeth Barrett was a truly great and poetic spirit. Because of an accident in early youth she was confined to her room, and her father chose to regard her as an invalid. Her marriage with Browning in 1846, without her father's knowledge, opened a new life to her of which the most perfect memorial is the series of *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, so-named because Browning often called her in fun his little Portuguese, alluding to her poem "Caterina to Camoens," which he especially admired. Compare with these sonnets those of Shakespeare (pages 363 ff).

Sonnet I. 1. *Theocritus*, a Greek pastoral poet of the third century B. C.

Sonnet III. 7. *gages*, pledges.

Than tears even can make mine, to
 play thy part
 Of chief musician. What hast *thou* to do
 With looking from the lattice-lights at
 me, 10
 A poor, tired, wandering singer, sing-
 ing through
 The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?
 The chrism is on thine head—on mine,
 the dew—
 And Death must dig the level where
 these agree.

VI

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall
 stand
 Henceforward in thy shadow. Never-
 more,
 Alone upon the threshold of my door
 Of individual life I shall command
 The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand 5
 Serenely in the sunshine as before,
 Without the sense of that which I for-
 bore—
 Thy touch upon the palm. The widest
 land
 Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart
 in mine
 With pulses that beat double. What I
 do 10
 And what I dream include thee, as the
 wine
 Must taste of its own grapes. And when
 I sue
 God for myself, he hears that name of
 thine,
 And sees within my eyes the tears of
 two.

VIII

What can I give thee back, O liberal
 And princely giver, who hast brought
 the gold
 And purple of thine heart, unstained,
 untold,
 And laid them on the outside of the
 wall 4
 For such as I to take or leave withal,
 In unexpected largesse? Am I cold,
 Ungrateful, that for these most mani-
 fold
 High gifts, I render nothing back at all?

Not so; not cold—but very poor instead.
 Ask God who knows. For frequent
 tears have run 10
 The colors from my life, and left so dead
 And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
 To give the same as pillow to thy head.
 Go farther! let it serve to trample on.

XIV

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say
 "I love her for her smile—her look—her
 way
 Of speaking gently—for a trick of
 thought
 That falls in well with mine, and certes
 brought 5
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a
 day"—
 For these things in themselves, Beloved,
 may
 Be changed, or change for thee—and
 love, so wrought,
 May be unwrought so. Neither love
 me for
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks
 dry— 10
 A creature might forget to weep, who
 bore
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love
 thereby!
 But love me for love's sake, that ever-
 more
 Thou mayst love on, through love's
 eternity.

XXII

When our two souls stand up erect and
 strong,
 Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and
 nigher,
 Until the lengthening wings break into
 fire
 At either curvèd point—what bitter
 wrong
 Can the earth do to us, that we should
 not long 5
 Be here contented? Think. In mount-
 ing higher,
 The angels would press on us and aspire
 To drop some golden orb of perfect song
 Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
 Rather on earth, Beloved—where the
 unfit 10

Sonnet III. 12. **cypress tree**, symbolic of mourning
 and death. 13. **chrism**, baptismal oil of consecration.

Contrarious moods of men recoil away
And isolate pure spirits, and permit
A place to stand and love in for a day,
With darkness and the death-hour
rounding it.

XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the
ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and
height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of
sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's 5
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-
light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for
Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from
Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my child-
hood's faith. 10
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with
the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God
choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.
(1850)

GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880)

O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR IN-
VISIBLE

*Longum illud tempus, quum non ero, magis me
movet, quam hoc exiguum.—*Cicero, Ad Att.*, xii. 18.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence;
live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn 5
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the
night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge
man's search

*That long time, when I shall not be, moves me more
than this short time. (*Letters to Atticus*, XII, 18).

To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world, 10
Breathing as beauteous order that con-
trols
With growing sway the growing life of
man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and ago-
nized
With widening retrospect that bred
despair. 15
Rebellious flesh that would not be sub-
dued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dis-
solved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting har-
monies,
Die in the large and charitable air. 20
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning
song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the
world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw
within 25
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multi-
tude,
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with
love—
That better self shall live till human
Time 30
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the
tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more
glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I
reach 35
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion evermore intense! 41
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.
(1867)

***ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON**
(1809-1892)

THE POET

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the
scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw through life and death, through
good and ill, 5
He saw through his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,

Before him lay; with echoing feet he
threaded
The secretest walks of fame. 10
The viewless arrows of his thoughts
were headed
And winged with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver
tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung, 15
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which
bore
Them earthward till they lit;
Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field
flower,
The fruitful wit 20

Cleaving took root, and springing forth
anew
Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance,
grew
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnished all abroad to
fling 25
The wingéd shafts of truth,

*The poet laureate of the Victorian Age, whose verse is extremely musical, idealistic, and rather melancholy. He drew his inspiration both from classical and medieval traditions and from contemporary life. He was repelled by what he regarded as the lack of idealism of his age. See headnote on page 193.

The Poet. 13. *reeds*, pipes. 15. *Calpe*, a Phœnician colony near Gibraltar. *Caucasus*, a mountain range between the Black and the Caspian Seas.

To throng with stately blooms the
breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with
beams,
Though one did fling the fire; 30
Heaven flowed upon the soul in many
dreams
Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the
world
Like one great garden showed,
And through the wreaths of floating
dark upcurled, 35
Rare sunrise flowed.

And Freedom reared in that august sun-
rise
Her beautiful bold brow,
When rites and forms before his burn-
ing eyes
Melted like snow. 40

There was no blood upon her maiden
robes
Sunned by those orient skies;
But round about the circles of the globes
Of her keen eyes

And in her raiment's hem was traced in
flame 45
WISDOM, a name to shake
All evil dreams of power—a sacred
name.
And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they
ran,
And as the lightning to the thun-
der 50
Which follows it, riving the spirit of
man,
Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words. No
sword
Of wrath her right arm whirled,
But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his*
word 55
She shook the world.

(1830)

CENONE

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
 The swimming vapor slopes athwart
 the glen,
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine
 to pine,
 And loiters, slowly drawn. On either
 hand ⁵
 The lawns and meadow-ledges midway
 down
 Hang rich in flowers, and far below
 them roars
 The long brook falling through the
 cloven ravine
 In cataract after cataract to the sea.
 Behind the valley topmost Gargarus 10
 Stands up and takes the morning; but
 in front
 The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
 Troas, and Ilion's columned citadel,
 The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
 Mournful Cēnone, wandering forlorn 15
 Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
 Her cheek had lost the rose, and round
 her neck
 Floated her hair or seemed to float in
 rest.
 She, leaning on a fragment twined with
 vine,
 Sang to the stillness till the mountain-
 shade ²⁰
 Sloped downward to her seat from the
 upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 For now the noonday quiet holds the
 hill;
 The grasshopper is silent in the grass; 25
 The lizard, with his shadow on the
 stone,
 Rests like a shadow, and the winds are
 dead.
 The purple flower droops, the golden bee
 Is lily-cradled; I alone awake.
 My eyes are full of tears, my heart of
 love, ³⁰

Cēnone. Cēnone was a nymph whom Paris loved before he awarded to Aphrodite the golden apple of Discord inscribed "To the fairest." Cēnone's appeal is made to Mount Ida, near Troy. 2. *Ionian*, the central coast section of western Asia Minor. 10. *Gargarus*, the topmost crag of Mt. Ida. 13. *Ilion*, Troy. 14. *Troas*, the Trojan Peninsula.

My heart is breaking, and my eyes are
 dim,
 And I am all awearied of my life.

"O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Hear me, O earth, hear me, O hills, O
 caves ³⁵
 That house the cold-crowned snake! O
 mountain brooks,
 I am the daughter of a river god,
 Hear me, for I will speak, and build up
 all
 My sorrow with my song, as yonder
 walls
 Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
 A cloud that gathered shape; for it
 may be ⁴¹
 That, while I speak of it, a little while
 My heart may wander from its deeper
 woe.

"O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. ⁴⁵
 I waited underneath the dawning hills;
 Aloft the mountain-lawn was dewy-
 dark,
 And dewy-dark aloft the mountain-pine.
 Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
 Leading a jet-black goat white-horned,
 white-hoofed, ⁵⁰
 Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Far off the torrent called me from the
 cleft;
 Far up the solitary morning smote
 The streaks of virgin snow. With
 down-dropped eyes ⁵⁵
 I sat alone; white-breasted like a star
 Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard
 skin
 Drooped from his shoulder, but his
 sunny hair
 Clustered about his temples like a god's;
 And his cheek brightened as the foam-
 bow brightens ⁶⁰
 When the wind blows the foam, and
 all my heart
 Went forth to embrace him coming ere
 he came.

39. *yonder walls.* According to the myth, the walls of Troy rose into place at the sound of Poseidon's pipes. 51. *Simois*, a river of the Trojan plain.

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He smiled, and opening out his milk-
white palm
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I
looked 66
And listened, the full-flowing river of
speech
Came down upon my heart:

'My own Cēnone,
Beautiful-browed Cēnone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind
ingraven 70
"For the most fair," would seem to
award it thine,
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married
brows.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He pressed the blossom of his lips to
mine, 76
And added, 'This was cast upon the
board,
When all the full-faced presence of the
gods
Ranged in the halls of Peleus; where-
upon
Rose feud, with question unto whom
'twere due; 80
But light-foot Iris brought it yestereve,
Delivering, that to me, by common
voice
Elected umpire, Heré comes today,
Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the
cave 85
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest
pine,
Mayst well behold them unbeheld, un-
heard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of
gods.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
It was the deep midnight; one silvery
cloud 90

72. *Oread*, a mountain nymph. 79. *Peleus*. At his marriage with Thetis, Eris (discord) threw among the goddesses an apple inscribed "To the fairest." Aphrodite (love), Pallas Athena (wisdom), and Hera (regal power), claimed it, and made Paris their judge. For awarding the apple to Aphrodite he received Helen, queen of Sparta, as his paramour.

Had lost his way between the piny
sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower
they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-
swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like
fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel, 95
Lotos and lilies; and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and
vine,
This way and that, in many a wild fes-
toon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarléd boughs
With bunch and berry and flower
through and through. 100

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
And o'er him flowed a golden cloud,
and leaned
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant
dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her to
whom 105
Coming through heaven, like a light
that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the
gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris
made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestioned, overflowing revenue 110
Wherewith to embellish state, 'From
many a vale
And river-sundered champaign clothed
with corn,
Or labored mine undrainable of ore.
Honor,' she said, 'and homage, tax and
toll,
From many an inland town and haven
large, 115
Mast-thronged beneath her shadowing
citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spake of
power,
'Which in all action is the end of all; 120
Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred
And throned of wisdom—from all neigh-
bor crowns

Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
 Fail from the scepter-staff. Such boon
 from me,
 From me, heaven's queen, Paris, to thee
 king-born, 125
 A shepherd all thy life but yet king-
 born,
 Should come most welcome, seeing men,
 in power
 Only, are likest gods, who have attained
 Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
 Above the thunder, with undying bliss
 In knowledge of their own suprem-
 acy.' 131

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 She ceased, and Paris held the costly
 fruit
 Out at arm's length, so much the
 thought of power
 Flattered his spirit; but Pallas where
 she stood 135
 Somewhat apart, her clear and bared
 limbs
 O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed
 spear
 Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
 The while, above, her full and earnest
 eye
 Over her snow-cold breast and angry
 cheek 140
 Kept watch, waiting decision, made re-
 ply:
 'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-con-
 trol,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign
 power.
 Yet not for power (power of herself
 Would come uncalled for) but to live by
 law, 145
 Acting the law we live by without fear;
 And, because right is right, to follow
 right
 Were wisdom in the scorn of conse-
 quence.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Again she said: 'I woo thee not with
 gifts. 150
 Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
 To fairer. Judge thou me by what I
 am,
 So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,

If gazing on divinity disrobed
 Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of
 fair, 155
 Unbiased by self-profit, Oh, rest thee
 sure
 That I shall love thee well and cleave to
 thee,
 So that my vigor, wedded to thy blood,
 Shall strike within thy pulses, like a
 god's,
 To push thee forward through a life of
 shocks, 160
 Dangers, and deeds, until endurance
 grow
 Sinewed with action, and the full-grown
 will,
 Circled through all experiences, pure
 law,
 Commensure perfect freedom.'

"Here she ceased,
 And Paris pondered, and I cried, 'O
 Paris, 165
 Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me not,
 Or hearing would not hear me, woe is
 me!

"O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Idalian Aphrodite beautiful, 170
 Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in
 Paphian wells,
 With rosy slender fingers backward
 drew
 From her warm brows and bosom her
 deep hair
 Ambrosial, golden round her lucid
 throat
 And shoulder; from the violets her light
 foot 175
 Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded
 form
 Between the shadows of the vine-
 bunches
 Floated the glowing sunlights, as she
 moved.

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
 The herald of her triumph, drawing
 nigh 181
 Half-whispered in his ear, 'I promise
 thee

171. **Paphian.** A shrine of Aphrodite was at Paphos, on the Island of Cyprus.

The fairest and most loving wife in
Greece.'

She spoke and laughed; I shut my sight
for fear;

But when I looked, Paris had raised his
arm, 185

And I beheld great Heré's angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die. 190

"Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest—why fairest wife? Am I not
fair?

My love hath told me so a thousand
times.

Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I passed by, a wild and wanton
pard, 195

Eyed like the evening star, with playful
tail

Crouched fawning in the weed. Most
loving is she?

Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my
arms

Were wound about thee, and my hot lips
pressed

Close, close to thine in that quick-falling
dew 200

Of fruitful kisses, thick as autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois!

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest
pines,

My tall dark pines, that plumed the
craggy ledge 205

High over the blue gorge, and all be-
tween

The snowy peak and snow-white catar-
act

Fostered the callow eaglet—from be-
neath

Whose thick mysterious boughs in the
dark morn

The panther's roar came muffled, while
I sat 210

Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone Enone see the morning mist
Sweep through them; never see them
overlaid

With narrow moonlit slips of silver
cloud,

Between the loud stream and the trem-
bling stars. 215

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruined
folds,

Among the fragments tumbled from
the glens,

Or the dry thickets, I could meet with
her 220

The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleian banquet-hall,

And cast the golden fruit upon the
board,

And bred this change; that I might
speak my mind,

And tell her to her face how much I
hate

Her presence, hated both of gods and
men. 225

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand
times,

In this green valley, under this green
hill,

Even on this hand, and sitting on this
stone?

Sealed it with kisses? watered it with
tears? 230

O happy tears, and how unlike to these!
O happy heaven, how canst thou see my
face?

O happy earth, how canst thou bear my
weight?

O death, death, death, thou ever-float-
ing cloud,

There are enough unhappy on this
earth, 235

Pass by the happy souls, that love to
live;

I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.

Thou weighest heavy on the heart with-
in,

Weigh heavy on my eyelids; let me
die. 240

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more
and more,

Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
 Dead sounds at night come from the
 inmost hills, 245
 Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
 My far-off doubtful purpose, as a
 mother
 Conjectures of the features of her child
 Ere it is born. Her child!—a shudder
 comes
 Across me; never child be born of me, 250
 Unblest, to vex me with his father's
 eyes!

“O mother, hear me yet before I
 die.
 Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
 Lest their shrill happy laughter come
 to me
 Walking the cold and starless road of
 death 255
 Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
 With the Greek woman. I will rise and
 go
 Down into Troy, and ere the stars come
 forth
 Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she
 says
 A fire dances before her, and a sound 260
 Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
 What this may be I know not, but I
 know
 That wheresoe'er I am by night and
 day,
 All earth and air seem only burning
 fire.” (1842)

THE LOTOS-EATERS

“Courage!” he said, and pointed to-
 ward the land,
 “This mounting wave will roll us shore-
 ward soon.”
 In the afternoon they came unto a
 land
 In which it seemed always afternoon.
 All round the coast the languid air did
 swoon, 5

259. *Cassandra*, daughter of King Priam, and vainly beloved of Apollo, who gave her the power of prophecy, but with it the provision that no one should believe her. *The Lotos-Eaters*. The lotus, when eaten, was supposed by the ancients to cause forgetfulness. The land of the Lotos-Eaters was visited by Ulysses during his wanderings from Troy. The Choric Song should be compared with “The Garden of Proserpine” (page 595).

Breathing like one that hath a weary
 dream.
 Full-faced above the valley stood the
 moon;
 And, like a downward smoke, the slender
 stream
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall
 did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a down-
 ward smoke, 10
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn,
 did go;
 And some through wavering lights and
 shadows broke,
 Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam be-
 low.
 They saw the gleaming river seaward
 flow
 From the inner land; far off, three
 mountain-tops, 15
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
 Stood sunset-flushed; and, dewed with
 showery drops,
 Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the
 woven copse.

The charmed sunset lingered low adown
 In the red west; through mountain clefts
 the dale 20
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow
 down
 Bordered with palm, and many a wind-
 ing vale
 And meadow, set with slender galingale;
 A land where all things always seemed
 the same!
 And round about the keel with faces
 pale, 25
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters
 came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted
 stem,
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof
 they gave
 To each, but whoso did receive of them
 And taste, to him the gushing of the
 wave 31
 Far, far away did seem to mourn and
 rave

21. *down*, upland meadow. 23. *galingale*, an aromatic sedge.

On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the
grave;
And deep-asleep he seemed, yet all
awake, 35
And music in his ears his beating heart
did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow
sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the
shore;
And sweet it was to dream of father-
land,
Of child, and wife and slave; but ever-
more 40
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the
oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren
foam.
Then someone said, "We will return no
more";
And all at once they sang, "Our island
home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer
room." 45

CHORIC SONG

I

There is sweet music here that softer
falls
Than petals from blown roses on the
grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between
walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies, 50
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down
from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved
flowers weep, 55
And from the craggy ledge the poppy
hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weighed upon with heavi-
ness,
And utterly consumed with sharp dis-
tress,

While all things else have rest from
weariness?
All things have rest; why should we
toil alone, 60
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown;
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings, 65
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy
balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"—
Why should we only toil, the roof and
crown of things?

III

Lo! in the middle of the wood, 70
The folded leaf is wooed from out the
bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no
care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow 75
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-
mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days 80
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no
toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea. 85
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward
fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will
last? 90
All things are taken from us, and be-
come
Portions and parcels of the dreadful
past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we
have

To war with evil? Is there any peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing
 wave? 95
 All things have rest, and ripen toward
 the grave
 In silence—ripen, fall, and cease.
 Give us long rest or death, dark death,
 or dreamful ease.

v

How sweet it were, hearing the down-
 ward stream,
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem 100
 Falling asleep in a half-dream!
 To dream and dream, like yonder amber
 light,
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on
 the height;
 To hear each other's whispered speech;
 Eating the Lotos day by day, 105
 To watch the crisping ripples on the
 beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy
 spray;
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melan-
 choly;
 To muse and brood and live again in
 memory, 110
 With those old faces of our in-
 fancy
 Heaped over with a mound of
 grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an
 urn of brass!

vi

Dear is the memory of our wedded
 lives,
 And dear the last embraces of our
 wives 115
 And their warm tears; but all hath
 suffered change;
 For surely now our household hearths
 are cold,
 Our sons inherit us, our looks are
 strange,
 And we should come like ghosts to
 trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes over-bold 120
 Have eat our substance, and the min-
 strel sings

Before them of the ten years' war in
 Troy,
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten
 things.

Is there confusion in the little isle?
 Let what is broken so remain. 125
 The gods are hard to reconcile;
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There *is* confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labor unto aged breath, 130
 Sore task to hearts worn out by many
 wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the
 pilot-stars.

vii

But, propped on beds of amaranth and
 moly,
 How sweet—while warm airs lull us,
 blowing lowly—
 With half-dropped eyelid still, 135
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing
 slowly
 His waters from the purple hill—
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave through the thick-
 twined vine— 140
 To watch the emerald-colored water
 falling
 Through many a woven acanthus-
 wreath divine!
 Only to hear and see the far-off spar-
 kling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretched out
 beneath the pine.

viii

The Lotos blooms below the barren
 peak, 145
 The Lotos blows by every winding
 creek;
 All day the wind breathes low with mel-
 lower tone;
 Through every hollow cave and alley
 lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the
 yellow Lotos-dust is blown.

132. *pilot-stars*, stars by which ships were steered; especially the North Star. 133. *amaranth*, a flower of the Elysian Fields. *moly*, a herb mentioned in the *Odyssey*.

We have had enough of action, and of
 motion we, 150
 Rolled to starboard, rolled to lar-
 board, when the surge was seething
 free,
 Where the wallowing monster spouted
 his foam-fountains in the sea.
 Let us swear an oath, and keep it with
 an equal mind,
 In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie
 reclined
 On the hills like gods together, careless
 of mankind. 155
 For they lie beside their nectar, and the
 bolts are hurled
 Far below them in the valleys, and the
 clouds are lightly curled
 Round their golden houses, girdled with
 the gleaming world;
 Where they smile in secret, looking over
 wasted lands,
 Blight and famine, plague and earth-
 quake, roaring deeps and fiery
 sands, 160
 Clanging fights, and flaming towns,
 and sinking ships, and praying
 hands.
 But they smile, they find a music cen-
 tered in a doleful song
 Steaming up, a lamentation and an an-
 cient tale of wrong,
 Like a tale of little meaning though the
 words are strong;
 Chanted from an ill-used race of men
 that cleave the soil, 165
 Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with
 enduring toil,
 Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and
 wine and oil;
 Till they perish and they suffer—some,
 'tis whispered—down in hell
 Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian
 valleys dwell,
 Resting weary limbs at last on beds of
 asphodel. 170
 Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet
 than toil, the shore
 Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind
 and wave and oar;
 Oh, rest ye, brother mariners, we will
 not wander more.

(1842)

170. *asphodel*, a flower of the Elysian Fields.

SAINT AGNES' EVE

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon;
 My breath to heaven like vapor goes;
 May my soul follow soon!
 The shadows of the convent-towers 5
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord.
 Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies, 10
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
 To yonder shining ground;
 As this pale taper's earthly spark, 15
 To yonder argent round;
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee;
 So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be. 20
 Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
 Through all yon starlight keen.
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors; 25
 The flashes come and go;
 All heaven burst her starry floors,
 And strows her lights below,
 And deepens on and up! the gates
 Roll back, and far within 30
 For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin.
 The Sabbaths of Eternity,
 One Sabbath deep and wide—
 A light upon the shining sea— 35
 The Bridegroom with his bride!
 (1837)

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
 The thunders breaking at her feet;
 Above her shook the starry lights;
 She heard the torrents meet.

St. Agnes' Eve. A mystic poem about a nun who
 aspires on the Eve of St. Agnes to be translated to
 heaven, where Christ, the Heavenly Bridegroom of the
 Revelation of St. John, prepares to marry the church,
 his bride, and purify her from sin.

Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights. A patriotic ode
 like those of Horace.

There in her place she did rejoice, 5
 Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,
 But fragments of her mighty voice
 Came rolling on the wind.

Then stepped she down through town
 and field
 To mingle with the human race, 10
 And part by part to men revealed
 The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
 From her isle-altar gazing down,
 Who, Godlike, grasps the triple forks 15
 And, king-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth.
 The wisdom of a thousand years
 Is in them. May perpetual youth
 Keep dry their light from tears; 20

That her fair form may stand and shine,
 Make bright our days and light our
 dreams,
 Turning to scorn with lips divine
 The falsehood of extremes! (1842)

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren
 crags,
 Matched with an aged wife, I mete and
 dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and
 know not me. 5
 I cannot rest from travel. I will drink
 Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
 Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with
 those
 That loved me, and alone; on shore,
 and when
 Through scudding drifts the rainy
 Hyades 10
 Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known; cities of
 men,

15. **triple forks.** Britannia symbolizes her control of the sea by carrying the trident of Neptune.

Ulysses. The last voyage of Ulysses. Once, when he asked the ghost of Tiresias, the seer, whence should come his own death, the seer answered that a peaceful death would come to him from the sea. 10. *Hyades*, a constellation supposed to bring rain.

And manners, climates, councils, gov-
 ernments,
 Myself not least, but honored of them
 all; 15

And drunk delight of battle with my
 peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy
 Troy.

I am a part of all that I have met.
 Yet all experience is an arch where-
 through

Gleams that untraveled world, whose
 margin fades 20

Forever and forever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
 As though to breathe were life. Life
 piled on life

Were all too little, and of one to me 25
 Little remains. But every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something
 more,

A bringer of new things; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard
 myself, 29

And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human
 thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the scepter and the
 isle—

Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill 35
 This labor, by slow prudence to make
 mild

A rugged people, and through soft de-
 grees

Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centered in the
 sphere

Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I
 mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs
 her sail;

There gloom the dark broad seas. My
 mariners; 45

Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and
 thought with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and op-
 posed

Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I
 are old;
 Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
 Death closes all. But something ere the
 end, 51
 Some work of noble note, may yet be
 done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with
 gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the
 rocks;
 The long day wanes; the slow moon
 climbs; the deep 55
 Moans round with many voices. Come,
 my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order
 smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose
 holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die. 61
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us
 down
 It may be we shall touch the Happy
 Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we
 knew.
 Though much is taken, much abides;
 and though 65
 We are not now that strength which in
 old days
 Moved earth and heaven, that which
 we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong
 in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to
 yield. (1842)

THE POET'S SONG

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
 He passed by the town and out of the
 street;
 A light wind blew from the gates of
 the sun,
 And waves of shadow went over the
 wheat;
 And he sat him down in a lonely place, 5
 And chanted a melody loud and sweet,

That made the wild-swan pause in her
 cloud,
 And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopped as he hunted the
 fly,
 The snake slipped under a spray, 10
 The wild hawk stood with the down on
 his beak,
 And stared, with his foot on the prey;
 And the nightingale thought, "I have
 sung many songs,
 But never a one so gay,
 For he sings of what the world will be 15
 When the years have died away."
(1842)

LYRICS FROM THE PRINCESS

AS THROUGH THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT

As through the land at eve we went,
 And plucked the ripened ears,
 We fell out, my wife and I,
 Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
 And kissed again with tears. 5
 And blessings on the falling out
 That all the more endears,
 When we fall out with those we love
 And kiss again with tears!
 For when we came where lies the child
 We lost in other years, 11
 There above the little grave,
 Oh, there above the little grave,
 We kissed again with tears.

THE SPLENDOR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS

The splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
 flying, 5
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
 dying, dying.

Oh, hark, oh, hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens reply-
ing, 11
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul, 15
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dy-
ing, dying.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

Tears, idle tears, I know not what
they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine de-
spair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no
more. 5

Fresh as the first beam glittering on
a sail,
That brings our friends up from the
underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the
verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no
more. 10

Ah, sad and strange as in dark sum-
mer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmer-
ing square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no
more. 15

Dear as remembered kisses after
death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy
feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all re-
gret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no
more. 20

THY VOICE IS HEARD

Thy voice is heard through rolling
drums
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands.
A moment, while the trumpets blow, 5
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and
thee.

ASK ME NO MORE

Ask me no more. The moon may draw
the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and
take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of
cape;
But O too fond, when have I answered
thee?
Ask me no more. 5

Ask me no more. What answer should
I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye;
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee
die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee
live;
Ask me no more. 10

Ask me no more. Thy fate and mine
are sealed;
I strove against the stream and all in
vain;
Let the great river take me to the
main.
No more, dear love, for at a touch I
yield;
Ask me no more.

NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now
the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace
walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry
font.
The firefly wakens. Waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock
 like a ghost, 5
 And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the
 stars,
 And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and
 leaves 9
 A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness
 up,
 And slips into the bosom of the lake;
 So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and
 slip
 Into my bosom and be lost in me.

COME DOWN, O MAID

Come down, O maid, from yonder moun-
 tain height.
 What pleasure lives in height (the shep-
 herd sang),
 In height and cold, the splendor of the
 hills?
 But cease to move so near the heavens,
 and cease
 To glide a sunbeam by the blasted
 pine, 5
 To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
 And come, for Love is of the valley,
 come,
 For Love is of the valley, come thou
 down
 And find him; by the happy threshold,
 he,
 Or hand in hand with Plenty in the
 maize, 10
 Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
 Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to
 walk
 With Death and Morning on the silver
 horns,
 Nor wilt thou snare him in the white
 ravine,
 Nor find him dropped upon the firths
 of ice, 15
 That huddling slant in furrow-cloven
 falls

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal. 7. **Danaë**, a paramour
 of Jupiter, to whom he came as a shower of gold.
Come Down, O Maid. A poem written in the manner of
 a Greek pastoral. 15. **firth**, a narrow arm of the sea.

To roll the torrent out of dusky doors.
 But follow; let the torrent dance thee
 down
 To find him in the valley; let the wild
 Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and
 leave 20
 The monstrous ledges there to slope,
 and spill
 Their thousands wreaths of dangling
 water-smoke,
 That like a broken purpose waste in air.
 So waste not thou; but come; for all
 the vales
 Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth 25
 Arise to thee; the children call, and I
 Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every
 sound,
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is
 sweet;
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying through
 the lawn,
 The moan of doves in immemorial
 elms, 30
 And murmuring of innumerable bees.
 (1850)

FROM IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII

PROEM

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
 Whom we, that have not seen thy
 face,
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
 Believing where we cannot prove;
 Thine are these orbs of light and shade; 5
 Thou madest life in man and brute;
 Thou madest death; and lo, thy foot
 Is on the skull which thou hast made.
 Thou wilt not leave us in the dust: 9
 Thou madest man, he knows not why,
 He thinks he was not made to die;
 And thou hast made him; thou art just.
 Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou.

In Memoriam. Written in memory of Tennyson's
 dearest friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, who died in
 Vienna, September 15, 1833. It is an embodiment of
 Victorian idealism, which was already waning in the
 new age of industry and science.

Our wills are ours, we know not how; 15
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than
they. 20

We have but faith; we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell; 26
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear. 30
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me,
What seemed my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man, 35
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved. 40

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

I

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years 5
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be
drowned;
Let darkness keep her raven gloss. 10

Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with Death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
"Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn." 16

IX

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
Saiest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn 5
In vain; a favorable speed
Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead
Through prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, through early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks. 12

Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the
prow;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love; 18

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widowed race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me. 20

X

I hear the noise about thy keel;
I hear the bell struck in the night;
I see the cabin-window bright;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife, 5
And traveled men from foreign lands;
And letters unto trembling hands;
And, thy dark freight, a vanished life.

So bring him; we have idle dreams;
This look of quiet flatters thus 10
Our home-bred fancies, O to us,
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

IX. 1. *Fair ship*, an allusion to the ship which carried the body of Hallam to England. 10. *Phosphor*, the morning star.

To rest beneath the clover sod,
That takes the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God, 16

Than if with thee the roaring wells
Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine;
And hands so often clasped in mine,
Should toss with tangle and with
shells. 20

XI

Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only through the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground;

Calm and deep peace on this high wold, 5
And on these dews that drench the
furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold;

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn
bowers, 10
And crowded farms and lessening
towers,
To mingle with the bounding main.

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart, if calm at all, 15
If any calm, a calm despair.

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in
rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving
deep. 20

XII

Lo, as a dove when up she springs
To bear through heaven a tale of woe,
Some dolorous message knit below
The wild pulsation of her wings;

Like her I go; I cannot stay; 5
I leave this mortal ark behind,
A weight of nerves without a mind,
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
And reach the glow of southern skies,

And see the sails at distance rise, 11
And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying: "Comes he thus, my friend?
Is this the end of all my care?"
And circle moaning in the air: 15
"Is this the end? Is this the end?"

And forward dart again, and play
About the prow, and back return
To where the body sits, and learn
That I have been an hour away. 20

XLIV

How fares it with the happy dead?
For here the man is more and more;
But he forgets the days before
God shut the doorways of his head.

The days have vanished, tone and
tint, 5
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense
Gives out at times (he knows not
whence)
A little flash, a mystic hint;

And in the long harmonious years
(If Death so taste Lethean springs), 10
May some dim touch of earthly things
Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

If such a dreamy touch should fall,
O turn thee round, resolve the doubt;
My guardian angel will speak out, 15
In that high place, and tell thee all.

XLV

The baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is prest
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that "this is I":

But as he grows he gathers much, 5
And learns the use of "I," and "me,"
And finds "I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch."

So rounds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may be-
gin, 10

XLIV. 10. *Lethean*. Whoever drank from the
River Lethe in the Grecian Hades forgot all the past.

As through the frame that binds him
in
His isolation grows defined.

This use may lie in blood and breath,
Which else were fruitless of their due,
Had man to learn himself anew 15
Beyond the second birth of Death.

XLVI

We ranging down this lower track,
The path we came by, thorn and
flower,
Is shadowed by the growing hour,
Lest life should fail in looking back.

So be it. There no shade can last 5
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
But clear from marge to marge shall
bloom
The eternal landscape of the past;

A lifelong tract of time revealed;
The fruitful hours of still increase; 10
Days ordered in a wealthy peace,
And those five years its richest field.

O love, thy province were not large,
A bounded field, nor stretching far;
Look also, Love, a brooding star, 15
A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

XLVII

That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing
all

The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet 5
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good. 10
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away, 14
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
"Farewell! We lose ourselves in light."

XLVIII

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers here pro-
posed,
Then these were such as men might
scorn.

Her care is not to part and prove; 5
She takes, when harsher moods remit,
What slender shade of doubt may flit,
And makes it vassal unto love.

And hence, indeed, she sports with
words,
But better serves a wholesome law, 10
And holds it sin and shame to draw
The deepest measure from the chords.

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
But rather loosens from the lip
Short swallow-flights of song, that
dip 15
Their wings in tears, and skim away.

XLIX

From art, from nature, from the schools,
Let random influences glance,
Like light in many a shivered lance
That breaks about the dappled pools.

The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,
The fancy's tenderest eddy wreath, 6
The slightest air of song shall breathe
To make the sullen surface crisp.

And look thy look, and go thy way,
But blame not thou the winds that
make 10
The seeming-wanton ripple break,
The tender-penciled shadow play.

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears
Aye me, the sorrow deepens down,
Whose muffled motions blindly drown
The bases of my life in tears. 16

L

Be near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves
prick

And tingle; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame 5
Is racked with pangs that conquer
trust;

And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring, 10
That lay their eggs, and sting and
sing
And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,
To point the term of human strife,
And on the low dark verge of life 15
The twilight of eternal day.

LI

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove, 5
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame
And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue
Shall love be blamed for want of
faith? 10
There must be wisdom with great
Death;
The dead shall look me through and
through.

Be near us when we climb or fall.
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger other eyes than ours, 15
To make allowance for us all.

LII

I cannot love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing beloved;
My words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.

"Yet blame not thou thy plaintive
song," 5

The spirit of true love replied;
"Thou canst not move me from thy
side,
Nor human frailty do me wrong.

"What keeps a spirit wholly true
To that ideal which he bears? 10
What record? Not the sinless years
That breathed beneath the Syrian
blue.

"So fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dashed with flecks of
sin.
Abide; thy wealth is gathered in, 15
When Time hath sundered shell from
pearl."

LIII

How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and green.

And dare we to this fancy give, 5
That had the wild oat not been sown,
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live?

Or, if we held the doctrine sound
For life outliving heats of youth, 10
Yet who would preach it as a truth
To those that eddy round and round?

Hold thou the good; define it well;
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and
be 15
Procureess to the Lords of Hell.

LIV

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet; 5
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile com-
plete;

LII. 11-12. *sinless years . . . Syrian blue, etc.,*
alluding to Christ.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
 That not a moth with vain desire 10
 Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all, 15
 And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream. But what am I?
 An infant crying in the night;
 An infant crying for the light; 20
 And with no language but a cry.

LV

The wish, that of the living whole
 No life may fail beyond the grave,
 Derives it not from what we have
 The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife, 5
 That Nature lends such evil dreams?
 So careful of the type she seems,
 So careless of the single life,

That I, considering everywhere
 Her secret meaning in her deeds, 10
 And finding that of fifty seeds
 She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
 And falling with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs 15
 That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope. 20

LVI

"So careful of the type?" but no.
 From scarpéd cliff and quarried stone
 She cries, "A thousand types are
 gone.

I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me; 5
 I bring to life, I bring to death;
 The spirit does but mean the breath.
 I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
 Such splendid purpose in his eyes, 10
 Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,
 Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
 And love Creation's final law—
 Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
 With ravine, shrieked against his
 creed— 16

Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
 Who battled for the True, the Just,
 Be blown about the desert dust,
 Or sealed within the iron hills? 20

No more? A monster then, a dream,
 A discord. Dragons of the prime,
 That tare each other in their slime,
 Were mellow music matched with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail! 25
 O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
 What hope of answer, or redress?
 Behind the veil, behind the veil.

CVI

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light;
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, 5
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor; 11
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life, 15
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rimes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in. 20

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right;
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; 25
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand; 30
 Ring out the darkness of the land.
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CXIV

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall
 rail
 Against her beauty? May she mix
 With men and prosper! Who shall
 fix
 Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire; 5
 She sets her forward countenance
 And leaps into the future chance,
 Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
 She cannot fight the fear of death. 10
 What is she, cut from love and faith,
 But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of demons? fiery-hot to burst
 All barriers in her onward race
 For power. Let her know her place;
 She is the second, not the first. 16

A higher hand must make her mild,
 If all be not in vain, and guide
 Her footsteps, moving side by side
 With Wisdom, like the younger child; 20

For she is earthly of the mind,
 But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
 O friend, who camest to thy goal
 So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
 Who grewest not alone in power 26
 And knowledge, but by year and hour
 In reverence and in charity.

CXIV. 12. *Pallas*. Athena sprang full grown from the head of Zeus.

CXXXV

Whatever I have said or sung,
 Some bitter notes my harp would
 give,
 Yea, though there often seemed to live
 A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth; 5
 She did but look through dimmer
 eyes;
 Or Love but played with gracious
 lies,
 Because he felt so fixed in truth.

And if the song were full of care,
 He breathed the spirit of the song; 10
 And if the words were sweet and
 strong
 He set his royal signet there;

Abiding with me till I sail
 To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
 And this electric force, that keeps 15
 A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

CXXXVI

Love is and was my lord and king,
 And in his presence I attend
 To hear the tidings of my friend,
 Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my king and lord, 5
 And will be, though as yet I keep
 Within his court on earth, and sleep
 Encompassed by his faithful guard,

And here at times a sentinel
 Who moves about from place to
 place, 10
 And whispers to the worlds of space,
 In the deep night, that all is well.

CXXXVII

And all is well, though faith and form
 Be sundered in the night of fear;
 Well roars the storm to those that
 hear
 A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread, 5
 And justice, ev'n though thrice again

The red fool-fury of the Seine
Should pile her barricades with dead.

But ill for him that wears a crown,
And him, the lazar, in his rags. 10
They tremble, the sustaining crags;
The spires of ice are toppled down,

And molten up, and roar in flood;
The fortress crashes from on high,
The brute earth lightens to the
sky, 15
And the great Æon sinks in blood,

And compassed by the fires of hell;
While thou, dear spirit, happy star,
O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,
And smilest, knowing all is well. 20

CXXVIII

The love that rose on stronger wings,
Unpalsied when he met with Death,
Is comrade of the lesser faith
That sees the course of human things.

No doubt vast eddies in the flood 5
Of onward time shall yet be made,
And thronéd races may degrade;
Yet O ye mysteries of good,

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear,
If all your office had to do 10
With old results that look like new;
If this were all your mission here,

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,
To fool the crowd with glorious
lies,
To cleave a creed in sects and cries, 15
To change the bearing of a word,

To shift an arbitrary power,
To cramp the student at his desk,
To make old bareness picturesque
And tuft with grass a feudal tower, 20

Why then my scorn might well descend
On you and yours. I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil coöperant to an end.

(1850)

CXXVII. 7. The red fool-fury, etc., alluding to the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848 in Paris. 16. Æon, age.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE
DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation;
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a
mighty nation;
Mourning when their leaders fall, 5
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Where shall we lay the man whom we
deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for, 11
Echo round his bones for evermore.

Lead out the pageant; sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go, 15
And let the sorrowing crowd about it
grow,
And let the mournful martial music
blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the
past. 20
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute!
Mourn for the man of long-enduring
blood,

The statesman warrior, moderate, reso-
lute, 25
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretense,
Great in council and great in war. 30
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

O good gray head which all men knew, 35
O voice from which their omens all men
drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. Wellington died in 1852 and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. In the sixth stanza, as the procession approaches the Cathedral, Nelson, already buried there, welcomes the great general.

O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds
that blew!

Such was he whom we deplore. 40
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be
seen no more.

All is over and done.
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son. 45
Let the bell be tolled.

Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mold.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river, 50
There he shall rest forever
Among the wise and the bold.

Let the bell be tolled,
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds. 55
Bright let it be with its blazoned deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.

Let the bell be tolled,
And a deeper knell in the heart be
knolled;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem
rolled 60

Through the dome of the golden cross;
And the volleying cannon thunder his
loss;

He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom,
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom. 66
When he with those deep voices wrought
Guarding realms and kings from shame,
With those deep voices our dead cap-
tain taught

The tyrant, and asserts his claim 70
In that dread sound to the great name
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-tempered frame.

O civic muse, to such a name, 75
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song!

"Who is he that cometh, like an hon-
ored guest, 80
With banner and with music, with sol-
dier and with priest,

With a nation weeping, and breaking
on my rest?"—

Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou
famous man, 85
The greatest sailor since our world be-
gan.

Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he

Was great by land as thou by sea. 90
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
Oh, give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;

For this is England's greatest son, 95
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away

Against the myriads of Assaye
Clashed with his fiery few and won; 100
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,

Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labored rampart-lines, 105
Where he greatly stood at bay,

Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines

Back to France her banded swarms, 110
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew

Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Followed up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamor of men, 115
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,

And England pouring on her foes,
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing
wings, 120

And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron
crown

On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler
down;

A day of onsets of despair!
Dashed on every rocky square, 125

99. *Assaye*, an Indian victory (1803) of Wellington.
103. *Lisbon*, the base of Wellington's Peninsular Cam-
paigns against Napoleon (1809-1811). 123. *Sabbath*.
Waterloo was fought on Sunday, June 18, 1815.

Their surging charges foamed themselves away;
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
 Through the long-tormented air
 Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and
 overthrew. 130

So great a soldier taught us there
 What long-enduring hearts could do
 In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
 Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven
 guile, 135

O savior of the silver-coasted isle,
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit among things divine,
 If love of country move thee there at
 all, 140

Be glad, because his bones are laid by
 thine!

And through the centuries let a people's
 voice

In full acclaim,
 A people's voice,
 The proof and echo of all human fame,
 A people's voice, when they rejoice 146
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
 Eternal honor to his name. 150

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
 Though all men else their nobler dreams
 forget,

Confused by brainless mobs and lawless
 Powers,

Thank Him who isled us here, and
 roughly set

His Briton in blown seas and storming
 showers, 155

We have a voice with which to pay the
 debt

Of boundless love and reverence and
 regret

To those great men who fought, and
 kept it ours.

And keep it ours, O God, from brute
 control!

O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye,
 the soul 160

Of Europe, keep our noble England
 whole,

And save the one true seed of freedom
 sown

Betwixt a people and their ancient
 throne,

That sober freedom out of which there
 springs

Our loyal passion for our temperate
 kings! 165

For, saving that, ye help to save man-
 kind

Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march
 of mind,

Till crowds at length be sane and crowns
 be just.

But wink no more in slothful over-
 trust. 170

Remember him who led your hosts;
 He bade you guard the sacred coasts.

Your cannons molder on the seaward
 wall;

His voice is silent in your council-hall
 Forever; and whatever tempests lour 175

Forever silent; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent; yet remember all

He spoke among you, and the Man who
 spoke;

Who never sold the truth to serve the
 hour,

Nor paltered with Eternal God for
 power; 180

Who let the turbid streams of rumor
 flow

Through either babbling world of high
 and low;

Whose life was work, whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life;

Who never spoke against a foe; 185

Whose eighty winters freeze with one
 rebuke

All great self-seekers trampling on the
 right.

Truth-teller was our England's Alfred
 named;

Truth-lover was our English Duke!

Whatever record leap to light 190

He never shall be shamed.

Lo! the leader in these glorious wars
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
 Followed by the brave of other lands,
 He, on whom from both her open hands

127. *Prussian trumpet.* Blücher brought up reinforcements which enabled Wellington to win Waterloo.
 137. *Baltic and Nile,* two of Nelson's naval victories.

Lavish Honor showered all her stars, 196
And affluent Fortune emptied all her
horn.

Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great
But as he saves or serves the state. 200
Not once or twice in our rough island-
story

The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle burst-
ing 206

Into glossy purples, which out-redden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story
The path of duty was the way to
glory. 210

He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and
hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light
has won

His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty
scaled 215
Are close upon the shining table lands
To which our God himself is moon and
sun.

Such was he; his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand 220
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman
pure;

Till in all lands and through all human
story
The path of duty be the way to glory.
And let the land whose hearths he saved
from shame 225

For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illuminated cities
flame,

Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honor, honor, honor, honor to
him, 230
Eternal honor to his name.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmolded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see.
Peace, it is a day of pain 235

For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung.
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one upon whose hand and heart and
brain 239

Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere; 245

We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane. 250

We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo, 257
And victor he must ever be.

For though the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore 260
Make and break, and work their will,
Though world on world in myriad
myriads roll

Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul? 265
On God and Godlike men we build our
trust.

Hush, the Dead March wails in the
people's ears;

The dark crowd moves, and there are
sobs and tears;

The black earth yawns; the mortal dis-
appears;

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; 270

He is gone who seemed so great.—
Gone, but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him

Something far advanced in state, 275
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave
him.

Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him, 280
God accept him, Christ receive him!

(1852, 1855)

HANDS ALL ROUND

First pledge our Queen this solemn
night,
Then drink to England, every
guest;

That man's the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.
May Freedom's oak forever live 5
With stronger life from day to day;
That man's the true Conservative
Who lops the moldered branch a-
way.

Hands all round!

God the traitor's hope confound! 10
To this great cause of Freedom drink,
my friends,
And the great name of England,
round and round.

To all the loyal hearts who long
To keep our English Empire whole!
To all our noble sons, the strong, 15
New England of the Southern Pole!
To England under Indian skies,
To those dark millions of her realm!
To Canada, whom we love and prize,
Whatever statesman hold the helm. 20

Hands all round!

God the traitor's hope confound!
To this great name of England drink,
my friends,
And all her glorious empire, round
and round.

To all our statesmen so they be 25
True leaders of the land's desire!
To both our Houses, may they see
Beyond the borough and the
shire!

We sailed wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty state; 30
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great!

Hands all round!

God the traitor's hope confound!
To this great cause of Freedom drink,
my friends, 35
And the great name of England,
round and round.

(1852, 1882)

Hands All Round. Written in honor of Queen Victoria's birthday, in 1852. 27. *Houses*, the houses of Parliament.

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down, 5
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river, 10
For men may come and men may
go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays, 15
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow. 20

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out, 25
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel 30
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go, 35
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers. 40

7. *thorps*, villages.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars 45
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars,
 I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river, 50
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever. (1855)

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD

FROM MAUD

Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, Night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted
 abroad, 5
 And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she
 loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky, 10
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon;
 All night has the casement jessamine
 stirred 15
 To the dancers dancing in tune;
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
 With whom she has heart to be gay. 20
 When will the dancers leave her alone?"

Come into the Garden, Maud. Maud is a lyric monodrama of love, composed of lyrics reflecting the emotions of a brooding and fearful lover. The first lyric given here reflects the emotions of the lover as he sees Maud at a dance, to which he has not been invited, dancing with his rival, a young lord,

She is weary of dance and play."
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,
 And half to the rising day;
 Low on the sand and loud on the stone 25
 The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
 In babble and revel and wine.
 O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
 For one that will never be thine? 30
 But mine, but mine," so I sware to the
 rose,
 "Forever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my
 blood,
 As the music clashed in the hall;
 And long by the garden lake I stood, 35
 For I heard your rivulet fall
 From the lake to the meadow and on to
 the wood,
 Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left
 so sweet
 That whenever a March-wind sighs 40
 He sets the jewel-print of your feet
 In violets blue as your eyes,
 To the woody hollows in which we meet
 And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake 45
 One long milk-bloom on the tree;
 The white lake-blossom fell into the
 lake,
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
 But the rose was awake all night for
 your sake,
 Knowing your promise to me; 50
 The lilies and roses were all awake,
 They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of
 girls,
 Come hither, the dances are done,
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, 55
 Queen lily and rose in one;
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with
 curls,
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate. 60
 She is coming, my dove, my dear;

She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is
near";

And the white rose weeps, "She is
late";

The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear";⁶⁵
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;⁷⁰
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

(1855)

O THAT 'TWERE POSSIBLE

FROM MAUD

O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again! . . .

A shadow flits before me,⁵
Not thou, but like to thee.
Ah, Christ! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell
us

What and where they be! (1855)

MILTON

*(ALCAICS)

O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,

O skilled to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for
ages:

Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,⁵
Starred from Jehovah's gorgeous armories,

Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean
Rings to the roar of an angel onset!

Me rather all that bowery loneliness,

*A stanza named after Alcaeus, a Greek lyric poet of the sixth century, B.C.

The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,¹⁰

And bloom profuse and cedar arches
Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
Where some refulgent sunset of India
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean,
isle,

And crimson-hued the stately palm-
woods¹⁵

Whisper in odorous heights of even.
(1863)

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED
WALL

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my
hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in
all,⁵
I should know what God and man is.
(1869)

TO VERGIL

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE MAN-
TUANS FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
OF VERGIL'S DEATH

Roman Vergil, thou that singest Ilion's
lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising, wars, and
filial faith, and Dido's pyre;

Landscape-lover, lord of language more
than he that sang the "Works
and Days,"

All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out
from many a golden phrase;

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
tilth and vineyard, hive and horse
and herd;⁵

All the charm of all the Muses often
flowering in a lonely word;

To Vergil. 1. *Ilion*, Troy. 2. *Dido's pyre*. When Aeneas sailed away to Italy, Dido committed suicide. Tennyson refers in this stanza to the *Aeneid*. 3. *Works and Days*, a Greek poem on farming by Hesiod (seventh century, B.C.). 5. *singest wheat*, etc., referring to Vergil's poems on farming, the *Georgics*.

Poet of the happy Tityrus piping under-
neath his beechen bowers;

Poet of the poet-satyr whom the laugh-
ing shepherd bound with flowers;

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying in the
blissful years again to be,

Summers of the snakeless meadow, un-
laborious earth and oarless sea; 10

Thou that seest Universal Nature
moved by Universal Mind;

Thou majestic in thy sadness at the
doubtful doom of human kind;

Light among the vanished ages; star
that gildest yet this phantom
shore;

Golden branch amid the shadows, kings
and realms that pass to rise no
more;

Now thy Forum roars no longer, fallen
every purple Cæsar's dome— 15

Though thine ocean-roll of rhythm
sound forever of Imperial Rome—

Now the Rome of slaves hath perished,
and the Rome of freemen holds her
place,

I, from out the northern island sun-
dered once from all the human race,

I salute thee, Mantovano, I that loved
thee since my day began,

Wielder of the stateliest measure ever
molded by the lips of man.

(1882)

FAR—FAR—AWAY

(FOR MUSIC)

What sight so lured him through the
fields he knew

As where earth's green stole into heav-
en's own hue,

Far—far—away?

7. *Tityrus*, a shepherd in Vergil's *Eclogues*. 9. *Pollio*, a friend of Vergil to whom he dedicated the Fourth Eclogue with its prophecy of the return of the Golden Age. 19. *Mantovano*. Vergil came from Mantua.
Far—Far—Away. Cf. "Voices" (page 628).

What sound was dearest in his native
dells?

The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells
Far—far—away. 6

What vague world-whisper, mystic pain
or joy,

Through those three words would haunt
him when a boy,
Far—far—away?

A whisper from his dawn of life? a
breath 10

From some fair dawn beyond the doors
of death

Far—far—away?

Far, far, how far? From o'er the gates of
birth,

The faint horizons, all the bounds of
earth,

Far—far—away? 15

What charm in words, a charm no words
could give?

O dying words, can Music make you live
Far—far—away? (1889)

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the
bar,

When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam, 6

When that which drew from out the
boundless deep

Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,

And after that the dark! 10

And may there be no sadness of fare-
well,

When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of
Time and Place

The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face 15

When I have crossed the bar. (1889)

*ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)

OVER THE SEA
OUR GALLEYS WENT

FROM PARACELSUS†

Over the sea our galleys went,
With cleaving prows in order brave
To a speeding wind and a bounding
wave—

A gallant armament;
Each bark built out of a forest-tree 5
Left leafy and rough as first it grew,
And nailed all over the gaping sides,
Within and without, with black bull-
hides,

Seethed in fat and suppled in flame,
To bear the playful billows' game; 10
So, each good ship was rude to see,
Rude and bare to the outward view,

But each upbore a stately tent
Where cedar pales in scented row
Kept out the flakes of the dancing
brine, 15

And an awning drooped the mast below
In fold on fold of the purple fine,
That neither noontide nor star-shine
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,
Might pierce the regal tenement. 20

When the sun dawned, oh, gay and glad
We set the sail and plied the oar;
But when the night-wind blew like
breath,

For joy of one day's voyage more,
We sang together on the wide sea, 25
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore;
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,
Each helm made sure by the twilight
star,

*See headnote on Browning, page 290. His energetic and hopeful spirit impelled him to search for the meaning of life. To him love ruled the universe, and on earth two of its channels were power and knowledge. But Browning made his search inductively, by portraying important crises in the lives of individuals. Besides developing the dramatic monologue, which is a blend of the lyric, the narrative, and the dramatic, he wrote many beautiful lyric poems, some of the loveliest of which are addressed to Mrs. Browning.

†Paracelsus (1493-1541) was a medieval physician, scientist, and astrologer, who made many medical and chemical discoveries highly valued by modern science. Browning makes him the incarnation of the soul struggling to obtain wisdom, and going astray because he neglected the power of love. The lyric here given embodies the supposed experience of some Greek colonists, who placed their most beautiful statues, representing their ideals, on a barren rock, because they did not persist quite long enough in their search for a more suitable shrine. Cf. "The Explorer" (page 609).

And in a sleep as calm as death,
We, the voyagers from afar, 30
Lay stretched along, each weary crew
In a circle round its wondrous tent
Whence gleamed soft light and curled
rich scent,

And with light and perfume, music,
too.
So the stars wheeled round, and the
darkness past, 35
And at morn we started beside the mast,
And still each ship was sailing fast.

Now, one morn, land appeared—a speck
Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky—
"Avoid it," cried our pilot, "check 40
The shout, restrain the eager eye!"

But the heaving sea was black behind
For many a night and many a day,
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh;
So we broke the cedar pales away, 45
Let the purple awning flap in the wind,
And a statue bright was on every
deck!

We shouted, every man of us,
And steered right into the harbor thus,
With pomp and paean glorious. 50

A hundred shapes of lucid stone!

All day we built its shrine for each,
A shrine of rock for every one,
Nor paused till in the westering sun
We sat together on the beach 55

To sing because our task was done;
When lo! what shouts and merry songs!
What laughter all the distance stirs!
A loaded raft with happy throngs
Of gentle islanders! 60

"Our isles are just at hand," they cried,
"Like cloudlets faint in even sleeping;
Our temple-gates are opened wide,

Our olive-groves thick shade are keep-
ing

For these majestic forms"—they cried.
Oh, then we awoke with sudden start 66
From our deep dream, and knew, too
late,

How bare the rock, how desolate,
Which had received our precious freight.

Yet we called out—"Depart! 70
Our gifts, once given, must here abide;
Our work is done; we have no heart
To mar our work"—we cried.

(1835)

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

*FROM PIPPA PASSES

The year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hillside's dew-pearled;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn;
 God's in his heaven—
 All's right with the world!

5

YOU'LL LOVE ME YET

FROM PIPPA PASSES

You'll love me yet!—and I can tarry
 Your love's protracted growing;
 June reared that bunch of flowers you
 carry,
 From seeds of April's sowing.

I plant a heartful now: some seed 5
 At least is sure to strike,
 And yield—what you'll not pluck
 indeed,
 Not love, but, may be, like.

You'll look at least on love's remains,
 A grave's one violet. 10
 Your look?—that pays a thousand
 pains.
 What's death? You'll love me yet!
 (1841)

THE MOTH'S KISS, FIRST!

FROM IN A GONDOLA

The moth's kiss, first!
 Kiss me as if you made believe
 You were not sure, this eve,
 How my face, your flower, had pursed
 Its petals up; so, here and there 5
 You brush it, till I grow aware
 Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.

The bee's kiss, now!
 Kiss me as if you entered gay

**Pippa Passes* is a lyric drama in which a poor little factory worker of Asolo, a village near Venice, spends her one day a year of vacation in imagining what she would do were she in the place of four great people in Asolo. As she passes by their houses, she sings a song expressive of what she would think and do if she were each.
You'll Love Me Yet. Sung by a girl whom Pippa meets.
 Cf. "As Through the Land at Eve We Went" (page 531).

My heart at some noonday, 10
 A bud that dares not disallow
 The claim, so all is rendered up,
 And passively its shattered cup
 Over your head to sleep I bow.
 (1843)

THERE'S A WOMAN LIKE A
DEWDROP

FROM A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON

There's a woman like a dewdrop, she's
 so purer than the purest;
 And her noble heart's the noblest, yes,
 and her sure faith's the surest;
 And her eyes are dark and humid, like
 the depth on depth of luster
 Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses,
 sunnier than the wild-grape cluster,
 Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her
 neck's rose-misted marble. 5
 Then her voice's music . . . call it the
 well's bubbling, the bird's warble!
 And this woman says, "My days were
 sunless and my nights were moon-
 less,
 Parched the pleasant April herbage, and
 the lark's heart's outbreak tune-
 less,
 If you loved me not!" And I who—(ah,
 for words of flame!) adore her,
 Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate
 palpably before her— 10
 I may enter at her portal soon, as now
 her lattice takes me,
 And by noontide as by midnight make
 her mine, as hers she makes me!
 (1843)

THE LOST LEADER

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
 Found the one gift of which fortune be-
 reft us,
 Lost all the others she lets us devote;
 They, with the gold to give, doled him
 out silver, 5

The Lost Leader. Title. Browning had Wordsworth in mind as the type of lost leader; in his middle age Wordsworth changed from a radical to a conservative,

So much was theirs who so little al-
 lowed.
 How all our copper had gone for his
 service!
 Rags—were they purple, his heart
 had been proud!
 We that had loved him so, followed him,
 honored him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent
 eye, 10
 Learned his great language, caught his
 clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to
 die!
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for
 us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us—they
 watch from their graves!
 He alone breaks from the van and the
 freemen 15
 —He alone sinks to the rear and the
 slaves!
 We shall march prospering—not
 through his presence;
 Songs may inspirit us—not from his
 lyre;
 Deeds will be done—while he boasts
 his quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest
 bade aspire. 20
 Blot out his name, then, record one lost
 soul more,
 One task more declined, one more
 footpath untrod,
 One more devils'-triumph and sorrow
 for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more
 insult to God!
 Life's night begins; let him never come
 back to us! 25
 There would be doubt, hesitation, and
 pain,
 Forced praise on our part—the glimmer
 of twilight,
 Never glad confident morning again!
 Best fight on well, for we taught him—
 strike gallantly,
 Menace our heart ere we master his
 own; 30
 Then let him receive the new knowledge
 and wait us,
 Pardoned in heaven, the first by the
 throne!

(1845)

MEETING AT NIGHT

The gray sea and the long black land;
 And the yellow half-moon large and low;
 And the startled little waves that leap
 In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
 As I gain the cove with pushing prow, 5
 And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
 Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
 A tap at the pane, the quick sharp
 scratch
 And blue spurt of a lighted match, 10
 And a voice less loud, through its joys
 and fears,
 Than the two hearts beating each to
 each! (1845)

PARTING AT MORNING

Round the cape of a sudden came the
 sea,
 And the sun looked over the mountain's
 rim:
 And straight was a path of gold for him,
 And the need of a world of men for me.
 (1845)

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM
ABROAD

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-
 wood sheaf 5
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard
 bough
 In England—now!
 And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the
 swallows! 10
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree
 in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the
 clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent
 spray's edge—

That's the wise thrush; he sings each
 song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could
 recapture 15
 The first fine careless rapture!
 And though the fields look rough with
 hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's
 dower
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-
 flower. (1845)

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the
 northwest died away;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red,
 reeking into Cadiz Bay;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in
 face Trafalgar lay;
 In the dimmest northeast distance
 dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
 "Here and here did England help me;
 how can I help England?"—say,
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to
 God to praise and pray, 6
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent
 over Africa. (1845)

MY STAR

All that I know
 Of a certain star
 Is, it can throw
 (Like the angled spar)
 Now a dart of red, 5
 Now a dart of blue,
 Till my friends have said
 They would fain see, too,
 My star that dartles the red and the
 blue!
 Then it stops like a bird; like a flower,
 hangs furled. 10
 They must solace themselves with
 the Saturn above it.

Home Thoughts, from the Sea. Written, in 1845, while on a ship in the Mediterranean. The places named witnessed some of the most glorious scenes of English valor, centering around the career of Nelson.

My Star. Mrs. Browning is meant. 3. *can throw*, etc. Crystals of Iceland spar refract light as any prism would do.

What matter to me if their star is a
 world?
 Mine has opened its soul to me; there-
 fore I love it. (1855)

TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA

I wonder do you feel today
 As I have felt since, hand in hand,
 We sat down on the grass, to stray
 In spirit better through the land,
 This morn of Rome and May? 5

For me, I touched a thought I know
 Has tantalized me many times,
 (Like turns of thread the spiders throw
 Mocking across our path) for rimes
 To catch at and let go. 10

Help me to hold it! First it left
 The yellowing fennel, run to seed
 There, branching from the brickwork's
 cleft,
 Some old tomb's ruin; yonder weed
 Took up the floating weft, 15

Where one small orange cup amassed
 Five beetles—blind and green they
 grope
 Among the honey-meal: and last,
 Everywhere on the grassy slope
 I traced it. Hold it fast! 20

The campaign with its endless fleece
 Of feathery grasses everywhere!
 Silence and passion, joy and peace,
 An everlasting wash of air—
 Rome's ghost since her decease. 25

Such life here, through such lengths of
 hours,
 Such miracles performed in play,
 Such primal naked forms of flowers,
 Such letting nature have her way,
 While heaven looks from its towers! 30

How say you? Let us, O my dove,
 Let us be unashamed of soul,
 As earth lies bare to heaven above!
 How is it under our control
 To love or not to love? 35

Two in the Campagna. This poem shows an effort to retain the moment of perfect understanding in life and love. The Campagna is the level plain outside Rome.

I would that you were all to me,
 You that are just so much, no more.
 Nor yours nor mine, nor slave nor free!
 Where does the fault lie? What the
 core

O' the wound, since wound must be? 40

I would I could adopt your will,
 See with your eyes, and set my heart
 Beating by yours, and drink my fill
 At your soul's springs—your part my
 part
 In life, for good and ill. 45

No. I yearn upward, touch you close,
 Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,
 Catch your soul's warmth—I pluck the
 rose
 And love it more than tongue can
 speak—

Then the good minute goes. 50

Already how am I so far
 Out of that minute? Must I go
 Still like the thistle-ball, no bar,
 Onward, whenever light winds blow,
 Fixed by no friendly star? 55

Just when I seemed about to learn!
 Where is the thread now? Off again!
 The old trick! Only I discern—
 Infinite passion, and the pain
 Of finite hearts that yearn.

(1855)

IN THREE DAYS

So, I shall see her in three days
 And just one night, but nights are short,
 Then two long hours, and that is morn.
 See how I come, unchanged, unworn!
 Feel, where my life broke off from thine,
 How fresh the splinters keep and fine— 6
 Only a touch and we combine!

Too long, this time of year, the days!
 But nights, at least the nights are short.
 As night shows where her one moon
 is, 10

A hand's-breadth of pure light and bliss,
 So life's night gives my lady birth
 And my eyes hold her! What is worth
 The rest of heaven, the rest of earth?

O loaded curls, release your store 15
 Of warmth and scent, as once before
 The tingling hair did, lights and darks
 Outbreaking into fairy sparks,
 When under curl and curl I pried
 After the warmth and scent inside, 20
 Through lights and darks how mani-
 fold—

The dark inspired, the light controlled!
 As early Art embrowns the gold.

What great fear, should one say, "Three
 days

That change the world might change as
 well 25

Your fortune; and if joy delays,
 Be happy that no worse befell!"
 What small fear, if another says,
 "Three days and one short night beside
 May throw no shadow on your ways; 30
 But years must teem with change un-
 tried,

With chance not easily defied,
 With an end somewhere undescried."

No fear!—or if a fear be born
 This minute, it dies out in scorn. 35

Fear? I shall see her in three days
 And one night, now the nights are short,
 Then just two hours, and that is morn.
 (1855)

MEMORABILIA

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
 And did he stop and speak to you,
 And did you speak to him again?
 How strange it seems and new!

But you were living before that, 5
 And also you are living after;
 And the memory I started at—
 My starting moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
 And a certain use in the world no
 doubt, 10
 Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
 'Mid the blank miles round about;

For there I picked up on the heather
 And there I put inside my breast
 A moulted feather, an eagle-feather! 15
 Well, I forget the rest.
 (1855)

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

SHORTLY AFTER THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING IN EUROPE

Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
Singing together.

Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar
thorpes

Each in its tether

Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain,
Cared-for till cock-crow; 6

Look out if yonder be not day again
Rimming the rock-row!

That's the appropriate country; there,
man's thought,

Rarer, intenser, 10

Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it
ought,

Chafes in the censer.

Leave we the unlettered plain its herd
and crop;

Seek we sepulture

On a tall mountain, citied to the top, 15
Crowded with culture!

All the peaks soar, but one the rest ex-
cels;

Clouds overcome it;

No! yonder sparkle is the citadel's
Circling its summit. 20

Thither our path lies; wind we up the
heights;

Wait ye the warning?

Our low life was the level's and the
night's;

He's for the morning.

Step to a tune, square chests, erect each
head, 25

'Ware the beholders!

This is our master, famous, calm, and
dead,

Borne on our shoulders.

Sleep, crop and herd! sleep, darkling
thorpe and croft,

Safe from the weather! 30

He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,
Singing together,

A Grammarian's Funeral. The three elements of the lyric, narrative, and dramatic are blended in this poem. The Renaissance edited with meticulous care every scrap of Greek and Roman literature. This poem represents the apotheosis of a scholar. The Master has inspired his pupils with his ardor, and although they do not understand completely the value of his work, they express their admiration by this mountain burial, far away from and above the crowd. 3. *crofts*, fenced fields, *thorpes*, villages.

He was a man born with thy face and
throat,

Lyric Apollo!

Long he lived nameless; how should
Spring take note 35

Winter would follow?

Till lo, the little touch, and youth was
gone!

Cramped and diminished,

Moaned he, "New measures, other feet
anon!

My dance is finished?" 40

No, that's the world's way (keep the
mountain-side,

Make for the city!).

He knew the signal, and stepped on with
pride

Over men's pity;

Left play for work, and grappled with
the world 45

Bent on escaping.

"What's in the scroll," quoth he, "thou
keepst furled?

Show me their shaping,

Theirs who most studied man, the bard
and sage—

Give!"—So, he gowned him, 50

Straight got by heart that book to its
last page;

Learned, we found him.

Yea, but we found him bald, too, eyes
like lead,

Accents uncertain.

"Time to taste life," another would have
said, 55

"Up with the curtain!"

This man said rather, "Actual life comes
next?

Patience a moment!

Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed
text,

Still there's the comment. 60

Let me know all! Prate not of most or
least,

Painful or easy!

Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the
feast,

Aye, nor feel queasy."

Oh, such a life as he resolved to live, 65

When he had learned it,

When he had gathered all books had to
give!

Sooner, he spurned it.

Image the whole, then execute the parts,

Fancy the fabric 70
Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire
from quartz,
Ere mortar dab brick!

(Here's the town-gate reached; there's
the market-place
Gaping before us.)

Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace
(Hearten our chorus!) 76
That before living he'd learn how to
live—

No end to learning.
Earn the means first—God surely will
contrive

Use for our earning. 80
Others mistrust and say, "But time
escapes;

Live now or never!"
He said, "What's time? Leave Now for
dogs and apes!

Man has Forever."
Back to his book then; deeper drooped
his head; 85

Calculus racked him.
Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of
lead;

Tussis attacked him.
"Now, master, take a littlerest!"—no the!
(Caution redoubled, 90

Step two abreast, the way winds nar-
rowly!)
Not a whit troubled,

Back to his studies, fresher than at first,
Fierce as a dragon
He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)

Sucked at the flagon. 96
Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,

Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure
Bad is our bargain! 100

Was it not great? did not he throw on
God,
(He loves the burthen)—

God's task to make the heavenly period
Perfect the earthen?
Did not he magnify the mind, show
clear 105

Just what it all meant?
He would not discount life, as fools do here,
Paid by installment.

He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's
success

Found, or earth's failure: 110
"Wilt thou trust death or not?" He
answered "Yes!

Hence with life's pale lure!"
That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;

This high man, with a great thing to
pursue, 115
Dies ere he knows it.

That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit;

This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit. 120
That, has the world here—should he
need the next,

Let the world mind him!
This, throws himself on God, and unper-
plexed

Seeking shall find him.
So, with the throttling hands of death
at strife, 125

Ground he at grammar;
Still, through the rattle, parts of speech
were rife.

While he could stammer,
He settled *Hoti's* business—!et it be!—
Properly based *Oun*— 130

Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
Dead from the waist down.

Well, here's the platform, here's the
proper place.
Hail to your purlieus,

All ye highflyers of the feathered race,
Swallows and curlews! 136
Here's the top-peak; the multitude below

Live, for they can, there:
This man decided not to Live but
Know—

Bury this man there? 140
Here—here's his place, where meteors
shoot, clouds form,

Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go! Let joy break with
the storm,

Peace let the dew send!
Lofty designs must close in like effects.
Loftily lying, 146

Leave him—still loftier than the world
suspects,
Living and dying. (1855)

86. *Calculus*, gall or kidney stone. 88. *Tussis*, a cough. 95. *soul-hydroptic*, dropsical of soul, i.e., tending to absorb in his soul the sacred water of learning.

129-131. *Hoti*, *Oun*, *De*, Greek words meaning *that*, *now*, and.

ONE WORD MORE

TO E. B. B.

London, September, 1855

There they are, my fifty men and women
 Naming me the fifty poems finished!
 Take them, Love, the book and me together;
 Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

Rafael made a century of sonnets, 5
 Made and wrote them in a certain volume
 Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
 Else he only used to draw Madonnas.
 These, the world might view—but one,
 the volume.

Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you. 10
 Did she live and love it all her lifetime?
 Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
 Die, and let it drop beside her pillow
 Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,
 Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving— 15
 Cheek, the world was wont to hail a
 painter's,
 Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a
 poet's?

You and I would rather read that
 volume,
 (Taken to his beating bosom by it)
 Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,
 Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas— 21
 Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,
 Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
 Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre—
 Seen by us and all the world in circle. 25

You and I will never read that volume.
 Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple
 Guarded long the treasure-book and
 loved it.
 Guido Reni dying, all Bologna
 Cried, and the world cried too, "Ours,
 the treasure!" 30
 Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

One Word More. In 1855 Browning published *Men and Women*, containing fifty character sketches, many of them dramatic monologues. This last poem dedicated the work to Mrs. Browning. 5. *century*, one hundred; a sonnet sequence. 21. *Madonnas*. Browning now names some of the most famous Madonnas by Raphael.

Dante once prepared to paint an angel;
 Whom to please? You whisper "Beatrice."

While he mused and traced it and re-traced it,

(Peradventure with a pen corroded 35
 Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped
 for,

When, his left hand i' the hair o' the
 wicked,

Back he held the brow and pricked its
 stigma,

Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,
 Loosed him, laughed to see the writing
 rankle, 40

Let the wretch go festering through
 Florence)—

Dante, who loved well because he hated,
 Hated wickedness that hinders loving,
 Dante standing, studying his angel—
 In there broke the folk of his Inferno. 45
 Says he—"Certain people of importance"

(Such he gave his daily dreadful line to)
 "Entered and would seize, forsooth, the
 poet."

Says the poet—"Then I stopped my
 painting."

You and I would rather see that angel,
 Painted by the tenderness of Dante, 51
 Would we not?—than read a fresh
 Inferno.

You and I will never see that picture.
 While he mused on love and Beatrice,
 While he softened o'er his outlined
 angel, 55

In they broke, those "people of importance."

We and Bice bear the loss forever.

What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's
 picture?

This: no artist lives and loves, that
 longs not

Once, and only once, and for one only 60
 (Ah, the prize!), to find his love a
 language

Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—
 Using nature that's an art to others,

32. *Dante*, etc. In the *Vita Nuova* (The New Life) xxxv, Dante relates this incident. This book and *The Divine Comedy* record his love for Beatrice Portinari. 57. *Bice*, Beatrice.

Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.
 Aye, of all the artists living, loving, 65
 None but would forego his proper dowry—
 Does he paint? He fain would write a poem—
 Does he write? He fain would paint a picture,
 Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
 Once, and only once, and for one only, 70
 So to be the man and leave the artist,
 Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

Wherefore? Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement!
 He who smites the rock and spreads the water,
 Bidding drink and live a crowd beneath him, 75
 Even he, the minute makes immortal,
 Proves, perchance, but mortal in the minute,
 Desecrates, belike, the deed in doing.
 While he smites, how can he but remember,
 So he smote before, in such a peril, 80
 When they stood and mocked—"Shall smiting help us?"
 When they drank and sneered—"A stroke is easy!"
 When they wiped their mouths and went their journey,
 Throwing him for thanks — "But drought was pleasant."
 Thus old memories mar the actual triumph; 85
 Thus the doing savors of disrelish;
 Thus achievement lacks a gracious somewhat;
 O'er-impertuned brows becloud the mandate,
 Carelessness or consciousness—the gesture.
 For he bears an ancient wrong about him, 90
 Sees and knows again those phalanxed faces,
 Hears, yet one time more, the 'customed prelude—
 "How shouldst thou, of all men, smite, and save us?"

74. He who smites, etc. See Exodus xvii.

Guesses what is like to prove the sequel—
 "Egypt's flesh-pots—nay, the drought was better." 95

Oh, the crowd must have emphatic warrant!
 Theirs, the Sinai-forehead's cloven brilliance,
 Right-arm's rod-sweep, tongue's imperial fiat.
 Never dares the man put off the prophet.
 Did he love one face from out the thousands, 100
 (Were she Jethro's daughter, white and wifely,
 Were she but the Aethiopian bondslave),
 He would envy yon dumb patient camel,
 Keeping a reserve of scanty water
 Meant to save his own life in the desert;
 Ready in the desert to deliver 106
 (Kneeling down to let his breast be opened)
 Hoard and life together for his mistress.

I shall never, in the years remaining,
 Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues, 110
 Make you music that should all-express me;
 So it seems; I stand on my attainment.
 This of verse alone, one life allows me;
 Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
 Other heights in other lives, God willing; 115
 All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love!

Yet a semblance of resource avails us—
 Shade so finely touched, love's sense must seize it.
 Take these lines, look lovingly and nearly,
 Lines I write the first time and the last time. 120
 He who works in fresco steals a hair-brush,
 Curbs the liberal hand, subservient proudly,

97. **Sinai-forehead's cloven brilliance.** Exodus xix, 9, 16 and xxxiv, 30 tell how the face of Moses shone on returning to the Children of Israel after communing with God on Mt. Sinai. 101. **Jethro's daughter,** Moses's wife. 121. **fresco,** a difficult type of painting, for correction is well-nigh impossible.

Cramps his spirit, crowds its all in little,
Makes a strange art of an art familiar,
Fills his lady's missal-marge with flow-
erets. 125

He who blows through bronze may
breathe through silver,

Fitly serenade a slumbrous princess.
He who writes may write for once as
I do.

Love, you saw me gather men and
women,

Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy,
Enter each and all, and use their
service, 131

Speak from every mouth—the speech,
a poem.

Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,
Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving.
I am mine and yours—the rest be all
men's, 135

Karshish, Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty.
Let me speak this once in my true
person,

Not as Lippo, Roland, or Andrea,
Though the fruit of speech be just this
sentence:

Pray you, look on these my men and
women, 140

Take and keep my fifty poems finished;
Where my heart lies, let my brain lie
also!

Poor the speech; be how I speak, for
all things.

Not but that you know me! Lo, the
moon's self!

Here in London, yonder late in Florence,
Still we find her face, the thrice-trans-
figured. 146

Curving on a sky imbrued with color,
Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,
Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-
breadth.

Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,
Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and roun-
der, 151

Perfect till the nightingales applauded.
Now, a piece of her old self, impover-
ished,

Hard to greet, she traverses the house-
roofs,

Hurries with unhandsome thrift of
silver, 155

Goes dispiritedly, glad to finish.

What, there's nothing in the moon
noteworthy?

Nay; for if that moon could love a
mortal,

Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy),
All her magic ('tis the old sweet my-
thos), 160

She would turn a new side to her mortal,
Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman,
steersman—

Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,

Blind to Galileo on his turret,

Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats—
him, even. 165

Think, the wonder of the moonstruck
mortal—

When she turns round, comes again in
heaven,

Opens out anew for worse or better!
Proves she like some portent of an ice-
berg

Swimming full upon the ship it founders,
Hungry with huge teeth of splintered
crystals? 171

Proves she as the paved work of a
sapphire

Seen by Moses when he climbed the
mountain?

Moses, Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu

Climbed and saw the very God, the
Highest, 175

Stand upon the paved work of a sap-
phire.

Like the bodied heaven in his clearness
Shone the stone, the sapphire of that
paved work,

When they ate and drank and saw God
also!

What were seen? None knows, none ever
shall know. 180

Only this is sure—the sight were other,
Not the moon's same side, born late in
Florence,

125. *missal-marge*. The edges of the pages of Books of Devotions or Hours were often beautifully illuminated. 136, 138. *Karshish*, etc., characters in *Men and Women*. 148. *Fiesole*, a hill town which is almost a suburb of Florence. 150. *Samminiato*, San Miniato, a church in Florence.

160. *mythos*, myth. 163. *Zoroaster* (c. 1000 B.C.), founder of the Persian religion. He stressed the value of astronomy. 164. *Galileo* (1564-1642), inventor of the telescope, and one of the first to observe some of the principles upon which modern astronomy is based. 174. *Moses*, etc., Exodus xxiv, 1, 10.

Dying now impoverished here in London.
 God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures

Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with, 185

One to show a woman when he loves her!

This I say of me, but think of you, Love!

This to you—yourself my moon of poets!

Ah, but that's the world's side, there's the wonder,

Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you! 190

There, in turn I stand with them and praise you—

Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.

But the best is when I glide from out them,

Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,

Come out on the other side, the novel 195

Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,

Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
 Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
 Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it, 200

Drew one angel—borne, see, on my bosom!

—R. B.

(1855)

RABBI BEN EZRA

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was made.

Our times are in his hand
 Who saith, "A whole I planned; 5
 Youth shows but half. Trust God; see
 all, nor be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,
 Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
 Which lily leave and then as best recall?"

Not that, admiring stars, 10

It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
 Mine be some figured flame which
 blends, transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears
 Annulling youth's brief years,
 Do I remonstrate; folly wide the mark!
 Rather I prize the doubt 16
 Low kinds exist without,
 Finished and finite clods, untroubled
 by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
 Were man but formed to feed 20
 On joy, to solely seek and find and feast.
 Such feasting ended, then
 As sure an end to men;
 Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt
 the maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied 25
 To that which doth provide
 And not partake, effect and not receive!
 A spark disturbs our clod;
 Nearer we hold of God
 Who gives, than of his tribes that take,
 I must believe. 30

Then, welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand
 but go!

Be our joys three-parts pain!
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain; 35
 Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
 grudge the throe!

For thence—a paradox
 Which comforts while it mocks—
 Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail.
 What I aspired to be, 40
 And was not, comforts me;
 A brute I might have been, but would
 not sink i' the scale.

What is he but a brute
 Whose flesh has soul to suit,
 Whose spirit works lest arms and legs
 want play? 45

Rabbi Ben Ezra. Browning did not copy the poems or the thoughts of this famous medieval rabbi, but used him as the mouthpiece for his own philosophy of the aspiration and development of human beings in understanding God. Cf. "Immortality" (page 581) and "On Growing Old" (page 624).

To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on
its lone way?

Yet gifts should prove their use.
I own the Past profuse 50
Of power each side, perfection every
turn;
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once "How
good to live and learn!"

Not once beat "Praise be thine! 55
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now love perfect
too.
Perfect I call thy plan;
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete—I trust what
thou shalt do"? 60

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for
rest.
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold 65
Possessions of the brute—gain most,
as we did best!

Let us not always say,
"Spite of this flesh today
I strove, made head, gained ground
upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings, 70
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now,
than flesh helps soul!"

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached
its term. 75
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god,
though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone 80
Once more on my adventure brave and
new;

Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to
indue.

Youth ended, I shall try 85
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is
gold.
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame.
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know,
being old. 90

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the
gray.
A whisper from the west
Shoots—"Add this to the rest, 95
Take it and try its worth. Here dies
another day."

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at
last,
"This rage was right i' the main, 100
That acquiescence vain;
The Future I may face now I have
proved the Past."

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act tomorrow what he learns today.
Here, work enough to watch 106
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the
tool's true play.

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth, 110
Toward making, than repose on aught
found made:
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age; wait death
nor be afraid!

Enough now, if the Right 115
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand
thine own,
With knowledge absolute,

Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor
let thee feel alone. 120

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the
Past!

Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained, 125
Right? Let age speak the truth and
give us peace at last!

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I re-
ceive;

Ten, who in ears and eyes 130
Match me. We all surmise,
They this thing, and I that; whom shall
my soul believe?

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had
the price; 135
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could
value in a trice.

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb, 140
So passed in making up the main
account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet
swelled the man's amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed 145
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language
and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God, whose wheel
the pitcher shaped. 150

Aye, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies
our clay—
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round, 155

"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past
gone, seize today!"

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God
stand sure.

What entered into thee, 160
That was, is, and shall be.
Time's wheel runs back or stops; Potter
and clay endure.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance;
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst
fain arrest; 165
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently
impressed.

What though the earlier grooves,
Which ran the laughing loves 170
Around thy base, no longer pause and
press?

What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the
sterner stress?

Look not thou down but up! 175
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash, and
trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what
needst thou with earth's wheel? 180

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moldest men;
And since, not even while the whirl
was worst,
Did I—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife, 185
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to
slake thy thirst.

So, take and use thy work;
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings
past the aim!
My times be in thy hand! 190
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death
complete the same! (1864)

CALIBAN UPON SETEBOS

OR, NATURAL THEOLOGY IN THE ISLAND

"Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself."

[Will sprawl, now that the heat of day is best,

Flat on his belly in the pit's much mire,
With elbows wide, fists clenched to prop his chin.

And, while he kicks both feet in the cool slush,

And feels about his spine small eft-things course, ⁵

Run in and out each arm, and make him laugh;

And while above his head a pompion-plant,

Coating the cave-top as a brow its eye,
Creeps down to touch and tickle hair and beard,

And now a flower drops with a bee inside, ¹⁰

And now a fruit to snap at, catch and crunch—

He looks out o'er yon sea which sun-beams cross

And recross till they weave a spider-web
(Meshes of fire, some great fish breaks at times),

And talks to his own self, howe'er he please, ¹⁵

Touching that other, whom his dam called God.

Because to talk about Him, vexes—ha,
Could He but know! and time to vex is now,

When talk is safer than in winter-time.
Moreover Prosper and Miranda sleep; ²⁰

In confidence he drudges at their task,
And it is good to cheat the pair, and gibe,

Letting the rank tongue blossom into speech.]

Setebos, Setebos, and Setebos!

'Thinketh, He dwelleth i' the cold o' the moon. ²⁵

'Thinketh He made it, with the sun to match,

But not the stars; the stars came other-wise;

Only made clouds, winds, meteors, such as that;

Also this isle, what lives and grows thereon,

And snaky sea which rounds and ends the same. ³⁰

'Thinketh, it came of being ill at ease.
He hated that He cannot change His cold,

Nor cure its ache. 'Hath spied an icy fish

That longed to 'scape the rock-stream where she lived,

And thaw herself within the lukewarm brine ³⁵

O' the lazy sea her stream thrusts far amid,

A crystal spike 'twixt two warm walls of wave;

Only, she ever sickened, found repulse
At the other kind of water, not her life.

(Green-dense and dim-delicious, bred o' the sun), ⁴⁰

Flounced back from bliss she was not born to breathe,

And in her old bounds buried her despair,

Hating and loving warmth alike; so He.

'Thinketh, He made thereat the sun, this isle,

Trees and the fowls here, beast and creeping thing. ⁴⁵

Yon otter, sleek-wet, black, lithe as a leech;

Yon auk, one fire-eye in a ball of foam,
That floats and feeds; a certain badger brown

He hath watched hunt with that slant white-wedge eye

By moonlight; and the pie with the long tongue ⁵⁰

That pricks deep into oakwarts for a worm,

And says a plain word when she finds her prize,

But will not eat the ants; the ants themselves

50. pie, magpie.

Caliban upon Setebos. The poem is based upon Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. Caliban here gives his brute impressions about his god Setebos. Browning uses the third person throughout, in accord with a philological theory that this person was the first to develop in speech. Setebos is both the name of the island and of Caliban's giant god. 7. *pompion-plant*, pumpkin or gourd. 16. *his dam*, the witch Sycorax.

That build a wall of seeds and settled
stalks
About their hole—He made all these
and more, 55
Made all we see, and us, in spite; how
else?
He could not, Himself, make a second
self
To be His mate; as well have made
Himself.
He would not make what He dislikes
or slights,
An eyesore to Him, or not worth His
pains; 60
But did, in envy, listlessness or sport,
Make what Himself would fain, in a
manner, be—
Weaker in most points, stronger in a
few,
Worthy, and yet mere playthings all
the while,
Things He admires and mocks, too—
that is it. 65
Because, so brave, so better though they
be,
It nothing skills if He begin to plague.
Look now, I melt a gourd-fruit into
mash,
Add honeycomb and pods, I have per-
ceived,
Which bite like finches when they bill
and kiss— 70
Then, when froth rises bladdery, drink
up all,
Quick, quick, till maggots scamper
through my brain;
Last, throw me on my back i' the seeded
thyme,
And wanton, wishing I were born a bird.
Put case, unable to be what I wish, 75
I yet could make a live bird out of clay.
Would not I take clay, pinch my Caliban
Able to fly?—for, there, see, he hath
wings,
And great comb like the hoopoe's to
admire,
And there, a sting to do his foes offense,
There, and I will that he begin to live, 81
Fly to yon rock-top, nip me off the horns
Of grigs high up that make the merry din
Saucy through their veined wings, and
mind me not.

In which feat, if his leg snapped, brittle
clay, 85
And he lay stupid-like—why I should
laugh;
And if he, spying me should fall to weep,
Beseech me to be good, repair his wrong,
Bid his poor leg smart less or grow
again—
Well, as the chance were this might
take or else 90
Not take my fancy, I might hear his cry
And give the manikin three sound legs
for one,
Or pluck the other off, leave him like an
egg,
And lessoned he was mine and merely
clay.
Were this no pleasure lying in the
thyme, 95
Drinking the mash, with brain become
alive
Making and marring clay at will? So He.

'Thinketh such shows nor right nor
wrong in Him,
Nor kind nor cruel; He is strong and
Lord.
'Am strong myself compared to yonder
crabs 100
That march now from the mountain to
the sea;
'Let twenty pass and stone the twenty-
first,
Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.
'Say, the first straggler that boasts
purple spots
Shall join the file, one pincer twisted
off; 105
'Say this bruised fellow shall receive a
worm,
And two worms he whose nippers end
in red;
As it likes me each time I do: so He.

Well then, 'supposeth He is good i' the
main,
Placable if His mind and ways were
guessed, 110
But rougher than His handiwork, be
sure!
Oh, He hath made things worthier than
Himself,
And envieth that, so helped, such things
do more

79. *hoopoe*, a crested bird somewhat like a blue jay.
83. *grigs*, grasshoppers.

Than He who made them! What con-
 soles but this?
 That they, unless through Him, do
 naught at all, 115
 And must submit; what other use in
 things?
 'Hath cut a pipe of pithless elder-joint
 That, blown through, gives exact the
 scream o' the jay
 When from her wing you twitch the
 feathers blue.
 Sound this, and little birds that hate the
 jay 120
 Flock within stone's throw, glad their
 foe is hurt.
 Put case such pipe could prattle and
 boast forsooth,
 "I catch the birds, I am the crafty
 thing,
 I make the cry my maker cannot make
 With his great round mouth; he must
 blow through mine!" 125
 Would not I smash it with my foot? So
 He.
 But wherefore rough, why cold and ill
 at ease?
 Aha, that is a question! Ask, for that,
 What knows—the something over Sete-
 bos
 That made Him, or He maybe, found
 and fought, 130
 Worsted, drove off and did to nothing,
 perchance.
 There may be something quiet o'er His
 head,
 Out of His reach, that feels nor joy nor
 grief,
 Since both derive from weakness in
 some way.
 I joy because the quails come; would
 not joy 135
 Could I bring quails here when I have a
 mind.
 This Quiet, all it hath a mind to,
 doth.
 'Esteemeth stars the outposts of its
 couch,
 But never spends much thought nor
 care that way.
 It may look up, work up—the worse for
 those 140
 It works on! 'Careth but for Setebos
 The many-handed as a cuttle-fish,

Who, making Himself feared through
 what He does,
 Looks up, first, and perceives he cannot
 soar
 To what is quiet and hath happy life;
 Next looks down here, and out of very
 spite 146
 Makes this a bauble-world to ape yon
 real,
 These good things to match those as hips
 do grapes.
 'Tis solace making baubles, aye, and
 sport.
 Himself peeped late, eyed Prosper at his
 books 150
 Careless and lofty, lord now of the isle;
 Vexed, 'stitched a book of broad leaves,
 arrow-shaped,
 Wrote thereon, he knows what, prodig-
 ious words;
 Has peeled a wand and called it by a
 name;
 Weareth at whiles for an enchanter's
 robe 155
 The eyed skin of a supple oncelot;
 And hath an ounce sleeker than young-
 ling mole,
 A four-legged serpent he makes cower
 and couch,
 Now snarl, now hold its breath and
 mind his eye,
 And saith she is Miranda and my wife.
 'Keeps for his Ariel a tall pouch-bill
 crane 161
 He bids go wade for fish and straight
 disgorge;
 Also a sea-beast, lumpish, which he
 snared,
 Blinded the eyes of, and brought some-
 what tame,
 And split its toe-webs, and now pens
 the drudge 165
 In a hole o' the rock, and calls him Cali-
 ban;
 A bitter heart that bides its time and
 bites.
 'Plays thus at being Prosper in a way.
 Taketh his mirth with make-believes; so
 He.
 His dam held that the Quiet made all
 things 170

148. *hip*, the ripened fruit of the rose. 156. *oncelot*,
 ocelot, a large and fierce member of the cat family. 157.
ounce, leopard. 170. *dam*, Sycorax.

Which Setebos vexed only; 'holds not
so.

Who made them weak, meant weakness
He might vex.

Had He meant other, while His hand
was in,

Why not make horny eyes no thorn
could prick,

Or plate my scalp with bone against
the snow, 175

Or overscale my flesh 'neath joint and
joint

Like an orc's armor? Aye—so spoil His
sport!

He is the One now; only He doth all.

'Saith, He may like, perchance, what
profits him.

Aye, himself loves what does him good;
but why? 180

'Gets good no otherwise. This blinded
beast

Loves whoso places flesh-meat on his
nose,

But, had he eyes, would want no help,
but hate

Or love, just as it liked him; he hath
eyes.

Also it pleaseth Setebos to work, 185

Use all His hands, and exercise much
craft,

By no means for the love of what is
worked.

'Tasteth himself, no finer good i' the
world

When all goes right, in this safe summer-
time,

And he wants little, hungers, aches not
much, 190

Than trying what to do with wit and
strength.

'Falls to make something; 'piled yon
pile of turfs,

And squared and stuck there squares of
soft white chalk,

And, with a fish-tooth, scratched a moon
on each,

And set up endwise certain spikes of
tree, 195

And crowned the whole with a sloth's
skull atop,

Found dead i' the woods, too hard for
one to kill.

No use at all i' the work, for work's sole
sake;

'Shall some day knock it down again: so
He.

'Saith He is terrible; watch His feats in
proof! 200

One hurricane will spoil six good
months' hope.

He hath a spite against me, that I know,
Just as He favors Prosper, who knows
why?

So it is, all the same, as well I find.

'Wove wattles half the winter, fenced
them firm 205

With stone and stake to stop she-
tortoises

Crawling to lay their eggs here. Well,
one wave,

Feeling the foot of Him upon its neck,
Gaped as a snake does, lolled out its
large tongue,

And licked the whole labor flat; so
much for spite. 210

'Saw a ball flame down late (yonder it
lies)

Where half an hour before, I slept i' the
shade.

Often they scatter sparkles; there is
force!

'Dug up a newt He may have envied once
And turned to stone, shut up inside a
stone. 215

Please Him and hinder this?—What
Prosper does?

Aha, if He would tell me how! Not He!
There is the sport; discover how or die!
All need not die, for of the things o' the
isle

Some flee afar, some dive, some run up
trees; 220

Those at His mercy—why they please
Him most

When . . . when . . . well, never try
the same way twice!

Repeat what act has pleased, He may
grow wroth.

You must not know His ways, and play
Him off,

Sure of the issue. Doth the like him-
self: 225

'Spareth a squirrel that it nothing fears
But steals the nut from underneath my
thumb,
And when I threat, bites stoutly in de-
fense.

'Spareth an urchin that contrariwise,
Curls up into a ball, pretending death 230
For fright at my approach; the two ways
please.

But what would move my choler more
than this,

That either creature counted on its life
Tomorrow and next day and all days to
come

Saying, forsooth, in the inmost of its
heart, 235

"Because he did so yesterday with me,
And otherwise with such another brute,
So must he do henceforth and always."

—Aye?

Would teach the reasoning couple what
"must" means!

'Doth as he likes, or wherefore Lord?
So He. 240

'Conceiveth all things will continue thus,
And we shall have to live in fear of Him
So long as He lives, keeps his strength;
no change,

If He have done His best, make no new
world

To please Him more, so leave off watch-
ing this— 245

If He surprise not even the Quiet's self
Some strange day—or, suppose, grow
into it

As grubs grow butterflies. Else, here we
are,

And there is He, and nowhere help at
all.

'Believeth with the life, the pain shall
stop. 250

His dam held different, that after death
He both plagued enemies and feasted
friends:

Idly! He doth His worst in this our
life.

Giving just respite lest we die through
pain,

Saving last pain for worst—with which,
an end. 255

Meanwhile, the best way to escape His
ire

Is, not to seem too happy. 'Sees, him-
self,

Yonder two flies, with purple films and
pink,

Bask on the pompion-bell above; kills
both.

'Sees two black painful beetles roll their
ball 260

On head and tail as if to save their lives;
Moves them the stick away they strive
to clear.

Even so, 'would have him misconceive,
suppose

This Caliban strives hard and ails no
less,

And always, above all else, envies
Him; 265

Wherefore he mainly dances on dark
nights,

Moans in the sun, gets under holes to
laugh,

And never speaks his mind save housed
as now.

Outside, 'groans, curses. If He caught
me here,

O'erheard this speech, and asked "What
chucklest at?" 270

'Would, to appease Him, cut a finger
off,

Or of my three kid yearlings burn the
best,

Or let the toothsome apples rot on tree,
Or push my tame beast for the orc to
taste;

While myself lit a fire, and made a
song, 275

And sung it, "*What I hate, be consecrate,
To celebrate Thee and Thy state, no mate
For Thee; what see for envy in poor
me?*"

Hoping the while, since evils sometimes
mend,

Warts rub away and sores are cured
with slime, 280

That some strange day, will either the
Quiet catch

And conquer Setebos, or likelier He
Decrepit may doze, doze, as good as
die.

[What, what? A curtain o'er the world
at once!

Crickets stop hissing; not a bird—or,
 yes, 285
 There scuds His raven that has told
 Him all!
 It was fool's play, this prattling! Ha!
 The wind
 Shoulders the pillared dust, death's
 house o' the move,
 And fast invading fires begin! White
 blaze—
 A tree's head snaps—and there, there,
 there, there, there, 290
 His thunder follows! Fool to gibe at
 Him!
 Lo! 'Lieth flat and loveth Setebos!
 'Maketh his teeth meet through his
 upper lip,
 Will let those quails fly, will not eat this
 month
 One little mess of whelks, so he may
 'scape!] (1864)

CONFESSIONS

What is he buzzing in my ears?
 "Now that I come to die,
 Do I view the world as a vale of tears?"
 Ah, reverend sir, not I!

What I viewed there once, what I view
 again 5
 Where the physic bottles stand
 On the table's edge—is a suburb lane,
 With a wall to my bedside hand.

That lane sloped, much as the bottles
 do,
 From a house you could descry 10
 O'er the garden-wall; is the curtain
 blue
 Or green to a healthy eye?

To mine, it serves for the old June
 weather
 Blue above lane and wall;
 And that farthest bottle labeled "Ether"
 Is the house o'ertopping all. 16

At a terrace, somewhere near the
 stopper,
 There watched for me, one June,
 A girl. I know, sir, it's improper;
 My poor mind's out of tune. 20

Only, there was a way . . . you crept
 Close by the side, to dodge
 Eyes in the house, two eyes except;
 They styled their house "The Lodge."

What right had a lounge up their lane?
 But, by creeping very close, 26
 With the good wall's help—their eyes
 might strain
 And stretch themselves to O's,

Yet never catch her and me together,
 As she left the attic, there, 30
 By the rim of the bottle labeled "Ether,"
 And stole from stair to stair,

And stood by the rose-wreathed gate.
 Alas,
 We loved, sir—used to meet.
 How sad and bad and mad it was— 35
 But, then, how it was sweet! (1864)

PROSPICE

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my
 throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts
 denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the
 storm, 5
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a
 visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go;
 For the journey is done and the summit
 attained,
 And the barriers fall, 10
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guer-
 don be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my
 eyes, and forbore, 15
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare
 like my peers,

Prospice. The word *prospice* is the Latin for "look forward." We have referred to this poem frequently in connection with earlier lyric poems. Contrast it now with later poems: "Uphill" (page 590), "Dominus Illuminatio Mea" (page 590), "Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth" (page 570), and "Thanatopsis" (page 634).

The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad
 life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold. 20
 For sudden the worst turns the best to
 the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the element's rage, the fiend-voices
 that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace
 out of pain, 25
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp
 thee again,
 And with God be the rest! (1864)

FROM THE DEDICATION TO THE RING AND THE BOOK

(END OF BOOK I)

O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
 And all a wonder and a wild desire—
 Boldest of hearts that ever braved the
 sun,
 Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
 And sang a kindred soul out to his
 face— 5
 Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart—
 When the first summons from the dark-
 ling earth
 Reached thee amid thy chambers,
 blanched their blue,
 And bared them of the glory—to drop
 down,
 To toil for man, to suffer or to die— 10
 This is the same voice. Can thy soul
 know change?
 Hail then, and harken from the realms
 of help!
 Never may I commence my song, my
 due
 To God who best taught song by gift of
 thee,
 Except with bent head and beseeching
 hand— 15
 That still, despite the distance and the
 dark,

The Ring and the Book. Mrs. Browning died in 1861.
 In 1868 Browning finished *The Ring and the Book*, and
 dedicated it to her. Cf. "The Blessed Damozel" (page
 587).

What was, again may be; some inter-
 change
 Of grace, some splendor once thy very
 thought,
 Some benediction anciently thy smile:
 —Never conclude, but raising hand and
 head 20
 Thither where eyes, that cannot reach,
 yet yearn
 For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
 Their utmost up and on—so blessing
 back
 In those thy realms of help, that heaven
 thy home,
 Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face
 makes proud, 25
 Some wanness where, I think, thy foot
 may fall! (1868)

HOUSE

Shall I sonnet-sing you about myself?
 Do I live in a house you would like to
 see?
 Is it scant of gear, has it store of pelf?
 "Unlock my heart with a sonnet-
 key?"
 Invite the world, as my betters have
 done? 5
 "Take notice: this building remains
 on view,
 Its suites of reception every one,
 Its private apartment and bedroom,
 too;
 "For a ticket, apply to the Publisher."
 No; thanking the public, I must de-
 cline. 10
 A peep through my window, if folk pre-
 fer;
 But, please you, no foot over threshold
 of mine!
 I have mixed with a crowd and heard
 free talk
 In a foreign land where an earthquake
 chanced
 And a house stood gaping, naught to
 balk 15
 Man's eye wherever he gazed or
 glanced.
 The whole of the frontage shaven sheer,
 The inside gaped; exposed to day,

Right and wrong and common and
queer,
Bare, as the palm of your hand, it
lay. 20

The owner? Oh, he had been crushed,
no doubt!
"Odd tables and chairs for a man of
wealth!
What a parcel of musty old books about!
He smoked—no wonder he lost his
health!

"I doubt if he bathed before he dressed.
A brasier?—the pagan, he burned
perfumes! 26
You see it is proved, what the neighbors
guessed:
His wife and himself had separate
rooms."

Friends, the good man of the house at
least
Kept house to himself till an earth-
quake came. 30
'Tis the fall of its frontage permits you
feast
On the inside arrangement you praise
or blame.

Outside should suffice for evidence;
And whoso desires to penetrate
Deeper, must dive by the spirit-sense—
No optics like yours, at any rate! 36

"Hoity-toity! A street to explore,
Your house the exception! *With this
same key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart!*"—
Once more,
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less
Shakespeare he! (1876)

PROLOGUE TO LA SAISIAZ

Good, to forgive;
Best, to forget!
Living, we fret;
Dying, we live.

38-39. The quotation is from Wordsworth's sonnet
"Scorn Not the Sonnet."
Prologue to La Saisiaz. A poem on immortality.
Browning wrote it after the death of his friend, Miss
Egerton-Smith, at La Saisiaz in Switzerland, 1877.

Fretless and free, 5
Soul, clap thy pinion,
Earth have dominion,
Body, o'er thee!

Wander at will,
Day after day, 10
Wander away,
Wandering still—
Soul that canst soar!
Body may slumber;
Body shall cumber 15
Soul-flight no more.

Waft of soul's wing!
What lies above?
Sunshine and Love
Skyblue and Spring! 20
Body hides—where?
Ferns of all feather,
Mosses and heather,
Yours be the care!

(1878)

SUMMUM BONUM

All the breath and the bloom of the
year in the bag of one bee;
All the wonder and wealth of the
mine in the heart of one gem;
In the core of one pearl all the shade
and the shine of the sea:
Breath and bloom, shade and shine—
wonder, wealth, and — how far
above them—
Truth, that's brighter than gem, 5
Trust, that's purer than pearl—
Brightest truth, purest trust in the
universe—all were for me
In the kiss of one girl.

(1890)

A PEARL, A GIRL

A simple ring with a single stone,
To the vulgar eye no stone of price;
Whisper the right word, that alone—
Forth starts a sprite, like fire from ice,
And lo, you are lord (says an Eastern
scroll) 5
Of heaven and earth, lord whole and
sole
Through the power in a pearl.

A woman ('tis I this time that say)
 With little the world counts worthy
 praise;
 Utter the true word—out and away 10
 Escapes her soul; I am wrapt in blaze,
 Creation's lord, of heaven and earth
 Lord whole and sole—by a minute's
 birth—
 Through the love in a girl!
 (1890)

EPILOGUE TO ASOLANDO

At the midnight in the silence of the
 sleep-time,
 When you set your fancies free,
 Will they pass to where—by death, fools
 think, imprisoned—
 Low he lies who once so loved you,
 whom you loved so,
 —Pity me? 5

Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mis-
 taken!
 What had I on earth to do
 With the slothful, with the mawkish,
 the unmanly?
 Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I
 drivell!
 —Being—who? 10

One who never turned his back but
 marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were
 worsted, wrong would triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
 better,
 Sleep to wake. 15

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's
 work-time
 Greet the unseen with a cheer!
 Bid him forward, breast and back as
 either should be,
 "Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed—fight
 on, fare ever
 There as here!"
 (1890)

Epilogue to Asolando. This was Browning's last poem. When he read the proofs to his sister and daughter-in-law he said, "It almost looks like bragging to say this, and as if I ought to cancel it; but it's the simple truth; and as it's true, it shall stand." Contrast this poem with "Invictus" (page 600).

*ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR O'SHAUGHNESSY (1844-1881)

ODE

We are the music-makers,
 And we are the dreamers of dreams,
 Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
 And sitting by desolate streams;
 World-losers and world-forsakers, 5
 On whom the pale moon gleams.
 Yet we are the movers and shakers
 Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
 We build up the world's great cities, 10
 And out of a fabulous story
 We fashion an empire's glory.
 One man with a dream, at pleasure,
 Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
 And three with a new song's measure 15
 Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
 In the buried past of the earth,
 Built Nineveh with our sighing,
 And Babel itself with our mirth; 20
 And o'erthrew them with prophesying
 To the old of the new world's worth;
 For each age is a dream that is dying,
 Or one that is coming to birth.
 (1874)

SONG

Has summer come without the rose,
 Or left the bird behind?
 Is the blue changed above thee,
 O world! or am I blind?
 Will you change every flower that grows,
 Or only change this spot, 6
 Where she who said, I love thee,
 Now says, I love thee not?

The skies seemed true above thee,
 The rose true on the tree; 10
 The bird seemed true the summer
 through,
 But all proved false to me.

*An English poet of Irish descent.
Ode. Cf. "The Poet" (page 521).

Song. Contrast the tone of modern poems on disappointed youth with those of the Elizabethan or Cavalier poets, "Since There's No Help" (page 360) and "Why So Pale and Wan, Fond Lover?" (page 387). In such poems today, there is a note of romantic emotion which the Cavalier poets lacked. Cf. the poems of A. E. Housman (page 617) and Arthur Symonds (page 624).

World! is there one good thing in you,
 Life, love, or death—or what?
 Since lips that sang, I love thee, 15
 Have said, I love thee not?

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall
 Into one flower's gold cup;
 I think the bird will miss me,
 And give the summer up. 20
 O sweet place! desolate in tall
 Wild grass, have you forgot
 How her lips loved to kiss me,
 Now that they kiss me not?

Be false or fair above me, 25
 Come back with any face,
 Summer!—do I care what you do?
 You cannot change one place—
 The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew,
 The grave I make the spot— 30
 Here, where she used to love me,
 Here, where she loves me not.

(1874)

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819-1861)

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
 The labor and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed, 6
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly break-
 ing,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain, 10
 Far back, through creeks and inlets
 making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the
 light;
 In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
 But westward, look, the land is
 bright! (1862)

Say Not the Struggle Naught Avaieth. Cf. "Reveille"
 (page 703).

HOPE EVERMORE AND BELIEVE

Hope evermore and believe, O man,
 for e'en as thy thought,
 So are the things that thou see'st;
 e'en as thy hope and belief.
 Cowardly art thou and timid? they rise
 to provoke thee against them;
 Hast thou courage? enough, see them
 exulting to yield.
 Yea, the rough rock, the dull earth, the
 wild sea's furiyng waters 5
 (Violent say'st thou and hard, mighty
 thou think'st to destroy),
 All with ineffable longing are waiting
 their Invader,
 Ali, with one varying voice, call to
 him, Come and subdue;
 Still for their Conqueror call, and but
 for the joy of being conquered
 (Rapture they will not forego), dare
 to resist and rebel; 10
 Still, when resisting and raging, in soft
 undervoice say unto him,
 Fear not, retire not, O man; hope
 evermore and believe.

Go from the east to the west, as the sun
 and the stars direct thee.
 Go with the girdle of man, go and
 encompass the earth.
 Not for the gain of the gold; for the
 getting, the hoarding, the hav-
 ing, 15
 But for the joy of the deed; but for
 the Duty to do.
 Go with the spiritual life, the higher
 volition and action,
 With the great girdle of God, go and
 encompass the earth.
 Go; say not in thy heart, And what then
 were it accomplished,
 Were the wild impulse allayed, what
 were the use or the good! 20
 Go, when the instinct is stilled, and
 when the deed is accomplished,
 What thou hast done and shalt do,
 shall be declared to thee then.
 Go with the sun and the stars, and yet
 evermore in thy spirit
 Say to thyself: It is good; yet is there
 better than it.

This that I see is not all, and this that
I do is but little; 25
Nevertheless it is good, though there
is better than it. (1862)

IT FORTIFIES MY SOUL

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howso'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall 5
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.
(1862)

***GEORGE MEREDITH**
(1828-1909)

LOVE IN THE VALLEY

Under yonder beech-tree single on the
greensward,
Couched with her arms behind her
golden head,
Knees and tresses folded to slip and
ripple idly,
Lies my young love sleeping in the
shade.
Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath
her, 5
Press her parting lips as her waist I
gather slow,
Waking in amazement she could not but
embrace me—
Then would she hold me and never
let me go?
Shy as the squirrel and wayward as
the swallow,

It Fortifies My Soul. Another reply to the philosophy expressed in "Invictus" (page 600). Cf. "Dominus Illuminatio Mea" (page 590).

*It has often been said that Meredith was a novelist who should have been a poet. "Modern Love" (page 575) for instance, a lyric sequence about a pair of lovers whose love was shattered, is suitable in plot and treatment for a psychological novel. The selection here given is the reflection of the man on the transiency of the world. Note the growing sophistication of such poems. On the other hand, "Love in the Valley" is filled with the joy of youth in love and nature such as Meredith depicted in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, while "Lucifer in Starlight" recognizes the eternal law of the universe, which is treated frequently in Meredith's novels. Cf. "She Was a Phantom of Delight" (page 461). Compare the descriptions of "Love in the Valley" with those of *Deirdre*.

Swift as the swallow along the river's
light 10
Circling the surface to meet his mir-
rored winglets,
Fleeter she seems in her stay than in
her flight.
Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the
pine-tops,
Wayward as the swallow overhead
at set of sun,
She whom I love is hard to catch and
conquer, 15
Hard, but O the glory of the winning
were she won!

When her mother tends her before the
laughing mirror,
Tying up her laces, looping up her
hair,
Often she thinks, were this wild thing
wedded,
More love should I have, and much
less care. 20
When her mother tends her before the
lighted mirror,
Loosening her laces, combing down
her curls,
Often she thinks, were this wild thing
wedded,
I should miss but one for many boys
and girls.

Heartless she is as the shadow in the
meadows 25
Flying to the hills on a blue and
breezy noon.
No, she is athirst and drinking up her
wonder;
Earth to her is young as the slip of
the new moon.
Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her
rapid measure,
Even as in a dance; and her smile can
heal no less: 30
Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts
the flowers with hailstones
Off a sunny border, she was made to
bruise and bless.

Lovely are the curves of the white owl
sweeping
Wavy in the dusk lit by one large
star.

Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note
 unvaried, 35
 Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the
 brown evejar.

Darker grows the valley, more and
 more forgetting;
 So were it with me if forgetting could
 be willed.

Tell the grassy hollow that holds the
 bubbling wellspring,
 Tell it to forget the source that keeps
 it filled. 40

Stepping down the hill with her fair
 companions,

Arm in arm, all against the raying
 west,

Boldly she sings, to the merry tune she
 marches,

Brave is her shape, and sweeter un-
 possessed.

Sweeter, for she is what my heart first
 awaking 45

Whispered the world was; morning
 light is she.

Love that so desires would fain keep
 her changeless;

Fain would fling the net, and fain
 have her free.

Happy, happy time, when the white star
 hovers

Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy
 dew, 50

Near the face of dawn, that draws
 athwart the darkness,

Threading it with color, like yew-
 berries the yew.

Thicker crowd the shades as the grave
 east deepens

Glowing, and with crimson a long
 cloud swells.

Maiden still the morn is; and strange
 she is, and secret; 55

Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold
 as cold sea-shells.

Sunrays, leaning on our southern hills
 and lighting

Wild cloud-mountains that drag the
 hills along,

Oft ends the day of your shifting bril-
 liant laughter

Chill as a dull face frowning on a
 song. 60

Aye, but shows the southwest a ripple-
 feathered bosom

Blown to silver while the clouds are
 shaken and ascend

Scaling the mid-heavens as they stream,
 there comes a sunset

Rich, deep like love in beauty without
 end.

When at dawn she sighs, and like an
 infant to the window 65

Turns grave eyes craving light, re-
 leased from dreams,

Beautiful she looks, like a white water-
 lily

Bursting out of bud in havens of the
 streams.

When from bed she rises clothed from
 neck to ankle

In her long nightgown sweet as boughs
 of May, 70

Beautiful she looks, like a tall garden-
 lily

Pure from the night, and splendid
 for the day.

Mother of the dews, dark-eyelashed
 twilight,

Low-lidded twilight, o'er the valley's
 brim,

Rounding on thy breast sings the dew-
 delighted skylark, 75

Clear as though the dewdrops had
 their voice in him.

Hidden where the rose-flush drinks the
 rayless planet,

Fountain-full he pours the spraying
 fountain-showers.

Let me hear her laughter, I would have
 her ever

Cool as dew in twilight, the lark
 above the flowers. 80

All the girls are out with their baskets
 for the primrose;

Up lanes, woods through, they troop
 in joyful bands.

My sweet leads. She knows not why,
 but now she loiters,

Eyes the bent anemones, and hangs
her hands.
Such a look will tell that the violets
are peeping, 85
Coming the rose; and unaware a
cry
Springs in her bosom for odors and for
color,
Covert and the nightingale; she knows
not why.
Kerchiefed head and chin she darts
between her tulips,
Streaming like a willow gray in arrowy
rain. 90
Some bend beaten cheek to gravel, and
their angel
She will be; she lifts them, and on
she speeds again.
Black the driving rain-cloud breasts the
iron gateway;
She is forth to cheer a neighbor lack-
ing mirth.
So when sky and grass met rolling dumb
for thunder 95
Saw I once a white dove, sole light
of earth.
Prim little scholars are the flowers of
her garden,
Trained to stand in rows, and asking
if they please.
I might love them well but for loving
more the wild ones.
O my wild ones! they tell me more
than these. 100
You, my wild one, you tell of honeyed
field-rose,
Violet, blushing eglantine in life; and
even as they,
They by the wayside are earnest of
your goodness,
You are of life's, on the banks that
line the way.
Peering at her chamber the white crowns
the red rose, 105
Jasmine winds the porch with stars
two and three.
Parted is the window; she sleeps; the
starry jasmine
Breathes a falling breath that carries
thoughts of me.

Sweeter unpossessed, have I said of her
my sweetest?
Not while she sleeps. While she sleeps
the jasmine breathes, 110
Luring her to love; she sleeps; the starry
jasmine
Bears me to her pillow under white
rose-wreaths.
Yellow with birdfoot-trefoil are the
grass-glades;
Yellow with cinquefoil of the dew-
gray leaf;
Yellow with stonecrop; the moss-
mounds are yellow; 115
Blue-necked, the wheat sways, yellow-
ing to the sheaf.
Green-yellow, bursts from the copse the
laughing yaffle;
Sharp as a sickle is the edge of shade
and shine.
Earth in her heart laughs looking at
the heavens,
Thinking of the harvest. I look and
think of mine. 120
This I may know: her dressing and un-
dressing
Such a change of light shows as when
the skies in sport
Shift from cloud to moonlight; or edging
over thunder
Slips a ray of sun; or sweeping into
port
White sails furl; or on the ocean bord-
ers
White sails lean along the waves
leaping green. 126
Visions of her shower before me, but
from eyesight
Guarded she would be like the sun
were she seen.
Front door and back of the mossed old
farmhouse
Open with the morn, and in a breezy
link 130
Freshly sparkles garden to stripe-shad-
owed orchard,
Green across a rill where on sand the
minnows wink.

Busy in the grass the early sun of summer
 Swarms, and the blackbird's mellow fluting notes
 Call my darling up with round and roguish challenge; 135
 Quaintest, richest carol of all the singing throats!

 Cool was the woodside; cool as her white dairy
 Keeping sweet the cream-pan; and there the boys from school,
 Cricketing below, rushed brown and red with sunshine;
 O the dark translucence of the deep-eyed cool! 140
 Spying from the farm, herself she fetched a pitcher
 Full of milk, and tilted for each in turn the beak.
 Then a little fellow, mouth up and on tiptoe,
 Said, "I will kiss you"; she laughed and leaned her cheek.

 Doves of the firwood walling high our red roof 145
 Through the long noon coo, crooning through the coo.
 Loose droop the leaves, and down the sleepy roadway
 Sometimes pipes a chaffinch; loose droops the blue.
 Cows flap a slow tail knee-deep in the river,
 Breathless, given up to sun and gnat and fly. 150
 Nowhere is she seen; and if I see her nowhere,
 Lightning may come, straight rains and tiger sky.

 O the golden sheaf, the rustling treasure-armful!
 O the nutbrown tresses nodding interlaced!
 O the treasure-tresses one another over
 Nodding! O the girdle slack about the waist! 156
 Slain are the poppies that shot their random scarlet

Quick amid the wheat-ears. Wound about the waist,
 Gathered, see these brides of Earth one blush of ripeness!
 O the nutbrown tresses nodding interlaced! 160

 Large and smoky red the sun's cold disk drops,
 Clipped by naked hills, on violet-shaded snow.
 Eastward large and still lights up a bower of moonrise,
 Whence at her leisure steps the moon aglow.
 Nightlong on black print-branches our beech-tree 165
 Gazes in this whiteness; nightlong could I.
 Here may life on death or death on life be painted.
 Let me clasp her soul to know she cannot die!

 Gossips count her faults; they scour a narrow chamber
 Where there is no window, read not heaven or her. 170
 "When she was a tiny," one aged woman quavers,
 Plucks at my heart and leads me by the ear.
 Faults she had once as she learned to run and tumbled;
 Faults of feature some see, beauty not complete.
 Yet, good gossips, beauty that makes holy 175
 Earth and air, may have faults from head to feet.

 Hither she comes; she comes to me; she lingers,
 Deepens her brown eyebrows, while in new surprise
 High rise the lashes in wonder of a stranger;
 Yet am I the light and living of her eyes. 180
 Something friends have told her fills her heart to brimming,
 Nets her in her blushes, and wounds her, and tames.—

Sure of her haven, O like a dove alighting,
Arms up, she dropped; our souls were
in our names.

Soon will she lie like a white frost sunrise.¹⁸⁵
Yellow oats and brown wheat, barley
pale as rye,
Long since your sheaves have yielded
to the thresher,
Felt the girdle loosened, seen the
tresses fly.
Soon will she lie like a blood-red sunset,
Swift with the tomorrow, green-winged spring!¹⁹⁰
Sing from the southwest, bring her
back the truants,
Nightingale and swallow, song and
dipping wing.

Soft new beech-leaves, up to beamy
April
Spreading bough on bough a primrose
mountain, you
Lucid in the moon, raise lilies to the
sky-fields,¹⁹⁵
Youngest green transfused in silver
shining through;
Fairer than the lily, than the wild
white cherry;
Fair as in image my seraph love
appears
Borne to me by dreams when dawn is
at my eyelids—
Fair as in the flesh she swims to me
on tears.²⁰⁰

Could I find a place to be alone with
heaven,
I would speak my heart out; heaven
is my need.
Every woodland tree is flushing-like
the dogwood,
Flashing like the whitebeam, swaying
like the reed.
Flushing like the dogwood crimson in
October;²⁰⁵
Streaming like the flag-reed southwest
blown;

Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted
whitebeam:
All seem to know what is for heaven
alone. (1878)

LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT

On a starred night Prince Lucifer up-
rose.
Tired of his dark dominion swung the
fiend
Above the rolling ball in cloud part
screened,
Where sinners hugged their specter of
repose.
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were
those.⁵
And now upon his western wing he
leaned,
Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands
careened,
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic
snows.
Soaring through wider zones that pricked
his scars
With memory of the old revolt from
Awe,¹⁰
He reached a middle height, and at
the stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked,
and sank.
Around the ancient track marched, rank
on rank,
The army of unalterable law. (1883)

FROM MODERN LOVE

STANZA XIII

"I play for Seasons; not Eternities!"
Says Nature, laughing on her way. "So
must
All those whose stake is nothing more
than dust!"
And lo, she wins, and of her harmonies
She is full sure! Upon her dying
rose.⁵
She drops a look of fondness, and goes
by,
Scarce any retrospection in her eye;

For she the laws of growth most deeply
 knows,
 Whose hands bear, here, a seed-bag—
 there, an urn.
 Pledged she herself to aught, 'twould
 mark her end! 10
 This lesson of our only visible
 friend,
 Can we not teach our foolish hearts to
 learn?
 Yes! yes!—but, oh, our human rose is
 fair
 Surpassingly! Lose calmly Love's great
 bliss,
 When the renewed forever of a kiss 15
 Whirls life within the shower of loosened
 hair! (1862)

*MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)

SHAKESPEARE

Others abide our question. Thou art
 free.
 We ask and ask—thou smilest and art
 still,
 Out-topping knowledge. For the lofti-
 est hill,
 Who to the stars uncrowns his maj-
 esty,
 Planting his steadfast footsteps in the
 sea, 5
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwell-
 ing-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border of his
 base
 To the foiled searching of mortal-
 ity;
 And thou, who didst the stars and sun-
 beams know,
 Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored,
 self-secure, 10
 Didst tread on earth unguessed at.—
 Better so!
 All pains the immortal spirit must
 endure,
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs
 which bow,
 Find their sole speech in that victorious
 brow. (1849)

*A deeply sensitive classical scholar, whose poetry al-
 ways has clearness and balance. See headnote page 1026.
Shakespeare. Cf. "To the Memory of My Beloved,
 Master William Shakespeare" (page 374).

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

Come, dear children, let us away,
 Down and away below.
 Now my brothers call from the bay;
 Now the great winds shoreward blow;
 Now the salt tides seaward flow; 5
 Now the wild white horses play,
 Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
 Children dear, let us away,
 This way, this way!

Call her once before you go, 10
 Call once yet,
 In a voice that she will know:
 "Margaret! Margaret!"
 Children's voices should be dear
 (Call once more) to a mother's ear, 15
 Children's voices, wild with pain.
 Surely she will come again!
 Call her once and come away;
 This way, this way!
 "Mother dear, we cannot stay." 20
 The wild white horses foam and fret.
 Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away
 down;
 Call no more.
 One last look at the white-walled
 town, 25
 And the little gray church on the windy
 shore;
 Then come down.
 She will not come though you call
 all day.
 Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday 30
 We heard the sweet bells over the
 bay?
 In the caverns where we lay,
 Through the surf and through the
 swell,
 The far-off sound of a silver bell?
 Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
 Where the winds are all asleep; 36
 Where the spent lights quiver and
 gleam;
 Where the salt weed sways in the
 stream;

The Forsaken Merman. There is an old folklore super-
 stition that mermen or mermaids lure mortals to live
 with them in the sea. In this poem the mortal wife
 has forsaken her merman husband.

Where the sea-beasts, ranged all
round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-
ground; 40

Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail, and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world forever and aye? 45
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me, 50
On a red-gold throne in the heart of
the sea,

And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she
tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a
far-off bell.

She sighed, she looked up through the
clear green sea, 55
She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk
pray

In the little gray church on the shore
today.

'Twill be Easter-time in the world—
ah, me!

And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here
with thee."

I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the
waves; 60

Say thy prayer, and come back to the
kind sea-caves."

She smiled, she went up through the
surf in the bay.

Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long
alone?

"The sea grows stormy, the little ones
moan. 65

Long prayers," I said, "in the world
they say;

Come," I said, and we rose through the
surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy
down

Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the
white-walled town.

Through the narrow paved streets,
where all was still, 70

To the little gray church on the windy
hill.

From the church came a murmur of folk
at their prayers,

But we stood without in the cold-
blowing airs.

We climbed on the graves, on the stones
worn with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the
small leaded panes. 75

She sate by the pillar; we saw her
clear:

"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are
here.

Dear heart," I said, "we are long
alone.

The sea grows stormy, the little ones
moan."

But, ah! she gave me never a look, 80
For her eyes were sealed to the holy
book.

Loud prays the priest; shut stands the
door.

Come away, children, call no more.

Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down; 85

Down to the depths of the sea.

She sits at her wheel in the humming
town,

Singing most joyfully.

Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child
with its toy. 90

For the priest, and the bell, and the
holy well.

For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun."

And so she sings her fill,

Singing most joyfully, 95

Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at
the sand,

And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare; 100

And anon there breaks a sigh,

And anon there drops a tear,

From a sorrow-clouded eye,

And a heart sorrow-laden,

A long, long sigh 105

For the cold strange eyes of a little
mermaid,

And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children,
 Come children, come down.
 The hoarse wind blows colder; 110
 Lights shine in the town.
 She will start from her slumber
 When gusts shake the door;
 She will hear the winds howling,
 Will hear the waves roar. 115
 We shall see, while above us
 The waves roar and whirl,
 A ceiling of amber,
 A pavement of pearl.
 Singing, "Here came a mortal, 120
 But faithless was she;
 And alone dwell forever
 The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
 When soft the winds blow, 125
 When clear falls the moonlight,
 When spring-tides are low,
 When sweet airs come seaward
 From heaths starred with broom,
 And high rocks throw mildly 130
 On the blanched sands a gloom—
 Up the still, glistening beaches,
 Up the creeks we will hie,
 Over banks of bright seaweed
 The ebb-tide leaves dry. 135
 We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
 At the white, sleeping town;
 At the church on the hillside—
 And then come back down,
 Singing, "There dwells a loved one, 140
 But cruel is she.
 She left lonely forever
 The kings of the sea."

(1849)

SELF-DECEPTION

Say, what blinds us, that we claim the
 glory
 Of possessing powers not our share?
 —Since man woke on earth, he knows
 his story,
 But, before we woke on earth, we were.
 Long, long since, undowered yet, our
 spirit 5
 Roamed, ere birth, the treasures of
 God;

Self-Deception. Cf. "Intimations of Immortality" (page 465) and "Caliban upon Setebos" (page 561).

Saw the gifts, the powers it might in-
 herit,
 Asked an outfit for its earthly road.

Then, as now, this tremulous, eager
 being
 Strained and longed and grasped each
 gift it saw; 10
 Then, as now, a Power beyond our see-
 ing,
 Staved us back, and gave our choice
 the law.

Ah, whose hand that day through
 heaven guided
 Man's new spirit, since it was not we?
 Ah, who swayed our choice and who de-
 cided 15
 What our gifts, and what our wants
 should be?

For, alas! he left us each retaining
 Shreds of gifts which he refused in full.
 Still these waste us with their hopeless
 straining,
 Still the attempt to use them proves
 them null. 20

And on earth we wander, groping, reel-
 ing;
 Powers stir in us, stir and disappear.
 Ah! and he, who placed our master-
 feeling,
 Failed to place that master-feeling clear.

We but dream we have our wished-for
 powers, 25
 Ends we seek we never shall attain.
 Ah! *some* power exists there, which is
 ours?

Some end is there, we indeed may gain?
 (1852)

A SUMMER NIGHT

In the deserted, moon-blanchèd street,
 How lonely rings the echo of my feet!
 Those windows, which I gaze at, frown,
 Silent and white, unopening down,
 Repellant as the world—but see, 5

A Summer Night. Cf. "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" (page 633), the second of the three sonnets of *Timrod* (page 654), "Summer Night, Riverside" (page 694), and "The Harbor" (page 709).

A break between the housetops shows
The moon! and, lost behind her, fading
dim
Into the dewy dark obscurity
Down at the far horizon's rim.
Doth a whole tract of heaven disclose! 10

And to my mind the thought
Is on a sudden brought
Of a past night, and a far different scene.
Headlands stood out into the moonlit
deep
As clearly as at noon; 15
The spring-tide's brimming flow
Heaved dazzlingly between;

Houses, with long white sweep,
Girdled the glistening bay;
Behind, through the soft air, 20
The blue haze-cradled mountains spread
away,
The night was far more fair—
But the same restless paces to and fro,
And the same vainly throbbing heart
was there,
And the same bright, calm moon. 25

And the calm moonlight seems to say:
*Hast thou then still the old unquiet breast,
Which neither deadens into rest,
Nor ever feels the fiery glow
That whirls the spirit from itself away,
But fluctuates to and fro, 31
Never by passion quite possessed
And never quite benumbed by the world's
sway?—*

And I, I know not if to pray
Still to be what I am, or yield and be 35
Like all the other men I see.

For most men in a brazen prison live,
Where, in the sun's hot eye,
With heads bent o'er their toil, they
languidly
Their lives to some unmeaning taskwork
give, 40
Dreaming of nought beyond their prison
wall.
And as, year after year,
Fresh products of their barren labor fall
From their tired hands, and rest
Never yet comes more near, 45
Gloom settles slowly down over their
breast;

And while they try to stem
The waves of mournful thought by
which they are pressed,
Death in their prison reaches them,
Unfreed, having seen nothing, still un-
blest. 50

And the rest, a few,
Escape their prison and depart
On the wide ocean of life anew.
There the freed prisoner, where'er his
heart
Listeth, will sail; 55
Nor doth he know how there prevail,
Despotic on that sea,
Tradewinds which cross it from eternity.
A while he holds some false way, unde-
barred
By thwarting signs, and braves 60
The freshening wind and blackening
waves
And then the tempest strikes him; and
between
The lightning-bursts is seen
Only a driving wreck,
And the pale master on his spar-strewn
deck 65
With anguished face and flying hair
Grasping the rudder hard,
Still bent to make some port he knows
not where,
Still standing for some false, impossible
shore.
And sterner comes the roar 70
Of sea and wind, and through the deep-
ening gloom
Fainter and fainter wreck and helmsman
loom,
And he, too, disappears, and comes no
more.

Is there no life, but these alone?
Madman or slave, must man be one? 75

Plainness and clearness without shadow
of stain!
Clearness divine!
Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions
have no sign
Of languor, though so calm, and, though
so great,
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate; 80
Who, though so noble, share in the
world's toil,

And, though so tasked, keep free from
dust and soil!

I will not say that your mild deeps retain
A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain
Who have longed deeply once, and longed
in vain— 85

But I will rather say that you remain
A world above man's head, to let him
see

How boundless might his soul's horizons
be,

How vast, yet of what clear trans-
parency!

How it were good to abide there, and
breathe free; 90

How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still!

(1852)

THE BURIED LIFE

Light flows our war of mocking words,
and yet,

Behold, with tears mine eyes are wet!
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.

Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
We know, we know that we can smile!

But there's a something in this breast, 6
To which thy light words bring no rest,
And thy gay smiles no anodyne.

Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
And turn those limpid eyes on mine, 10
And let me read there, love! thy inmost
soul.

Alas! is even love too weak
To unlock the heart, and let it speak?

Are even lovers powerless to reveal
To one another what indeed they feel? 15

I knew the mass of men concealed
Their thoughts, for fear that if revealed

They would by other men be met
With blank indifference, or with blame
reproved;

I knew they lived and moved 20

Tricked in disguises, alien to the rest
Of men, and alien to themselves—and
yet

The same heart beats in every human
breast!

But we, my love!—doth a like spell be-
numb

Our hearts, our voices?—must we, too,
be dumb? 25

Ah! well for us, if even we,
Even for a moment, can get free

Our heart, and have our lips unchained;
For that which seals them hath been
deep-ordained!

Fate, which foresaw 30
How frivolous a baby man would be—
By what distractions he would be pos-
sessed,

How he would pour himself in every
strife,

And well nigh change his own identity—
That it might keep from his capricious
play 35

His genuine self, and force him to obey
Even in his own despite his being's
law,

Bade through the deep recesses of our
breast

The unregarded river of our life
Pursue with indiscernible flow its way;

And that we should not see 41

The buried stream, and seem to be
Eddying at large in blind uncertainty,

Though driving on with it eternally.

But often, in the world's most crowded
streets, 45

But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire

After the knowledge of our buried life;
A thirst to spend our fire and restless
force

In tracking out our true, original course;
A longing to inquire 51

Into the mystery of this heart which
beats

So wild, so deep in us—to know
Whence our lives come and where they
go.

And many a man in his own breast then
delves, 55

But deep enough, alas! none ever mines.
And we have been on many thousand
lines,

And we have shown, on each, spirit and
power;

But hardly have we, for one little hour,

The Buried Life. Cf. "Let Me Not to the Marriage of
True Minds" (page 367). "The Buried Life" is one of
the poems which mirror the struggle of the soul; for an
earlier example see "The Collar" (page 386).

Been on our own line, have we been our-
 selves—⁶⁰
 Hardly had skill to utter one of all
 The nameless feelings that course
 through our breast,
 But they course on forever unexpressed,
 And long we try in vain to speak and
 act
 Our hidden self, and what we say and
 do⁶⁵
 Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true!
 And then we will no more be racked
 With inward striving, and demand
 Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
 Their stupefying power;⁷⁰
 Ah, yes, and they benumb us at our call!
 Yet still, from time to time, vague and
 forlorn,
 From the soul's subterranean depth up-
 borne
 As from an infinitely distant land,
 Come airs, and floating echoes, and
 convey⁷⁵
 A melancholy into all our day.

 Only—but this is rare—
 When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
 When, jaded with the rush and glare
 Of the interminable hours,⁸⁰
 Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
 When our world-deafened ear
 Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed—
 A bolt is shot back somewhere in our
 breast,
 And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.⁸⁵
 The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies
 plain,
 And what we mean, we say, and what
 we would, we know.
 A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
 And hears its winding murmur; and he
 sees
 The meadows where it glides, the sun,
 the breeze.⁹⁰

 And there arrives a lull in the hot race
 Wherein he doth forever chase
 That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
 An air of coolness plays upon his face,
 And an unwonted calm pervades his
 breast.⁹⁵
 And then he thinks he knows
 The hills where his life rose,
 And the sea where it goes. (1852)

PHILOMELA

Hark! ah, the Nightingale!
 The tawny-throated!
 Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a
 burst!
 What triumph! hark!—what pain!

 O wanderer from a Grecian shore,⁵
 Still, after many years, in distant lands,
 Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain
 That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken,
 old-world pain—
 Say, will it never heal?
 And can this fragrant lawn¹⁰
 With its cool trees, and night,
 And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
 And moonshine, and the dew,
 To thy racked heart and brain
 Afford no balm?¹⁵

 Dost thou tonight behold
 Here, through the moonlight on this
 English grass,
 The unfriendly palace in the Thracian
 wild?
 Dost thou again peruse
 With hot cheeks and seared eyes²⁰
 The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's
 shame?
 Dost thou once more assay
 Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
 Poor fugitive, the feathery change
 Once more, and once more seem to
 make resound²⁵
 With love and hate, triumph and agony,
 Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian
 vale?
 Listen, Eugenia—
 How thick the bursts come crowding
 through the leaves!
 Again—thou hearest?³⁰
 Eternal Passion?
 Eternal Pain! (1853)

IMMORTALITY

Foiled by our fellow-men, depressed,
 outworn,
 We leave the brutal world to take its
 way,
 And, *Patience! in another life*, we say,

Philomela. See note on "The Swallow" (page 407).
 27. *Daulis*, Thrace. *Cephissian vale*, in Attica.
Immortality. Cf. "Rabbi Ben Ezra" (page 558).

*The world shall be thrust down, and we
upborne.*
And will not, then, the immortal armies
scorn 5
The world's poor, routed leavings? or
will they,
Who failed under the heat of this life's
day,
Support the fervors of the heavenly
morn?
No, no! the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagged not in the earthly
strife, 11
From strength to strength advancing—
only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles
won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal
life. (1867)

DOVER BEACH

The sea is calm tonight,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits—on the French coast
the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of Eng-
land stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tran-
quil bay. 5
Come to the window; sweet is the night-
air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd
land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back,
and fling, 10
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago 15
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern
sea. 20

Dover Beach. Cf. "It Is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free" (page 468). 15. *Sophocles* (496-406 B.C.), a Greek dramatist.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round
earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle
furled,
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath 26
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges
drear
And naked shingles of the world.
Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which
seems 30
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor
light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for
pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain 35
Swept with confused alarms of struggle
and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.
(1867)

GROWING OLD

What is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form,
The luster of the eye?
Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?
—Yes, but not this alone. 5

Is it to feel our strength—
Not our bloom only, but our strength—
decay?
Is it to feel each limb
Grow stiffer, every function less exact,
Each nerve more loosely strung? 10

Yes, this, and more; but not
Ah, 'tis not what in youth we dreamed
'twould be!
'Tis not to have our life
Mellowed and softened as with sunset-
glow,
A golden day's decline. 15

'Tis not to see the world
As from a height, with rapt prophetic
eyes,

Growing Old. Cf. "Rabbi Ben Ezra" (page 558).

And heart profoundly stirred;
And weep, and feel the fullness of the
past,
The years that are no more. 20

It is to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever
young;
It is to add, immured
In the hot prison of the present, month
To month with weary pain. 25

It is to suffer this,
And feel but half, and feebly, what we
feel.
Deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull remembrance of a
change,
But no emotion—none. 30

It is—last stage of all—
When we are frozen up within, and
quite
The phantom of ourselves,
To hear the world applaud the hollow
ghost
Which blamed the living man. (1867)

RUGBY CHAPEL

NOVEMBER, 1857

Coldly, sadly descends
The autumn evening. The field,
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
Of withered leaves, and the elms,
Fade into dimness apace, 5
Silent—hardly a shout
From a few boys late at their play!
The lights come out in the street,
In the school-room windows—but cold,
Solemn, unlighted, austere, 10
Through the gathering darkness, arise
The chapel-walls, in whose bound
Thou, my father! art laid.

There thou dost lie, in the gloom
Of the autumn evening. But ah, 15
That word, *gloom*, to my mind
Brings thee back, in the light

Rugby Chapel. Matthew Arnold was the son of the famous Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby, who is described in Hughes's *Tom Brown's School-Days*. Cf. "Dominus Illuminatio Mea" (page 590).

Of thy radiant vigor, again;
In the gloom of November we passed
Days not dark at thy side; 20
Seasons impaired not the ray
Of thy buoyant cheerfulness clear.
Such thou wast! and I stand
In the autumn evening, and think
Of bygone autumns with thee. 25

Fifteen years have gone round
Since thou arosest to tread,
In the summer-morning, the road
Of death, at a call unforeseen,
Sudden. For fifteen years, 30
We who till then in thy shade
Restored as under the boughs
Of a mighty oak have endured
Sunshine and rain as we might,
Bare, unshaded, alone, 35
Lacking the shelter of thee.

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar, 40
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practiced that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past, 45
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live—
Prompt, unwearied, as here!
Still thou upraiest with zeal
The humble good from the ground, 50
Sternly represses the bad!
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the border-land dim
'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st, 55
Succorest! This was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth.

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth? 60
Most men eddy about
Here and there—eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurled in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving 65
Nothing; and then they die—
Perish—and no one asks

Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild 70
Of the midmost ocean, have swelled,
Foamed for a moment, and gone.

And there are some, whom a thirst
Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
Not with the crowd to be spent, 75
Not without aim to go round
In an eddy of purposeless dust,
Effort unmeaning and vain.
Ah, yes! some of us strive
Not without action to die 80
Fruitless, but something to snatch
From dull oblivion, nor all
Glut the devouring grave!
We, we have chosen our path—
Path to a clear-purposed goal, 85
Path of advance!—but it leads
A long, steep journey, through sunk
Gorges, o'er mountains in snow.
Cheerful, with friends, we set forth—
Then, on the height, comes the storm. 90
Thunder crashes from rock
To rock, the cataracts reply,
Lightnings dazzle our eyes.
Roaring torrents have breached
The track, the stream-bed descends 95
In the place where the wayfarer once
Planted his footstep—the spray
Boils o'er its borders! aloft
The unseen snow-beds dislodge
Their hanging ruin! alas, 100
Havoc is made in our train!
Friends, who set forth at our side,
Falter, are lost in the storm.
We, we only are left!
With frowning foreheads, with lips 105
Sternly compressed, we strain on,
On—and at nightfall at last
Come to the end of our way,
To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks;
Where the gaunt and taciturn host 110
Stands on the threshold, the wind
Shaking his thin white hairs—
Holds his lantern to scan
Our storm-beat figures, and asks:
Whom in our party we bring, 115
Whom we have left in the snow?

Sadly we answer: We bring
Only ourselves! we lost
Sight of the rest in the storm;

Hardly ourselves we fought through, 120
Stripped, without friends, as we are.
Friends, companions, and train,
The avalanche swept from our side.

But thou would'st not *alone*
Be saved, my father! *alone* 125
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die. 130
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet, 135
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given 140
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of thy day,
Oh, faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

And through thee I believe 145
In the noble and great who are gone;
Pure souls honored and blest
By former ages, who else—
Such, so soulless, so poor,
Is the race of men whom I see— 150
Seemed but a dream of the heart,
Seemed but a cry of desire.
Yes! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Not like the men of the crowd 155
Who all round me today
Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous, and arid, and vile;
But souls tempered with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good, 160
Helpers and friends of mankind.

Servants of God!—or sons
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind, 165
His, who unwillingly sees
One of his little ones lost—
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died! 170

See! In the rocks of the world
 Marches the host of mankind,
 A feeble, wavering line.
 Where are they tending?—A God
 Marshaled them, gave them their
 goal. 175

Ah, but the way is so long!
 Years they have been in the wild!
 Sore thirst plagues them, the rocks,
 Rising all round, overawe;
 Factions divide them, their host 180
 Threatens to break, to dissolve.
 —Ah, keep, keep them combined!
 Else, of the myriads who fill
 That army, not one shall arrive;
 Sole they shall stray; on the rocks 185
 Stagger forever in vain,
 Die one by one in the waste.

Then, in such hour of need
 Of your fainting, dispirited race,
 Ye, like angels, appear, 190
 Radiant with ardor divine!
 Beacons of hope ye appear!
 Languor is not in your heart,
 Weakness is not in your word,
 Weariness not on your brow. 195
 Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
 Panic, despair, flee away.
 Ye move through the ranks, recall
 The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
 Praise, reinspire the brave! 200
 Order, courage, return.
 Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
 Follow your steps as ye go.
 Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
 Strengthen the wavering line, 205
 Stablish, continue our march,
 On, to the bound of the waste,
 On, to the City of God.

(1867)

THE LAST WORD

Creep into thy narrow bed,
 Creep, and let no more be said!
 Vain thy onset! all stands fast.
 Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease! 5
 Geese are swans, and swans are geese.

The Last Word. Cf. "Invictus" (page 600) and "Re-
 veille" (page 703).

Let them have it how they will!
 Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore
 thee!

Better men fared thus before thee; 10
 Fired their ringing shot and passed,
 Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
 Let the victors, when they come,
 When the forts of folly fall, 15
 Find thy body by the wall.

(1867)

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL
NEWMAN (1801-1890)

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling
 gloom,

Lead thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from
 home—

Lead thou me on!

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to
 see 5

The distant scene—one step enough for
 me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
 Thou

Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path; but
 now

Lead thou me on! 10

I loved the garish day, and, spite of
 fears,

Pride ruled my will; remember not past
 years.

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure
 it still

Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
 till 15

The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces
 smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost
 awhile.

(1833)

*DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
(1828-1882)

MY SISTER'S SLEEP

She fell asleep on Christmas Eve;
At length the long-ungranted shade
Of weary eyelids overweighed
The pain nought else might yet relieve.

Our mother, who had leaned all day 5
Over the bed from chime to chime,
Then raised herself for the first
time,
And as she sat her down, did pray.

Her little work-table was spread
With work to finish. For the glare 10
Made by her candle, she had care
To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a cold moon up,
Of winter radiance sheer and thin;
The hollow halo it was in 15
Was like an icy crystal cup.

Through the small room, with subtle
sound
Of flame, by vents the fire-shine drove
And reddened. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round. 20

I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and
blank;
Like a sharp strengthening wine it
drank
The stillness and the broken lights.

Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindle 25
years

*Rossetti was the leader of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, which attempted to recapture the intense sincerity, simplicity, and religious faith of Italian painting before Raphael. Rossetti's poetry shows the same characteristics as his paintings. When his poems were published in 1870 there was a fierce attack upon them as "The Fleshly School in Poetry." Rossetti was a precursor of Swinburne and such poets as Arthur Symonds. In America such poetry was made more primitive and vigorous by Whitman. Rossetti was a brilliant man, but the last years of his life were marked by mental weakness.

My Sister's Sleep. Rossetti's meticulous attention to details produces profound emotional reactions by very simple statements. The details give a narrative effect, but they are introduced merely to recall a powerful subjective emotion. Compare his use of detail with that of Coleridge in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" (page 261). See also "I Remember, I Remember" (page 476), "Ring Out, Wild Bells" (page 538), and "The Raven" (page 649).

Heard in each hour, crept off; and
then
The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat:
Her needles, as she laid them down,
Met lightly, and her silken gown 31
Settled; no other noise than that.

"Glory unto the newly born!"
So, as said angels, she did say;
Because we were in Christmas Day, 35
Though it would still be long till
morn.

Just then in the room over us
There was pushing back of chairs,
As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose. 40

With anxious softly-stepping haste
Our mother went where Margaret
lay,
Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should
they
Have broken her long watched-for
rest!

She stooped an instant, calm, and
turned; 45
But suddenly turned back again;
And all her features seemed in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and
yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face,
And held my breath, and spoke no
word. 50
There was none spoken; but I heard
The silence for a little space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept;
And both my arms fell, and I said,
"God knows I knew that she was
dead." 55
And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn
A little after twelve o'clock
We said, ere the first quarter struck,
"Christ's blessing on the newly born!"
(1850)

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

The blessed damozel leaned out
 From the golden bar of heaven;
 Her eyes were deeper than the depth
 Of waters stilled at even;
 She had three lilies in her hand, 5
 And the stars in her hair were
 seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
 No wrought flowers did adorn,
 But a white rose of Mary's gift,
 For service meetly worn; 10
 Her hair that lay along her back
 Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
 One of God's choristers;
 The wonder was not yet quite gone 15
 From that still look of hers;
 Albeit, to them she left, her day
 Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
 . . . Yet now, and in this place, 20
 Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
 Fell all about my face. . .
 Nothing; the autumn fall of leaves.
 The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house 25
 That she was standing on;
 By God built over the sheer depth
 The which is space begun;
 So high, that looking downward thence
 She scarce could see the sun. 30

It lies in heaven, across the flood
 Of ether, as a bridge.
 Beneath, the tides of day and night
 With flame and darkness ridge
 The void, as low as where this earth 35
 Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
 'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
 Spoke evermore among themselves

The Blessed Damozel. The rapturous mysticism of this poem is paralleled but not equaled by such works of the metaphysical poets as "The Flaming Heart" (page 390) and "The Hound of Heaven" (page 591). The poem is a complement to Poe's "The Raven" (page 649).
 12. *ripe corn*, yellow grain.

Their heart-remembered names; 40
 And the souls mounting up to God
 Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
 Out of the circling charm;
 Until her bosom must have made 45
 The bar she leaned on warm,
 And the lilies lay as if asleep
 Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
 Time like a pulse shake fierce 50
 Through all the worlds. Her gaze still
 strove
 Within the gulf to pierce
 Its path; and now she spoke as when
 The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon 55
 Was like a little feather
 Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
 She spoke through the still weather.
 Her voice was like the voice the stars
 Had when they sang together. 60

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
 Strove not her accents there,
 Fain to be harkened? When those bells
 Possessed the mid-day air,
 Strove not her steps to reach my side 65
 Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
 For he will come," she said.
 "Have I not prayed in heaven?—on earth,
 Lord, Lord, has he not prayed? 70
 Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
 And shall I feel afraid?"

"When round his head the aureole clings,
 And he is clothed in white,
 I'll take his hand and go with him 75
 To the deep wells of light;
 As unto a stream we will step down,
 And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
 Occult, withheld, untrod, 80
 Whose lamps are stirred continually
 With prayers sent up to God;
 And see our old prayers, granted, melt
 Each like a little cloud."

"We two will lie i' the shadow of 85
That living, mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly. 90

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each
pause, 95
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity 100
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose
names 105
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret, and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded; 110
Into the fine cloth, white like flame,
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robcs for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb; 115
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak;
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak. 120

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered
heads
Bowed with their aureoles;
And angels meeting us shall sing, 125
To their citherns and citoles.

126. *citoles*, dulcimers; like zithers, but played with two small hammers.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, only to be, 130
As then awhile, forever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild—
"All this is when he comes." She
ceased. 135
The light thrilled toward her, filled
With angels in strong, level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres; 140
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)
(1850)

A NEW YEAR'S BURDEN

Along the grass sweet airs are blown
Our way this day in spring.
Of all the songs that we have known
Now which one shall we sing?
Not that, my love, ah, no!— 5
Not this, my love? why so!—
Yet both were ours, but hours will come
and go.

The grove is all a pale frail mist,
The new year sucks the sun.
Of all the kisses that we kissed 10
Now which shall be the one?
Not that, my love, ah, no!—
Not this, my love?—heigh-ho
For all the sweets that all the winds can
blow!

The branches cross above our eyes, 15
The skies are in a net;
And what's the thing beneath the skies
We two would most forget?
Not birth, my love, no, no—
Not death, my love, no, no— 20
The love once ours, but ours long hours
ago.
(1850)

A *New Year's Burden*. Cf. "We'll Go No More a-Roving" (page 482). Title. *burden*, refrain.

FOUR SONNETS

FROM THE HOUSE OF LIFE

LXXI. THE CHOICE—I

Eat thou and drink; tomorrow thou
 shalt die.
 Surely the earth, that's wise, being very
 old,
 Needs not our help. Then loose me,
 love, and hold
 Thy sultry hair up from my face, that I
 May pour for thee this golden wine,
 brim-high, 5
 Till round the glass thy fingers glow
 like gold.
 We'll drown all hours; thy song, while
 hours are tolled,
 Shall leap, as fountains veil the chang-
 ing sky.
 Now kiss, and think that there are really
 those,
 My own high-bosomed beauty, who
 increase 10
 Vain gold, vain lore, and yet might
 choose our way!
 Through many years they toil; then on
 a day
 They die not—for their life was death,
 —but cease;
 And round their narrow lips the mold
 falls close.

LXXII. THE CHOICE—II

Watch thou and fear; tomorrow thou
 shalt die.
 Or art thou sure thou shalt have time
 for death?
 Is not the day which God's word prom-
 iseth
 To come man knows not when? In
 yonder sky,
 Now while we speak, the sun speeds
 forth. Can I 5
 Or thou assure him of his goal? God's
 breath
 Even at this moment haply quickeneth
 The air to a flame; till spirits, always
 nigh

Sonnets from the House of Life. A sonnet sequence, which is regarded by many as Rossetti's greatest work. Modeling these poems upon the Italian sonnets of the Renaissance, he recorded his spiritual life from 1850 on. The loss of his wife in 1862 deepened the note of love, but the sonnets are predominantly mystic. Many of them refer to pictures, as does "Soul's Beauty."

Though screened and hid, shall walk
 the daylight here.
 And dost thou prate of all that man
 shall do? 10
 Canst thou, who hast but plagues pre-
 sume to be
 Glad in his gladness that comes after
 thee?
 Will *his* strength slay *thy* worm in Hell?
 Go to;
 Cover thy countenance, and watch, and
 fear.

LXXIII. THE CHOICE—III

Think thou and act; tomorrow thou
 shalt die.
 Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon
 the shore,
 Thou say'st: "Man's measured path is
 all gone o'er.
 Up all his years, steeply, with strain and
 sigh,
 Man clomb until he touched the truth;
 and I, 5
 Even I, am he whom it was destined
 for."
 How should this be? Art thou then so
 much more
 Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst
 reap thereby?
 Nay, come up hither. From this wave-
 washed mound
 Unto the furthest flood-brim look with
 me; 10
 Then reach on with thy thought till it
 be drowned.
 Miles and miles distant though the last
 line be,
 And though thy soul sail leagues and
 leagues beyond—
 Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there
 is more sea.

LXXVII. SOUL'S BEAUTY

(*Sibylla Palmifera*)

Under the arch of Life, where love and
 death,
 Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I
 saw
 Beauty enthroned; and though her
 gaze struck awe,
 I drew it in as simply as my breath.

Hers are the eyes which, over and beneath,⁵
 The sky and sea bend on thee—which
 can draw,
 By sea or sky or woman, to one law,
 The allotted bondman of her palm and
 wreath.
 This is that Lady Beauty, in whose
 praise
 Thy voice and hand shake still—long
 known to thee¹⁰
 By flying hair and fluttering hem—the
 beat
 Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
 How passionately and irretrievably,
 In what fond flight, how many ways
 and days! (1869, 1870, 1881)

*CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI
 (1830-1894)

UPHILL

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
 Yes, to the very end.
 Will the day's journey take the whole
 long day?
 From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-
 place?⁵
 A roof for when the slow, dark hours
 begin.
 May not the darkness hide it from my
 face?
 You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
 Those who have gone before.¹⁰
 Then must I knock, or call when just
 in sight?
 They will not keep you waiting at
 that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and
 weak?
 Of labor you shall find the sum.
 Will there be beds for me and all who
 seek?
 Yea, beds for all who come. (1862)

*The sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti always lived a secluded and intensely religious life. Her poetry is that of a mystic.
Uphill. Cf. "The Wanderers" (page 626).

*RICHARD DODDRIDGE
 BLACKMORE (1825-1900)

DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA

In the hour of death, after this life's
 whim,
 When the heart beats low, and the
 eyes grow dim,
 And pain has exhausted every limb—
 The lover of the Lord shall trust in
 him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong
 aim,⁵
 And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
 And a man is uncertain of his own
 name—
 The power of the Lord shall fill this
 frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last
 tear shed,
 And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
 And the widow and child forsake the
 dead—¹¹
 The angel of the Lord shall lift this
 head.

For even the purest delight may
 pall,
 And power must fail, and the pride must
 fall,
 And the love of the dearest friends grow
 small—¹⁵
 But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

†AUSTIN DOBSON (1840-1921)

IN AFTER DAYS

RONDEAU

In after days when grasses high
 O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
 Though ill or well the world adjust
 My slender claim to honored dust,
 I shall not question nor reply.⁵

*Author of *Lorna Doone*. The title of the poem is the motto of Oxford University, "God is my light."

†A charming poet who belonged to the eighteenth century in spirit, but who lived in the nineteenth century. He used complicated French lyric meters with great success.

In After Days. Cf. "Requiem" (page 599).

I shall not see the morning sky;
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;
I shall be mute, as all men must
In after days!

But yet, now living, fain would I 10
That someone then should testify,
Saying: "He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust."
Will none?—Then let my memory die
In after days!
(1920)

*FRANCIS THOMPSON (1859-1907)

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter. 5
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown titanic glooms of chasméd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed,
followed after.

But with unhurrying chase, 10
And unperturbéd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
"All things betray thee, who betrayest
Me." 15

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained
red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For, though I knew His love who fol-
lowéd,

*A destitute poet, who battled with tuberculosis all his life and finally succumbed to it. His mysticism is magnificent in the power of its utterance, and stands beside that of Crashaw and Rossetti. "The Hound of Heaven" is the last of the great series which we have noted in this book, wherein the soul struggles for freedom against the power of Eternal Love. See "The Collar" (page 386). The dreamlike atmosphere is remarkable and should be compared with that of "The Raven" (page 649).

Yet was I sore adread 20
Lest, having Him, I must have naught
beside.)
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash
it to.
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist
to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the
stars, 26
Smiting for shelter on their clangéd
bars;

Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the
moon.
I said to dawn: Be sudden; to eve: Be
soon— 30
With thy young skyey blossoms heap
me over

From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy, 35
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their
loyal deceit.

To all swift things for swiftness did I
sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every
wind.

But whether they swept, smoothly
fleet, 40
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, thunder-driven,
They clangéd His chariot 'thwart a
heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round the
spurn o' their feet—

Fear wist not to evade as Love wist
to pursue. 45

Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbéd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat— 50
"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not
shelter Me."

I sought no more that after which I
strayed
In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children's eyes

Seems something, something that
 replies, 55
They at least are for me, surely for
 me!
 I turned me to them very wistfully;
 But just as their young eyes grew sudden
 fair
 With dawning answers there,
 Their angel plucked them from me by
 the hair. 60
 "Come then, ye other children, Nature's
 —share
 With me" (said I) "your delicate fellow-
 ship;
 Let me greet you lip to lip,
 Let me twine with you caresses,
 Wantoning 65
 With our Lady-Mother's vagrant
 tresses,
 Banqueting
 With her in her wind-walled palace,
 Underneath her azured dais,
 Quaffing, as your taintless way is, 70
 From a chalice
 Lucent-weeping out of the day-spring."
 So it was done:
 I in their delicate fellowship was one—
 Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies. 75
 I knew all the swift importings
 On the willful face of skies;
 I knew how the clouds arise,
 Spuméd of the wild sea-snotings;
 All that's born or dies 80
 Rose and drooped with; made them
 shapers
 Of mine own moods, or wailful or
 divine—
 With them joyed and was bereaven.
 I was heavy with the even,
 When she lit her glimmering tapers 85
 Round the day's dead sanctities.
 I laughed in the morning's eyes.
 I triumphed and I saddened with all
 weather,
 Heaven and I wept together,
 And its sweet tears were salt with mor-
 tal mine; 90
 Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
 I laid my own to beat,
 And share commingling heat;
 But not by that, by that, was eased my
 human smart.
 In vain my tears were wet on heaven's
 gray cheek. 95

For ah! we know not what each other says,
 These things and I; in sound I
 speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak
 by silences.
 Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake
 my drought;
 Let her, if she would owe me, 100
 Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and
 show me
 The breasts o' her tenderness;
 Never did any milk of hers once bless
 My thirsting mouth.

Nigh and nigh draws the chase, 105
 With unperturbed pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
 And past those noised Feet
 A Voice comes yet more fleet—
 "Lo! naught contents thee, who con-
 tent'st not Me." 110

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
 My harness piece by piece Thou hast
 hewn from me,
 And smitten me to my knee;
 I am defenseless utterly;
 I slept, methinks, and woke, 115
 And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in
 sleep.
 In the rash lustihead of my young pow-
 ers,
 I shook the pillaring hours
 And pulled my life upon me; grimed
 with smears,
 I stand amid the dust o' the mounded
 years— 120
 My mangled youth lies dead beneath
 the heap.
 My days have crackled and gone up in
 smoke,
 Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on
 a stream.
 Yea, faileth now even dream
 The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
 Even the linked fantasies, in whose
 blossomy twist 126
 I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
 Are yielding; cords of all too weak
 account
 For earth, with heavy griefs so over-
 plussed.
 Ah! is Thy love indeed 130
 A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,

Suffering no flowers except its own to
mount?

Ah! must—

Designer infinite!—

Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou
canst limn with it? 135

My freshness spent its wavering shower
i' the dust;

And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt
down ever

From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.
Such is; what is to be? 141

The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the
rind?

I dimly guess what Time in mists con-
founds;

Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity:
Those shaken mists a space unsettle,
then 146

Round the half-glimpséd turrets slowly
wash again;

But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound

With glooming robes purpleal, cypress-
crowned; 150

His name I know, and what his trumpet
saith.

Whether man's heart or life it be which
yields

Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit 155
Comes on at hand the bruit;

That Voice is round me like a bursting
sea:

"And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?

Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest
Me! 160

Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love
apart?

Seeing none but I makes much of naught"
(He said),

"And human love needs human merit-
ing:

How hast thou merited— 165

Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest
clot?

Alack, thou knowest not

How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble
thee,

Save Me, save only Me? 170
All which I took from thee I did but
take,

Not for thy harms,
"But just that thou might'st seek it in
my arms.

All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee
at home— 175

Rise, clasp My hand and come!"

Halts by me that footfall;
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched
caressingly?

"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest, 180
I am He whom thou seekest!

Thou dravest love from thee, who drav-
est Me." (1890, 1893)

*ALGERNON CHARLES SWIN- BURNE (1837-1909)

CHORUSES FROM ATALANTA IN CALYDON

THE YOUTH OF THE YEAR

When the hounds of spring are on
winter's traces,

The mother of months in meadow or
plain

Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amor-
ous 5

Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign
faces,

The tongueless vigil, and all the pain—

*A brilliant romanticist, whose brain worked at such fever heat that at times he had nervous breakdowns. His health was never robust, and he lived in seclusion during the last years of his life. Swinburne was an ardent admirer of the Greeks, and prided himself upon his ability to write poetry in Greek. He was equally proficient in French. His poetry is a voluptuous and torrential outpouring of beautiful images, so rich as often to cloy the reader or to obscure the central idea of the poem. Swinburne is generally hedonistic. To him nothing compensates for the loss of youth with its powers of emotional enjoyment, and as one grows older, the world becomes more perplexing, more horrible.

Atalanta in Calydon. A tragedy written in the Euripidean manner. 6. *Itylus . . . Thracian ships.* See note on "The Swallow" (page 407).

Come with bows bent and with empty-
 ing of quivers,
 Maiden most perfect, lady of light, 10
 With a noise of winds and many rivers,
 With a clamor of waters, and with
 might;
 Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
 Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;
 For the faint east quickens, the wan
 west shivers, 15
 Round the feet of the day and the feet
 of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we
 sing to her,
 Fold our hands round her knees, and
 cling?
 O that man's heart were as fire and could
 spring to her,
 Fire, or the strength of the streams
 that spring! 20
 For the stars and the winds are unto her
 As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
 For the risen stars and the fallen cling
 to her,
 And the southwest wind and the west
 wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over, 25
 And all the season of snows and sins;
 The days dividing lover and lover,
 The light that loses, the night that
 wins;
 And time remembered is grief forgotten,
 And frosts are slain and flowers be-
 gotten, 30
 And in green underwood and cover
 Blossom by blossom the spring be-
 gins.

The full streams feed on flower of
 rushes,
 Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot,
 The faint fresh flame of the young year
 flushes 35
 From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
 And fruit and leaf are as gold and
 fire,
 And the oat is heard above the lyre,
 And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
 The chestnut-husk at the chestnut
 root. 40

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
 Follows with dancing and fills with de-
 light

The Maenad and the Bassarid;
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide 45
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
 And screen from seeing and leave in
 sight
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair,
 Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes; 50
 The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
 Her bright breast shortening into
 sighs;
 The wild vine slips with the weight of
 its leaves,
 But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that
 scare 55
 The wolf that follows, the fawn that
 flies.

THE LIFE OF MAN

Before the beginning of years
 There came to the making of man
 Time, with a gift of tears;
 Grief, with a glass that ran;
 Pleasure, with pain for leaven; 5
 Summer, with flowers that fell;
 Remembrance fallen from heaven,
 And madness risen from hell;
 Strength without hands to smite;
 Love that endures for a breath; 10
 Night, the shadow of light,
 And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
 Fire, and the falling of tears,
 And a measure of sliding sand 15
 From under the feet of the years;
 And froth and drift of the sea;
 And dust of the laboring earth;
 And bodies of things to be
 In the houses of death and of birth; 20
 And wrought with weeping and laughter
 And fashioned with loathing and love,
 With life before and after
 And death beneath and above,
 For a day and a night and a morrow, 25

10. Maiden most perfect, Diana. 38. oat, pipe.

44. Maenad, a female attendant on Bacchus. Bas-
 sarid, a Thracian Bacchanal, or reveler of Bacchus.

That his strength might endure for a
span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the
south

They gathered as unto strife; 30
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought, 35
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night. 40
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap; 46
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

(1865)

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

Here, where the world is quiet,
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams,
I watch the green field growing 5
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest-time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep; 10
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap.
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers 15
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,
And far from eye or ear

The Garden of Proserpine. Proserpine was the young queen of the dead. The poem reflects later Greek disillusionment with life. Cf. the Choric Song in "The Lotos-Eaters" (page 527), and "An Echo from Horace" (page 626).

Wan waves and wet winds labor,
Weak ships and spirits steer; 20
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice, 25
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes,
Where no leaf blooms or blushes 30
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber 35
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn. 40

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses, 45
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal 51
With cold, immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her,
To men that mix and meet her 55
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn; 60
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither, 65
The old loves with wearier wings;

And all dead years draw thither,
 And all disastrous things;
 Dead dreams of days forsaken,
 Blind buds that snows have shaken, 70
 Wild leaves that winds have taken,
 Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow;
 And joy was never sure;
 Today will die tomorrow; 75
 Time stoops to no man's lure;
 And love, grown faint and fretful,
 With lips but half regretful
 Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
 Weeps that no loves endure. 80

From too much love of living,
 From hope and fear set free,
 We thank with brief thanksgiving
 Whatever gods may be 85
 That no life lives forever;
 That dead men rise up never;
 That even the weariest river
 Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
 Nor any change of light; 90
 Nor sound of waters shaken,
 Nor any sound or sight;
 Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
 Nor days nor things diurnal—
 Only the sleep eternal 95
 In an eternal night. (1866)

COR CORDIUM

(SHELLEY)

O Heart of hearts, the chalice of love's
 fire,
 Hid round with flowers and all the
 bounty of bloom;
 O wonderful and perfect heart, for
 whom
 The lyrist liberty made life a lyre;
 O heavenly heart, at whose most dear
 desire 5
 Dead love, living and singing, cleft his
 tomb,
 And with him risen and regent in death's
 room
 All day thy choral pulses rang full choir;
 O heart whose beating blood was run-
 ning song,

Cor Cordium. "Heart of Hearts". Cf. "Memorabilia"
 (page 552).

O sole thing sweeter than thine own
 songs were, 10
 Help us for thy free love's sake to be free,
 True for thy truth's sake, for thy
 strength's sake strong,
 Till very liberty make clean and fair
 The nursing earth as the sepulchral sea.
 (1871)

A FORSAKEN GARDEN

In a coign of the cliff between lowland
 and highland,
 At the sea-down's edge between wind-
 ward and lee,
 Walled round with rocks as an inland
 island,
 The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
 A girdle of brushwood and thorn in-
 closes 5
 The steep square slope of the blos-
 somless bed
 Where the weeds that grew green from
 the graves of its roses
 Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and
 broken,
 To the low last edge of the long lone
 land. 10
 If a step should sound or a word be
 spoken,
 Would a ghost not rise at the strange
 guest's hand?
 So long have the gray bare walks lain
 guestless,
 Through branches and briers if a man
 make way,
 He shall find no life but the sea-wind's
 restless 15
 Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and
 stifled
 That crawls by a track none turn to
 climb
 To the strait waste place that the years
 have rifled
 Of all but the thorns that are touched
 not of time. 20
 The thorns he spares when the rose is
 taken;
 The rocks are left when he wastes
 the plain;

The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot
that falls not; 25
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither, 29
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song.
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sear, and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death. 36
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago. 40

Heart handfast in heart as they stood,
"Look thither,"
Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers to the sea;
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
And men that love lightly may die—but we?"
And the same wind sang, and the same waves whitened, 45
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?
And were one to the end—but what end who knows? 50
Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,

As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them 55
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers 59
In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever;
Here change may come not till all change end. 66
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
Who have left naught living to ravage and rend.
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be; 70
Till a last wind's breath, upon all these blowing,
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise, and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble 75
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead. (1878)

*ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
(1850-1894)

ROMANCE

I will make you brooches and toys for
your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-
shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and
me,
Of green days in forests and blue days
at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall
keep your room, 5
Where white flows the river and bright
blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep
your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at
night.

And this shall be for music when no
one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song
to hear! 10
That only I remember, that only you
admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and
the roadside fire. (1895)

IN THE HIGHLANDS

In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy
faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes;
Where essential silence chills and bless-
es, 5
And forever in the hill-recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies—

O to mount again where erst I haunt-
ed;
Where the old red hills are bird-en-
chanted, 10
And the low green meadows

*See headnote on Stevenson (page 1050). His poems were written as a pastime between 1888-1894, and they are chiefly reminiscent of his childhood.

Bright with sword;
And when even dies, the million-tinted,
And the night has come, and planets
glinted,
Lo, the valley hollow 15
Lamp-bestarred!

O to dream, O to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and
render,
Through the trance of silence,
Quiet breath! 20
Lo! for there, among the flowers and
grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds
and passes;
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death.

(1895)

SING ME A SONG

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Rum on the port, 5
Egg on the starboard bow;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul:
Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I? 10
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me the soul, 15
Give me the lad that's gone!

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye. 20

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone.

(1895)

Sing Me a Song. 4-6. Skye, Mull, Rum, Egg, islands off the west coast of Scotland.

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me: 5
*Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.*
(1895)

*WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY
(1849-1903)

BALLADE
OF A TOYOKUNI COLOR-PRINT

Was I a Samurai renowned,
Two-sworded, fierce, immense of bow?
A histrion angular and profound?
A priest? a porter?—Child, although 5
I have forgotten clean, I know
That in the shade of Fujisan,
What time the cherry-orchards blow,
I loved you once in old Japan.

As here you loiter, flowing-gowned
And hugely sashed, with pins a-row 10
Your quaint head as with flamelets
crowned,
Demure, inviting—even so,
When merry maids in Miyako
To feel the sweet o' the year began,
And green gardens to overflow, 15
I loved you once in old Japan.

Clear shine the hills; the rice-fields
round
Two cranes are circling; sleepy and slow,
A blue canal the lake's blue bound
Breaks at the bamboo bridge; and lo! 20
Touched with the sundown's spirit and
glow,
I see you turn, with flirted fan,

*A tubercular foot, which was cut off when he was a youth, scarred Henley's life with pain. He was a fighter, and yet a tender appreciator of beauty. "Invictus" is not the dominant note in his poems, as will be made clear by the following selections. Henley wrote much occasional verse, perhaps as an avocation in an intense editorial life.

Ballade of a Toyokuni Color-Print. Toyokuni was a Japanese artist (1768-1825) who has left us many paintings of actors and swordsmen. 3. *histrion*, actor. 6. *Fujisan*, Mt. Fujiyama, in Japan. 13. *Miyako*, a harbor town in northeastern Japan.

Against the plum-tree's bloomy snow. . .
I loved you once in old Japan!

Envoy

Dear, 'twas a dozen lives ago; 25
But that I was a lucky man
The Toyokuni here will show:
I loved you—once—in old Japan. (1888)

THE WAYS OF DEATH

The ways of Death are soothing and
serene,
And all the words of Death are grave
and sweet.
From camp and church, the fireside
and the street,
She beckons forth—and strife and song
have been.

A summer night descending cool and
green 5
And dark on daytime's dust and stress
and heat,
The ways of Death are soothing and
serene,
And all the words of Death are grave
and sweet.

O glad and sorrowful, with triumphant
mien 9
And radiant faces look upon, and greet
This last of all your lovers, and to meet
Her kiss, the Comforter's, your spirit
lean. . . .
The ways of Death are soothing and
serene. 1878 (1888)

WHAT IS TO COME WE KNOW NOT

What is to come we know not. But we
know
That what has been was good—was
good to show,
Better to hide, and best of all to bear.
We are the masters of the days that
were—
We have lived, we have loved, we have
suffered . . . even so. 5

Shall we not take the ebb who had the
flow?

The Ways of Death. Cf. "In the Highlands" (page 598).

Life was our friend. Now, if it be our
foe—
Dear, though it spoil and break us!—
need we care
What is to come?

Let the great winds their worst and
wildest blow, 10
Or the gold weather round us mellows low;
We have fulfilled ourselves, and we
can dare
And we can conquer, though we may
not share
In the rich quiet of the afterglow
What is to come. (1888)

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance 5
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade, 10
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the
scroll,
I am the master of my fate: 15
I am the captain of my soul.
1875 (1888)

WE'LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING

We'll go no more a-roving by the light
of the moon.
November glooms are barren beside
the dusk of June.
The summer flowers are faded, the
summer thoughts are sear.
We'll go no more a-roving, lest worse
befall, my dear.

Invictus. Cf. "Reveille" (page 703).
We'll Go No More a-Roving. Cf. Byron's poem of the
same title (page 482) and "An Echo from Horace"
(page 626).

We'll go no more a-roving by the light
of the moon. 5
The song we sang rings hollow, and
heavy runs the tune.
Glad ways and words remembered
would shame the wretched year.
We'll go no more a-roving, nor dream
we did, my dear.

We'll go no more a-roving by the light
of the moon.
If yet we walk together, we need not
shun the noon. 10
No sweet thing left to savor, no sad
thing left to fear,
We'll go no more a-roving, but weep
at home, my dear. 1875 (1888)

MARGARITAE SORORI

A late lark twitters from the quiet
skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city 5
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine and are changed. In the valley 10
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The
sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing
night—
Night with her train of stars 15
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long
day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing, 20
Let me be gathered to the quiet
west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death. (1888)

Margaritae Sorori. "To Sister Margaret." Contrast
this mood with that of "Invictus" and "Requiem"
(page 599).

ON THE WAY TO KEW

On the way to Kew,
 By the river old and gray,
 Where in the Long Ago
 We laughed and loitered so,
 I met a ghost today, 5
 A ghost that told of you—
 A ghost of low replies
 And sweet inscrutable eyes,
 Coming up from Richmond
 As you used to do. 10

By the river old and gray,
 The enchanted Long Ago
 Murmured and smiled anew.
 On the way to Kew, 15
 March had the laugh of May,
 The bare boughs looked aglow,
 And old immortal words
 Sang in my breast like birds,
 Coming up from Richmond
 As I used with you. 20

With the life of Long Ago
 Lived my thought of you.
 By the river old and gray,
 Flowing his appointed way,
 As I watched I knew 25
 What is so good to know—
 Not in vain, not in vain,
 Shall I look for you again,
 Coming up from Richmond
 On the way to Kew. (1888)

FROM THE BRAKE THE NIGHT-
INGALE

From the brake the Nightingale
 Sings exulting to the Rose;
 Though he sees her waxing pale
 In her passionate repose,
 While she triumphs waxing frail 5
 Fading even while she glows;
 Though he knows
 How it goes—
 Knows of last year's Nightingale
 Dead with last year's Rose. 10

On The Way to Kew. Contrast this mood with "When the Year Grows Old" (page 695). Title, 9. Kew and Richmond are suburbs of London up the River Thames.
From the Brake the Nightingale. Cf. "Tears, Idle Tears" (page 532) and "Ask Me No More" (page 532).

Wise the enamored Nightingale,
 Wise the well-beloved Rose!
 Love and life shall still prevail,
 Nor the silence at the close
 Break the magic of the tale 15
 In the telling, though it shows—
 Who but knows
 How it goes!—
 Life a last year's Nightingale,
 Love a last year's Rose. (1888)

MATRI DILECTISSIMAE

In the waste hour
 Between today and yesterday
 We watched, while on my arm—
 Living flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone—
 Dabbled in sweat the sacred head 5
 Lay uncomplaining, still, contemptuous,
 strange;
 Till the dear face turned dead,
 And to a sound of lamentation
 The good, heroic soul with all its
 wealth—
 Its sixty years of love and sacrifice, 10
 Suffering and passionate faith—was
 reabsorbed
 In the inexorable Peace,
 And life was changed to us for ever-
 more.

Was nothing left of her but tears
 Like blood-drops from the heart? 15
 Nought save remorse
 For duty unfulfilled, justice undone,
 And charity ignored? Nothing but love,
 Forgiveness, reconciliation, where in
 truth,
 But for this passing 20
 Into the unimaginable abyss
 These things had never been?

Nay, there were we,
 Her five strong sons!
 To her Death came—the great Deliverer
 came!— 25
 As equal comes to equal, throne to
 throne.
 She was a mother of men.

Matri Dilectissimae. "To My Dearest Mother." Compare the noble simplicity of this poem with that of "On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture" (page 427), "Rugby Chapel" (page 583), "My Sister's Sleep" (page 586), and "Pater Filio" (page 605).

The stars shine as of old. The un-
 changing river,
 Bent on his errand of immortal law,
 Works his appointed way 30
 To the immemorial sea.
 And the brave truth comes overwhelm-
 ingly home:

That she in us yet works and shines,
 Lives and fulfills herself,
 Unending as the river and the stars. 35

Dearest, live on
 In such an immortality
 As we thy sons,
 Born of thy body and nursed
 At those wild, faithful breasts, 40
 Can give—of generous thoughts,
 And honorable words, and deeds
 That make men half in love with
 fate!

Live on, O brave and true,
 In us thy children, in ours whose life
 is thine— 45
 Our best and theirs! What is that best
 but thee—

Thee, and thy gift to us, to pass
 Like light along the infinite of space
 To the immitigable end?

Between the river and the stars, 50
 O royal and radiant soul,
 Thou dost return, thine influences
 return
 Upon thy children as in life and death
 Turns stingless! What is Death
 But Life in act? How should the Un-
 teeming Gray 55
 Be victor over thee,
 Mother, a mother of men?

(1888)

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

What have I done for you,
 England, my England?
 What is there I would not do,
 England, my own?
 With your glorious eyes austere, 5

England, My England. Notice the freer and less formal emotional cry of patriotism here than in "Rule Britannia" (page 415), or "Ye Mariners of England" (page 475). The poem is a forerunner of the spirit of "Recessional" (page 609) and the English twentieth-century war poems.

As the Lord were walking near,
 Whispering terrible things and dear
 As the song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the world on your bugles
 blown!

Where shall the watchful sun, 10
 England, my England,
 Match the master-work you've done,
 England, my own?
 When shall he rejoice again
 Such a breed of mighty men 15
 As come forward, one to ten,
 To the song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
 England, my England— 20
 "Take and break us; we are yours,
 England, my own!
 Life is good, and joy runs high
 Between English earth and sky.
 Death is death; but we shall die 25
 To the song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 To the stars on your bugles blown!"

They call you proud and hard,
 England, my England;
 You with worlds to watch and ward, 30
 England, my own!
 You whose mailed hand keeps the
 keys
 Of such teeming destinies,
 You could know nor dread nor ease
 Were the song on your bugles blown,
 England, 35
 Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of ships whose might,
 England, my England,
 Is the fierce old sea's delight,
 England, my own, 40
 Chosen daughter of the Lord,
 Spouse-in-chief of the ancient sword,
 There's the menace of the word
 In the song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Out of heaven on your bugles blown!
 (1892)

*WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-1896)

SUMMER DAWN

Pray but one prayer for me 'twixt thy
closed lips,
Think but one thought of me up in
the stars.
The summer night waneth, the morning
light slips
Faint and gray 'twixt the leaves of
the aspen, betwixt the cloud-bars,
That are patiently waiting there for
the dawn; 5
Patient and colorless, though heaven's
gold
Waits to float through them along with
the sun.
Far out in the meadows, above the
young corn,
The heavy elms wait, and restless
and cold
The uneasy wind rises; the roses are
dun; 10
Through the long twilight they pray
for the dawn
Round the lone house in the midst of
the corn.
Speak but one word to me over the
corn,
Over the tender, bowed locks of the
corn.

(1856)

THE NYMPH'S SONG TO HYLAS

FROM THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF JASON

I know a little garden-close
Set thick with lily and red rose,
Where I would wander if I might
From dewy dawn to dewy night,
And have one with me wandering. 5
And though within it no birds sing,
And though no pillared house is there,
And though the apple boughs are bare
Of fruit and blossom, would to God,
Her feet upon the green grass trod, 10
And I beheld them as before!

*See headnote to Morris on page 274.
The Nymph's Song to Hylas. Hylas, a boy companion of Hercules, was lured away by the nymphs.

There comes a murmur from the shore,
And in the place two fair streams are,
Drawn from the purple hills afar,
Drawn down unto the restless sea; 15
The hills whose flowers ne'er fed the bee,
The shore no ship has ever seen,
Still beaten by the billows green,
Whose murmur comes unceasingly
Unto the place for which I cry; 20

For which I cry both day and night,
For which I let slip all delight,
That maketh me both deaf and blind,
Careless to win, unskilled to find,
And quick to lose what all men seek. 25

Yet tottering as I am, and weak,
Still have I left a little breath
To seek within the jaws of death
An entrance to that happy place;
To seek the unforgotten face 30
Once seen, once kissed, once reft from
me
Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

(1867)

JUNE

FROM THE EARTHLY PARADISE

O June, O June, that we desired so,
Wilt thou not make us happy on this
day?
Across the river thy soft breezes blow
Sweet with the scent of beanfields far
away;
Above our heads rustle the aspens gray;
Calm is the sky with harmless clouds
beset; 6
No thought of storm the morning vexes
yet.

See, we have left our hopes and fears behind
To give our very hearts up unto thee;
What better place than this then could
we find 10
By this sweet stream that knows not of
the sea,
That guesses not the city's misery,
This little stream whose hamlets scarce
have names,
This far-off, lonely mother of the
Thames?

Here then, O June, thy kindness will
 we take; 15
 And if indeed but pensive men we
 seem,
 What should we do? thou wouldst not
 have us wake
 From out the arms of this rare happy
 dream
 And wish to leave the murmur of the
 stream,
 The rustling boughs, the twitter of the
 birds, 20
 And all thy thousand peaceful happy
 words. (1868)

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM (1824-1889)

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men;
 Wee folk, good folk, 5
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
 Some make their home, 10
 They live on crispy pancakes
 Of yellow tide-foam;
 Some in the reeds
 Of the black mountain lake,
 With frogs for their watch-dogs, 15
 All night awake.

High on the hill-top
 The old King sits;
 He is now so old and gray
 He's nigh lost his wits. 20
 With a bridge of white mist
 Columbkil he crosses,
 On his stately journeys
 From Slieveleague to Rosses;
 Or going up with music 25
 On cold starry nights
 To sup with the Queen
 Of the gay Northern Lights.

The Fairies. 22. *Columbkil*, Iona, a sacred island off the west coast of Scotland where the ancient Scotch kings were buried. 24. *Slieveleague*, a mountain on the coast of Donegal, Ireland. *Rosses*, a promontory on the Isle of Mull off the west coast of Scotland, near Iona.

They stole little Bridget
 For seven years long; 30
 When she came down again
 Her friends were all gone.
 They took her lightly back,
 Between the night and morrow,
 They thought that she was fast asleep,
 But she was dead with sorrow. 36
 They have kept her ever since
 Deep within the lake,
 On a bed of flag-leaves,
 Watching till she wake. 40

By the craggy hill-side,
 Through the mosses bare,
 They have planted thorn-trees
 For pleasure here and there.
 If any man so daring 45
 As dig them up in spite,
 He shall find their sharpest thorns
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen, 50
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather! (1850)

*ROBERT BRIDGES (1844-)

MY DELIGHT AND THY DELIGHT

My delight and thy delight
 Walking, like two angels white,
 In the gardens of the night.

My desire and thy desire
 Twining to a tongue of fire, 5
 Leaping live, and laughing higher;

Through the everlasting strife
 In the mystery of life.

Love, from whom the world begun,
 Hath the secret of the sun. 10

Love can tell, and love alone,
 Whence the million stars were strewn,

*The present poet laureate of England. His tastes are classical.

Why each atom knows its own,
How, in spite of woe and death,
Gay is life, and sweet is breath. 15

This he taught us, this we knew,
Happy in his science true,
Hand in hand as we stood
'Neath the shadows of the wood,
Heart to heart as we lay 20
In the dawning of the day.

(1899)

NIGHTINGALES

Beautiful must be the mountains
whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the
streams, wherefrom
Ye learn your song.
Where are those starry woods? O
might I wander there
Among the flowers, which in that
heavenly air 5
Bloom the year long!

Nay, barren are those mountains and
spent the streams;
Our song is the voice of desire, that
haunts our dreams,
A throe of the heart,
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden
hopes profound, 10
No dying cadence nor long sigh can
sound,
For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret;
and then,
As night is withdrawn 15
From these sweet-springing meads and
bursting boughs of May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir
of day
Welcome the dawn. (1894)

A PASSER-BY

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white
sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the
urgent west,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky
clouding,

Whither away, fair rover, and what
thy quest?

Ah! soon, when Winter has all our
vales opprest, 5
When skies are cold and misty, and
hail is hurling,
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific,
or rest
In a summer haven asleep, thy white
sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that
well thou knowest,
Already arrived am inhaling the
odorous air. 10
I watch thee enter unerringly where
thou goest,
And anchor queen of the strange
shipping there,
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy
masts bare.
Nor is aught from the foaming reef to
the snow-capped grandest
Peak, that is over the feathery palms,
more fair 15
Than thou, so upright, so stately and
still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and
nameless,
I know not if, aiming a fancy, I
rightly divine
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a
courage blameless,
Thy port assured in a happier land
than mine. 20
But for all I have given thee, beauty
enough is thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and
shrouding,
From the proud nostril curve of a
prow's line
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white
sails crowding. (1890)

PATER FILIO

Sense with keenest edge unused,
Yet unsteeled by scathing fire;
Lovely feet as yet unbruised
On the ways of dark desire;

Pater Filio. Cf. "Of His Dear Son, Gervase" (page 375) and "The Breaking" (page 705).

Sweetest hope that lookest smiling 5
O'er the wilderness defiling!

Why such beauty, to be blighted
By the swarm of foul destruction?
Why such innocence delighted,
When sin stalks to thy seduction? 10
All the litanies e'er chaunted
Shall not keep thy faith undaunted.

I have prayed the sainted Morning
To unclasp her hands to hold thee;
From resignful Eve's adorning 15
Stol'n a robe of peace to enfold thee;
With all charms of man's contriving
Armed thee for thy lonely striving.

Me, too, once unthinking Nature
—Whence Love's timeless mockery
took me— 20
Fashioned so divine a creature,
Yea, and like a beast, forsook me.
I forgave, but tell the measure
Of her crime in thee, my treasure.

(1899)

*RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-)

THE LAST CHANTEY

1892

"And there was no more sea"

Thus said the Lord in the Vault above
the Cherubim,
Calling to the Angels and the Souls
in their degree:
"Lo! Earth has passed away
On the smoke of Judgment Day.
That Our word may be established
shall We gather up the sea?" 5

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly
mariners:
"Plague upon the hurricane that
made us furl and flee!
But the war is done between us,
In the deep the Lord hath seen us—
Our bones we'll leave the barracout',
and God may sink the sea!" 10

*The poetry of Kipling is occasional in its nature, and often accompanies his prose. Both make an excellent vehicle for understanding the spirit of the British Empire at the end of the nineteenth century.

The Last Chantey. Title. A *chantey* is a sailor's song chanted in rhythm by the men while they work. Motto. This is from Revelation xxi, 1. Cf. this poem with "The Roll-Call of the Reef" (page 1140). 10. *barracout'*, the barracuda, a tropical fish which is as dangerous as a shark.

Then said the soul of Judas that be-
trayed Him:

"Lord, hast Thou forgotten Thy
covenant with me?
How once a year I go
To cool me on the floe?
And Ye take my day of mercy if Ye
take away the sea." 15

Then said the soul of the Angel of the
Off-shore Wind:

(He that bits the thunder when the
bull-mouthed breakers flee):
"I have watch and ward to keep
O'er Thy wonders on the deep,
And Ye take mine honour from me if
Ye take away the sea!" 20

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly
mariners:

"Nay, but we were angry, and a
hasty folk are we.
If we worked the ship together
Till she foundered in foul weather,
Are we babes that we should clamour
for a vengeance on the sea?" 25

Then said the souls of the slaves that
men threw overboard:

"Kennelled in the picaroon a weary
band were we;
But Thy arm was strong to save,
And it touched us on the wave,
And we drowsed the long tides idle
till Thy Trumpets tore the sea."

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle
Paul to God: 31

"Once we frapped a ship, and she
laboured woundily.

There were fourteen score of these,
And they blessed Thee on their
knees,

When they learned Thy Grace and
Glory under Malta by the sea!"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly
mariners, 36

Plucking at their harps, and they
plucked unhandily:

14. *To cool me on the floe*, a reference to the belief that one day of every year our Lord permits Judas to cool himself in the Arctic regions from the pains of hell. 27. *picaroon*, a pirate ship. 32. *frapped*, struck. *laboured woundily*, rolled heavily. 32-35. See Acts xxvii.

"Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
And the tune is something hard—
May we lift a Deepsea Chantey such
as seamen use at sea?" 40

Then said the souls of the gentlemen-
adventurers—

Fettered wrist to bar all for red ini-
quity:

"Ho, we revel in our chains
O'er the sorrow that was Spain's;
Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we
were masters of the sea!" 45

Up spake the soul of a grey Gothavn
'speckshioner—

(He that led the flenching in the fleets
of fair Dundee);

"Oh, the ice-blink white and near,
And the bowhead breaching clear!
Will Ye whelm them all for wanton-
ness that wallow in the sea?" 50

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly
mariners,

Crying: "Under Heaven, here is
neither lead nor lee!

Must we sing for evermore

On the windless, glassy floor?

Take back your golden fiddles and
we'll beat to open sea!" 55

Then stooped the Lord, and He called
the good sea up to Him,

And 'stablishéd its borders unto all
eternity,

That such as have no pleasure

For to praise the Lord by measure,

They may enter into galleons and
serve Him on the sea. 60

*Sun, Wind, and Cloud shall fail not
from the face of it,*

*Stinging, ringing spindrift, nor the
fulmar flying free;*

And the ships shall go abroad

To the Glory of the Lord

*Who heard the silly sailor-folk and
gave them back their seal! (1892)*

41. gentlemen-adventurers, Elizabethan explorers and privateers against Spain. When captured, they were usually put in the galleys as rowers. 46. 'speckshioner, chief harpooner, who directs cutting the blubber from the whale. 47. flenching, stripping the blubber from a whale. Dundee, a Scotch fishing port. 49. bowhead breaching, whale breaking out of water. 62. spindrift, windblown sea-spray. fulmar, a petrel. 63. ships shall go abroad, etc. Cf. Hakluyt's *Epistle Dedicatorie* (lines 20 ff., page 766).

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

1897

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now
the Hunting Winds are loose—

Now the Smokes of Spring go up to
clear the brain;

Now the Young Men's hearts are
troubled for the whisper of the
Trues,

Now the Red Gods make their medi-
cine again!

Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who
hath watched the black-tail
mating? 5

Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-
goose cry?

Who hath worked the chosen water
where the ouananiche is wait-
ing,

Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for
the fly?

*He must go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world he's
overdue. 10*

*'Send your road is clear before you
when the old Spring-fret comes
o'er you,*

And the Red Gods call for you!

So for one the wet sail arching through
the rainbow round the bow,

And for one the creak of snow-shoes
on the crust;

And for one the lakeside lilies where the
bull-moose waits the cow, 15

And for one the mule-train coughing
in the dust.

Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twi-
light? Who hath heard the
birch-log burning?

Who is quick to read the noises of
the night?

Let him follow with the others, for the
Young Men's feet are turn-
ing

To the camps of proved desire and
known delight! 20

Let him go—go, etc.

The Feet of the Young Men. Cf. "Drake's Voyage" (page 772). 7. ouananiche, land-locked salmon.

I

Do you know the blackened timber—
do you know that racing
stream

With the raw, right-angled log-jam
at the end;

And the bar of sun-warmed shingle
where a man may bask and
dream

To the click of shod canoe-poles
round the bend? 25

It is there that we are going with our
rods and reels and traces,

To a silent, smoky Indian that we
know—

To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with
the starlight on our faces,

For the Red Gods call us out and
we must go!

They must go—go, etc. 30

II

Do you know the shallow Baltic where
the seas are steep and short,
Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing-
luggers ride?

Do you know the joy of threshing
leagues to leeward of your port
On a coast you've lost the chart of
overside?

It is there that I am going, with an
extra hand to bale her— 35

Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I
know.

He can take his chance of drowning,
while I sail and sail and sail
her,

For the Red Gods call me out and I
must go!

He must go—go, etc.

III

Do you know the pile-built village where
the sago-dealers trade— 40

Do you know the reek of fish and wet
bamboo?

Do you know the steaming stillness of
the orchid-scented glade

When the blazoned, bird-winged but-
terflies flap through?

40. *sago*, an edible starch made from palms.

It is there that I am going with my
camphor, net, and boxes,
To a gentle, yellow pirate that I
know— 45

To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms
and flying-foxes,

For the Red Gods call me out and I
must go!

He must go—go, etc.

IV

Do you know the world's white roof-tree
—do you know that windy rift
Where the baffling mountain-eddies
chop and change? 50

Do you know the long day's patience,
belly-down on frozen drift,

While the head of heads is feeding out
of range?

It is there that I am going, where the
boulders and the snow lie,

With a trusty, nimble tracker that I
know.

I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the
Horns of Ovis Poli, 55

And the Red Gods call me out and I
must go!

He must go—go, etc.

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened—
now the Smokes of Council
rise—

Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail
and trail they choose—

Now the girths and ropes are tested:
now they pack their last sup-
plies: 60

Now our Young Men go to dance be-
fore the Trues!

Who shall meet them at those altars—
who shall light them to that
shrine?

Velvet-footed, who shall guide them
to their goal?

Unto each the voice and vision: unto
each his spoor and sign—

Lonely mountain in the Northland,
misty sweat-bath 'neath the
Line— 65

46. *lemurs*, mammals, chiefly nocturnal, related to monkeys. 55. *Ovis Poli*, a variety of bighorn sheep found on the mountains of Turkestan. 64. *spoer*, track, trace.

And to each a man that knows his
naked soul!
White or yellow, black or copper, he is
waiting, as a lover,
Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or
beat of train—
Where the high grass hides the horseman
or the glaring flats discover—
Where the steamer hails the landing, or
the surf-boat brings the rover—
Where the rails run out in sand-drift
. . . Quick! ah, heave the
camp-kit over, 71
For the Red Gods make their medi-
cine again!

*And we go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world we're
overdue!
'Send the road is clear before you
when the old Spring-fret comes
o'er you, 75
And the Red Gods call for you!*
(1897)

RECESSIONAL

1897

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, 5
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The Captains and the Kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart. 10
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday 15
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in
awe, 20

Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust 25
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!
(1897)

THE EXPLORER

1898

"There's no sense in going further—it's
the edge of cultivation,"
So they said, and I believed it—broke
my land and sowed my crop—
Built my barns and strung my fences
in the little border station
Tucked away below the foothills
where the trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang
interminable changes 5
On one everlasting Whisper day and
night repeated—so:
"Something hidden. Go and find it.
Go and look behind the Ranges—
"Something lost behind the Ranges.
Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

So I went, worn out of patience; never
told my nearest neighbours—
Stole away with pack and ponies—
left 'em drinking in the town; 10
And the faith that moveth mountains
didn't seem to help my labours
As I faced the sheer main-ranges,
whipping up and leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em,
turning flanks and dodging shoul-
ders,
Hurried on in hope of water, headed
back for lack of grass;
Till I camped above the tree-line—
drifted snow and naked boulders—
Felt free air astir to windward—knew
I'd stumbled on the Pass. 16

'Thought to name it for the finder:
but that night the Norther found
me—

Froze and killed the plains-bred
ponies; so I called the camp Despair
(It's the Railway Gap to-day, though).
Then my Whisper waked to hound
me:—

"Something lost behind the Ranges.
Over yonder! Go you there!" 20

Then I knew, the while I doubted—
knew His Hand was certain o'er me.
Still—it might be self-delusion—
scores of better men had died—
I could reach the township living, but
... He knows what terror tore me...
But I didn't... but I didn't. I went
down the other side,

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and
the flowers turned to aloes, 25
And the aloes sprung to thickets and
a brimming stream ran by;
But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub,
and the water drained to shallows,
And I dropped again on desert—
blasted earth, and blasting sky. . . .

I remember lighting fires; I remember
sitting by 'em;
I remember seeing faces, hearing voices,
through the smoke; 30
I remember they were fancy—for I
threw a stone to try 'em.
"Something lost behind the Ranges"
was the only word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember
that I knew it
When I heard myself hallooing to
the funny folk I saw.

'Very full of dreams that desert, but
my two legs took me through it. . .
And I used to watch 'em moving with
the toes all black and raw. 36

But at last the country altered—White
Man's country past disputing—
Rolling grass and open timber, with
a hint of hills behind—
There I found me food and water, and
I lay a week recruiting.

Got my strength and lost my night-
mares. Then I entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey—
chose my trees and blazed and
ringed 'em— 41

Week by week I pried and sampled—
week by week my findings grew.
Saul he went to look for donkeys, and
by God he found a kingdom!

But by God, who sent His Whisper,
I had struck the worth of two!

Up along the hostile mountains, where
the hair-poised snowslides shivers— 45
Down and through the big fat marshes
that the virgin ore-bed stains,
Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings
of unimagined rivers,
And beyond the nameless timber saw
illimitable plains!

'Plotted sites of future cities, traced
the easy grades between 'em;
Watched unharnessed rapids wasting
fifty thousand head an hour; 50
Counted leagues of water-frontage
through the axe-ripe woods that
screen 'em—

Saw the plant to feed a people—up
and waiting for the power!

Well I know who'll take the credit—
all the clever chaps that followed—
Came, a dozen men together—never
knew my desert-fears;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted,
used the water-holes I'd hollowed.
They'll go back and do the talking.
They'll be called the Pioneers! 56

They will find my sites of townships—
not the cities that I set there.

They will rediscover rivers—not my
rivers heard at night.

By my own old marks and bearings they
will show me how to get there,

By the lonely cairns I builded they
will guide my feet aright. 60

Have I named one single river? Have I
claimed one single acre?

Have I kept one single nugget—
(barring samples)? No, not I!

27. *dwined*, *dwindled*.

43. *Saul*, etc. See I Samuel, ix.

Because my price was paid me ten times
over by my Maker.
But you wouldn't understand it. You
go up and occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle;
water-transit sure and steady 65
(That should keep the railway rates
down), coal and iron at your doors.
God took care to hide that country till
He judged His people ready,
Then He chose me for His Whisper,
and I've found it, and it's yours!

Yes, your "Never-never country"—yes,
your "edge of cultivation"
And "no sense in going further"—
till I crossed the range to see. 70
God forgive me! No, *I* didn't. It's
God's present to our nation.
Anybody might have found it but—
His Whisper came to Me!

(1898)

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

1899

Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait in heavy harness, 5
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half-devil and half-child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide, 10
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit, 15
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine
And bid the sickness cease; 20
And when your goal is nearest
The end for others sought,
Watch Sloth and heathen Folly
Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden— 25
No tawdry rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread, 30
Go make them with your living,
And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden—
And reap his old reward:
The blame of those ye better, 35
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humour
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light:—
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
"Our loved Egyptian night?" 40

Take up the White Man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloak your weariness;
By all ye cry or whisper, 45
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your Gods and you.

Take up the White Man's burden—
Have done with childish days— 50
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy, ungrudged praise.
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years, 54
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers!
(1899)

RIMMON

1903

Duly with knees that feign to quake—
Bent head and shaded brow,—
Yet once again, for my father's sake,
In Rimmon's House I bow.

The curtains part, the trumpet blares, 5
And the eunuchs howl aloud;
And the gilt, swag-bellied idol glares
Insolent over the crowd.

"*This is Rimmon, Lord of the Earth—
"Fear Him and bow the knee!"* 10

Rimmon. See II Kings, v, 18.

And I watch my comrades hide their
mirth
That rode to the wars with me.

For we remember the sun and the sand
And the rocks whereon we trod,
Ere we came to a scorched and a scorn-
ful land 15
That did not know our God;

As we remember the sacrifice
Dead men an hundred laid—
Slain while they served His mysteries,
And that He would not aid. 20

Not though we gashed ourselves and
wept,
For the high-priest bade us wait;
Saying He went on a journey or slept,
Or was drunk or had taken a mate.

(*Praise ye Rimmon, King of Kings,* 25
Who ruleth Earth and Sky!
And again I bow as the censer swings
And the God Enthroned goes by.)

Ay, we remember His sacred ark
And the virtuous men that knelt 30
To the dark and the hush behind the dark
Wherein we dreamed He dwelt;

Until we entered to hale Him out,
And found no more than an old
Uncleanly image girded about 35
The loins with scarlet and gold.

Him we o'erset with the butts of our
spears—
Him and his vast designs—
To be the scorn of our muleteers
And the jest of our halted lines. 40

By the picket-pins that the dogs defile
In the dung and the dust He lay,
Till the priests ran and chattered awhile
And wiped Him and took Him away.

Hushing the matter before it was known,
They returned to our fathers afar, 46
And hastily set Him afresh on His
throne
Because he had won us the war.

27. *censer*, etc., the elevation of the Host in the
Mass.

Wherefore with knees that feign to
quake—
Bent head and shaded brow— 50
To this dead dog, for my father's sake,
In Rimmon's House I bow!
(1903)

"FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE" 1914

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and take the war.
The Hun is at the gate!
Our world has passed away 5
In wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left to-day
But steel and fire and stone!
Though all we knew depart,
The old Commandments stand:—
"In courage keep your heart, 11
In strength lift up your hand."

Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old:—
"No law except the Sword 15
Unsheathed and uncontrolled."
Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe. 20

Comfort, content, delight,
The ages' slow-bought gain,
They shriveled in a night.
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days 25
In silent fortitude,
Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed.
Though all we made depart,
The old Commandments stand:—
"In patience keep your heart, 31
In strength lift up your hand."

No easy hope or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice 35
Of body, will, and soul.
There is but one task for all—
One life for each to give.
What stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live? (1914)

*THOMAS HARDY (1840-)

SHE HEARS THE STORM

There was a time in former years—
While my roof-tree was his—
When I should have been distressed by
fears
At such a night as this.

I should have murmured anxiously, 5
"The pricking rain strikes cold;
His road is bare of hedge or tree,
And he is getting old."

But now the fitful chimney-roar,
The drone of Thorncombe trees, 10
The Froom in flood upon the moor,
The mud of Mellstock Leaze,

The candle slanting sooty-wicked,
The thuds upon the thatch,
The eaves-drops on the window flicked,
The clacking garden-hatch, 16

And what they mean to wayfarers,
I scarcely heed or mind;
He has won that storm-tight roof of
hers
Which Earth grants all her kind.
(1909)

IN THE MOONLIGHT

"O lonely workman, standing there
In a dream, why do you stare and stare
At her grave, as no other grave there
were?"

"If your great gaunt eyes so impor-
tune
Her soul by the shine of this corpse-cold
moon, 5
Maybe you'll raise her phantom soon!"

*See headnote for Hardy on page 326.

"Why, fool, it is what I would rather
see
Than all the living folk there be;
But alas, there is no such joy for me!"

"Ah—she was one you loved, no doubt,
Through good and evil, through rain
and drought, 11
And when she passed, all your sun went
out?"

"Nay; she was the woman I did not
love,
Whom all the others were ranked above,
Whom during her life I thought nothing
of." (1911)

THE MAN HE KILLED

"Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin!

"But ranged as infantry, 5
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

"I shot him dead because—
Because he was my foe, 10
Just so—my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although

"He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
Off-hand like—just as I— 14
Was out of work—had sold his traps—
No other reason why.

"Yes; quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat if met where any bar is,
Or help to half-a-crown." (1909)

The Man He Killed. 4. *nipperkin*, about a half pint
of liquor.

TWENTIETH CENTURY

NOTE

It is an arbitrary division to start the twentieth century of English lyric poetry at 1900, when really no change was perceptible until 1914. In America Walt Whitman had already pointed the way to a new field of poetic expression, but in England no such figure had arisen. The Celtic revival in Ireland, of which an account is contained in the headnote on page 726, paralleled the similar revival in the eighteenth century under Gray, Macpherson, and Percy, but its influence has spread more by means of the theater than by lyric poetry. Moreover, though it was probably the most considerable literary movement in English literature of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the effect of it has been felt far more in America than in England. Until the time of the World War English lyric poetry continued to follow the double trend of imaginative embodiments of idealism, and psychological embodiments of realism. On the whole, "A. E." (G. W. Russell), A. E. Housman, Masfield, Le Gallienne, de la Mare, Moira O'Neill, Noyes, and Yeats belong to the former group, while Hardy and Kipling—the bulk of whose work fell before 1900—as well as Symonds, belong in the latter group. Of this grouping there can easily be criticism, for Masfield and Symonds have done work belonging to both groups, but in general it is accurate. The World War tended to synthesize both groups, as did war in the sixteenth century and at the beginning of the nineteenth century. How long this will continue or what it will effect we cannot as yet tell. It is safe to say that at present the greater amount of creative interest in poetry is in America. One final word of caution is needed. In the following selections many noteworthy poets of today are not represented, for the purpose of the present book is not to be inclusive, but to present types and indicate the main currents of the literary stream.

*SIEGFRIED SASSOON (1886-)

THE KISS

To these I turn, in these I trust;
Brother Lead and Sister Steel.
To his blind power I make appeal;
I guard her beauty clean from rust.

He spins and burns and loves the air, 5
And splits a skull to win my praise;

*A young poet of Anglo-Jewish stock, who now lives in Kent. He served during the World War, and his poems show a mingling of idealism and cynicism common in poems resulting from the War. *The Old Huntsman* (1917) and *Counter-Attack* are his two best-known collections of poetry.

But up the nobly marching days
She glitters naked, cold and fair.

Sweet Sister, grant your soldier this:
That in good fury he may feel 10
The body where he sets his heel
Quail from your downward darting kiss.
(1917)

ABSOLUTION

The anguish of the earth absolves our
eyes
Till beauty shines in all that we can see.
War is our scourge; yet war has made
us wise,
And, fighting for our freedom, we are
free.

Horror of wounds and anger at the foe, 5
And loss of things desired; all these
must pass.
We are the happy legion, for we know
Time's but a golden wind that shakes
the grass.

There was an hour when we were loath
to part
From life we longed to share no less
than others. 10
Now, having claimed this heritage of
heart,
What need we more, my comrades and
my brothers? (1917)

THE TROOPS

Dim, gradual thinning of the shapeless
gloom
Shudders to drizzling daybreak that re-
veals
Disconsolate men who stamp their sod-
den boots
And turn dulled, sunken faces to the
sky
Haggard and hopeless. They, who have
beaten down 5
The stale despair of night, must now
renew

Their desolation in the truce of dawn,
Murdering the livid hours that grope
for peace.

Yet these, who cling to life with stub-
born hands,
Can grin through storms of death and
find a gap 10
In the clawed, cruel tangles of his de-
fense.
They march from safety, and the bird-
sung joy
Of grass-green thickets, to the land
where all
Is ruin, and nothing blossoms but the
sky
That hastens over them where they en-
dure 15
Sad, smoking, flat horizons, reeking
woods,
And foundered trench-lines volleying
doom for doom.

O my brave brown companions, when
your souls
Flock silently away, and the eyeless
dead
Shame the wild beast of battle on the
ridge, 20
Death will stand grieving in that field
of war
Since your unvanquished hardihood is
spent.
And through some mooned Valhalla
there will pass
Battalions and battalions, scarred from
hell; 24
The unreturning army that was youth;
The legions who have suffered and are
dust. (1918)

COUNTER-ATTACK

We'd gained our first objective hours
before
While dawn broke like a face with blink-
ing eyes,
Pallid, unshaved and thirsty, blind with
smoke.

Things seemed all right at first. We
held their line,
With bombers posted, Lewis guns well
placed, 5
And clink of shovels deepening the
shallow trench.
The place was rotten with dead;
green clumsy legs
High-booted, sprawled and groveled
along the saps;
And trunks, face downward, in the
sucking mud,
Wallowed like trodden sand-bags
loosely filled; 10
And naked sodden buttocks, mats of
hair,
Bulged, clotted heads slept in the
plastering slime.
And then the rain began—the jolly
old rain!
A yawning soldier knelt against the
bank,
Staring across the morning blear with
fog; 15
He wondered when the Allemands would
get busy;
And then, of course, they started with
five-nines
Traversing, sure as fate, and never a dud.
Mute in the clamor of shells he watched
them burst
Spouting dark earth and wire with gusts
from hell, 20
While posturing giants dissolved in
drifts of smoke.
He crouched and flinched, dizzy with
galloping fear,
Sick for escape—loathing the strangled
horror
And butchered, frantic gestures of the
dead.

An officer came blundering down the
trench: 25
“Stand-to and man the fire-step!” On
he went . . .
Gasping and bawling, “Fire-step . . .
counter-attack!”
Then the haze lifted. Bombing on
the right
Down the old sap; machine-guns on
the left;

23. *Valhalla*, the heavenly abode of Odin, the Norse Zeus, where went the souls of valiant warriors who were slain on the field of battle.

8. *saps*, approach trenches. 17. *five-nines*, German guns firing a 220-pound shell. 18. *dud*, a shell which does not explode on impact as it should.

And stumbling figures looming out in
front.³⁰
"O Christ, they're coming at us!"
Bullets spat,
And he remembered his rifle . . . rapid
fire . . .
And started blazing wildly . . . then a
bang
Crumpled and spun him sideways,
knocked him out
To grunt and wriggle. None heeded
him; he choked³⁵
And fought the flapping veils of smothering
gloom,
Lost in a blurred confusion of yells and
groans . . .
Down, and down, and down, he sank
and drowned,
Bleeding to death. The counter-attack
had failed.

(1918)

TO ANY DEAD OFFICER

Well, how are things in Heaven? I wish
you'd say,
Because I'd like to know that you're
all right.
Tell me, have you found everlasting
day,
Or been sucked in by everlasting
night?
For when I shut my eyes your face
shows pain;⁵
I hear you make some cheery old
remark—
I can rebuild you in my brain,
Though you've gone out patrolling
in the dark.
You hated tours of trenches; you were
proud
Of nothing more than having good
years to spend;¹⁰
Longed to get home and join the care-
less crowd
Of chaps who work in peace with
Time for friend.
That's all washed out now. You're be-
yond the wire:
No earthly chance can send you
crawling back.

You've finished with machine-gun fire—
Knocked over in a hopeless dud-
attack.¹⁶

Somehow I always thought you'd get
done in,
Because you were so desperate keen
to live:
You were all out to try and save your
skin,
Well knowing how much the world
had got to give.²⁰
You joked at shells and talked the usual
"shop,"
Stuck to your dirty job and did it
fine:
With "Jesus Christ! when *will* it stop?
Three years. . . . It's hell unless we
break their line."

So when they told me you'd been left
for dead²⁵

I wouldn't believe them, feeling it
must be true.

Next week the bloody Roll of Honour
said

"Wounded and missing." (That's
the thing to do

When lads are left in shell-holes dying
slow,

With nothing but blank sky and
wounds that ache,³⁰

Moaning for water till they know

It's night, and then it's not worth
while to wake!)

Good-by, old lad! Remember me to
God,

And tell Him that our politicians
swear

They won't give in till Prussian rule's
been trod³⁵

Under the Heel of England. . . . Are
you there? . . .

Yes . . . and the War won't end for at
least two years;

But we've got stacks of men. . . . I'm
blind with tears,

Staring into the dark. Cheerio!

I wish they'd killed you in a decent
show.⁽¹⁹¹⁸⁾

^{39.} **Cheero**, usually *cheerio*; it means "so long" or
"good luck."

*JOHN McCRAE (1872-1918)

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

RONDEAU

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

(1915)

"A. E."

†(GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL)
(1862-)

THE MEMORY OF EARTH

In the wet-dusk of silver-sweet,
Down the violet-scented ways,
As I moved with quiet feet
I was met by mighty days.

On the hedge the hanging dew
Glassed the eve and stars and skies;
While I gazed a madness grew
Into thundered battle-cries.

Where the hawthorn glimmered white,
Flashed the spear and fell the stroke,
Ah, what faces pale and bright
Where the dazzling battle broke!

There a hero-hearted queen
With young beauty lit the van.
Gone! the darkness flowed between
All the ancient wars of man.

*A Canadian physician on the medical staff of McGill University, Montreal, who died of pneumonia in the War. "In Flanders Fields" is supposed to have been written during or shortly after the Battle of the Marne.

†An Irish poet and painter who seems to have been fired rather late by the revival of Irish literature, for much of his best poetry was written after 1900. Wordsworth did not see in Nature what A. E. sees in "The Memory of Earth," but Deirdre knew it (page 61) and many an Irish bard and poet since her time. Cf. "Voices" (page 628) and the four poems from *Last Poems* (page 618).

While I paced the valley's gloom,
Where the rabbits pattered near,
Shone a temple and a tomb
With a legend carven clear:

20

*Time put by a myriad fates
That her day might dawn in glory;
Death made wide a million gates
So to close her tragic story.* (1913)

*ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN
(1859-)

POEMS FROM A SHROPSHIRE LAD

IV

REVEILLE

Wake! The silver dusk returning
Up the beach of darkness brims,
And the ship of sunrise burning
Strands upon the eastern rims.

Wake! The vaulted shadow shatters,
Trampled to the floor it spanned,
And the tent of night in tatters
Straws the sky-pavilioned land.

Up, lad, up! 'Tis late for lying;
Hear the drums of morning play;
Hark, the empty highways crying,
"Who'll beyond the hills away?"

II

Towns and countries woo together,
Forelands beacon, belfries call;
Never lad that trod on leather
Lived to feast his heart with all.

Up, lad! Thews that lie and cumber
Sunlit pallets never thrive;

*The universal admiration for the poetry of A. E. Housman, who is professor of Latin at Cambridge University, and fellow of Trinity College, makes the inference easy that he has made a permanent place for himself in English poetry. His understanding of youth, coupled with an exquisite blending of the best of the English lyric spirit and form with the flavor of Latin lyric poetry, especially that of Horace, has produced in *A Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems* a group of poems which stand high in the achievement of English lyric poetry. Beauty and pathos are combined with regret at the passing of youth, but with determination to meet bravely whatever Fate may hold in store. Naosie rather than Beowulf would have understood *A Shropshire Lad*, as would Lovelace, who wrote "To Lucasta, Going to the Wars" (page 388). Taken together, *A Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems* constitute a beautiful memorial to the youth of England.

IV. Reveille. 8. Straws, strews.

Morns abed and daylight slumber
Were not meant for man alive. 20

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover;
Breath's a ware that will not keep.
Up, lad; when the journey's over
There'll be time enough to sleep.

v

O see how thick the goldcup flowers
Are lying in field and lane,
With dandelions to tell the hours
That never are told again.
O may I squire you round the meads 5
And pick you posies gay?
—'Twill do no harm to take my arm.
"You may, young man, you may."

Ah, spring was sent for lass and lad,
'Tis now the blood runs gold, 10
And man and maid had best be glad
Before the world is old.
What flowers today may flower to-
morrow
But never as good as new.
—Suppose I wound my arm right
round— 15
"Tis true, young man, 'tis true."

Some lads there are, 'tis shame to say,
That only court to thieve,
And once they bear the bloom away
'Tis little enough they leave. 20
Then keep your heart for men like me
And safe from trustless chaps.
My love is true and all for you.
"Perhaps, young man, perhaps."

Oh, look in my eyes, then, can you
doubt? 25
—Why, 'tis a mile from town.
How green the grass is all about!
We might as well sit down.
—Ah, life, what is it but a flower?
Why must true lovers sigh? 30
Be kind, have pity, my own, my pretty—
"Good-by, young man, good-by."

XIII

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies 5

But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty—
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again, 10
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty, 15
And, oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

XXXVI

White in the moon the long road lies,
The moon stands blank above;
White in the moon the long road lies
That leads me from my love.

Still hangs the hedge without a gust, 5
Still, still the shadows stay;
My feet upon the moonlit dust
Pursue the ceaseless way.

The world is round, so travelers tell, 9
And straight though reach the track;
Trudge on, trudge on, 'twill all be well,
The way will guide one back.

But ere the circle homeward hies
Far, far must it remove;
White in the moon the long road lies 15
That leads me from my love.

LIV

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipped maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping 5
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipped girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

FROM LAST POEMS

II

As I gird on for fighting
My sword upon my thigh,
I think on old ill fortunes
Of better men than I.

LIV. 1. *rue*, a flower symbolic of mourning.

Think I, the round world over, 5
 What golden lads are low
 With hurts not mine to mourn for
 And shames I shall not know.

What evil luck soever
 For me remains in store, 10
 'Tis sure much finer fellows
 Have fared much worse before.

So here are things to think on
 That ought to make me brave,
 As I strap on for fighting 15
 My sword that will not save.

IX

The chestnut casts his flambeaux, and
 the flowers
 Stream from the hawthorn on the
 wind away,
 The doors clap to, the pane is blind
 with showers.
 Pass me the can, lad; there's an end
 of May.

There's one spoilt spring to scant our
 mortal lot, 5
 One season ruined of our little store.
 May will be fine next year as like as not;
 Oh, aye, but then we shall be twenty-
 four.

We for a certainty are not the first
 Have sat in taverns while the tem-
 pest hurled 10
 Their hopeful plans to emptiness, and
 cursed
 Whatever brute and blackguard made
 the world.

It is in truth iniquity on high
 To cheat our sentenced souls of aught
 they crave,
 And mar the merriment as you and I 15
 Fare on our long fool's-errand to the
 grave.

Iniquity it is; but pass the can.
 My lad, no pair of kings our mothers
 bore;
 Our only portion is the estate of man.
 We want the moon, but we shall get
 no more. 20

IX. 1. *flambeaux*, torches; an allusion to the
 blossoms of the horse-chestnut trees.

If here today the cloud of thunder lours,
 Tomorrow it will hie on far behests;
 The flesh will grieve on other bones
 than ours
 Soon, and the soul will mourn in other
 breasts.

The troubles of our proud and angry
 dust 25
 Are from eternity, and shall not
 fail.
 Bear them we can, and if we can we
 must.
 Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink
 your ale.

XXXII

When I would muse in boyhood
 The wild green woods among,
 And nurse resolves and fancies
 Because the world was young,
 It was not foes to conquer, 5
 Nor sweethearts to be kind,
 But it was friends to die for
 That I would seek and find.

I sought them far and found them,
 The sure, the straight, the brave— 10
 The hearts I lost my own to,
 The souls I could not save.
 They braced their belts about them,
 They crossed in ships the sea,
 They sought and found six feet of
 ground, 15
 And there they died for me.

XXXIX

When summer's end is nighing,
 And skies at evening cloud,
 I muse on change and fortune
 And all the feats I vowed
 When I was young and proud. 5

The weathercock at sunset
 Would lose the slanted ray,
 And I would climb the beacon
 That looked to Wales away
 And saw the last of day. 10

From hill and cloud and heaven
 The hues of evening died;
 Night welled through lane and hollow
 And hushed the countryside,
 But I had youth and pride. 15

And I with earth and nightfall
 In converse high would stand,
 Late, till the west was ashen
 And darkness hard at hand,
 And the eye lost the land. 20

The year might age, and cloudy
 The lessening day might close,
 But air of other summers
 Breathed from beyond the snows,
 And I had hope of those. 25

They came and were and are not
 And come no more anew;
 And all the years and seasons
 That ever can ensue
 Must now be worse and few. 30

So here's an end of roaming
 On eves when autumn nighs;
 The ear too fondly listens
 For summer's parting sighs,
 And then the heart replies. (1922)

***RUPERT BROOKE (1887-1915)**

MENELAUS AND HELEN

I

Hot through Troy's ruin Menelaus
 broke
 To Priam's palace, sword in hand, to
 sate
 On that adulterous whore a ten years'
 hate
 And a king's honor. Through red death,
 and smoke,
 And cries, and then by quieter ways he
 strode, 5
 Till the still innermost chamber
 fronted him.

*Brooke was a healthy, brilliant boy, who excelled both in athletics and studies. He was the son of the Assistant-Headmaster of Rugby. After graduating from Cambridge, he traveled through America and Canada to the islands of the South Seas. He was an adventurous rover and idealist. When the war came he served both in France and in the Dardenelles, where he died. He is buried on the Island of Skyros. His early poems flamed with the beauty of youth. The War unified both his purpose and his poetic forces, as the "Nineteen-Fourteen Sonnets" show. They have in them the best of the English lyric spirit, and their beauty of expression places them in the first rank of English sonnets. His poems have been collected in one volume.

Menelaus and Helen. Contrast with "Helen of Troy" (page 692) and "When Helen First Saw Wrinkles in Her Face" (page 480).

He swung his sword, and crashed into
 the dim
 Luxurious bower, flaming like a god.

High sat white Helen, lonely and serene.
 He had not remembered that she was
 so fair, 10
 And that her neck curved down in such
 a way;
 And he felt tired. He flung the sword
 away,
 And kissed her feet, and knelt before
 her there,
 The perfect knight before the perfect
 queen.

II

So far the poet. How should he behold
 That journey home, the long con-
 nubial years? 16
 He does not tell you how white Helen
 bears
 Child on legitimate child, becomes a
 scold,
 Haggard with virtue. Menelaus bold
 Waxed garrulous, and sacked a hun-
 dred Troys 20
 'Twixt noon and supper. And her
 golden voice
 Got shrill as he grew deafer. And both
 were old.

Often he wonders why on earth he went
 Troyward, or why poor Paris ever
 came.
 Oft she weeps, gummy-eyed and im-
 potent; 25
 Her dry shanks twitch at Paris'
 mumbled name.
 So Menelaus nagged, and Helen cried;
 And Paris slept on by Scamander side.
 (1911)

NINETEEN-FOURTEEN

I—PEACE

Now, God be thanked who has matched
 us with his hour,
 And caught our youth, and wakened
 us from sleeping,
 With hand made sure, clear eye, and
 sharpened power,
 To turn, as swimmers into cleanness
 leaping,

28. Scamander, a river near Troy.

a b a v e d e d z t s i

Glad from a world grown old and cold
 and weary, 5
 Leave the sick hearts that honor could
 not move,
 And half-men, and their dirty songs and
 dreary,
 And all the little emptiness of love!
 Oh! we, who have known shame, we
 have found release there,
 Where there's no ill, no grief, but
 sleep has mending, 10
 Naught broken save this body, lost but
 breath;
 Nothing to shake the laughing heart's
 long peace there,
 But only agony, and that has ending;
 And the worst friend and enemy is
 but Death.

II—SAFETY

Dear! of all happy in the hour, most
 blest
 He who has found our hid security,
 Assured in the dark tides of the world
 that rest,
 And heard our word, "Who is so safe
 as we?"
 We have found safety with all things
 undying: 5
 The winds, and morning, tears of men
 and mirth,
 The deep night, and birds singing, and
 clouds flying,
 And sleep, and freedom, and the
 autumnal earth.
 We have built a house that is not for
 Time's throwing.
 We have gained a peace unshaken by
 pain forever. 10
 War knows no power. Safe shall be my
 going,
 Secretly armed against all death's
 endeavor;
 Safe though all safety's lost; safe where
 men fall;
 And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

III—THE DEAD

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich
 Dead!
 There's none of these so lonely and
 poor of old,

But, dying, has made us rarer gifts
 than gold.
 These laid the world away; poured out
 the red
 Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years
 to be, 5
 Of work and joy, and that unhopéd
 serene
 That men call age; and those who
 would have been
 Their sons they gave, their immortal-
 ity.
 Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us,
 for our dearth,
 Holiness, lacked so long, and Love,
 and Pain. 10
 Honor has come back, as a king, to
 earth,
 And paid his subjects with a royal
 wage;
 And Nobleness walks in our ways
 again;
 And we have come into our heritage.

IV—THE DEAD

These hearts were woven of human joys
 and cares,
 Washed marvelously with sorrow,
 swift to mirth.
 The years had given them kindness.
 Dawn was theirs,
 And sunset, and the colors of the
 earth.
 These had seen movement, and heard
 music; known 5
 Slumber and waking; loved; gone
 proudly friended;
 Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat
 alone;
 Touched flowers and furs and cheeks.
 All this is ended.
 There are waters blown by changing
 winds to laughter
 And lit by the rich skies, all day. And
 after, 10
 Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves
 that dance
 And wandering loveliness. He leaves a
 white
 Unbroken glory, a gathered radi-
 ance,
 A width, a shining peace, under the
 night.

V—THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign
field

That is forever England. There shall
be

In that rich earth a richer dust con-
cealed;

A dust whom England bore, shaped,
made aware,

Gave, once, her flowers to love, her
ways to roam,

A body of England's, breathing English
air,

Washed by the rivers, blessed by suns
of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed
away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by
England given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy
as her day;

And laughter, learned of friends; and
gentleness,

In hearts at peace, under an English
heaven.

VI—THE TREASURE

When color goes home into the eyes,
And lights that shine are shut again
With dancing girls and sweet birds'
cries

Behind the gateways of the brain;
And that no-place which gave them
birth shall close

The rainbow and the rose—

Still may Time hold some golden space
Where I'll unpack that scented store

Of song and flower and sky and face,
And count, and touch, and turn them
o'er,

Musing upon them; as a mother,
who

Has watched her children all the rich
day through,

Sits, quiet-handed, in the fading light,
When children sleep, ere night. (1915)

The Treasure. Cf. "As in a Rose-Jar" (page 706).

*WILFRID WILSON GIBSON
(1878-)

POEMS FROM BATTLE

†THE RETURN

He went, and he was gay to go;
And I smiled on him as he went.
My son—'twas well he couldn't know
My darkest dread, nor what it meant—

Just what it meant to smile and smile
And let my son go cheerily—
My son . . . and wondering all the
while

What stranger would come back to me.

†COMRADES

As I was marching in Flanders
A ghost kept step with me—
Kept step with me and chuckled
And muttered ceaselessly:

"Once I, too, marched in Flanders,
The very spit of you,
And just a hundred years since,
To fall at Waterloo.

"They buried me in Flanders
Upon the field of blood,
And long I've lain forgotten
Deep in the Flemish mud.

"But now you march in Flanders,
The very spit of me;
To the ending of the day's march
I'll bear you company."

†HIT

Out of the sparkling sea
I drew my tingling body clear, and lay
On a low ledge the livelong summer day,
Basking, and watching lazily
White sails in Falmouth Bay.

*Gibson reflects industrial conditions in England more than any other poet. For some time he lived with the working people, as some of his books of poems—*Daily Bread* and *Fires*—show. In the war he served as a private, and the series of poems called *Battle* represents a phase of realism not touched by Brooke, though known to Sassoon.

†Reprinted from *Collected Poems*, 1917, by permission of The Macmillan Company.

My body seemed to burn
Salt in the sun that drenched it through
and through
Till every particle glowed clean and new
And slowly seemed to turn
To lucent amber in a world of blue. 10

I felt a sudden wrench—
A trickle of warm blood—
And found that I was sprawling in the
mud
Among the dead men in the trench.

*VICTORY

I watched it oozing quietly
Out of the gaping gash.
The lads thrust on to victory
With lunge and curse and crash.

Half-dazed, that uproar seemed to me
Like some old battle-sound 6
Heard long ago, as quietly
His blood soaked in the ground.

The lads thrust on to victory 10
With lunge and crash and shout.
I lay and watched, as quietly
His life was running out. (1915)

†JOHN MASEFIELD (1874-)

‡SEA-FEVER

I must down to the seas again, to the
lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to
steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's
song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a
gray dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the
call of the running tide 5
Is a wild call and a clear call that may
not be denied;

*Reprinted from *Collected Poems*, 1917, by permission of
The Macmillan Company.

†See headnote on Masefield on page 315. The emotion
with which Masefield invests the simple scenes of life is
amazing and beautiful. He has not the pathos of
Housman, but he has a more vigorous and romantic view
of life. Masefield's poems both lyric and narrative,
prior to 1914, may be had in two volumes of collected
poems and plays.

‡Reprinted from *Collected Poems*, 1918, by permission of
The Macmillan Company.

And all I ask is a windy day with the
white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown
spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again to the
vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way,
where the wind's like a whetted
knife; 10
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a
laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when
the long trick's over. (1913)

*THE WEST WIND

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of
birds' cries;
I never hear the west wind but tears
are in my eyes.
For it comes from the west lands, the
old brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and
daffodils.

It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts
as tired as mine, 5
Apple orchards blossom there, and the
air's like wine.
There is cool green grass there, where
men may lie at rest,
And the thrushes are in song there, flut-
ing from the nest.

"Will you not come home, brother?
You have been long away.
It's April, and blossom time, and white
is the spray; 10
And bright is the sun, brother, and
warm is the rain—
Will you not come home, brother, home
to us again?

"The young corn is green, brother,
where the rabbits run;
It's blue sky, and white clouds, and
warm rain and sun.
It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire
to a man's brain, 15
To hear the wild bees and see the merry
spring again.

*Reprinted from *Collected Poems*, 1918, by permission of
The Macmillan Company.

"Larks are singing in the west, brother,
 above the green wheat,
 So will you not come home, brother, and
 rest your tired feet?
 I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother,
 sleep for aching eyes,"
 Says the warm wind, the west wind,
 full of birds' cries. 20

It's the white road westwards is the road
 I must tread
 To the green grass, the cool grass, and
 rest for heart and head,
 To the violets and the brown brooks and
 the thrushes' song
 In the fine land, the west land, the land
 where I belong. (1913)

*ON GROWING OLD

Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying,
 My dog and I are old, too old for roving;
 Man, whose young passion sets the
 spindrift flying,
 Is soon too lame to march, too cold for
 loving.

I take the book and gather to the fire, 5
 Turning old yellow leaves; minute by
 minute,
 The clock ticks to my heart; a withered
 wire 6
 Moves a thin ghost of music in the
 spinet.

I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander
 Your cornland nor your hill-land nor
 your valleys, 10
 Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
 Where the young knight the broken
 squadron rallies.

Only stay quiet while my mind re-
 members
 The beauty of fire from the beauty of
 embers.

Beauty, have pity, for the strong have
 power, 15
 The rich their wealth, the beautiful their
 grace,

*Reprinted from *Collected Poems*, 1918, by permission of
 The Macmillan Company.

3. *spindrift*, windblown sea spray.

Summer of man its sunlight and its
 flower,
 Springtime of man all April in a face.

Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,
 Where the mob thrusts or loiters or is
 loud, 20
 The beggar with the saucer in his hand
 Asks only a penny from the passing
 crowd,

So, from this glittering world with all its
 fashion,
 Its fire and play of men, its stir, its
 march,
 Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom
 and passion, 25
 Bread to the soul, rain where the sum-
 mers parch.

Give me but these, and though the
 darkness close,
 Even the night will blossom as the rose.
(1913)

*ARTHUR SYMONS (1865-)

AMORIS VICTIMA

I

He who has entered by this sorrow's
 door
 Is neither dead nor living any more.
 Nothing can touch me now, except the
 cold
 Of whitening years that slowly make
 youth old;
 Hunger, that makes the body faint; one
 thought 5
 That ends all memory; for the future,
 naught.
 My future ended yesterday; I have
 Only a past, on this side of the grave.
 For I have lost you, and you fill the
 whole
 Of life now lost; and I have lost my soul,
 Because I have no part or lot in things

19. *the Strand*, a busy thoroughfare in London.

*Arthur Symonds was born of Welsh parents, received a private education, and has spent most of his life in traveling and writing. The poetry of Symonds shows a deep and sensitive appreciation of such modern French poets as Verlaine and Beaudelaire; it is highly emotional, subtle, and erotic. In 1902 he selected two volumes of his verse, entitled *Poems*. The following selections are from two groups of love poems, "Amoris Victima" (The Victim of Love), and "Amoris Exsul" (The Exile of Love). The poems should be compared with "Sonnet from Idea" (page 360), and with "Modern Love" (page 575).

That were to be immortal. Grave-mold
clings¹²
About my very thoughts; and love's
dead, too.
All that I know of love I learned of you.

II

All that I know of love I learned of you,
And I know all that lover ever knew,
Since, passionately loving to be loved,
The subtlety of your wise body moved
My senses to a curiosity,⁵
And your wise heart adorned itself for
me.

Did you not teach me how to love you,
how

To win you, how to suffer for you now,
Since you have made, as long as life en-
dures,⁹

My very nerves, my very senses, yours?
I suffer for you now with that same skill
Of self-consuming ecstasy, whose thrill
(May Death some day the thought of
it remove!)

You gathered from the very hands of
Love.

III

Is it this weary and most constant heart,
Or only these unquiet nerves, that start
And tremble if I do but think of you?
I know not, but I would to God I knew.
Had I not once a half-delicious grief,⁵
When I believed in you against belief?
But now, when I must doubt your word,
your kiss,

When each remembered rapture mur-
murs, "This

Was when she lied, and this was when
she lied,"

Yet even doubt is by some doubt denied;
Now, when the madness comes down
like a flood,¹¹

Poisoning the honest currents of my
blood,

Is it desire, love, or this madness, most
That aches in me, to know that you are
lost?

IV

I know that you are lost to me, and yet
I will not think it. If I could but get

This too obsequious heart out of your
power

For one forgetting and contracted hour,
This heart that from remembrance has
not won⁵

Oblivion or even rebellion!

I must not think; there's safety that one
way.

I must not think of you, not even to say,
"I have forgotten." I will think of—
who?

All other women, since they are not you!
Ah! but that's weakness; can I not be
strong,¹¹

As you are, in your rage to do me wrong?
O! lest I hate you, let my love have
power,

For love's sake, to forget you for one
hour!

V

Love turns to hate, they say; and
surely I

Have cause enough to hate you till I die.
Do you not hate me? must I not hate
you?

Show me the way it's done, and I'll
outdo

Your bravest. But what's this? If I
surprise,⁵

Not tears, in those inexorable eyes?
Ah! by those tears, think not that we
shall bring

So dear a love to be an outcast thing.
Love turns to hate; I would it turned
to hate!

We were not then so wholly desolate.¹⁰
You will not let me love you; yet now,
see,

If hate be not impossibility.
What shall we do, O God in heaven
above,

Who cannot hate, and yet who may
not love! (1901)

AMORIS EXSUL

IX. REMEMBRANCE

It seems to me that very long ago,
Across a shining and dividing sea,
I dreamed of love, and the eternal woe,
And that desire which is eternity.

I did but dream that I have made you
weep—⁵
I never loved, and you have never wept;
The shining and dividing sea is deep,
And I am very tired of having slept.

Yet, in some hours of these oblivious
days,
Suddenly, like a heart-throb, I recall¹⁰
The passionate enigma of your face;
I take your hand, and I remember all.

XIV. THE WANDERERS

Wandering, ever wandering,
Their eyelids freshened with the wind
of the sea
Blown up the cliffs at sunset, their
cheeks cooled
With meditative shadows of hushed
leaves
That have been drowsing in the woods
all day⁵
And certain fires of sunrise in their eyes.

They wander, and the white roads under
them
Crumble into fine dust behind their feet,
For they return not; life, a long white
road,
Winds ever from the dark into the dark,
And they, as days, return not; they go
on¹¹
Forever, with the traveling stars; the
night
Curtains them, being wearied, and the
dawn
Awakens them unwearied; they go on.
They know the winds of all the earth,
they know¹⁵
The dust of many highways, and the
stones
Of cities set for landmarks on the road.
Theirs is the world, and all the glory
of it,
Theirs, because they forego it, passing on
Into the freedom of the elements;²⁰
Wandering, ever wandering,
Because life holds not anything so good
As to be free of yesterday, and bound

The Wanderers. It is startling that this subtle, polished English poet should here have expressed a mood of roaming which is also found in the simple, vigorous, primitive Whitman.

Toward a newborn tomorrow; and they
go
Into a world of unknown faces, where,²⁵
It may be, there are faces waiting them,
Faces of friendly strangers, not the long
Intolerable monotony of friends.

The joy of earth is yours, O wanderers,
The only joy of the old earth, to wake.³⁰
As each new dawn is patiently renewed,
With foreheads fresh against a fresh
young sky.
To be a little further on the road,
A little nearer somewhere, some few
steps
Advanced into the future, and removed
By some few counted milestones from
the past;³⁶
God gives you this good gift, the only
gift
That God, being repentant, has to give.

Wanderers, you have the sunrise and
the stars;
And we, beneath our comfortable roofs,
Lamplight, and daily fire upon the
hearth,
And four walls of a prison, and sure
food.⁴²
But God has given you freedom, wan-
derers! (1901)

*RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
(1866-)

AN ECHO FROM HORACE

†LUSISTI EST, ET EDISTI, ATQUE BIBISTI;
TEMPUS ABIRE, TIBI EST.

Take away the dancing girls, quench the
lights, remove
Golden cups and garlands sear, all the
feast; away

*Richard Le Gallienne is by birth English, and by residence American. In early life he was in business, but turned to literature. Of his numerous books about half were published before 1900 and half afterwards. He follows both the classical and the romantic tradition with great charm, as the following poems show. The first is "An Echo from Horace"; the other three owe much to French poetry, both classical and contemporary. *A Joueur Stray'd* and *The Junkman* are his two most recent collections of poetry.

†*Lusisti*, etc., adapted from Horace, Ep. II. 2, 214, 215, "thou hast played and eaten and drunk; it is time for thee to go."

Lutes and lyres and Lalage; close the
gates, above
Write upon the lintel this: *Time is done
for play!*

*Thou hast had thy fill of love, eaten,
drunk; the show* 5
*Ends at last; 'twas long enough—time it
is to go.*

Thou hast played—ah! heart, how long!
—past all count were they,

Girls of gold and ivory, bosomed deep,
all snow,

Leopard swift, and velvet loined, bronze
for hair, wild clay

Turning at a touch to flame, tense as a
strong bow, 10

Cruel as the circling hawk, tame at last
as dove—

Thou hast had thy fill and more than
enough of love.

Thou hast eaten: peacock's tongues; fed
thy carp with slaves;

Nests of Asiatic birds, brought from
far Cathay;

Umbrian boars, and mullet roes snatched
from stormy waves. 15

Half thy father's lands have gone one
strange meal to pay;

For a morsel on thy plate ravished sea
and shore;

Thou hast eaten—'tis enough, thou
shalt eat no more.

Thou hast drunk—how hast thou
drunk! mighty vats, whole seas;

Vineyards purpling half a world turned
to gold thy throat, 20

Falernian, true Massic; the gods' own
vintages.

Lakes thou hast swallowed deep enough
galleys tall to float;

Wildness, wonder, wisdom, all, drunken-
ness divine,

All that dreams within the grape, mad-
ness too, were thine.

Time it is to go and sleep—draw the
curtains close— 25

Tender strings shall lull thee still, mellow
flutes be blown;

Still the spring shall shower down on thy
couch the rose,

Still the laurels crown thine head, where
thou dreamest alone.

Thou didst play, and thou didst eat,
thou hast drunken deep,

Time at last it is to go, time it is to
sleep.

(1922)

BALLADE OF THE OLDEST DUEL IN THE WORLD

A battered swordsman, slashed and
scarred,

I scarce had thought to fight again,
But love of the old game dies hard,

So to't, my lady, if you're fain!
I'm scarce the mettle to refrain, 5

I'll ask no quarter from your art—
But what if we should both be slain!

I fight you, darling, for your heart.

I warn you, though, be on your guard,
Nor an old swordsman's craft dis-
dain, 10

He jests at scars—what saith the Bard?
Love's wounds are real, and fierce the
pain;

If we should die of love, we twain!
You laugh—*en garde* then—so we start;

Cyrano-like, here's my refrain: 15
I fight you, darling, for your heart.

If compliments I interlard
'Twixt feint and lunge, you'll not com-
plain;

Lacking your eyes, the night's un-
starred,

The rose is beautiful in vain, 20
In vain smells sweet—Rose-in-the-

Brain,

Ballade of the Oldest Duel in the World. A ballade is a French verse form where three or four rimes persist throughout the three stanzas and envoi of the poem. Each stanza has eight or ten lines and the envoi (farewell) four. The end of each stanza and the envoi have the same refrain. This poem follows the spirit of a ballade composed by Cyrano de Bergerac, in the first act of Rostand's drama of that name, while the hero fights a duel. 11. *He jests at scars*, "who never felt a wound." The first words Romeo utters on entering Capulet's garden. *Romeo and Juliet*, II, ii. *Bard*, Shakespeare. 14. *en garde*, on guard; a fencing term.

3. *Lalage*, one of the many girls, fictitious or real, whom the Roman poet Horace addresses in his Odes. 13. *eaten*, alluding to the elaborate and expensive feasts of the wealthy Romans. 21. *Falernian, true Massic*, vintages especially esteemed by the Romans.

Dizzying the world—a touch! sweet
smart!—
Only the *envoi* doth remain:
I fight you, darling, for your heart.

ENVOI

Princess, I'm yours; the rose-red rain 25
Pours from my side—but see! I dart
Within your guard—poor pretty stain!
I fight you, darling, for your heart.

(1922)

MAY IS BACK

May is back, and you and I
Are at the stream again—
The leaves are out,
And all about
The building birds begin 5
To make a merry din.
May is back, and you and I
Are at the dream again.

May is back, and you and I
Lie in the grass again— 10
The butterfly
Flits painted by;
The bee brings sudden fear,
Like people talking near.
May is back, and you and I 15
Are lad and lass again.

May is back, and you and I
Are heart to heart again—
In God's green house,
We make our vows 20
Of summer love that stays
Faithful through winter days.
May is back, and you and I
Shall never part again.

(1922)

SONG

My eyes upon your eyes—
So was I born,
One far-off day in Paradise,
A summer morn;
I had not lived till then,
But, wildered, went,
Like other wandering men,
Nor what Life meant
Knew I till then.
My hand within your hand— 10
So would I live,
Nor would I ask to understand

Why God did give
Your loveliness to me,
But I would pray 15
Worthier of it to be,
By night and day,
Unworthy me!

My heart upon your heart—
So would I die; 20
I cannot think that God will part
Us, you and I—
The work he did, undo,
That summer morn;
I lived, and would die, too, 25
Where I was born,
Beloved, in you.

*WALTER de la MARE (1873-)

SHADOW

Even the beauty of the rose doth cast,
When its bright, fervid noon is past,
A still and lengthening shadow in the 5
dust,
Till darkness come
And take its strange dream home. 5

The transient bubbles of the water
paint
'Neath their frail arch a shadow faint;
The golden nimbus of the windowed
saint,
Till shine the stars, 15
Casts pale and trembling bars. 10

The loveliest thing earth hath, a shadow
hath,
A dark and livelong hint of death,
Haunting it ever till its last faint breath.
Who, then, may tell
The beauty of heaven's shadowless
asphodel? (1906)

VOICES

Who is it calling by the darkened river
Where the moss lies smooth and deep,
And the dark trees lean unmoving arms,

*An imaginative poet of childhood, many of whose
lyrics have been set to music. Their ethereal yet simple
quality makes them in some respects akin to Blake's
poems, but they seem even more like the poems
of Thomas S. Jones, Jr. (page 706).

Shadow. 15. *asphodel*, a flower supposed to grow in
the Greek heaven.

Silent and vague in sleep.
And the bright-heeled constellations
pass 5
In splendor through the gloom;
Who is it calling o'er the darkened river
In music, "Come!"?
Who is it wandering in the summer
meadows
Where the children stoop and play 10
In the green faint-scented flowers, spin-
ning
The guileless hours away?
Who touches their bright hair? who puts
A wind-shell to each cheek,
Whispering betwixt its breathing si-
lences, 15
"Seek! seek!"?

Who is it watching in the gathering
twilight
When the curfew bird hath flown
On eager wings, from song to silence,
To its darkened nest alone? 20
Who takes for brightening eyes the
stars,
For locks the still moonbeam,
Sighs through the dews of evening
peacefully
Falling, "Dream!"? (1906)

*"MOIRA O'NEILL"

†A BROKEN SONG

"Where am I from?" From the green
hills of Erin.
"Have I no song then?" My songs are
all sung.
"What o' my love?" 'Tis alone I am
farin'.
Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet
is young.
"If she was tall?" Like a king's own
daughter. 5
"If she was fair?" Like a mornin' o' May.
When she'd come laughin' 'twas the
runnin' wather,

*"Moira O'Neill" is the pen name of Mrs. Nesta Higgin-
son Skrine, who was born in County Antrim and still
lives there at Cushendall. She is one of the poets of the
Celtic revival who draws her inspiration from the Irish
folk and their legends. The untold story of "A Broken
Song" may be compared effectively with the sixteenth-
century anonymous lyric, "As Ye Came from the Holy
Land" (page 348).

†Reprinted from *Songs from the Glens of Antrim*, by
permission of The Macmillan Company.

When she'd come blushin' 'twas the
break o' day.
"Where did she dwell?" Where one'st I
had my dwellin'.
"Who loved her best?" There, no one
now will know. 10
"Where is she gone?" Och, why would I
be tellin'!
Where she is gone, there I can never go.
(1900)

*ALFRED NOYES (1880-)

†THE BARREL-ORGAN

There's a barrel-organ caroling across a
golden street
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And the music's not immortal; but the
world has made it sweet
And fulfilled it with the sunset glow;
And it pulses through the pleasures of
the City and the pain 5
That surround the singing organ like
a large eternal light;
And they've given it a glory and a part
to play again
In the Symphony that rules the day
and night.

And now it's marching onward through
the realms of old romance, 9
And trolling out a fond familiar tune,
And now it's roaring cannon down to
fight the king of France,
And now it's prattling softly to the
moon.
And all around the organ there's a sea
without a shore
Of human joys and wonders and re-
grets;
To remember and to recompense the
music evermore 15
For what the cold machinery forgets.

*Alfred Noyes is well known personally in America
because of his sojourn at Princeton as Professor of Poetry
from 1913-1923. He was an Oxford crew man who excelled
in literature and has devoted his life to it. His poetry
manifests a healthy and vigorous romanticism which
draws its inspiration from the past, as in *Tales of the
Mermaid Tavern* and "Drake," or from the present,
as in "The Barrel-Organ" and "A Victory Dance."
Noyes is no searcher of souls, like Browning, but he
seeks beauty, and succeeds in finding it about him
everywhere. "A Victory Dance" shows the cynical
result of the war upon the survivors. Cf. "To Any
Dead Officer" (page 616). The collected poems of
Noyes in three volumes contain most of his work.

†Printed by permission from *Collected Poems*, Vol. I, by
Alfred Noyes. Copyright, 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes
Company.

Yes; as the music changes,
 Like a prismatic glass,
 It takes the light and ranges
 Through all the moods that
 pass; 20
 Dissects the common carnival
 Of passions and regrets,
 And gives the world a glimpse of all
 The colors it forgets.

And there *La Traviata* sighs 25
 Another sadder song;
 And there *Il Trovatore* cries
 A tale of deeper wrong;
 And bolder knights to battle go
 With sword and shield and lance 30
 Than ever here on earth below
 Have whirled into—a dance!—

Go down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac
 time, in lilac time;
 Go down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't
 far from London!)
 And you shall wander hand in hand with
 love in summer's wonderland; 35
 Go down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't
 far from London!)

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom and
 soft perfume and sweet perfume,
 The cherry-trees are seas of bloom
 (and oh, so near to London!)
 And there, they say, when dawn is high
 and all the world's a blaze of sky
 The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will
 sing a song for London. 40

The Dorian nightingale is rare and yet
 they say you'll hear him there
 At Kew, at Kew in lilac time (and oh,
 so near to London!)

The linnet and the throstle, too, and
 after dark the long halloo
 And golden-eyed *tu-whit, tu-whoo*, of
 owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind
 that isn't heard 45
 At Kew, at Kew in lilac time (and oh,
 so near to London!)
 And when the rose begins to pout and
 all the chestnut spires are out
 You'll hear the rest without a doubt,
 all chorusing for London:

*Come down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac
 time, in lilac time;
 Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't
 far from London!) 50
 And you shall wander hand in hand with
 love in summer's wonderland;
 Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't
 far from London!)*

And then the troubadour begins to
 thrill the golden street,
 In the City as the sun sinks low;
 And in all the gaudy busses there are
 scores of weary feet 55
 Marking time, sweet time, with a dull
 mechanic beat,
 And a thousand hearts are plunging
 to a love they'll never meet,
 Through the meadows of the sunset,
 through the poppies and the wheat,
 In the land where the dead dreams go.

Verdi, Verdi, when you wrote *Il Trova-
 tore* did you dream 60
 Of the City when the sun sinks low,
 Of the organ and the monkey and the
 many-colored stream
 On the Piccadilly pavement, of the
 myriad eyes that seem
 To be litten for the moment with a wild
 Italian gleam
 As *A che la morte* parodies the world's
 eternal theme 65
 And pulses with the sunset glow?

There's a thief, perhaps, that listens
 with a face of frozen stone
 In the City as the sun sinks low;
 There's a portly man of business with a
 balance of his own;
 There's a clerk and there's a butcher of
 a soft reposeful tone; 70
 And they're all of them returning to the
 heavens they have known;
 They are crammed and jammed in
 busses and—they're each of them
 alone

In the land where the dead dreams go.
 There's a very modish woman and her
 smile is very bland
 In the City as the sun sinks low; 75
 And her hansom jingles onward, but her
 little jeweled hand

25, 27. *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, operas by Verdi.
 39. *wold*, plain or low hill. 41. *Dorian*, pertaining to
 southern Greece.

65. *A che la morte*, part of the famous "Miserere" in
Il Trovatore

Is clenched a little tighter, and she cannot understand
 What she wants or why she wanders to that undiscovered land,
 For the parties there are not at all the sort of thing she planned,
 In the land where the dead dreams go. 80

There's a rowing man that listens and his heart is crying out
 In the City as the sun sinks low;
 For the barge, the eight, the Isis, and the coach's whoop and shout,
 For the minute-gun, the counting and the long disheveled rout,
 For the howl along the towpath and a fate that's still in doubt, 85
 For a roughened oar to handle and a race to think about
 In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a laborer that listens to the voices of the dead
 In the City as the sun sinks low;
 And his hand begins to tremble and his face to smolder red 90
 As he sees a loafer watching him and—there he turns his head
 And stares into the sunset where his April love is fled,
 For he hears her softly singing and his lonely soul is led
 Through the land where the dead dreams go.

There's an old and haggard demi-rep, it's ringing in her ears, 95
 In the City as the sun sinks low;
 With the wild and empty sorrow of the love that blights and sears,
 Oh, and if she hurries onward, then be sure, be sure she hears,
 Hears and bears the bitter burden of the unforgotten years,
 And her laugh's a little harsher and her eyes are brimmed with tears - 100
 For the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a barrel-organ caroling across a golden street
 In the City as the sun sinks low;
 Though the music's only Verdi, there's a world to make it sweet,

Just as yonder yellow sunset where the earth and heaven meet 105
 Mellows all the sooty City! Hark, a hundred thousand feet
 Are marching on to glory through the poppies and the wheat
 In the land where the dead dreams go.

So it's Jeremiah, Jeremiah,
 What have you to say 110
 When you meet the garland girls
 Tripping on their way?

All around my gala hat
 I wear a wreath of roses
 (A long and lonely year it is 115
 I've waited for the May!).
 If anyone should ask you,
 The reason why I wear it is—
 My own love, my true love
 Is coming home today. 120

And it's buy a bunch of violets for the lady
(It's lilac time in London; it's lilac time in London!)
 Buy a bunch of violets for the lady
 While the sky burns blue above.

On the other side the street you'll find it shady 125
(It's lilac time in London; it's lilac time in London!)
 But buy a bunch of violets for the lady,
 And tell her she's your own true love.

There's a barrel-organ caroling across a golden street
 In the City as the sun sinks glittering and slow; 130
 And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
 And enriched it with the harmonies that make a song complete
 In the deeper heavens of music where the night and morning meet,
 As it dives into the sunset glow;
 And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain 135
 That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light,
 And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
 In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

83. *Isis*. The Thames near Oxford bears this name. The Oxford crews practice on it.

And there, as the music changes,
 The song runs round again. 140
 Once more it turns and ranges
 Through all its joy and pain,
 Bisects the common carnival
 Of passions and regrets;
 And the wheeling world remembers
 all 145
 The wheeling song forgets.

Once more *La Traviata* sighs
 Another sadder song;
 Once more *Il Trovatore* cries 150
 A tale of deeper wrong;
 Once more the knights to battle go
 With sword and shield and lance
 Till once, once more, the shattered
 foe
 Has whirled into—a dance!

*Come down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac
 time, in lilac time; 155*
*Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't
 far from London!)*
*And you shall wander hand in hand with
 love in summer's wonderland;*
*Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't
 far from London!) (1904)*

*A VICTORY DANCE

The cymbals crash,
 And the dancers walk,
 With long silk stockings
 And arms of chalk,
 Butterfly skirts, 5
 And white breasts bare,
*And shadows of dead men
 Watching 'em there.*

*Shadows of dead men
 Stand by the wall, 10*
*Watching the fun
 Of the Victory Ball.*
*They do not reproach,
 Because they know*
If they're forgotten, 15
It's better so.

Under the dancing
 Feet are the graves.
 Dazzle and motley,
 In long bright waves, 20

Brushed by the palm-fronds
 Grapple and whirl
 Ox-eyed matron,
 And slim white girl.

Fat wet bodies 25
 Go waddling by,
 Girdled with satin,
 Though God knows why;
 Gripped by satyrs
 In white and black, 30
 With a fat wet hand
 On the fat wet back.

See, there is one child
 Fresh from school,
 Learning the ropes 35
 As the old hands rule.
 God, how that dead boy
 Gapes and grins
 As the tom-toms bang
 And the shimmy begins. 40

"What did you think
 We should find," said a shade,
 "When the last shot echoed
 And peace was made"?
 "Christ," laughed the fleshless 45
 Jaws of his friend,
 "I thought they'd be praying
 For worlds to mend,

"Making earth better,
 Or something silly, 50
 Like whitewashing hell
 Or Picca-dam-dilly.
 They've a sense of humor,
 These women of ours,
 These exquisite lilies, 55
 These fresh young flowers!"

"Pish," said a statesman
 Standing near,
 "I'm glad they can busy
 Their thoughts elsewhere! 60
 We mustn't reproach 'em;
 They're young, you see."
*"Ah," said the dead men,
 "So were we!"*

Victory! Victory! 65
On with the dance!
Back to the jungle
The new beasts prance!

*Printed by permission from *Collected Poems*, Vol. 3,
 by Alfred Noyes. Copyright, 1920, by Frederick A.
 Stokes Company.

52. *Picca-dam-dilly*. Piccadilly is a fashionable
 London thoroughfare.

*God, how the dead men
Grin by the wall, 70
Watching the fun
Of the Victory Ball. (1920)*

***WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS**
(1865-)

†THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I will arise and go now, and go to Innis-
free,
And a small cabin build there, of clay
and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive
for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for
peace comes dropping slow, 5
Dropping from the veils of the morning
to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and
noon a purple glow,
And evening's full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night
and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds
by the shore; 10
While I stand on the roadway, or on the
pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.
(1906)

†THE ROSE OF THE WORLD

Who dreamed that beauty passes like a
dream?
For these red lips, with all their mourn-
ful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may be-
tide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral
gleam,
And Usna's children died. 5

*Yeats is unquestionably the leading poet of the Celtic revival. He was born and brought up in Sligo, where he became saturated with the folklore traditions of Ireland. To find the work of men like Masfield and Yeats at the end of our survey of English and Celtic poetry is sufficient proof of the persistence of the initial trend of English and Celtic literature as evidenced in *Beowulf* and *Deirdre*.

†Reprinted from *The Poetical Works*, Vol. 1, 1906, by permission of The Macmillan Company.
The Rose of the World. 5. *Usna's children*, the sons of Usnach. Cf. *Deirdre* (page 52).

We and the laboring world are passing
by;
Amid men's souls, that waver and give
place,
Like the pale waters in their wintry
race,
Under the passing stars, foam of the
sky,
Lives on this lonely face. 10

Bow down, archangels, in your dim
abode;
Before you were or any hearts to beat,
Weary and kind one lingered by His
seat;
He made the world to be a grassy road
Before her wandering feet. (1906)

***HE REMEMBERS FORGOTTEN
BEAUTY**

When my arms wrap you round I press
My heart upon the loveliness
That has long faded from the world;
The jeweled crowns that kings have
hurled
In shadowy pools, when armies fled; 5
The love-tales wrought with silken
thread
By dreaming ladies upon cloth
That has made fat the murderous
moth;
The roses that of old time were
Woven by ladies in their hair; 10
The dew-cold lilies ladies bore
Through many a sacred corridor
Where such gray clouds of incense rose
That only the gods' eyes did not close.
For that pale breast and lingering hand 15
Come from a more dream-heavy land,
A more dream-heavy hour than this;
And when you sigh from kiss to kiss
I hear white Beauty sighing, too,
For hours when all must fade like dew 20
But flame on flame, deep under deep,
Throne over throne, where in half
sleep
Their swords upon their iron knees
Brood her high lonely mysteries. (1906)

*Reprinted from *The Poetical Works*, Vol. 1, 1906, by permission of The Macmillan Company.
He Remembers Forgotten Beauty. The answer to
"Ubi Sunt Qui Ante Nos Fuerunt?" (page 344).

AMERICAN LYRIC POETRY

NINETEENTH CENTURY

NOTE

The development of American lyric poetry during the nineteenth century is comparatively simple to record. In colonial and frontier times little poetry of outstanding literary significance was produced, but in the middle of the nineteenth century a group of poets arose in New England and in the South who wrote poetry in harmony with the culture of the Victorian Age. Today it seems regrettable that these poets did not more often turn their attention directly to the poetic subject-matter inherent in their immediate or general environment, but they performed, nevertheless, a genuine service in creating literary traditions and establishing standards. We value their work as poetry, but it is not so distinctively American as that of the group which followed Whitman. Poe, however, was a great poet, and his poetry is worthy to rank with much of the best that was produced in England during the Romantic Movement. In fact, his genius was appreciated abroad long before he received adequate recognition at home. Poe was decried by the same group which rejected Whitman, but because of his life rather than his literary work, for his writing was based upon a keen understanding of contemporary European literature. His ability to express the unearthly is akin to that of Coleridge, and both poets have so far defied serious imitation.

The position of Whitman as a poet may not yet be finally determined, but as a literary influence he cannot be overestimated. Whitman was the first poet to turn from imitating contemporary English literary moods and to fix his gaze upon America. When he did so, he saw, not a number of social and geographic groups, each one striving to express its own way of life, but an underlying unity of national characteristics. The poetry of Whitman triumphs enduringly because it expresses the dominant emotions of the national life of America, and because it speaks in a language which the farmer and the miner understand as well as the business man and the scholar. In Whitman primal America spoke to his day so clearly that the cries of protest from those who appreciated only the Victorian traditions of literature were not long heeded, and in the twentieth century a considerable group of American poets are following his vision with significant results. We owe to him the new movement of American poetry.

American poetry of the nineteenth century, therefore, developed with a rather conscious imitation of Victorian poetry by both New England and Southern poets, until Whitman suddenly revealed the vision of the real America. The shock proved fatal to the supremacy of the Victorian tradition,

and although the outcome and final worth of the new movement cannot yet be estimated, American poets of the twentieth century are now writing with keener insight and understanding because of the change.

*WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
(1794-1878)

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals
away

Their sharpness ere he is aware. When
thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow
house,

Make thee to shudder and grow sick at
heart—

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all
around—

Earth and her waters, and the depths of
air—

Comes a still voice—

Yet a few days, and thee

*A Massachusetts poet, who, after one year at Williams College and nine years as a lawyer, turned to writing as a profession. In 1829 he became editor of the *New York Evening Post*, which position he retained until his death. His poems are cast in the traditional forms, and the thoughts and style are dignified and reserved.

Thanatopsis. "The Consideration of Death." This is believed by many critics to be the first poem of considerable importance written in America. That Bryant was about eighteen when he wrote it accounts for the rather self-conscious high seriousness which it manifests, but does not detract from the felicity of its form and the genuine beauty of the poem as a whole. Notice that it lacks the lyric tone of "The Ways of Death Are Soothing and Serene" (page 599), and "What Is to Come We Know Not" (page 599).

The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold
ground,

Where thy pale form was laid with many
tears, 20

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee,
shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth
again,

And, lost each human trace, surrender-
ing up

Thine individual being, shalt thou go 25
To mix forever with the elements,

To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude
swain

Turns with his share and treads upon.
The oak

Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce
thy mold. 30

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou
wish

Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt
lie down

With patriarchs of the infant world—
with kings,

The powerful of the earth—the wise, the
good, 35

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the
vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move 40

In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and,
poured round all,

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all

Of the great tomb of man. The golden
sun, 45

The planets, all the infinite host of
heaven,

Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that
tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the
wings 50

Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilder-
ness,

Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no
sound

Save his own dashings—yet the dead
are there; 54

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them
down

In their last sleep—the dead reign there
alone.

So shalt thou rest, and what if thou
withdraw

In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that

breathe 60

Will share thy destiny. The gay will
laugh

When thou art gone, the solemn brood
of care

Plod on, and each one as before will
chase

His favorite phantom; yet all these shall
leave

Their mirth and their employments, and
shall come 65

And make their bed with thee. As the
long train

Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he
who goes

In the full strength of years, matron and
maid,

The speechless babe, and the gray-
headed man— 70

Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow

them.

So live, that when thy summons comes
to join

The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each

shall take 75

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at
night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained
and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy
grave,

Like one who wraps the drapery of his
couch 80

About him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams.

1811? (1817)

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last
steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou
pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye 5
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee
wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river
wide, 10
Or where the rocking billows rise and
sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless
coast—
The desert and illimitable air— 15
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin at-
mosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome
land,
Though the dark night is near. 20

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home,
and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds
shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven 25
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my
heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast
given,
And shall not soon depart.

To a Waterfowl. A felicitous poem, deserving com-
parison with the nineteenth-century English skylark
poems (pages 462, 488) and "Margaritae Sorori" (page
600). In American poetry compare the motive with
that of "All's Well" (page 703).

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy
certain flight, 30
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright. (1818)

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

The melancholy days are come, the
saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and
meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the
withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust and to
the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and
from the shrubs the jay, 5
And from the wood-top calls the crow
through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young
flowers, that lately sprang and
stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a
beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the
gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the
fair and good of ours. 10
The rain is falling where they lie, but the
cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
the lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they
perished long ago;
And the brier rose and the orchis died
amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the goldenrod, and the
aster in the wood, 15
And the yellow sunflower by the brook
in autumn beauty stood
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold
heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was
gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild
day, as still such days will come,

The Death of the Flowers. The restraint of this poem
should be contrasted with the vivid emotionalism of "To
Autumn" (page 512) and "Ode to the West Wind"
(page 489). 14. *orchis*, orchid.

To call the squirrel and the bee from out
 their winter home, ²⁰
 When the sound of dropping nuts is
 heard, though all the trees are still,
 And twinkle in the smoky light the
 waters of the rill,
 The south wind searches for the flowers
 whose fragrance late he bore,
 And sighs to find them in the wood and
 by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her
 youthful beauty died, ²⁵
 The fair meek blossom that grew up
 and faded by my side:
 In the cold moist earth we laid her,
 when the forest cast the leaf,
 And we wept that one so lovely should
 have a life so brief:
 Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that
 young friend of ours,
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish
 with the flowers. (1832)

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
 And colored with the heaven's own blue,
 That openest when the quiet light
 Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

Thou comest not when violets lean ⁵
 O'er wandering brooks and springs un-
 seen,
 Or columbines, in purple dressed,
 Nod o'er the ground bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
 When woods are bare and birds are
 flown, ¹⁰
 And frosts and shortening days portend
 The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
 Look through its fringes to the sky,
 Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall ¹⁵
 A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
 The hour of death draw near to me,
 Hope, blossoming within my heart,
 May look to heaven as I depart. (1832)

To the Fringed Gentian. Cf. "I Wandered Lonely As
 a Cloud" (page 462).

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
 Gentle and merciful and just!
 Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
 The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand, ⁵
 Amid the awe that hushes all,
 And speak the anguish of a land
 That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done—the bond are free;
 We bear thee to an honored grave, ¹⁰
 Whose proudest monument shall be
 The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
 Hath placed thee with the sons of
 light,
 Among the noble host of those ¹⁵
 Who perished in the cause of Right. (1866)

*HENRY WADSWORTH LONG- FELLOW (1807-1882)

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village ⁵
 Gleam through the rain and the mist,
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
 That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing ¹⁰
 That is not akin to pain,
 And resembles sorrow only
 As the mist resembles the rain.

*Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, of Pilgrim ancestry, and lived his life in the New England tradition, broadened, however, by foreign travel. Immediately after graduating from Bowdoin, he went abroad, and on his return became a professor of English there. When called to teach at Harvard he made another and extended trip abroad before taking up his new work. For the rest of his life he combined teaching and writing. Longfellow's literary and social contacts were wide and his work comprised both American and continental subjects. Longfellow rightly held the leading position among the group of New England poets in the nineteenth century, for his work is always finished, always genuine, and frequently inspired by deep emotion.

The Day Is Done. Cf. "In the Highlands" (page 598).

Come, read to me some poem,
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,
 That shall soothe this restless feeling 15
 And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
 Not from the bards sublime,
 Whose distant footsteps echo 20
 Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
 Their mighty thoughts suggest
 Life's endless toil and endeavor—
 And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet, 25
 Whose songs gushed from his heart,
 As showers from the clouds of summer,
 Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor
 And nights devoid of ease, 30
 Still heard in his soul the music
 Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction 35
 That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
 The poem of thy choice,
 And lend to the rime of the poet 40
 The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with
 music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away. (1844)

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air;
 It fell to earth, I knew not where,
 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
 Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air; 5
 It fell to earth, I knew not where,
 For who has sight so keen and strong
 That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak
 I found the arrow, still unbroke; 10
 And the song, from beginning to end,
 I found again in the heart of a friend.
 (1845)

THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight
 As the clocks were striking the hour,
 And the moon rose o'er the city,
 Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection 5
 In the waters under me,
 Like a golden goblet falling
 And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
 Of that lovely night in June, 10
 The blaze of the flaming furnace
 Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
 The wavering shadows lay,
 And the current that came from the
 ocean 15
 Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
 Rose the belated tide,
 And, streaming into the moonlight,
 The seaweed floated wide. 20

And like those waters rushing
 Among the wooden piers,
 A flood of thoughts came o'er me
 That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often, 25
 In the days that had gone by,
 I had stood on that bridge at midnight
 And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
 I had wished that the ebbing tide 30
 Would bear me away on its bosom
 O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
 And my life was full of care, 5

The Bridge. The bridge referred to is over the Charles River between Boston and Cambridge. Cf. "Composed upon Westminster Bridge" (page 468) and "The Bridge of Sighs" (page 477).

And the burden laid upon me 35
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me. 40

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands 45
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro, 50
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions, 55
As long as life has woes—

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here. (1845)

THE SHIP OF STATE

FROM THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate! 5
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of
steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat 10
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,

The Ship of State. Cf. "Fredome" (page 348) and "Patriotism" (page 472). The idea of the Ship of State is from Horace.

'Tis of the wave and not the rock,
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale! 15
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our
tears, 20
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!
(1849)

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old
town,
And my youth comes back to me. 5
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees, 10
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song, 15
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the
slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free; 20
And the Spanish sailors with bearded
lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the
ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward
song
Is singing and saying still: 25

My Lost Youth. Cf. "I Remember, I Remember" (page 476), "Sing Me a Song of a Lad That Is Gone" (page 598), "The Barefoot Boy" (page 644), and "Birches" (page 689). 1. town, Portland, Me. 13. *Hesperides*, the gardens of the Greek giant, Atlas, in which grew golden apples.

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar, 30
The drumbeat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will, 35
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tran-
quil bay 40
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful
song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, 45
long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early
loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of
doves
In quiet neighborhoods. 50
And the verse of that sweet old
song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that
dart 55
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song 60
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

37. *sea-fight*. In 1813 the American brig *Surprise* captured the British brig *Boxer*, off Portland, Me.

There are things of which I may not
speak;

There are dreams that cannot die; 65
There are thoughts that make the strong
heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill: 70
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet, 75
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-
known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will, 80
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that
were 85
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

(1858)

DIVINA COMMEDIA

I

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent
feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the
floor

Divina Commedia. In 1861 Mrs. Longfellow was burned to death, while sealing a letter with wax. The shock interrupted Longfellow's course of life and his literary work. From 1861 to 1869 he devoted himself almost exclusively to a translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, for which from time to time he wrote these introductory sonnets. By many they are considered Longfellow's greatest poems.

Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er; 5
 Far off the noises of the world retreat;
 The loud vociferations of the street
 Become an undistinguishable roar.
 So, as I enter here from day to day,
 And leave my burden at this minster
 gate, 10
 Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to
 pray,
 The tumult of the time disconsolate
 To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
 While the eternal ages watch and wait.
 (1864)

II

How strange the sculptures that adorn
 these towers!
 This crowd of statues, in whose folded
 sleeves
 Birds build their nests; while canopied
 with leaves
 Parvis and portal bloom like trellised
 bowers,
 And the vast minster seems a cross of
 flowers! 5
 But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled
 eaves
 Watch the dead Christ between the
 living thieves,
 And, underneath, the traitor Judas
 lowers!
 Ah! from what agonies of heart and
 brain,
 What exultations trampling on despair,
 What tenderness, what tears, what hate
 of wrong, 11
 What passionate outcry of a soul in
 pain,
 Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
 This medieval miracle of song! (1866)

III

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom
 Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
 And strive to make my steps keep pace
 with thine.
 The air is filled with some unknown per-
 fume;
 The congregation of the dead make
 room 5

10. minster, church.

II. 4. Parvis, a court, colonnade, or porch in front of a church.

III. 2. poet saturnine. Dante is so-called because of his somber disposition. In astrology the planet Saturn supposedly has a somber influence.

For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
 Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves
 of pine
 The hovering echoes fly from tomb to
 tomb.
 From the confessionals I hear arise
 Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies, 10
 And lamentations from the crypts below;
 And then a voice celestial that begins
 With the pathetic words, "Although
 your sins
 As scarlet be," and ends with "as the
 snow." (1866)

IV

With snow-white veil and garments as of
 flame,
 She stands before thee, who so long ago
 Filled thy young heart with passion and
 the woe
 From which thy song and all its splendors
 came;
 And while with stern rebuke she speaks
 thy name, 5
 The ice about thy heart melts as the
 snow
 On mountain heights, and in swift over-
 flow
 Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of
 shame.
 Thou makest full confession; and a
 gleam,
 As of the dawn on some dark forest
 cast, 10
 Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;
 Lethe and Eunoë—the remembered
 dream
 And the forgotten sorrow—bring at last
 That perfect pardon which is perfect
 peace. (1867)

V

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows
 blaze
 With forms of Saints and holy men who
 died,

7. Ravenna, a north-Italian city where Dante, an exile from Florence, spent his last years.

IV. 2. She, Beatrice Portinari, the beloved of Dante, in whose honor he wrote the *Divine Comedy*. 12. Lethe and Eunoë. In the vision of the *Divine Comedy* Dante at one time visits the garden of Eden and beholds there two rivers: Lethe, which causes forgetfulness of sin, and Eunoë, which evokes the memory of righteous deeds (*Purgatorio*, xxviii, 121-132).

Here martyred and hereafter glorified;
 And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
 Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays,
 With splendor upon splendor multiplied;
 And Beatrice again at Dante's side
 No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise.
 And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
 Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love
 And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
 And the melodious bells among the spires
 O'er all the housetops and through heaven above
 Proclaim the elevation of the Host!
 (1866)

VI

O star of morning and of liberty!
 O bringer of the light, whose splendor shines
 Above the darkness of the Apennines,
 Forerunner of the day that is to be!
 The voices of the city and the sea,
 The voices of the mountains and the pines,
 Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
 Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!
 Thy flame is blown abroad from all the heights,
 Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,
 As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
 Strangers of Rome, and the new prose-lytes,
 In their own language hear the wondrous word,
 And many are amazed and many doubt.
 (1866)

V. 4. *great Rose*. At the end of his vision Dante beholds in paradise the saints gathered about Christ in the form of a white rose (*Paradiso*, xxx-xxxiii). Gothic cathedrals usually have a symbolic rose window in the façade. 14. *elevation of the Host*, that moment in the Mass when the wafer is consecrated, and is believed to become the actual flesh and blood of Christ.

*OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
 (1809-1894)

OLD IRONSIDES

Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky.
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.
 Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee;
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale!
 (1830)

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings

*Holmes, who was born in Cambridge, came of distinguished New England ancestry. After graduating from Harvard in 1829, he studied medicine abroad (1833-1835), and took up the practice of medicine in Boston after a year of teaching at Dartmouth. From 1847 to 1882 he was professor of anatomy and physiology in the Harvard Medical School, a practicing physician, and an active writer. Steadily his reputation as a poet, essayist, and novelist rose, until he became one of the chief literary members of the New England group. His virility, humor, and deep feeling are always clearly expressed.

Old Ironsides. Written as a protest against the proposal of the Navy Department to scrap the frigate *Constitution*, famous for its exploits during the War of 1812.

In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren
sings, 5
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun
their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell, 10
Where its dim dreaming life was wont
to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing
shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt
unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil 15
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the
new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway
through,
Built up its idle door, 20
Stretched in his last-found home, and
knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message
brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is
born 25
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed
horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I
hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my
soul,
As the swift seasons roll! 30
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the
last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome
more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's
unresting sea! (1858)

26. **Triton**, the son of Poseidon, the Greek god of the sea. Cf. "The World Is Too Much with Us" (page 469).

HYMN OF TRUST

O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earthborn care,
We smile at pain while thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread, 5
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, "Thou
art near!"

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to
fear, 10
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, "Thou art near!"

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know, 15
Living and dying, thou art near!
(1859)

A SUN-DAY HYMN

Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray 5
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn; 10
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is
love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne 15
We ask no luster of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!
(1859)

Hymn of Trust. Cf. this hymn and the next with the hymns of Addison (page 412) and Wesley (page 431).

*JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
(1807-1892)

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still 5
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy! 10
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy 15
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!
O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day, 20
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude 25
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young, 30
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way, 36
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks, 40
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy—
Blessings on the barefoot boy! 45

*Whittier was a country boy from Haverhill, Mass. His education came chiefly from the farm, and his most widely remembered verses deal with New England farm life. His narrative poem *Snow-Bound* deserves comparison with "The Cotter's Saturday Night" (page 439).

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees, 50
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone; 55
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond, 60
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches, too; 65
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread; 70
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold, 75
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire. 80
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard, 85
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat. 90
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil, 95

78. *pied*, party-colored.

Up and down in ceaseless moil.
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin. 100
 Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy! (1855)

OUR MASTER

Immortal Love, forever full,
 Forever flowing free,
 Forever shared, forever whole,
 A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name 5
 All other names above;
 Love only knoweth whence it came
 And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake, and blow
 The mists of earth away! 10
 Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
 How wide and far we stray!

Hush every lip, close every book,
 The strife of tongues forbear;
 Why forward reach, or backward
 look, 15
 For love that clasps like air?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
 To bring the Lord Christ down;
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,
 For him no depths can drown. 20

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,
 The lineaments restore
 Of him we know in outward shape
 And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a king to reign; 25
 The world's long hope is dim;
 The weary centuries watch in vain
 The clouds of heaven for him.

Death comes, life goes; the asking eye
 And ear are answerless; 30
 The grave is dumb, the hollow sky
 Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
 And every symbol wanes;
 The Spirit over-brooding all 35
 Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above
 Or earth below they look,
 Who know with John his smile of
 love,
 With Peter his rebuke. 40

In joy of inward peace, or sense
 Of sorrow over sin,
 He is his own best evidence,
 His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore, 45
 Nor dream of bards and seers,
 No dead fact stranded on the shore
 Of the oblivious years—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is he; 50
 And faith has still its Olivet
 And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain;
 We touch him in life's throng and
 press,
 And we are whole again. 56

Through him the first fond prayers 'are
 said
 Our lips of childhood frame,
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with his name. 60

Our Lord and Master of us all!
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
 We test our lives by thine.

Thou judgest us; thy purity 65
 Doth all our lusts condemn;
 The love that draws us nearer thee
 Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight;
 And, naked to thy glance, 70
 Our secret sins are in the light
 Of thy pure countenance.

Our Master. As many as five hymns have been excerpted from this poem. The faith here expressed parallels that of the more confident parts of "In Memoriam" (pages 533 ff).

51. *Olivet*, the Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem. Christ prayed there before his crucifixion.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress,
 Thy tender light shines in;
 Thy sweetness is the bitterness, 75
 Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
 Thou dost our service own;
 We bring our varying gifts to thee,
 And thou rejectest none. 80

To thee our full humanity,
 Its joys and pains, belong;
 The wrong of man to man on thee
 Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates thee; who loves be-
 comes 85
 Therein to thee allied;
 All sweet accords of hearts and homes
 In thee are multiplied.

Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
 Within our earthly sod, 90
 Most human and yet most divine,
 The flower of man and God!

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
 Thy presence maketh one,
 As through transfigured clouds of white
 We trace the noon-day sun. 96

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
 Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
 We know in thee the fatherhood
 And heart of God revealed. 100

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
 In differing phrase we pray;
 But, dim or clear, we own in thee
 The Light, the Truth, the Way!

The homage that we render thee 105
 Is still our Father's own;
 No jealous claim or rivalry
 Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do thy will is more than praise,
 As words are less than deeds, 110
 And simple trust can find thy ways
 We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self thy service hath,
 No place for me and mine;
 Our human strength is weakness, death
 Our life, apart from thine. 116

Apart from thee all gain is loss,
 All labor vainly done;
 The solemn shadow of thy Cross
 Is better than the sun. 120

Alone, O Love ineffable!
 Thy saving name is given;
 To turn aside from thee is hell,
 To walk with thee is heaven!

How vain, secure in all thou art, 125
 Our noisy championship!
 The sighing of the contrite heart
 Is more than flattering lip.

Not thine the bigot's partial plea,
 Nor thine the zealot's ban; 130
 Thou well canst spare a love of thee
 Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
 What may thy service be?—
 Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
 But simply following thee. 136

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
 We pile no graven stone;
 He serves thee best who loveth most
 His brothers and thy own. 140

Thy litanies, sweet offices
 Of love and gratitude;
 Thy sacramental liturgies,
 The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift 145
 The vaulted nave around;
 In vain the minster turret lift
 Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
 Thy inward altars raise; 150
 Its faith and hope thy canticles,
 And its obedience praise! (1866)

IN SCHOOL-DAYS

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
 A ragged beggar sleeping;
 Around it still the sumachs grow,
 And blackberry-vines are creeping.

In School-Days. Cf. the "Lucy Gray" poems (pages 237, 456). Contrast the use of detail in this poem with that in "My Sister's Sleep" (page 586).

Within, the master's desk is seen, 5
 Deep scarred by raps official;
 The warping floor, the battered seats,
 The jackknife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
 Its door's worn sill, betraying 10
 The feet that, creeping slow to school,
 Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
 Shone over it at setting;
 Lit up its western window-panes, 15
 And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
 And brown eyes full of grieving,
 Of one who still her steps delayed
 When all the school were leaving. 20

For near her stood the little boy
 Her childish favor singled;
 His cap pulled low upon a face
 Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow 25
 To right and left, he lingered—
 As restlessly her tiny hands
 The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
 The soft hand's light caressing, 30
 And heard the tremble of her voice,
 As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
 I hate to go above you,
 Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
 "Because, you see, I love you!" 36

Still memory to a gray-haired man
 That sweet child-face is showing.
 Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing! 40

He lives to learn in life's hard school,
 How few who pass above him
 Lament their triumph and his loss,
 Like her—because they love him.

(1870)

*JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
 (1819-1891)

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

There came a youth upon the earth,
 Some thousand years ago,
 Whose slender hands were nothing
 worth,
 Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell 5
 He stretched some chords, and drew
 Music that made men's bosoms swell
 Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
 Pure taste by right divine, 10
 Decreed his singing not too bad
 To hear between the cups of wine.

And so, well pleased with being soothed
 Into a sweet half-sleep,
 Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
 And made him viceroy o'er his sheep. 16

His words were simple words enough,
 And yet he used them so
 That what in other mouths was rough
 In his seemed musical and low. 20

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
 In whom no good they saw;
 And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
 They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
 For idly, hour by hour, 26
 He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
 Or mused upon a common flower.

*Another Cambridge professor and poet. He graduated from Harvard in 1838, studied law, but never practiced it, and became an editor and writer. His brilliant productions between 1844 and 1855 led to his appointment as Professor of French and Spanish at Harvard, where he taught until 1877, serving thereafter as Minister of the United States, first to Spain and later to England. Like Longfellow, Lowell was a widely read and widely cultivated man, who grasped the significance of both American and European life. *The Biglow Papers* and "The Vision of Sir Launfal" are among his best-known works.

The Shepherd of King Admetus. Based upon the Greek myth that Apollo was once banished from Olympus for a year to serve as shepherd to King Admetus, the husband of Alcestis. Apollo was the patron of music and poetry, and was fabled to have invented the lyre.

It seemed the loveliness of things
 Did teach him all their use,
 For, in mere weeds, and stones, and
 springs,
 He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
 But, when a glance they caught
 Of his slim grace and woman's eyes, 35
 They laughed, and called him good-for-
 naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
 And e'en his memory dim,
 Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
 More full of love, because of him. 40

And day by day more holy grew
 Each spot where he had trod,
 Till after-poets only knew
 Their firstborn brother as a god. (1842)

***EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)**

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
 To his own native shore. 5

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home

*Poe was a brilliant and eccentric genius, who, until recent times, received greater recognition in Europe than in America. His parents were strong-willed, romantic people; his father had been disinherited, and his mother was an actress. From the age of two, when his parents died, Poe was under the guardianship of Mr. Allan, a merchant in Richmond, who directed Poe's rather scattered education, which culminated in one year's stay at the University of Virginia and two years' stay at West Point, from which institution he was expelled in 1831. The rest of Poe's life was devoted to literature. He supported himself by editing various publications, but his haphazard methods and restless disposition never permitted him to stay long in one place. His marriage in 1836 was romantic and happy, but the death of his wife in 1847 was so great a shock to him that his health was shattered. Poe holds a high place in American literature. His genius, like that of Blake and Coleridge, dealt best with the unusual and the supernatural. In "The Philosophy of Composition" (page 989) Poe explains his literary beliefs, and to them he strictly adhered. His opinions on poetry are expressed in certain essays, of which the best known is "The Poetic Principle."

To Helen. 2. *Nicéan*, referring to the lake city Nicaia in Asia Minor, which was important during the Byzantine Empire and the Crusades. 8. *Naiad*, a nymph who was supposed to dwell in rivers, lakes, and springs.

To the glory that was Greece
 And the grandeur that was Rome. 10

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand,
 The agate lamp within thy hand!
 Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
 Are Holy-Land! (1831)

THE CONQUEROR WORM

Lo! 'tis a gala night
 Within the lonesome latter years!
 An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
 In veils, and drowned in tears, 5
 Sit in a theater, to see
 A play of hopes and fears,
 While the orchestra breathes fitfully
 The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
 Mutter and mumble low, 10
 And hither and thither fly—
 Mere puppets they, who come and go
 At bidding of vast formless things
 That shift the scenery to and fro,
 Flapping from out their Condor wings 15
 Invisible Woe!

That motley drama—oh, be sure
 It shall not be forgot!
 With its Phantom chased for evermore,
 By a crowd that seize it not, 20
 Through a circle that ever returneth in
 To the selfsame spot,
 And much of madness, and more of sin,
 And horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout, 25
 A crawling shape intrude!
 A blood-red thing that writhes from out
 The scenic solitude!
 It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal
 pangs
 The mimes become its food, 30
 And seraphs sob at vermin fangs
 In human gore imbued.

14. *Psyche*. When Cupid wooed Psyche, he came by night and did not let her see him. Once she lit a lamp, but Cupid, awaking, fled.

The Conqueror Worm. Cf. "The Clod and the Pebble" (page 434) and "The Book of Thel" (page 435).

Out—out are the lights—out all!
 And, over each quivering form,
 The curtain, a funeral pall, 35
 Comes down with the rush of a storm,
 While the angels, all pallid and wan,
 Uprising, unveiling, affirm
 That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
 And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

(1843)

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I
 pondered, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume
 of forgotten lore—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, sud-
 denly there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping
 at my chamber door.
 "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tap-
 ping at my chamber door— 5
 Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the
 bleak December;
 And each separate dying ember wrought
 its ghost upon the floor.
 Eagerly I wished the morrow—vainly I
 had sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow—
 sorrow for the lost Lenore— 10
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom
 the angels name Lenore—
 Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of
 each purple curtain
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic
 terrors never felt before;
 So that now, to still the beating of my
 heart, I stood repeating 15
 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance
 at my chamber door—
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at
 my chamber door—
 This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesi-
 tating then no longer,
 "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your
 forgiveness I implore; 20

But the fact is I was napping, and so
 gently you came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tap-
 ping at my chamber door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you"—
 here I opened wide the door;
 Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I
 stood there wondering, fearing, 25
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
 ever dared to dream before;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the
 stillness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the
 whispered word "Lenore!"
 This I whispered, and an echo mur-
 mured back the word "Lenore!"
 Merely this and nothing more. 30

Back into the chamber turning, all my
 soul within me burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat
 louder than before.
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is some-
 thing at my window lattice;
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and
 this mystery explore—
 Let my heart be still a moment and this
 mystery explore— 35
 'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when,
 with many a flirt and flutter
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the
 saintly days of yore.
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a
 minute stopped or stayed he;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched
 above my chamber door— 40
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above
 my chamber door—
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad
 fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the
 countenance it wore,
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
 thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
 Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wan-
 dering from the Nightly shore— 46

The Raven. See "The Philosophy of Composition" (page 989). Cf. "The Blessed Damsel" (page 587).

41. Pallas, Athena, the Greek goddess of wisdom.

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the
Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to
hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little
relevancy bore; 50
For we cannot help agreeing that no
living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird
above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust
above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the
placid bust, spoke only 55
That one word, as if his soul in that one
word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a
feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered,
"Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my
hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore." 60

Startled at the stillness broken by reply
so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is
its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master
whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his
songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melan-
choly burden bore 65
Of 'Never—nevermore.' "

But the Raven still beguiling all my
fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook
myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this
ominous bird of yore— 70
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no
syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned
into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my
head at ease reclining 75
On the cushion's velvet lining that the
lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet-violet lining with the
lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls
tinkled on the tufted floor. 80
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent
thee—by these angels he hath sent
thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy
memories of Lenore;
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe and
forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!
prophet still, if bird or devil!— 85
Whether tempter sent, or whether tem-
pest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this
desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell
me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell
me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore." 90

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—
prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—
by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if,
within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the
angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom
the angels name Lenore." 95
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird
or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—

83. *nepenthe*, a drug or potion supposed by the
ancients to banish sorrow or its memory. 89. *Gilead*.
See Jeremiah, lvi, 11. 93. *Aidenn*, Arabic spelling of
Eden.

"Get thee back into the tempest and the
Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that
lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit
the bust above my door! 100
Take thy beak from out my heart, and
take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is
sitting, *still* is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above
my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a
demon's that is dreaming, 105
And the lamplight o'er him streaming
throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that
lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore! (1845)

ULALUME

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sear—
The leaves they were withering and
sear;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year; 5
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.
Here once, through an alley Titanic, 10
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was
volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll 15
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole—
That groan as they roll down Mount
Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober, 20
But our thoughts they were palsied
and sear—

Ulalume. Written eleven months after the death of his wife. Cf. "The Book of Thel" (page 435). The places here named are fictitious. 12. *Psyche*, in classic mythology, a beautiful maiden, the personification of the soul. 14. *scoriac*, like dross or refuse from melted ore.

Our memories were treacherous and
sear—
For we knew not the month was October
And we marked not the night of the
year
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)—25
We noted not the dim lake of Auber—
(Though once we had journeyed down
here)—
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of
Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent 30
And star-dials pointed to morn—
As the star-dials hinted of morn—
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous luster was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent 35
Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian;
She rolls through an ether of sighs—
She revels in a region of sighs; 41
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never
dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies— 45
To the Lethean peace of the skies—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes." 50

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust—
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must." 55
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings till they trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the
dust. 60

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming;
Let us on by this tremulous light!

37. *Astarte*, the Phoenician goddess of the moon.
39. *Dian*, Diana, the Greek goddess of the moon. 44.
Lion, the constellation Leo. 46. *Lethean*, causing
forgetfulness, like the waters of the River Lethe in the
Greek Hades.

Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
 Its Sibyllic splendor is beaming
 With hope and in beauty tonight:—
 See!—it flickers up the sky through
 the night! 66

Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
 And be sure it will lead us aright—
 We safely may trust to a gleaming
 That cannot but guide us aright, 70
 Since it flickers up to heaven through
 the night.”

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
 And tempted her out of her gloom—
 And conquered her scruples and
 gloom;

And we passed to the end of the vista,
 But were stopped by the door of a
 tomb— 76

By the door of a legended tomb;
 And I said—“What is written, sweet
 sister,
 On the door of this legended tomb?”
 She replied—“Ulalume—Ulalume—
 ’Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!”

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
 As the leaves that were crispéd and
 sear—

As the leaves that were withering and
 sear,

And I cried—“It was surely October 85
 On *this* very night of last year
 That I journeyed—I journeyed down
 here—

That I brought a dread burden down
 here—

On this night of all nights in the year.
 Ah, what demon has tempted me
 here? 90

Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber,
 This misty mid region of Weir;

Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
 This ghoul-haunted woodland of
 Weir.” (1847)

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea

That a maiden there lived whom you
 may know

64. *Sibyllic*, pertaining to a sibyl or Grecian proph-
 etess. The sibyl at Delphi was famous in classical
 antiquity.

Annabel Lee. A poem in memory of his dead wife.

By the name of Annabel Lee;
 And this maiden she lived with no other
 thought 5
 Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 But we loved with a love that was more
 than love—

I and my Annabel Lee— 10
 With a love that the wingéd seraphs of
 heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling 15
 My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her highborn kinsmen came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulcher
 In this kingdom by the sea. 20

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me—

Yes! that was the reason (as all men
 know,

In this kingdom by the sea)
 That the wind came out of the cloud by
 night, 25

Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than
 the love

Of those who were older than we—
 Of many far wiser than we—

And neither the angels in heaven above, 30
 Nor the demons down under the sea,

Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without
 bringing me dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee; 35
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the
 bright eyes

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by
 the side

Of my darling—my darling—my life and
 my bride,

In the sepulcher there by the sea— 40
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

(1849)

*RALPH WALDO EMERSON
(1803-1882)

CONCORD HYMN

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE
BATTLE MONUMENT, JULY 4, 1837.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the
world.

The foe long since in silence slept; 5
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward
creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone, 10
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare 15
The shaft we raise to them and thee.
(1837)

GIVE ALL TO LOVE

Give all to love;
Obey thy heart;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good fame,
Plans, credit, and the Muse— 5
Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master;
Let it have scope;
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope. 10
High and more high

*The philosopher Emerson was also a poet. His uneventful life in Concord as an essayist and lecturer need not be chronicled here, except to remind the student that he broke with the ministerial tradition of his ancestors, and though trained as a minister himself, gave up his charge because he no longer believed in certain tenets of the Unitarian church. It should also be remembered that Emerson was a friend of Carlyle, and that his philosophy was well known abroad even during his own lifetime. See headnote, page 996.

Concord Hymn. An American version of the spirit expressed in "Freedom" (page 348), "Patriotism" (page 472), and "Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights" (page 529).

It dives into noon,
With wing unspent,
Untold intent;
But it is a god, 15
Knows its own path
And the outlets of the sky.

It was never for the mean;
It requireth courage stout.
Souls above doubt, 20
Valor unbending,
It will reward—
They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending. 25

Leave all for love;
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavor— 30
Keep thee today,
Tomorrow, forever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid;
But when the surprise, 35
First vague shadow of surmise
Flits across her bosom young,
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free;
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem, 40
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Though her parting dims the day, 45
Stealing grace from all alive;
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive. (1846)

BRAHMA

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Brahma. Brahma, to the Hindu, is the spirit of the universe, of whom the other Hindu gods are but lesser manifestations. The sacred Seven (line 14) are probably the divine and active principles governing the Hindu universe. This poem is interesting as a reflection of the American mind upon the Indian view of Fate. Cf. "The Hound of Heaven" (page 591) and "Self-Deception" (page 578).

Far or forgot to me is near; 5
 Shadow and sunlight are the same;
 The vanished gods to me appear;
 And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
 When me they fly, I am the wings;
 I am the doubter and the doubt, 11
 And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
 And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
 But thou, meek lover of the good! 15
 Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.
 (1857)

*HENRY TIMROD (1828-1867)

SONNET

Life ever seems as from its present
 site
 It aimed to lure us. Mountains of the
 past
 It melts, with all their crags and cavern
 vast,
 Into a purple cloud! Across the night,
 Which hides what is to be, it shoots a
 light 5
 All rosy with the yet unrisen dawn.
 Not the near daisies, but yon distant
 height
 Attracts us, lying on this emerald
 lawn.
 And always, be the landscape what it
 may—
 Blue, misty hill or sweep of glimmering
 plain— 10
 It is the eye's endeavor still to gain
 The fine, faint limit of the bounding
 day.
 God, haply, in this mystic mode, would
 fain
 Hint of a happier home, far, far away!
 (1860)

*Timrod was born in Charleston, South Carolina. After two years in the University of Georgia he became first a teacher and later a private tutor. His health was impaired in 1836 on the military expedition against the Seminole Indians, and he died in 1867. Timrod was a poet of genuine ability, whose emotional intensity in his best work breaks through the conventional and elaborate expression with which nineteenth-century American poets cloaked their thoughts. The beauty of his verse appears best in his personal reflections upon life.

SONNET

I scarcely grieve, O Nature! at the lot
 That pent my life within a city's bounds,
 And shut me from thy sweetest sights
 and sounds.
 Perhaps I had not learned, if some lone
 cot
 Had nursed a dreamy childhood, what
 the mart 5
 Taught me amid its turmoil; so my
 youth
 Had missed full many a stern but whole-
 some truth.
 Here, too, O Nature! in this haunt of Art,
 Thy power is on me, and I own thy
 thrall. 9
 There is no unimpressive spot on earth!
 The beauty of the stars is over all,
 And Day and Darkness visit every
 hearth.
 Clouds do not scorn us; yonder factory's
 smoke
 Looked like a golden mist when morning
 broke. (1860)

SONNET

I know not why, but all this weary day,
 Suggested by no definite grief or pain,
 Sad fancies have been flitting through
 my brain;
 Now it has been a vessel losing way,
 Rounding a stormy headland; now a
 gray 5
 Dull waste of clouds above a wintry
 main;
 And then, a banner, drooping in the
 rain,
 And meadows beaten into bloody clay.
 Strolling at random with this shadowy
 woe
 At heart, I chanced to wander hither!
 Lo! 10
 A league of desolate marsh-land, with its
 lush,
 Hot grasses in a noisome, tide-left bed,
 And faint, warm airs, that rustle in the
 hush,
 Like whispers round the body of the
 dead! (1860)

Sonnet (I scarcely grieve, O Nature!). Cf. "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" (page 633). Timrod here gives expression to the beauty which may be found in urban life. The picture changes in "Chicago" (page 708).

*PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE
(1830-1886)

THE FIRST MOCKING-BIRD IN SPRING

Winged poet of vernal ethers!
Ah! where hast thou lingered long?
I have missed thy passionate, skyward
flights
And the trills of thy changeful song.
Hast thou been in the hearts of wood-
lands old, 5
Half dreaming, and, drowsed by the
winter's cold,
Just crooning the ghost of thy springtide
lay
To the listless shadows, benumbed and
gray?
Or hast thou strayed by a tropic shore,
And lavished, O silvan troubadour! 10
The boundless wealth of thy music free
On the dimpling waves of the Southland
sea?
What matter? Thou comest with magic
strain
To the morning haunts of thy life again,
And thy melodies fall in a rhythmic
rain. 15
The wren and the field-lark listen
To the gush from their laureate's
throat;
And the bluebird stops on the oak to
catch
Each rounded and perfect note. 19
The sparrow, his pert head reared aloft,
Has ceased to chirp in the grassy croft,
And is bending the curves of his tiny ear
In the *pose* of a critic wise, to hear.
A blackbird, perched on a glistening
gum,
Seems lost in a rapture, deep and dumb;
And as eagerly still in his tranced hush,
'Mid the copse beneath, is a clear-eyed
thrush. 27

*Hayne was not so great a poet as Timrod. Born in Charleston, and graduated from Charleston College, he prepared to be a literary editor, but the Civil War terminated the career of the magazine on which he was engaged. After the war he continued to live by writing, but the necessity of turning out sufficient verse for this purpose drained his poetic vitality. Some of his poems are charming, especially the three given here. *The First Mocking-Bird in Spring*. This poem and "To a Waterfowl" (page 636) are American counterparts of the English nineteenth-century nightingale poems.

No longer the dove by the thorn-tree root
Moans sad and soft as a far-off flute.
All Nature is hearkening, charmed and
mute. 30

We scarce can deem it a marvel,
For the songs *our* nightingale sings
Throb warm and sweet with the
rhythmic beat
Of the fervors of countless springs.
All beautiful measures of sky and earth
Outpour in a second and rarer birth 36
From that mellow throat. When the
winds are whist,
And he follows his mate to their sunset
tryst,
Where the wedded myrtles and jasmine
twine, 39
Oh! the swell of his music is half divine!
And I vaguely wonder, O bird! can it be
That a human spirit hath part in thee?
Some Lesbian singer's, who died per-
chance
Too soon in the summer of Greek ro-
mance, 44
But the rich reserves of whose broken lay,
In some mystical, wild, undreamed-of
way,
Find voice in thy bountiful strains to-
day! (AFTER 1872)

UNDER THE PINE

TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY TIMROD

The same majestic pine is lifted high
Against the twilight sky,
The same low, melancholy music grieves
Amid the topmost leaves,
As when I watched, and mused, and
dreamed with him 5
Beneath these shadows dim.
O Tree! hast thou no memory at thy
core
Of one who comes no more?
No yearning memory of those scenes
that were
So richly calm and fair, 10
When the last rays of sunset, shim-
mering down,
Flashed like a royal crown?

37. *whist*, silent. 43. *Lesbian*, from the Greek island of Lesbos, where Sappho, the poetess lived.

And he, with hand outstretched and
 eyes ablaze,
 Looked forth with burning gaze,
 And seemed to drink the sunset like
 strong wine, 15
 Or, hushed in trance divine,
 Hailed the first shy and timorous glance
 from far
 Of evening's virgin star?

O Tree! against thy mighty trunk he laid
 His weary head; thy shade 20
 Stole o'er him like the first cool spell of
 sleep.

It brought a peace so deep
 The unquiet passion died from out his
 eyes,
 As lightning from stilled skies.

And in that calm he loved to rest, and
 hear 25

The soft wind-angels, clear
 And sweet, among the uppermost
 branches sighing.

Voices he heard replying
 (Or so he dreamed) far up the mystic
 height,
 And pinions rustling light. 30

O Tree! have not his poet-touch, his
 dreams

So full of heavenly gleams,
 Wrought through the folded dullness of
 thy bark,

And all thy nature dark
 Stirred to slow throbbings, and the
 fluttering fire 35
 Of faint, unknown desire?

At least to me there sweeps no rugged
 ring

That girds the forest-king,
 No immemorial stain, or awful rent
 (The mark of tempest spent), 40

No delicate leaf, no lithe bough, vine-
 o'ergrown,

No distant, flickering cone,

But speaks of him, and seems to bring
 once more

The joy, the love of yore;
 But most when breathed from out the
 sunset-land 45

The sunset airs are bland,

That blow between the twilight and the
 night,
 Ere yet the stars are bright;

For then that quiet eve comes back to
 me,

When, deeply, thrillingly, 50
 He spake of lofty hopes which vanquish
 Death;

And on his mortal breath
 A language of immortal meanings hung,
 That fired his heart and tongue.

For then unearthly breezes stir and sigh,
 Murmuring, "Look up! 'tis I; 55
 Thy friend is near thee! Ah, thou canst
 not see!"

And through the sacred tree
 Passes what seems a wild and sentient
 thrill—

Passes, and all is still!— 60

Still as the grave which holds his tran-
 quil form,

Hushed after many a storm—
 Still as the calm that crowns his marble
 brow,

No pain can wrinkle now—
 Still as the peace—pathetic peace of
 God— 65

That wraps the holy sod,

Where every flower from our dead min-
 strel's dust

Should bloom, a type of trust—
 That faith which waxed to wings of
 heavenward might

To bear his soul from night— 70
 That faith, dear Christ! whereby we
 pray to meet

His spirit at God's feet! (1872)

IN HARBOR

I think it is over, over,
 I think it is over at last,
 Voices of foeman and lover,
 The sweet and the bitter have passed.
 Life, like a tempest of ocean 75
 Hath outblown its ultimate blast;
 There's but a faint sobbing sea-ward

In Harbor. A comparison of this poem with "Crossing the Bar" (page 547) will illustrate how excess diction may obscure a really fine poetic conception.

While the calm of the tide deepens lee-ward,
 And behold! like the welcoming quiver
 Of heart-pulses throbb'd through the river,
 Those lights in the harbor at last, 11
 The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over, over!
 For the winds and the waters surcease;
 Ah!—few were the days of the rover 15
 That smiled in the beauty of peace!
 And distant and dim was the omen
 That hinted redress or release:
 From the ravage of life, and its riot
 What marvel I yearn for the quiet 20
 Which bides in the harbor at last?
 For the lights with their welcoming quiver
 That throbb'd through the sanctified river
 Which girdles the harbor at last,
 This heavenly harbor at last? 25

I know it is over, over,
 I know it is over at last!
 Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
 For the stress of the voyage has passed;
 Life, like a tempest of ocean, 30
 Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast;
 There's but a faint sobbing sea-ward;
 While the calm of the tide deepens lee-ward;
 And behold! like the welcoming quiver
 Of heart-pulses throbb'd through the river, 35
 Those lights in the harbor at last,
 The heavenly harbor at last!

(AFTER 1872)

*WALT WHITMAN (1819-1892)

IN CABINED SHIPS AT SEA

In cabined ships at sea,
 The boundless blue on every side expanding,
 With whistling winds and music of the waves,
 The large imperious waves,

*Biography does not explain the achievement of Walt Whitman. He was born in Huntington, Long Island, went to school in Brooklyn, was a teacher for two

Or some lone bark buoyed on the dense marine,
 Where joyous full of faith, spreading white sails, 5
 She cleaves the ether mid the sparkle and the foam of day, or under many a star at night,
 By sailors young and old haply will I, a reminiscence of the land, be read,
 In full rapport at last.

*Here are our thoughts, voyagers' thoughts,
 Here not the land, firm land, alone appears, may then by them be said,
 The sky o'erarches here, we feel the undulating deck beneath our feet, 11
 We feel the long pulsation, ebb and flow of endless motion,
 The tones of unseen mystery, the vague and vast suggestions of the briny world, the liquid-flowing syllables,
 The perfume, the faint creaking of the cordage, the melancholy rhythm,
 The boundless vista and the horizon far and dim are all here, 15
 And this is ocean's poem.*

Then falter not, O book, fulfill your destiny,
 You not a reminiscence of the land alone,
 You, too, as a lone bark cleaving the ether, purposed I know not whither, yet ever full of faith, 19
 Consort to every ship that sails, sail you!
 Bear forth to them folded, my love (dear mariners, for you I fold it here in every leaf);

years, and finally entered upon newspaper writing in New York City and its environs. Between 1848 and 1850 he traveled slowly west, then down the Mississippi River to New Orleans, and then north and home by way of the Great Lakes and an excursion into Canada. *Leaves of Grass* was published in 1855. During the Civil War Whitman served as a nurse in the army hospitals of Washington. The strain was too much for his health, and in 1873 he had a paralytic stroke which made him an invalid for the rest of his life. From 1882 until the end of his life he lived in Camden, New Jersey, in straitened circumstances. Although Whitman's poetry is uneven, it is impressive in its absolute straightforwardness, and in the freedom of its verse form. Whitman said what he wanted without regard for convention. The result is frequently bizarre because he fails to discriminate between beautiful values and grotesque cheapness. Nevertheless, Whitman's intense and vital appreciation of the primal in life, especially in the growing life of America, made him a liberating force for American literature. With *Leaves of Grass* he broke the shackles of convention and bade the future generation of American poets write about what they felt in whatever form they chose.

In *Cabined Ships at Sea*. Compare this poem with "Sonnet LX" of Shakespeare (page 365) and with "A Passer-by" (page 605) by Bridges. 17. O book, i. e., *Leaves of Grass*, his principal volume of poems.

Speed on, my book! spread your white
sails, my little bark, athwart the
imperious waves,
Chant on, sail on, bear o'er the bound-
less blue from me to every sea,
This song for mariners and all their
ships. (1871)

ME IMPERTURBE

Me imperturbe, standing at ease in
Nature,
Master of all, or mistress of all—aplomb
in the midst of irrational things,
Imbued as they—passive, receptive,
silent as they,
Finding my occupation, poverty, no-
toriety, foibles, crimes, less im-
portant than I thought;
Me private, or public, or menial, or
solitary—all these subordinate (I
am eternally equal with the best—
I am not subordinate);
Me toward the Mexican Sea, or in the
Mannahatta, or the Tennessee, or
far north, or inland,
A river man, or a man of the woods, or
of any farm-life in these states, or
of the coast, or the lakes, or Kan-
ada,
Me, wherever my life is lived, O to be
self-balanced for contingencies!
O to confront night, storms, hunger,
ridicule, accidents, rebuffs, as the
trees and animals do. 1860 (1881)

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

I hear America singing, the varied
carols I hear:
Those of mechanics—each one singing
his, as it should be, blithe and
strong;
The carpenter singing his, as he meas-
ures his plank or beam;

Me Imperturbe. "Me imperturbable." This poem repre-
sents Whitman's attitude toward life and shows both his
strength and his weakness. 6. *Mannahatta*, Manhattan.
I Hear America Singing. This poem reveals what
Whitman added to modern poetry. Cf. "The Solitary
Reaper" (page 460) and "The Song of the Shirt" (page
476), both of which are in a different mood from that
which Whitman developed in the group of modern
American poets, the spirit of whose work is embodied
in this poem.

The mason singing his, as he makes
ready for work, or leaves off work;
The boatman singing what belongs to
him in his boat—the deckhand
singing on the steamboat deck; 5
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his
bench—the hatter singing as he
stands;
The wood-cutter's song—the plowboy's,
on his way in the morning, or at
the noon intermission, or at sun-
down;
The delicious singing of the mother—or
of the young wife at work—or of
the girl sewing or washing—each
singing what belongs to her, and
to none else;
The day what belongs to the day—at
night, the party of young fellows,
robust, friendly,
Singing, with open mouths, their strong
melodious songs. 1860 (1867)

CROSSING BROOKLYN FERRY

1

Flood-tide below me! I watch you face
to face;
Clouds of the west! sun there half an
hour high! I see you also face to
face.
Crowds of men and women attired in
the usual costumes! how curious
you are to me!
On the ferryboats, the hundreds and
hundreds that cross, returning
home, are more curious to me than
you suppose;
And you that shall cross from shore to
shore years hence, are more to me,
and more in my meditations, than
you might suppose. 5

2

The impalpable sustenance of me from
all things, at all hours of the day;

Crossing Brooklyn Ferry. "Composed upon Westminster
Bridge" (page 468) should be contrasted with this poem.
for Whitman opens up a field which Wordsworth left
untouched. Cf. the poems in this book by J. G. Fletcher
(pages 712-717).

The simple, compact, well-joined scheme
—myself disintegrated, everyone
disintegrated, yet part of the
scheme;

The similitudes of the past, and those of
the future;

The glories strung like beads on my
smallest sights and hearings—on
the walk in the street, and the
passage over the river;

The current rushing so swiftly, and
swimming with me far away; 10

The others that are to follow me, the
ties between me and them;

The certainty of others—the life, love,
sight, hearing of others.

Others will enter the gates of the ferry,
and cross from shore to shore;

Others will watch the run of the flood-
tide;

Others will see the shipping of Man-
hattan north and west, and the
heights of Brooklyn to the south
and east; 15

Others will see the islands large and
small;

Fifty years hence, others will see them as
they cross, the sun half an hour
high;

A hundred years hence, or ever so many
hundred years hence, others will
see them,

Will enjoy the sunset, the pouring in of
the flood-tide, the falling back to
the sea of the ebb-tide.

3

It avails not, neither time or place—
distance avails not; 20

I am with you, you men and women of
a generation, or ever so many
generations hence;

I project myself—also I return—I am
with you, and know how it is.

Just as you feel when you look on the
river and sky, so I felt;

Just as any of you is one of a living
crowd, I was one of a crowd;

Just as you are refreshed by the glad-
ness of the river and the bright
flow, I was refreshed; 25

Just as you stand and lean on the rail,
yet hurry with the swift current,
I stood, yet was hurried;

Just as you look on the numberless
masts of ships, and the thick-
stemmed pipes of steamboats, I
looked.

I, too, many and many a time crossed
the river, the sun half an hour
high;

I watched the twelfth-month sea-gulls—
I saw them high in the air, floating
with motionless wings, oscillating
their bodies;

I saw how the glistening yellow lit up
parts of their bodies, and left the
rest in strong shadow; 30

I saw the slow-wheeling circles, and the
gradual edging toward the south.

I, too, saw the reflection of the summer
sky in the water,

Had my eyes dazzled by the shimmer-
ing track of beams,

Looked at the fine centrifugal spokes of
light around the shape of my head
in the sun-lit water,

Looked on the haze on the hills south-
ward and southwestward, 35

Looked on the vapor as it flew in fleeces
tinged with violet,

Looked toward the lower bay to notice
the arriving ships,

Saw their approach, saw aboard those
that were near me,

Saw the white sails of schooners and
sloops—saw the ships at anchor,

The sailors at work in the rigging, or out
astride the spars, 40

The round masts, the swinging motion
of the hulls, the slender, serpentine
pennants,

The large and small steamers in motion,
the pilots in their pilot-houses,

The white wake left by the passage, the
quick tremulous whirl of the
wheels,

The flags of all nations, the falling of
them at sunset,

The scallop-edged waves in the twilight,
the ladled cups, the frolicsome
crests and glistening, 45

The stretch afar growing dimmer and
 dimmer, the gray walls of the
 granite storehouses by the docks,
 On the river the shadowy group, the big
 steam-tug closely flanked on each
 side by the barges—the hay-boat,
 the belated lighter,
 On the neighboring shore, the fires from
 the foundry chimneys burning high
 and glaringly into the night,
 Casting their flicker of black, contrasted
 with wild red and yellow light, over
 the tops of houses, and down into
 the clefts of streets.

4

These, and all else, were to me the same
 as they are to you; 50
 I project myself a moment to tell you—
 also I return.

I loved well those cities;
 I loved well the stately and rapid river;
 The men and women I saw were all near
 to me;
 Others the same—others who look back
 on me, because I looked forward to
 them. 55
 (The time will come, though I stop here
 today and tonight.)

5

What is it, then, between us?
 What is the count of the scores or hun-
 dreds of years between us?

Whatever it is, it avails not—distance
 avails not, and place avails not.

6

I, too, lived—Brooklyn, of ample hills,
 was mine; 60
 I, too, walked the streets of Manhattan
 Island, and bathed in the waters
 around it;
 I, too, felt the curious abrupt question-
 ings stir within me,
 In the day, among crowds of people,
 sometimes they came upon me,
 In my walks home late at night, or as
 I lay in my bed, they came upon
 me.

I, too, had been struck from the float
 forever held in solution; 65
 I, too, had received identity by my
 body;

That I was, I knew was of my body—
 and what I should be, I knew I
 should be of my body.

7

It is not upon you alone the dark
 patches fall,
 The dark patches threw down upon me
 also;
 The best I had done seemed to me
 blank and suspicious; 70
 My great thoughts, as I supposed
 them, were they not in reality mea-
 ger? would not people laugh at
 them?

It is not you alone who knows what it
 is to be evil;
 I am he who knew what it was to be
 evil;
 I, too, knitted the old knot of con-
 trariety,
 Blabbed, blushed, resented, lied, stole,
 grudged, 75
 Had guile, anger, lust, hot wishes I
 dared not speak,
 Was wayward, vain, greedy, shallow,
 sly, cowardly, malignant;
 The wolf, the snake, the hog not wanting
 in me,
 The cheating look, the frivolous word,
 the adulterous wish, not wanting,
 Refusals, hates, postponements, mean-
 ness, laziness, none of these want-
 ing. 80

8

But I was Manhattanese, friendly and
 proud!
 I was called by my highest name by
 clear, loud voices of young men as
 they saw me approaching or pass-
 ing;
 Felt their arms on my neck as they
 stood, or the negligent leaning of
 their flesh against me as I sat,
 Saw many I loved in the street, or ferry-
 boat, or public assembly, yet never
 told them a word,

Lived the same life with the rest, the
same old laughing, gnawing, sleep-
ing, 85

Played the part that still looks back on
the actor or actress,

The same old rôle, the rôle that is what
we make it, as great as we like,

Or as small as we like, or both great and
small.

9

Closer yet I approach you;

What thought you have of me, I had
as much of you—I laid in my stores
in advance; 90

I considered long and seriously of you
before you were born.

Who was to know what should come
home to me?

Who knows but I am enjoying this?

Who knows but I am as good as looking
at you now, for all you cannot see
me?

It is not you alone, nor I alone; 95
Not a few races, nor a few generations,
nor a few centuries;

It is that each came, or comes, or shall
come, from its due emission,
From the general center of all, and
forming a part of all.

Everything indicates—the smallest does,
and the largest does;

A necessary film envelops all, and
envelops the Soul for a proper
time. 100

10

Now I am curious what sight can ever
be more stately and admirable to
me than my mast-hemmed Man-
hattan,

My river and sunset, and my scallop-
edged waves of flood-tide,

The sea-gulls oscillating their bodies,
the hay-boat in the twilight, and
the belated lighter;

Curious what gods can exceed these that
clasp me by the hand, and with
voices I love call me promptly and
loudly by my highest name as I
approach;

Curious what is more subtle than this
which ties me to the woman or man
that looks in my face, 105

Which fuses me into you now, and
pours my meaning into you.

We understand, then, do we not?

What I promised without mentioning
it, have you not accepted?

What the study could not teach—what
the preaching could not accomplish,
is accomplished, is it not?

What the push of reading could not
start, is started by me personally,
is it not? 110

11

Flow on, river! flow with the flood-tide,
and ebb with the ebb-tide!

Frolic on, crested and scallop-edged
waves!

Gorgeous clouds of the sunset! drench
with your splendor me, or the men
and women generations after me;

Cross from shore to shore, countless
crowds of passengers!

Stand up, tall masts of Mannahatta!—
stand up, beautiful hills of Brook-
lyn! 115

Throb, baffled and curious brain! throw
out questions and answers!

Suspend here and everywhere, eternal
float of solution!

Gaze, loving and thirsting eyes, in the
house, or street, or public assembly!

Sound out, voices of young men! loudly
and musically call me by my highest
name!

Live, old life! play the part that looks
back on the actor or actress! 120

Play the old rôle, the rôle that is great
or small, according as one makes it!

Consider, you who peruse me, whether
I may not in unknown ways be
looking upon you;

Be firm, rail over the river, to support
those who lean idly, yet haste with
the hasting current;

Fly on, sea-birds! fly sideways, or
wheel in large circles high in the air;

Receive the summer sky, you water! and
faithfully hold it, till all downcast
eyes have time to take it from you;

Diverge, fine spokes of light, from the
shape of my head, or anyone's head,
in the sun-lit water; 126

Come on, ships from the lower bay! pass
up or down, white-sailed schooners,
sloops, lighters!

Flaunt away, flags of all nations! be duly
lowered at sunset;

Burn high your fires, foundry chimneys!
cast black shadows at nightfall!
cast red and yellow light over the
tops of the houses;

Appearances, now or henceforth, indi-
cate what you are; 130

You necessary film, continue to envelop
the soul;

About my body for me, and your body
for you, be hung our divinest
aromas;

Thrive, cities! bring your freight, bring
your shows, ample and sufficient
rivers;

Expand, being than which none else is
perhaps more spiritual;

Keep your places, objects than which
none else is more lasting. 135

12

We descend upon you and all things—
we arrest you all;

We realize the soul only by you, you
faithful solids and fluids;

Through you color, form, location,
sublimity, ideality;

Through you every proof, comparison,
and all the suggestions and deter-
minations of ourselves.

You have waited, you always wait, you
dumb, beautiful ministers! you
novices! 140

We receive you with free sense at last,
and are insatiate henceforward;

Not you any more shall be able to foil
us, or withhold yourselves from us;

We use you, and do not cast you aside—
we plant you permanently within
us;

We fathom you not—we love you—
there is perfection in you also; 144

You furnish your parts toward eternity,
Great or small, you furnish your parts
toward the soul. 1856 (1881)

OUT OF THE CRADLE END-
LESSLY ROCKING

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the
musical shuttle,

Out of the ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands and the fields be-
yond, where the child leaving his
bed wandered alone, bareheaded,
barefoot,

Down from the showered halo, 5
Up from the mystic play of shadows
twining and twisting as if they were
alive,

Out from the patches of briars and
blackberries,

From the memories of the bird that
chanted to me,

From your memories, sad brother, from
the fitful risings and fallings I heard,

From under that yellow half-moon late-
risen and swollen as if with tears, 10

From those beginning notes of yearning
and love there in the mist,

From the thousand responses of my
heart never to cease,

From the myriad thence-aroused words,
From the word stronger and more
delicious than any,

From such as now they start the scene
revisiting, 15

As a flock, twittering, rising, or over-
head passing,

Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hur-
riedly,

A man, yet by these tears a little boy
again,

Throwing myself on the sand, confront-
ing the waves,

I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of
here and hereafter, 20

Taking all hints to use them, but
swiftly leaping beyond them,

A reminiscence sing.

Once Paumanok,
When the lilac-scent was in the air and
fifth-month grass was growing,

Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking. The original title of this poem was "A Child's Reminiscence." It is Whitman at his best, combining childhood memories, the splendors of nature, the questioning of the great riddle of life, and the poet's love of it all. It represents a new birth of the Anglo-Saxon ideals of life. 23. **Paumanok**, the Indian name for Long Island. Whitman used Indian names wherever possible.

Up this seashore in some briers, 25
 Two feathered guests from Alabama,
 two together,
 And their nest, and four light-green eggs,
 spotted with brown,
 And every day the he-bird to and fro
 near at hand,
 And every day the she-bird crouched on
 her nest, silent, with bright eyes,
 And every day I, a curious boy, never
 too close, never disturbing them, 30
 Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together.

Two together! 35
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from
 home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together. 40

Till of a sudden,
 Maybe killed, unknown to her mate,
 One forenoon the she-bird crouched not
 on the nest,
 Nor returned that afternoon, nor the
 next,
 Nor ever appeared again. 45

And thenceforward all summer in the
 sound of the sea,
 And at night under the full of the moon
 in calmer weather,
 Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
 Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
 I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining
 one, the he-bird, 50
 The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's
 shore!
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate
 to me.

Yes, when the stars glistened, 55
 All night long on the prong of a moss-
 scalped stake,
 Down almost amid the slapping waves,

Sat the lone singer wonderful causing
 tears.
 He called on his mate,
 He poured forth the meanings which I
 of all men know. 60

Yes, my brother, I know;
 The rest might not, but I have treas-
 ured every note;
 For more than once dimly down to the
 beach gliding,
 Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blend-
 ing myself with the shadows,
 Recalling now the obscure shapes, the
 echoes, the sounds and sights after
 their sorts, 65
 The white arms out in the breakers tire-
 lessly tossing,
 I, with bare feet, a child, the wind
 wafting my hair,
 Listened long and long.

Listened to keep, to sing, now translat-
 ing the notes,
 Following you, my brother. 70

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind embracing and
 lapping, every one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon, it rose late, 75
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with
 love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love.

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out
 among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there
 in the white? 80

Loud! loud! loud!
Loud I call to you, my love!
High and clear I shoot my voice over the
 waves,
Surely you must know who is here, is here,
You must know who I am, my love. 85

Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown
 yellow?

O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon do not keep her from me any
longer.

Land! land! O land! 90
Whichever way I turn, O I think you
could give me my mate back again if
you only would,
For I am almost sure I see her dimly
whichever way I look.

O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise,
will rise with some of you.

O throat! O trembling throat! 95
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth;
Somewhere listening to catch you must be
the one I want.

Shake out carols!
Solitary here, the night's carols! 100
Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning
moon!

O under that moon where she droops al-
most down into the sea!
O reckless despairing carols.

But soft! sink low! 105
Soft! let me just murmur,
And do you wait a moment you husky-
noised sea,
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate
responding to me,
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,
But not altogether still, for then she might
not come immediately to me. 110

Hither, my love!
Here I am! here!
With this just-sustained note I announce
myself to you;
This gentle call is for you my love, for you.

Do not be decoyed elsewhere; 115
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not
my voice,
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the
spray,
Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful. 120

O brown halo in the sky near the moon,
drooping upon the sea!
O troubled reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the
night.

O past! O happy life! O songs of joy! 125
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my mate no more, no more with me!
We two together no more.

The aria sinking, 130
All else continuing, the stars shining,
The winds blowing, the notes of the bird
continuous echoing,
With angry moans the fierce old mother
incessantly moaning,
On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray
and rustling,
The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging
down, drooping, the face of the sea
almost touching, 135
The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the
waves, with his hair the atmosphere
dallying,
The love in the heart long pent, now
loose, now at last tumultuously
bursting,
The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul,
swiftly depositing,
The strange tears down the cheeks
coursing,
The colloquy there, the trio, each
uttering, 140
The undertone, the savage old mother
incessantly crying,
To the boy's soul's questions sullenly
timing, some drowned secret hissing,
To the outsetting bard.

Demon or bird (said the boy's soul)!
Is it indeed toward your mate you sing?
or is it really to me? 145
For I, that was a child, my tongue's use
sleeping, now I have heard you,
Now in a moment I know what I am for,
I awake,
And already a thousand singers, a thou-
sand songs, clearer, louder, and more
sorrowful than yours,
A thousand warbling echoes have
started to life within me, never to
die.

O you singer solitary, singing by your-
 self, projecting me, 150
 O solitary me listening, never more shall
 I cease perpetuating you,
 Never more shall I escape, never more
 the reverberations,
 Never more the cries of unsatisfied love
 be absent from me,
 Never again leave me to be the peaceful
 child I was before what there in the
 night,
 By the sea under the yellow and sagging
 moon, 155
 The messenger there aroused, the fire,
 the sweet hell within,
 The unknown want, the destiny of me.
 O give me the clew (it lurks in the night
 here somewhere)!
 O if I am to have so much, let me have
 more!

A word then (for I will conquer it), 160
 The word final, superior to all,
 Subtle, sent up—what is it?—I listen;
 Are you whispering it, and have been all
 the time, you sea-waves?
 Is that it from your liquid rims and wet
 sands?

Whereto answering, the sea, 165
 Delaying not, hurrying not,
 Whispered me through the night, and
 very plainly before daybreak,
 Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word
 death,
 And again death, death, death, death,
 Hissing melodious, neither like the bird
 nor like my aroused child's heart, 170
 But edging near as privately for me rus-
 tling at my feet,
 Creeping thence steadily up to my ears
 and laving me softly all over,
 Death, death, death, death, death.

Which I do not forget,
 But fuse the song of my dusky demon
 and brother, 175
 That he sang to me in the moonlight on
 Paumanok's gray beach,
 With the thousand responsive songs at
 random,
 My own songs awaked from that hour,
 And with them the key, the word up
 from the waves,

The word of the sweetest song and all
 songs, 180
 That strong and delicious word which,
 creeping to my feet
 (Or like some old crone rocking the
 cradle, swathed in sweet garments,
 bending aside),
 The sea whispered me. 1859 (1881)

VIGIL STRANGE I KEPT ON THE FIELD ONE NIGHT

Vigil strange I kept on the field one
 night.
 When you, my son and my comrade,
 dropped at my side that day,
 One look I but gave, which your dear
 eyes returned, with a look I shall
 never forget;
 One touch of your hand to mine, O boy,
 reached up as you lay on the ground;
 Then onward I sped in the battle, the
 even-contested battle; 5
 Till late in the night relieved, to the
 place at last again I made my way;
 Found you in death so cold, dear com-
 rade—found your body, son of re-
 sponding kisses (never again on earth
 responding);
 Bared your face in the starlight—curious
 the scene—cool blew the moderate
 night-wind.
 Long there and then in vigil I stood,
 dimly around me the battlefield
 spreading;
 Vigil wondrous and vigil sweet, there in
 the fragrant silent night; 10
 But not a tear fell, not even a long-
 drawn sigh—long, long I gazed;
 Then on the earth partially reclining,
 sat by your side, leaning my chin in
 my hands;
 Passing sweet hours, immortal and
 mystic hours with you, dearest com-
 rade—not a tear, not a word;
 Vigil of silence, love and death—vigil
 for you my son and my soldier,
 As onward silently stars aloft, eastward
 new ones upward stole; 15

Vigil Strange I Kept. Cf. "Pater Filio" (page 605).
 Modern war poetry owes much to Whitman. Cf. "Coun-
 ter-Attack" (page 615) and the poems from "Battle"
 (page 622).

Vigil final for you, brave boy (I could
 not save you, swift was your death,
 I faithfully loved you and cared for you
 living—I think we shall surely meet
 again);
 Till at latest lingering of the night,
 indeed just as the dawn appeared,
 My comrade I wrapped in his blanket,
 enveloped well his form,
 Folded the blanket well, tucking it care-
 fully over head, and carefully under
 feet; 20
 And there and then, and bathed by the
 rising sun, my son in his grave, in his
 rude-dug grave I deposited;
 Ending my vigil strange with that—
 vigil of night and battlefield dim;
 Vigil for boy of responding kisses (never
 again on earth responding);
 Vigil for comrade swiftly slain—vigil I
 never forget, how as day brightened,
 I rose from the chill ground, and folded
 my soldier well in his blanket, 25
 And buried him where he fell.

1865 (1867)

GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN

1

Give me the splendid silent sun with all
 his beams full-dazzling,
 Give me juicy autumnal fruit ripe and
 red from the orchard,
 Give me a field where the unmowed
 grass grows,
 Give me an arbor, give me the trellised
 grape,
 Give me fresh corn and wheat, give me
 serene-moving animals teaching con-
 tent, 5
 Give me nights perfectly quiet as on high
 plateaus west of the Mississippi, and I
 looking up at the stars,
 Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of
 beautiful flowers where I can walk
 undisturbed,
 Give me for marriage a sweet-breathed
 woman of whom I should never
 tire,
 Give me a perfect child, give me, away,
 aside from the noise of the world, a
 rural, domestic life,

Give me to warble spontaneous songs
 recluse by myself, for my own ears
 only, 10
 Give me solitude, give me Nature, give
 me again, O Nature, your primal
 sanities!

These demanding to have them (tired
 with ceaseless excitement, and racked
 by the war-strife),
 These to procure incessantly asking,
 rising in cries from my heart,
 While yet incessantly asking still I ad-
 here to my city,
 Day upon day and year upon year, O
 city, walking your streets, 15
 Where you hold me enchained a certain
 time refusing to give me up,
 Yet giving to make me glutted, enriched
 of soul, you give me forever faces;
 (O I see what I sought to escape, con-
 fronting, reversing my cries,
 I see my own soul trampling down what
 it asked for.)

2

Keep your splendid silent sun, 20
 Keep your woods, O Nature, and the
 quiet places by the woods,
 Keep your fields of clover and timothy,
 and your cornfields and orchards,
 Keep the blossoming buckwheat fields
 where the ninth-month bees hum;
 Give me faces and streets—give me
 these phantoms incessant and endless
 along the trottoirs!
 Give me interminable eyes—give me
 women—give me comrades and lovers
 by the thousand! 25
 Let me see new ones every day—let me
 hold new ones by the hand every day!
 Give me such shows—give me the streets
 of Manhattan!
 Give me Broadway, with the soldiers
 marching—give me the sound of the
 trumpets and drums!
 (The soldiers in companies or regiments
 —some starting away, flushed and
 reckless,
 Some, their time up, returning with
 thinned ranks, young, yet very old,
 worn, marching, noticing nothing;) 30

24. *trottoirs*, sidewalks.

Give me the shores and wharves heavy-
fringed with black ships!
O such for me! O an intense life, full to
repletion and varied!
The life of the theater, barroom, huge
hotel, for me!
The saloon of the steamer! the crowded
excursion for me! the torchlight pro-
cession!
The dense brigade bound for the war,
with high-piled military wagons fol-
lowing; ³⁵
People, endless, streaming, with strong
voices, passions, pageants,
Manhattan streets with their powerful
throbs, with beating drums as now,
The endless and noisy chorus, the rustle
and clank of muskets (even the sight
of the wounded),
Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent
musical chorus!
Manhattan faces and eyes forever for
me. 1865 (1867)

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOMED

1

When lilacs last in the dooryard
bloomed,
And the great star early drooped in the
western sky in the night,
I mourned, and yet shall mourn with
ever-returning spring.
Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to
me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping
star in the west, ⁵
And thought of him I love.

2

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night—O moody, tearful
night!
O great star disappeared—O the black
murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless—
O helpless soul of me! ¹⁰
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not
free my soul.

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed. Written
on the death of Lincoln. Of it Swinburne said, "The
most sonorous anthem ever chanted in the church of the
world."

3

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-
house near the whitewashed pal-
ings,
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with
heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising
delicate, with the perfume strong I
love,
With every leaf a miracle—and from this
bush in the dooryard, ¹⁵
With delicate-colored blossoms and
heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig with its flower I break.

4

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a
song.

Solitary the thrush, ²⁰
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoid-
ing the settlements,
Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life (for well, dear
brother, I know,
If thou wast not granted to sing thou
would'st surely die). ²⁵

5

Over the breast of the spring, the land,
amid cities,
Amid lanes and through old woods,
where lately the violets peeped from
the ground, spotting the gray debris,
Amid the grass in the fields each side of
the lanes, passing the endless grass,
Passing the yellow-speared wheat, every
grain from its shroud in the dark-
brown fields uprisen,
Passing the apple-tree blows of white
and pink in the orchards, ³⁰
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest
in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

6

Coffin that passes through lanes and
streets,
Through day and night with the great
cloud darkening the land,

With the pomp of the inlooped flags
 with the cities draped in black, 35
 With the show of the States themselves
 as of crape-veiled women standing,
 With processions long and winding and
 the flambeaus of the night,
 With the countless torches lit, with the
 silent sea of faces and the unbared
 heads,
 With the waiting depot, the arriving
 coffin, and the somber faces,
 With dirges through the night, with the
 thousand voices rising strong and sol-
 emn, 40
 With all the mournful voices of the
 dirges poured around the coffin,
 The dim-lit churches and the shuddering
 organs—where amid these you jour-
 ney,
 With the tolling, tolling bells' perpetual
 clang,
 Here, coffin that slowly passes,
 I give you my sprig of lilac. 45

7

(Nor for you, for one alone,
 Blossoms and branches green to coffins
 all I bring,
 For fresh as the morning, thus would I
 chant a song for you, O sane and
 sacred death.
 All over bouquets of roses,
 O death, I cover you over with roses and
 early lilies, 50
 But mostly and now the lilac that
 blooms the first,
 Copious I break, I break the sprigs from
 the bushes,
 With loaded arms I come, pouring for
 you,
 For you and the coffins all of you, O
 death.)

8

O western orb sailing the heaven, 55
 Now I know what you must have meant
 as a month since I walked,
 As I walked in silence the transparent
 shadowy night,
 As I saw you had something to tell as
 you bent to me night after night,
 As you drooped from the sky low down
 as if to my side (while the other stars
 all looked on),

37. flambeaus, torches.

As we wandered together the solemn
 night (for something I know not what
 kept me from sleep), 60
 As the night advanced, and I saw on the
 rim of the west how full you were of
 woe,
 As I stood on the rising ground in the
 breeze in the cool, transparent night,
 As I watched where you passed, and was
 lost in the netherward black of the
 night,
 As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied
 sank, as where you sad orb,
 Concluded, dropped in the night, and
 was gone. 65

9

Sing on there in the swamp,
 O singer bashful and tender, I hear your
 notes, I hear your call,
 I hear, I come presently, I understand
 you;
 But a moment I linger, for the lustrous
 star has detained me,
 The star my departing comrade holds
 and detains me. 70

10

O how shall I warble myself for the dead
 one there I loved?
 And how shall I deck my song for the
 large sweet soul that has gone?
 And what shall my perfume be for the
 grave of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
 Blown from the Eastern sea and blown
 from the Western sea, till there on the
 prairies meeting, 75
 These and with these and the breath of
 my chant,
 I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

11

O what shall I hang on the chamber
 walls?
 And what shall the pictures be that I
 hang on the walls,
 To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing spring and farms
 and homes, 81
 With the fourth-month eve at sundown,
 and the gray smoke lucid and bright,

With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the air,
 With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves of the trees prolific,

In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a wind-dapple here and there, ⁸⁵

With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the sky, and shadows,

And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and stacks of chimneys,

And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and the workmen homeward returning.

12

Lo, body and soul—this land,
 My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying tides, and the ships, ⁹⁰

The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the light, Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri,

And ever the far-spreading prairies covered with grass and corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,

The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,

The gentle soft-born measureless light, The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfilled noon, ⁹⁶

The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars,

Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

13

Sing on, sing on you gray-brown bird, Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant from the bushes, ¹⁰⁰

Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on dearest brother, warble your reedy song,

Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!

O wild and loose to my soul—O wondrous singer! ¹⁰⁵

You only I hear—yet the star holds me (but will soon depart),
 Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

14

Now while I sat in the day and looked forth,

In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring, and the farmers preparing their crops,

In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes and forests, ¹¹⁰

In the heavenly aerial beauty (after the perturbed winds and the storms),

Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the voices of children and women,

The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they sailed,

And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all busy with labor,

And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with its meals and minutia of daily usages, ¹¹⁵

And the streets how their throbbings throbbed, and the cities pent—lo, then and there,

Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping me with the rest,

Appeared the cloud, appeared the long black trail,

And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me, ¹²⁰

And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,

And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the hands of companions,

I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,

Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,

To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still. ¹²⁵

And the singer so shy to the rest received me,

The gray-brown bird I know received us comrades three,

And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,
 From the fragrant cedars and the
 ghostly pines so still, 130
 Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
 As I held as if by their hands my com-
 rades in the night,
 And the voice of my spirit tallied the
 song of the bird.

Come, lovely and soothing death, 135
Undulate round the world, serenely ar-
riving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowl-
edge curious, 140
And for love, sweet love—but praise!
praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-en-
folding death.

Dark mother always gliding near with
soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of ful-
lest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee
above all, 145
I bring thee a song that when thou must
indeed come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them, I
joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death. 150

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee,
adornments and feastings for thee,
And the sights of the open landscape and
the high-spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and
thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star, 155
The ocean shore and the husky whispering
wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and
well-veiled death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to
thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the
myriad fields and the prairies wide, 160
Over the dense-packed cities all and the
teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee
O death.

15

To the tally of my soul,
 Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown
 bird,
 With pure deliberate notes spreading,
 filling the night. 165

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
 Clear in the freshness moist and the
 swamp-perfume,
 And I with my comrades there in the
 night.

While my sight that was bound in my
 eyes unclosed,
 As to long panoramas of visions. 170

And I saw askant the armies,
 I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of
 battle-flags,
 Borne through the smoke of the battles
 and pierced with missiles I saw them,
 And carried hither and yon through the
 smoke, and torn and bloody,
 And at last but a few shreds left on the
 staffs (and all in silence), 175
 And the staffs all splintered and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
 And the white skeletons of young men,
 I saw them,
 I saw the débris and débris of all the
 slain soldiers of the war,
 But I saw they were not as was thought;
 They themselves were fully at rest, they
 suffered not, 181
 The living remained and suffered, the
 mother suffered,
 And the wife and the child and the mus-
 ing comrade suffered,
 And the armies that remained suffered.

16

Passing the visions, passing the night,
 Passing, unloosing the hold of my com-
 rades' hands, 186

Passing the song of the hermit bird and
the tallying song of my soul,
Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet
varying ever-altering song,
As low and wailing, yet clear the notes,
rising and falling, flooding the night,
Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning
and warning, and yet again bursting
with joy, 190

Covering the earth and filling the spread
of the heaven,
As that powerful psalm in the night I
heard from recesses,
Passing, I leave thee, lilac with heart-
shaped leaves,
I leave thee there in the dooryard,
blooming, returning with spring.

I cease from my song for thee, 195
From my gaze on thee in the west, front-
ing the west, communing with thee,
O comrade lustrous with silver face in
the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements
out of the night,
The song, the wondrous chant of the
gray-brown bird,
And the tallying chant, the echo aroused
in my soul, 200

With the lustrous and drooping star with
the countenance full of woe,
With the holders holding my hand near-
ing the call of the bird,
Comrades mine and I in the midst, and
their memory ever to keep, for the
dead I loved so well,

For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my
days and lands—and this for his
dear sake,

Lilac and star and bird twined with the
chant of my soul, 205
There in the fragrant pines and the
cedars dusk and dim.

1865-1866 (1881)

THERE WAS A CHILD WENT FORTH

There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he looked upon, that
object he became,

There Was a Child Went Forth. The original title of
this poem was "Poem of the Child That Went Forth
and Always Goes Forth Forever and Forever."

And that object became part of him for
the day or a certain part of the day,
Or for many years or stretching cycles of
years.

The early lilacs became part of this
child, 5

And grass and white and red morning-
glories, and white and red clover,
and the song of the phoebe-bird,

And the third-month lambs and the
sow's pink-faint litter, and the
mare's foal and the cow's calf,

And the noisy brood of the barnyard or
by the mire of the pond-side,

And the fish suspending themselves so
curiously below there, and the
beautiful curious liquid,

And the water-plants with their graceful
flat heads, all became part of him. 10

The field-sprouts of fourth-month and
fifth-month became part of him,

Winter-grain sprouts and those of the
light-yellow corn, and the esculent
roots of the garden,

And the apple-trees covered with blos-
soms and the fruit afterward, and
wood-berries, and the commonest
weeds by the road,

And the old drunkard staggering home
from the outhouse of the tavern
whence he had lately risen,

And the school-mistress that passed on
her way to the school, 15

And the friendly boys that passed, and
the quarrelsome boys,

And the tidy and fresh-cheeked girls,
and the barefoot negro boy and girl,

And all the changes of city and country
wherever he went.

His own parents, he that had fathered
him and she that had conceived
him in her womb and birthed him,

They gave this child more of themselves
than that, 20

They gave him afterward every day,
they became part of him.

The mother at home quietly placing the
dishes on the supper-table,

The mother with mild words, clean her
cap and gown, a wholesome odor
falling off her person and clothes as
she walks by,

The father, strong, self-sufficient, manly,
 mean, angered, unjust,
 The blow, the quick loud word, the
 tight bargain, the crafty lure, ²⁵
 The family usages, the language, the
 company, the furniture, the yearning
 and swelling heart,
 Affection that will not be gainsaid, the
 sense of what is real, the thought
 if after all it should prove unreal,
 The doubts of daytime and the doubts
 of nighttime, the curious whether
 and how,
 Whether that which appears so is so, or
 is it all flashes and specks?
 Men and women crowding fast in the
 streets, if they are not flashes and
 specks, what are they? ³⁰
 The streets themselves and the façades
 of houses, and goods in the win-
 dows,
 Vehicles, teams, the heavy-planked
 wharves, the huge crossing at the
 ferries,
 The village on the highland seen from
 afar at sunset, the river between,
 Shadows, aureola and mist, the light
 falling on roofs and gables of white
 or brown two miles off,
 The schooner near by sleepily dropping
 down the tide, the little boat slack-
 towed astern, ³⁵
 The hurrying tumbling waves, quick-
 broken crests, slapping,
 The strata of colored clouds, the long
 bar of maroon-tint away solitary
 by itself, the spread of purity it lies
 motionless in,
 The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow,
 the fragrance of salt marsh and
 shore mud—
 These became part of that child who
 went forth every day, and who
 now goes, and will always go forth
 every day. ^{1855 (1871)}

DAREST THOU NOW, O SOUL

Darest thou now, O soul,
 Walk out with me toward the unknown
 region,
 Where neither ground is for the feet
 nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,
 Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human
 hand, ⁵
 Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips,
 nor eyes, are in that land.

I know it not, O soul,
 Nor dost thou; all is a blank before us;
 All waits undreamed of in that region,
 that inaccessible land.

Till when the ties loosen, ¹⁰
 All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
 Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor
 any bounds bounding us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
 In Time and Space, O soul, prepared for
 them,
 Equal, equipped at last (O joy! O fruit
 of all!) them to fulfill, O soul.

1868 (1881)

SONG AT SUNSET

Splendor of ended day floating and
 filling me,
 Hour prophetic, hour resuming the past,
 Inflating my throat, you divine average,
 You earth and life till the last ray gleams
 I sing.

Open mouth of my soul uttering glad-
 ness, ⁵
 Eyes of my soul seeing perfection,
 Natural life of me faithfully praising
 things,
 Corroborating forever the triumph of
 things.

Illustrious every one!
 Illustrious what we name space, sphere
 of unnumbered spirits, ¹⁰
 Illustrious the mystery of motion in all
 beings, even the tiniest insect,
 Illustrious the attribute of speech, the
 senses, the body,
 Illustrious the passing light—illustrious
 the pale reflection on the new moon
 in the western sky,
 Illustrious whatever I see or hear or
 touch, to the last.

Good in all, ¹⁵
 In the satisfaction and aplomb of ani-
 mals,

In the annual return of the seasons,
 In the hilarity of youth,
 In the strength and flush of manhood,
 In the grandeur and exquisiteness of old
 age, 20
 In the superb vistas of death.

Wonderful to depart!
 Wonderful to be here!
 The heart, to jet the all-alike and innocent blood!

To breathe the air, how delicious! 25
 To speak—to walk—to seize something
 by the hand!

To prepare for sleep, for bed, to look on
 my rose-colored flesh!

To be conscious of my body, so satisfied,
 so large!

To be this incredible god I am!

To have gone forth among other gods,
 these men and women I love. 30

Wonderful how I celebrate you and myself!

How my thoughts play subtly at the
 spectacles around!

How the clouds pass silently overhead!
 How the earth darts on and on! and
 how the sun, moon, stars, dart on
 and on!

How the water sports and sings! (surely
 it is alive!) 35

How the trees rise and stand up, with
 strong trunks, with branches and
 leaves!

(Surely there is something more in each
 of the trees, some living soul.)

O amazement of things—even the least
 particle!

O spirituality of things!

O strain musical flowing through ages
 and continents, now reaching me
 and America! 40

I take your strong chords, intersperse
 them, and cheerfully pass them
 forward.

I, too, carol the sun, ushered or at noon,
 or as now, setting;

I, too, throb to the brain and beauty of
 the earth and of all the growths
 of the earth;

I, too, have felt the resistless call of
 myself.

As I steamed down the Mississippi, 45

As I wandered over the prairies,
 As I have lived, as I have looked
 through my windows my eyes,

As I went forth in the morning, as I be-
 held the light breaking in the east,

As I bathed on the beach of the Eastern
 Sea, and again on the beach of the
 Western Sea,

As I roamed the streets of inland Chi-
 cago, whatever streets I have
 roamed, 50

Or cities or silent woods, or even amid
 the sights of war,

Wherever I have been I have charged
 myself with contentment and tri-
 umph.

I sing to the last the equalities modern
 or old,

I sing the endless finalés of things,
 I say Nature continues, glory continues,
 I praise with electric voice, 56

For I do not see one imperfection in the
 universe,

And I do not see one cause or result
 lamentable at last in the universe.

O setting sun! though the time has come,
 I still warble under you, if none else
 does, unmitigated adoration.

1860 (1881)

*JOAQUIN MILLER (1841-1913)

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the great Azores,
 Behind the gates of Hercules;

Before him not the ghost of shores;
 Before him only shoreless seas. 4

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone.

Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
 "Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day; 9

If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
 "Why, you shall say at break of day: 15
 'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might
 blow,

Until at last the blanched mate said:
 "Why, now not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead. 20
 These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas is gone.
 Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and
 say—"

He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake
 the mate: 25

"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
 He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
 With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
 Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
 What shall we do when hope is gone?" 30
 The words leaped like a leaping sword:
 "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that
 night

Of all dark nights! And then a speck—35
 It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!

It grew to be time's burst of dawn.

He gained a world; he gave that world
 Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

(1896)

*SIDNEY LANIER (1842-1881)

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
 Down the valleys of Hall,

I hurry amain to reach the plain,
 Run the rapid and leap the fall,
 Split at the rock and together again, 5
 Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
 And flee from folly on every side
 With a lover's pain to attain the plain

Far from the hills of Habersham,
 Far from the valleys of Hall. 10

All down the hills of Habersham,
 All through the valleys of Hall,
 The rushes cried, *Abide, abide*,
 The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
 The laving laurel turned my tide, 15
 The ferns and the fondling grass said,
Stay,

The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
 And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, abide*,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall. 20

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Veiling the valleys of Hall,
 The hickory told me manifold
 Fair tales of shade; the poplar tall 24
 Wrought me her shadowy self to hold;
 The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine
 Overleaning, with flickering meaning
 and sign,

Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall. 30

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
 And oft in the valleys of Hall,
 The white quartz shone, and the smooth
 brook-stone

Did bar me of passage with friendly
 brawl,

And many a luminous jewel lone 35
 —Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
 Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
 Made lures with the lights of streaming
 stone

In the clefts of the hills of Haber-
 sham, 39

In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
 And oh, not the valleys of Hall
 Avail; I am fain for to water the plain.
 Downward the voices of Duty call—
 Downward, to toil and be mixed with
 the main, 45

The dry fields burn, and the mills are to
 turn,

And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
 And the lordly main from beyond the
 plain

Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Calls through the valleys of Hall.

(1877)

THE MOCKING BIRD

Superb and sole, upon a pluméd spray
 That o'er the general leafage boldly
 grew,
 He summed the woods in song; or typic
 drew
 The watch of hungry hawks, the lone
 dismay
 Of languid doves when long their lovers
 stray, ⁵
 And all birds' passion-plays that sprinkle
 dew
 At morn in brake or bosky avenue.
 Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this
 bird could say.
 Then down he shot, bounced airily
 along
 The sward, twitched in a grasshopper,
 made song ¹⁰
 Midflight, perched, prinked, and to his
 art again.
 Sweet Science, this large riddle read me
 plain:
 How may the death of that dull insect
 be
 The life of yon trim Shakespeare on the
 tree? (1877)

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-
 braided and woven
 With intricate shades of the vines that
 myriad-cloven
 Clamber the forks of the multiform
 boughs—
 Emerald twilights—
 Virginal shy lights, ⁵
 Wrought of the leaves to allure to the
 whisper of vows,
 When lovers pace timidly down through
 the green colonnades
 Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear
 dark woods,
 Of the heavenly woods and glades,
 That run to the radiant marginal sand-
 beach within ¹⁰
 The wide sea-marshes of Glynn—
 Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-
 day fire—

The Mocking Bird. 7. **bosky**, woody.

The Marshes of Glynn. These sea marshes are in
 Glynn County, Georgia.

Wildwood privacies, closets of lone de-
 sire,
 Chamber from chamber parted with
 wavering arras of leaves—
 Cells for the passionate pleasure of
 prayer to the soul that grieves, ¹⁵
 Pure with a sense of the passing of
 saints through the wood,
 Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with
 good—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven
 shades of the vine,
 While the riotous noon-day sun of the
 June day long did shine
 Ye held me fast in your heart and I held
 you fast in mine; ²⁰
 But now when the noon is no more, and
 riot is rest,
 And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous
 gate of the west,
 And the slant yellow beam down the
 wood-aisle doth seem
 Like a lane into heaven that leads from
 a dream—
 Aye, now, when my soul all day hath
 drunken the soul of the oak, ²⁵
 And my heart is at ease from men, and
 the wearisome sound of the stroke
 Of the scythe of time and the trowel
 of trade is low,
 And belief overmasters doubt, and I
 know that I know,
 And my spirit is grown to a lordly
 great compass within,
 That the length and the breadth and the
 sweep of the Marshes of Glynn ³⁰
 Will work me no fear like the fear they
 have wrought me of yore
 When length was fatigue, and when
 breadth was but bitterness sore,
 And when terror and shrinking and
 dreary unnamable pain
 Drew over me out of the merciless miles
 of the plain—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face ³⁵
 The vast sweet visage of space.
 To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I
 am drawn,
 Where the gray beach glimmering runs,
 as a belt of the dawn,
 For a mete and a mark

39. **mete**, boundary.

To the forest-dark— 40
 So:
 Affable live-oak, leaning low—
 Thus—with your favor—soft, with a
 reverent hand
 (Not lightly touching your person, Lord
 of the land!),
 Bending your beauty aside, with a step
 I stand 45
 On the firm-packed sand,
 Free
 By a world of marsh that borders a
 world of sea.
 Sinuous southward and sinuous north-
 ward the shimmering band
 Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe
 of the marsh to the folds of the land.
 Inward and outward to northward and
 southward the beach-lines linger
 and curl 51
 As a silver-wrought garment that clings
 to and follows the firm sweet limbs
 of a girl.
 Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving
 again into sight,
 Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a
 dim gray looping of light.
 And what if behind me to westward the
 wall of the woods stands high? 55
 The world lies east; how ample, the
 marsh and the sea and the sky!
 A league and a league of marsh-grass,
 waist-high, broad in the blade,
 Green, and all of a height, and unflecked
 with a light or a shade,
 Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
 To the terminal blue of the main. 60
 Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the
 terminal sea?
 Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
 From the weighing of fate and the sad
 discussion of sin,
 By the length and the breadth and the
 sweep of the Marshes of Glynn.
 Ye marshes, how candid and simple and
 nothing-withholding and free 65
 Ye publish yourselves to the sky and
 offer yourselves to the sea!
 Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and
 the rains and the sun,
 Ye spread and span like the catholic
 man who hath mightily won

God out of knowledge and good out of
 infinite pain
 And sight out of blindness and purity
 out of a stain. 70
 As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the
 watery sod,
 Behold I will build me a nest on the
 greatness of God;
 I will fly in the greatness of God as the
 marsh-hen flies
 In the freedom that fills all the space
 'twixt the marsh and the skies;
 By so many roots as the marsh-grass
 sends in the sod 75
 I will heartily lay me a-hold on the
 greatness of God.
 Oh, like to the greatness of God is the
 greatness within
 The range of the marshes, the liberal
 Marshes of Glynn.
 And the sea lends large, as the marsh;
 lo, out of his plenty the sea
 Pours fast; full soon the time of the
 flood-tide must be; 80
 Look how the grace of the sea doth go
 About and about through the intricate
 channels that flow
 Here and there,
 Everywhere,
 Till his waters have flooded the utter-
 most creeks and the low-lying lanes,
 And the marsh is meshed with a million
 veins, 86
 That like as with rosy and silvery es-
 sences flow
 In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
 Farewell, my lord Sun!
 The creeks overflow; a thousand riv-
 ulets run 90
 'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades
 of the marsh-grass stir;
 Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that
 westward whirr;
 Passeth, and all is still; and the cur-
 rents cease to run;
 And the sea and the marsh are one.
 How still the plains of the waters be! 95
 The tide is in his ecstasy.
 The tide is at his highest height:
 And it is night.
 And now from the Vast of the Lord will
 the waters of sleep
 Roll in on the souls of men, 100

But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes
that creep

Under the waters of sleep?

And I would I could know what swim-
meth below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the
marvelous Marshes of Glynn.

(1879)

*EUGENE FIELD (1850-1895)

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair; 6

*Born in St. Louis, Missouri, Field spent his life in the Middle West, and wrote frequently for a Chicago newspaper in which he ran a column. He is remembered chiefly as the tender poet of American childhood.

And that was the time when our Little
Boy Blue

Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!" 10

So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,

He dreamt of the pretty toys;

And, as he was dreaming, an angel song

Awakened our Little Boy Blue—

Oh! the years are many, the years are long,

But the little toy friends are true! 16

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they
stand,

Each in the same old place,

Awaiting the touch of a little hand,

The smile of a little face; 20

And they wonder, as waiting the long
years through

In the dust of that little chair,

What has become of our Little Boy Blue,

Since he kissed them and put them

there. (1889)

TWENTIETH CENTURY

NOTE

The new movement in American poetry started after 1900, always excepting its originator, Whitman. The general tendency has been to abandon literary tradition as a confining element in favor of complete freedom of poetic expression. Whitman enabled subsequent poets to perceive the underlying unity of American life, and there is a sense of understanding and comradeship between them all which makes for breadth and strength. Amy Lowell was the spokesman for the group, and her lectures and critical articles did much to make the public understand the movement, and to give the poets a deeper appreciation of that for which they are striving. It would be a mistake to imagine that this movement is primitive, for many of the poets spend much of their time in Europe and are intimately acquainted with contemporary European literature and are sympathetic with its forms and aims. But in contemplating the movement and the individual poets connected with it we perceive chiefly that whether the form of expression be classical or free verse, whether its matter deals with New England, the South, or the West, there is a fundamental, underlying unity and understanding of America as a whole with its titanic life and multifarious outlets of emotional expression from forest, farm, industry, and city. The following selections do not represent all the notable poets in the modern American literary movement. The purpose is to give an adequate idea of the sweep and direction of the movement, and not to present a complete anthology.

*EDWIN MARKHAM (1852-)

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING MILLET'S
WORLD-FAMOUS PAINTING OF A
BRUTALIZED TOILER

*God made man in his own image, in the
image of God made He him.—Genesis.*

Bowed by the weight of centuries he
leans

Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,

The emptiness of ages in his face,

And on his back the burden of the world.

Who made him dead to rapture and
despair, 5

A thing that grieves not and that never
hopes,

*Edwin Markham is a westerner from Oregon, who was principal of The Observation School of the State University in Oakland, California. While there he became a lecturer, writer, and poet, interesting himself always in social and labor questions, especially child labor. His verse is virile and primal. Besides a volume entitled *The Man with the Hoe*, he has written others entitled *Lincoln and Other Poems*, and *The Shoes of Happiness*.

The Man with the Hoe. Cf. "Resolution and Independence" (page 457).

Stolid and stunned, a brother to the
 ox?
 Who loosened and let down this brutal
 jaw?
 Whose was the hand that slanted back
 this brow?
 Whose breath blew out the light within
 this brain? 10

Is this the Thing the Lord God made
 and gave
 To have dominion over sea and land;
 To trace the stars and search the heav-
 ens for power;
 To feel the passion of Eternity?
 Is this a dream He dreamed who shaped
 the suns 15
 And markt their ways upon the ancient
 deep?
 Down all the caverns of Hell to their
 last gulf
 There is no shape more terrible than
 this—
 More tongued with censure of the
 world's blind greed—
 More filled with signs and portents for
 the soul— 20
 More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the sera-
 phim!
 Slave of the wheel of labor, what to
 him
 Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
 What the long reaches of the peaks of
 song, 25
 The rift of dawn, the reddening of the
 rose?
 Through this dread shape the suffering
 ages look;
 Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
 Through this dread shape humanity be-
 trayed,
 Plundered, profaned, and disinherited, 30
 Cries protest to the Judges of the
 World,
 A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
 Is this the handiwork you give to God,
 This monstrous thing distorted and
 soul-quencht? 35
 How will you ever straighten up this
 shape;

Touch it again with immortality;
 Give back the upward looking and the
 light;
 Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
 Make right the immemorial infamies, 40
 Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
 How will the future reckon with this
 Man?
 How answer his brute question in that
 hour
 When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all
 shores? 45
 How will it be with kingdoms and with
 kings—
 With those who shaped him to the thing
 he is—
 When this dumb Terror shall rise to
 judge the world,
 After the silence of the centuries?
 (1899)

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirl-
 wind Hour
 Greatening and darkening as it hurried
 on,
 She left the heaven of Heroes and came
 down
 To make a man to meet the mortal
 need.
 She took the tried clay of the common
 road— 5
 Clay warm yet with the genial heat of
 Earth,
 Dasht through it all a strain of proph-
 ecy;
 Tempered the heap with thrill of human
 tears;
 Then mixt a laughter with the serious
 stuff.
 Into the shape she breathed a flame to
 light 10
 That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
 And laid on him a sense of the Mystic
 Powers,
 Moving—all husht—behind the mortal
 veil.

Lincoln, the Man of the People. Cf. "The Happy
 Warrior" (page 463). 1. *Norn Mother.* The Norns
 are the Scandinavian Fates. Originally there was only
 one Norn.

Here was a man to hold against the
world,
A man to match the mountains and the
sea. 15

The color of the ground was in him, the
red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all
leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside
well; 20
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes
the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all
scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their
way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock; 25
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking
flower

As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Mat-
terhorn

That shoulders out the sky. Sprung
from the West, 30
He drank the valorous youth of a new
world.

The strength of virgin forests braced
his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled
his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his
thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite
truth. 35

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of
wrong, 3

Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every
stroke, 40

To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the
State,

Pouring his splendid strength through
every blow:

The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free. 45

So came the Captain with the mighty
heart;
And when the judgment thunders split
the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their an-
cient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spik't
again
The rafters of the Home. He held
his place— 50
Held the long purpose like a growing
tree—
Held on through blame and faltered
not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went
down
As when a lordly cedar, green with
boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon
the hills, 55
And leaves a lonesome place against
the sky. (1900)

*WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY
(1869-1910)

PANDORA'S SONG

FROM THE FIRE-BRINGER

Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay;
Winged sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay;
Of weariness and fear, 5
I made my shouting spear;
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,
And swift oncoming doom,

*Moody was somewhat apart by temperament from the modern movement which we are recording. He was born in Indiana, graduated from Harvard, and pursued advanced work there in classical and medieval literature. In order to support himself he became a teacher, but his chief interest was in creative literary work. His poetic dramas have not been acted, but in 1905 *The Great Divide*, a drama of contemporary life, was successful on the stage and enabled Moody to become independent. He finally gave up teaching and was preparing for the creation of a long and perhaps epic poem when he died. He had the best literary background of any contemporary American poet, not excepting Amy Lowell, and his premature death was a literary calamity. His poems and plays have been issued in a collected edition. Moody develops the spirit of revolt, but through classical subjects and style rather than ultra modern ones.

Pandora's Song. When Prometheus despairs of the future, Pandora, who has let all the gifts of the gods for mankind escape, except hope, comforts him with this song, which may be believed to be one of the finest lyrics in American literature. Cf. "Invictus" (page 600), "Reverie" (page 700), and "The Breaking" (page 705).

I made a helmet for my head
 And a floating plume. 10
 From the shutting mist of death,
 From the failure of the breath,
 I made a battle-horn to blow
 Across the vales of overthrow.
 O hearken, love, the battle-horn! 15
 The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
 O hearken where the echoes bring,
 Down the gray, disastrous morn,
 Laughter and rallying! (1904)

THE DEATH OF EVE

I

At dawn they came to the stream Hid-
 dekel,
 Old Eve and her red first-born, who was
 now
 Grayer than she, and bowed with more
 than years.
 Then Cain beneath his level palm looked
 hard
 Across the desert, and turned with out-
 spread hand 5
 As one who says, "Thou seest; we are
 fooled."
 But Eve, with clutching fingers on his
 arm,
 And pointing eastward where the risen
 sun
 Made a low mist of light, said, "It is
 there!"

II

For, many, many months, in the great
 tent 10
 Of Enoch, Eve had pined, and dared not
 tell
 Her longing—not to Irad, Enoch's son,
 Masterful like his father, who had held
 Harsh rule, and named the tent-place
 with his name;
 Not to mild Seth, given her in Abel's
 stead; 15
 Not unto angry Lamech, nor his wives,
 Usurpers of her honor in the house;

Not to young Jubal, songs-man of the
 tribe,
 Who touched his harp at twilight by her
 door;
 And not to bedrid Adam, most of all, 20
 Not unto Adam. Yet at last, the spring
 Being at end, and evening with warm
 stars
 Falling upon them by the camel kraal,
 Weary with long desire, she spoke to
 Seth, 24
 Touching her meaning faintly and far off
 To try him. With still scrutiny awhile
 He looked at her; then, lifting doubtful
 hands
 Of prayer, he led her homeward to the
 tent,
 With tremulous speech of small and
 weekday things. 29
 Next, as she lay by Adam before dawn,
 His big and wasted hand groping for hers
 Suddenly made her half-awakened heart
 Break back and back across the shadowy
 years
 To Eden, and God calling in the dew,
 And all that song of Paradise foredone 35
 Which Jubal made in secret, fearing her
 The storied mother; but in secret, too,
 Herself had listened, while the maids at
 toil
 Or by the well at evening sang of her
 Untruthful things, which, when she
 once had heard, 40
 Seemed truthful. Now, bowed upon
 Adam's breast,
 In the deep hush that comes before the
 dawn,
 She whispered hints and fragments of
 her will;
 And when the shaggy forehead made no
 sign,
 And the blind face searched still as
 quietly 45
 In the tent-roof for what, these many
 months,
 It seemed to seek for there, she held him
 close
 And poured her whole wild meaning in
 his ear.
 But as a man upon his deathbed dreams
 That he should know a matter, and
 knows it not, 50
 Nor who they are who fain would have
 him know,

The Death of Eve. In this poem Moody voices the spirit of revolt in his own way. Instead of taking a contemporary subject he turns to the past, as he did in "The Fire-Bringer," which is based upon the Prometheus myth. To understand the spirit of this poem and its allusions, the Biblical account (Genesis i-iv) should be read first. 2. **red first-born.** Cain was a murderer.

He turned to hers his dim, disastrous
 eyes,
 Wherein the knowledge of her and the
 long love
 Glimmered through veil on veil of va-
 cancy.
 That evening little Jubal, coming home
 Singing behind his flock, saw ancient
 Eve 56
 Crouched by the ruined altar in the
 glade,
 The accurséd place, sown deep each
 early spring
 With stones and salt—the Valley of the
 Blood;
 And that same night Eve fled under the
 stars 60
 Eastward to Nod, the land of violence,
 To Cain and the strong city he had built
 Against all men who hunted for his soul.

III

She gave her message darkly in the gates,
 And waited trembling. At day-fall he
 came. 65
 She knew him not beneath his whitened
 hair;
 But when at length she knew him, and
 was known,
 The whitened hair, the bent and listen-
 ing frame,
 The savage misery of the sidelong eyes,
 Fell on her heart with strangling. So it
 was 70
 That now for many days she held her
 peace,
 Abiding with him till he seemed again
 The babe she bare first in the wilderness,
 Her maiden fruits to Adam, the new joy
 The desert bloomed with, which the
 desert stars 75
 Whispered concerning. Yet she held
 her peace,
 Until he seemed a young man in the
 house,
 A gold frontlet of pride and a green ce-
 dar;
 Then, leading him apart, Eve told her
 wish,
 Not faltering now nor uttering it far
 off, 80
 But as a sovereign mother to her son
 Speaks simple destiny. He looked at her
 Dimly, as if he saw her not; then stooped,

Sharpening his brows upon her. With
 a cry
 She laid fierce, shaken hands about his
 breast, 85
 Drew down his neck, and harshly from
 his brow
 Pushing the head-band and the matted
 locks,
 Baring the livid flesh with violence,
 She kissed him on the Sign. Cain
 bowed his head 89
 Upon her shoulder, saying, "I will go!"

IV

Now they had come to the stream Hid-
 dekel,
 And passed beyond the stream. There,
 full in face,
 Where the low morning made a mist of
 light,
 The Garden and its gates lay like a
 flower
 Afloat on the still waters of the dawn. 95
 The clicking leap of bright-mailed grass-
 hoppers,
 The dropping of sage-beetles from their
 perch
 On the gnawed cactus, even the pulsing
 drum
 Of blood-beats in their ears, merged sud-
 denly 99
 Into ethereal hush. Then Cain made halt,
 Held her, and muttered, "'Tis enough.
 Thou sawest!
 His Angel stood and threatened in the
 sun!"
 And Eve said, "Yea, and though the
 day were set
 With sworded angels, thou would'st
 wait for me
 Yonder, before the gates; which, look
 you, child, 105
 Lie open to me as the gates to him,
 Thy father, when he entered in his rage,
 Calling thee from the dark, where of old
 days
 I kept thee folded, hidden, till he called."
 So gray Cain by the unguarded portal
 sat, 110
 His arms crossed o'er his forehead, and
 his face
 Hid in his meager knees; but ancient
 Eve
 Passed on into the vales of Paradise.

v

Trancéd in lonely radiance stood the
 Tree,
 As Eve put back the glimmering ferns
 and vines 115
 And crept into the place. Awhile she
 stooped,
 And as a wild thing by the drinking-
 pool
 Peers ere it drinks, she peered. Then,
 laughing low,
 Her frame of grief and body of her years
 She lifted proudly to its virgin height,
 Flung her lean arms into the pouring
 day, 121
 And circling with slow paces round the
 Tree,
 She sang her stifled meaning out to
 God.

EVE'S SONG

*Behold, against thy will, against thy word,
 Against the wrath and warning of thy
 sword, 125*

Eve has been Eve, O Lord!

*A pitcher filled, she comes back from the
 brook,*

*A wain she comes, laden with mellow ears;
 She is a roll inscribed, a prophet's book
 Writ strong with characters. 130*

*Behold, Eve willed it so; look, if it be so,
 look!*

*Early at dawn, while yet thy watchers
 slept,*

Lightly her untamed spirit overleapt

The walls where she was kept.

As a young comely leopardess she stood.

*Her lustrous fell, her sullen grace, her
 fleetness— 136*

*They gave her foretaste, in thy tangled
 wood,*

Of many a savage sweetness,

*Good to fore-gloat upon; being tasted,
 sweet and good.*

O swayer in the sunlit tops of trees, 140

O comer up with cloud out of the seas,

O laughter at thine ease

Over thine everlasting dream of mirth,

O lord of savage pleasures, savage pains,

*Knew'st Thou not Eve, who broughtest
 her to birth? 145*

*Searcher of breast and reins,
 Thou should'st have searched thy Woman,
 the seed pod of thine earth!*

*Herself hath searched her softly through
 and through;*

Singing she lifts her full soul up to view;

Lord, do thou praise it, too! 150

Look, as she turns it, how it dartles free

*Its gathered meanings: woman, mother,
 wife,*

Spirit that was and is and waits to be,

Worm of the dust of life,

*Child, sister—ghostly rays! What lights
 are these, Lord, see! 155*

*Look where Eve lifts her storied soul on
 high,*

*And turns it as a ball, she knows not why,
 Save that she could not die*

*Till she had shown Thee all the secret
 sphere—*

*The bright rays and the dim, and these
 that run 160*

*Bright-darkling, making thee to doubt
 and fear—*

Oh, love them every one!

*Eve pardons thee not one, not one, Lord;
 dost thou hear?*

*Lovely to Eve was Adam's praising
 breath;*

His face averted bitter was as death; 165

Abel, her son, and Seth

*Lifted her heart to heaven, praising her;
 Cain with a little frown darkened the*

stars;

*And when the strings of Jubal's harp
 would stir,*

Like honey in cool jars 170

*The words he praised her with, like rain
 his praises were.*

*Still, still with prayer and ecstasy she
 strove*

To be the woman they did well approve,

That, narrowed to their love,

*She might have done with bitterness and
 blame; 175*

But still along the yonder edge of prayer

A spirit in a fiery whirlwind came—

Eve's spirit, wild and fair—

*Crying with Eve's own voice the number
 of her name.*

*Yea, turning in the whirlwind and the
fire,* 180
*Eve saw her own proud being all entire
Made perfect by desire;
And from the rounded gladness of that
sphere
Came bridal songs and harpings and fresh
laughter;
"Glory unto the faithful!" sounded clear,
And then, a little after,* 186
*"Whoso denieth aught, let him depart
from here!"*

*Now, therefore, Eve, with mystic years
o'er-scored,
Danceth and doeth pleasure to thee, Lord,
According to the word* 190
*That thou hast spoken to her by her dream.
Singing a song she dimly understands,
She lifts her soul to let the splendor
stream.
Lord, take away thy hands!
Let this beam pierce thy heart, and this
most piercing beam!* 195

*Far off rebelliously, yet for thy sake,
She gathered them, O thou who lovest
to break
A thousand souls, and shake
Their dust along the wind, but sleeplessly
Searchest the Bride fulfilled in limb and
feature,* 200
*Ready and boon to be fulfilled of thee,
Thine ample, tameless creature—
Against thy will and word, behold, Lord,
this is She!*

VI

*From carven plinth and thousand-
galleried green
Cedars, and all close boughs that over-
tower,* 205
*The shadows lengthened eastward from
the gates,
And still Cain hid his forehead in his
knees,
Nor dared to look abroad, lest he might
find
More watchers in the portals; for he
heard
What seemed the rush of wings; from
while to while* 210
A pallor grew and faded in his brain,

201. boon, glad.

*As if a great light passed him near at
hand.
But when above the darkening desert
swales
The moon came, shedding white, unlike-
ly day,
Cain rose, and with his back against the
stones,* 215
*As a keen fighter at the desperate odds,
Glared round him. Cool and silent lay
the night,
Empty of any foe. Then, as a man
Who has a thing to do, and makes his
fear
An icy wind to freeze his purpose firm,
He stole in through the pillars of the
gate,* 221
*Down aisles of shadow windowed with
the moon,
By meads with the still stars communi-
cant,
Past heaven-bosoming pool and pooléd
stream,
Until he saw, through tangled fern and
vine,* 225
*The Tree, where God had made its hab-
itation.
And crouched above the shape that had
been Eve,
With savage, listening frame and side-
long eyes,
Cain waited for the coming of the dawn.* (1906)

*EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON
(1869-)

†THE MASTER

LINCOLN AS HE APPEARED TO ONE SOON
AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

*A flying word from here and there
Had sown the name at which we sneered,
But soon the name was everywhere,
To be reviled and then revered—
A presence to be loved and feared,* 5

*Robinson is recognized as one of the foremost American poets. He was born in Maine and lives there still. The poetry of Robinson is smooth in technique, but his subjects have become increasingly psychological and introspective, until the meaning requires much pondering. His use of irony is similar to that of Hardy, but is not so clearly expressed. *The Town down the River*, and *The Man against the Sky* are two of his significant books of short poems. *Roman Bartholow* is his most recent long narrative poem.

†From *Collected Poems*, 1921, by permission of The Macmillan Company.

We cannot hide it, or deny
That we, the gentlemen who jeered,
May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous
And hearts of men were sore beguiled;
And having made his note of us, 11
He pondered and was reconciled.
Was ever master yet so mild
As he, and so untamable?
We doubted, even when he smiled, 15
Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate
Would shame us whom he served un-
sought;
He knew that he must wince and wait—
The jest of those for whom he fought; 20
He knew devoutly what he thought
Of us and of our ridicule;
He knew that we must all be taught
Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamour to the task 25
That he encountered and saw through;
But little of us did he ask,
And little did we ever do.
And what appears if we review
Thes season when we railed and chaffed?—
It is the face of one who knew 31
That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels
Again the venom that we flung,
Transfigured, to the world reveals 35
The vigilance to which we clung.
Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among
The mysteries that are untold—
The face we see was never young,
Nor could it wholly have been old. 40

For he, to whom we had applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth.
The saddest among kings of earth, 45
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame
Are bounded by the world alone; 50
The calm, the smoldering, and the flame
Of awful patience were his own;
With him they are forever flown

Past all our fond self-shadowings,
Wherewith we cumber the Unknown 55
As with inept, Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men;
'Twas ours to soar and his to see.
But we are coming down again,
And we shall come down pleasantly; 60
Nor shall we longer disagree
On what it is to be sublime,
But flourish in our perigee
And have one Titan at a time. (1910)

* THE GIFT OF GOD

Blessed with a joy that only she
Of all alive shall ever know,
She wears a proud humility
For what it was that willed it so—
That her degree should be so great 5
Among the favored of the Lord
That she may scarcely bear the weight
Of her bewildering reward.

As one apart, immune, alone,
Or featured for the shining ones, 10
And like to none that she has known
Of other women's other sons—
The firm fruition of her need,
He shines anointed; and he blurs
Her vision, till it seems indeed 15
A sacrilege to call him hers.

She fears a little for so much
Of what is best, and hardly dares
To think of him as one to touch
With aches, indignities, and cares; 20
She sees him rather at the goal,
Still shining; and her dream foretells
The proper shining of a soul
Where nothing ordinary dwells.

Perchance a canvass of the town 25
Would find him far from flags and
shouts,
And leave him only the renown
Of many smiles and many doubts;
Perchance the crude and common
tongue
Would have havoc strangely with his worth;

56. *Icarian*. Icarus, son of Daedalus, is fabled to have escaped from Crete on wings invented by his father. The boy flew too near the sun, his wings melted, and he was drowned in the sea. 63. *perigee*, that point of the moon's orbit which is nearest the earth. 64. *Titan*, a demi-god, like the Greek Prometheus.

*From *Collected Poems*, 1921, by permission of The Macmillan Company.

The Gift of God. A subtle analysis of a mother's idealization of her son.

But she, with innocence unwrung, 31
Would read his name around the earth.

And others, knowing how this youth
Would shine, if love could make him
great,

When caught and tortured for the truth
Would only writhe and hesitate; 36

While she, arranging for his days
What centuries could not fulfill,
Transmutes him with her faith and
praise,

And has him shining where she will. 40

She crowns him with her gratefulness,
And says again that life is good;
And should the gift of God be less
In him than in her motherhood,
His fame, though vague, will not be
small, 45

As upward through her dream he fares,
Half clouded with a crimson fall
Of roses thrown on marble stairs.

(1916)

*CASSANDRA

I heard one who said: "Verily,
What word have I for children here?
Your Dollar is your only Word,
The wrath of it your only fear.

"You build it altars tall enough 5
To make you see, but you are blind;
You cannot leave it long enough
To look before you or behind.

"When Reason beckons you to pause,
You laugh and say that you know
best; 10

But what it is you know, you keep
As dark as ingots in a chest.

"You laugh and answer, 'We are young;
Oh, leave us now, and let us grow,' 15
Not asking how much more of this
Will Time endure or Fate bestow.

"Because a few complacent years
Have made your peril of your pride,

*From *Collected Poems*, 1921, by permission of The Macmillan Company.

Cassandra. A poem of subtle irony. Cassandra was a daughter of Priam whom Apollo loved in vain. He gave her the gift of prophecy, with the curse that no one should believe her. Robinson here dodges direct speech by "I heard one who said."

Think you that you are to go on
Forever pampered and untried? 20

What lost eclipse of history,
What bivouac of the marching stars
Has given the sign for you to see
Millenniums and last great wars?

"What unrecorded overthrow 25
Of all the world has ever known,
Or ever been, has made itself
So plain to you, and you alone?

"Your Dollar, Dove, and Eagle make
A Trinity that even you 30
Rate higher than you rate yourselves;
It pays, it flatters, and it's new.

"And though your very flesh and blood
Be what your Eagle eats and drinks,
You'll praise him for the best of birds,
Not knowing what the Eagle thinks.

"The power is yours, but not the sight;
You see not upon what you tread;
You have the ages for your guide, 40
But not the wisdom to be led.

"Think you to tread forever down
The merciless old verities?
And are you never to have eyes
To see the world for what it is?

"Are you to pay for what you have 45
With all you are?"—No other word
We caught, but with a laughing crowd
Moved on. None heeded, and few
heard. (1916)

*THOMAS AUGUSTINE DALY
(1871-)

MIA CARLOTTA

Giuseppe, da barber, ees greata for
"mash,"
He gotta da bigga, da blacka mous-
tache,
Good clo'es an' good styla an' playnta
good cash.

*A New York journalist, whose excellent dialect verses have won him great popularity. The first two poems contrast Italian humor and pathos. The immigrant appears frequently in American twentieth-century literature. Among the volumes Daly has published are *McAroni Ballads*, *Carmina*, *Canzoni*, and *Songs of Wedlock*.

W'enevra Giuseppe ees walk on da
street,
Da peopla dey talka, "how nobby!
how neat!" 5
How softa da handa, how smalla da
feet."

He leefta hees hat an' he shaka hees
curls,
An' smila weeth teetha so shiny like
pearls;
Oh, manny da heart of da seelly young
girls
He gotta. 10
Yes, playnta he gotta—
But notta
Carlotta!

Giuseppe, da barber, he maka da eye,
An' like da steam engine puffa an'
sigh, 15
For catcha Carlotta w'en she ees go
by.

Carlotta she walka weeth nose in da
air,
An' look through Giuseppe weeth far-
away stare,
As eef she no see dere ees som'body
dere.

Giuseppe, da barber, he gotta da
cash, 20
He gotta da clo'es an' da bigga mous-
tache,
He gotta da seelly young girls for da
"mash,"

But notta—
You bat my life, notta—
Carlotta. 25
I gotta!

(1906)

DA LEETLA BOY

Da spreeng ees com'! but O, da joy
Eet ees too late!
He was so cold, my leetla boy,
He no could wait.

I no can count how manny week, 5
How manny day, dat he ees seek;

How manny night I seet an' hold
Da leetla han dat was so cold.
He was so patience, oh, so sweet!
Eet hurts my throat for theenk of
eet; 10

An' all he evra ask ees w'en
Ees gona com' da spreeng agen.
Wan day, wan brighta sunny day,
He see, across da alleyway,
Da leetla girl dat's livin' dere 15
Ees raise her window for da air,
An' put outside a leetla pot
Of—w'at-you-call?—forgat-me-not.
So smalla flower, so leetla theeng!
But steel eet mak' hees hearta seeng: 20
"Oh, now, at las', ees com' da spreeng!
Da leetla plant ees glad for know
Da sun ees com' for mak' eet grow.
So, too, I am grow warm and strong."
So lika dat he seeng hees song. 25
But, ah! da night com' down an' den
Da weenter ees sneak back agen,
An' een da alley all da night
Ees fall da snow, so cold, so white,
An' cover up da leetla pot 30
Of—wa't-you-call?—forgat-me-not.
All night da leetla hand I hold
Ees grow so cold, so cold, so cold!

Da spreeng ees com'; but O, da
joy
Eet ees too late! 35
He was so cold, my leetla boy,
He no could wait.

(1906)

THE JOURNEY'S END

Good-by, dear heart. Be thou, as I am,
glad,
Glad for the grace of loneliness and
yearning
My heart, far faring from thee, shall
have had
Ere its returning.
Pluck future joy from out this present
pain; 5
Rejoice to know that these small seeds
of sorrow
Shall be Love's harvest when we meet
again,
Some bright tomorrow.

(1906)

*ROBERT FROST (1875-)

TO THE THAWING WIND

Come with rain, O loud Southwester!
Bring the singer, bring the nester;
Give the buried flower a dream;
Make the settled snow-bank steam;
Find the brown beneath the white; 5
But whate'er you do tonight,
Bathe my window, make it flow,
Melt it as the ices go;
Melt the glass and leave the sticks
Like a hermit's crucifix; 10
Burst into my narrow stall;
Swing the picture on the wall;
Run the rattling pages o'er;
Scatter poems on the floor;
Turn the poet out of door. (1913)

THE PASTURE

I'm going out to clean the pasture
spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I
may);
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf 5
That's standing by the mother. It's so
young,
It totters when she licks it with her
tongue.
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.
(1914)

MENDING WALL

Something there is that doesn't love a
wall,
That sends the frozen ground-swell
under it,

*Although born in the West, Robert Frost's ancestors came from New England, and thither the young man returned to see its significance with new eyes. With the exception of serving as fellow of creative literature at the University of Michigan, he has spent his life in the East and has been professor of English at Amherst. In his books—*A Boy's Will*, *North of Boston*, *Mountain Interval*, and *New Hampshire*—Frost writes of New England as it is, with deep insight and appreciation.

To the Thawing Wind. Contrast the purpose and treatment of this poem with those of Shelley in the "Ode to the West Wind" (page 489) and Maschfield in "The West Wind" (page 623).

The Pasture. Cf. "The Lamb" (page 433).

Mending Wall. Cf. "Resolution and Independence" (page 457).

And spills the upper boulders in the sun;
And makes gaps even two can pass
abreast.

The work of hunters is another thing: 5
I have come after them and made repair
Where they have left not one stone on
stone,

But they would have the rabbit out of
hiding,

To please the yelping dogs. The gaps
I mean;

No one has seen them made or heard
them made, 10

But at spring mending-time we find
them there.

I let my neighbor know beyond the
hill;

And on a day we meet to walk the line
And set the wall between us once again.

We keep the wall between us as we go.
To each the boulders that have fallen to
each. 16

And some are loaves and some so nearly
balls

We have to use a spell to make them
balance:

"Stay where you are until our backs are
turned!"

We wear our fingers rough with handling
them. 20

Oh, just another kind of out-door game,
One on a side. It comes to little more.

There where it is we do not need the
wall:

He is all pine and I am apple orchard.
My apple trees will never get across 25

And eat the cones under his pines, I tell
him.

He only says, "Good fences make good
neighbors."

Spring is the mischief in me, and I
wonder

If I could put a notion in his head:
"Why do they make good neighbors?"

Isn't it 30

Where there are cows? But here there
are no cows.

Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,

And to whom I was like to give offense.
Something there is that doesn't love a
wall, 35

That wants it down." I could say
"Elves" to him,

But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
He said it for himself. I see him there
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the
top

In each hand, like an old-stone savage
armed. 40

He moves in darkness as it seems to me,
Not of woods only and the shade of
trees.

He will not go behind his father's say-
ing,

And he likes having thought of it so
well

He says again, "Good fences make good
neighbors." (1914)

AFTER APPLE-PICKING

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking
through a tree

Toward heaven still,
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough. 5
But I am done with apple-picking
now.

Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
The scent of apples; I am drowsing
off.

I cannot rub the strangeness from my
sight

I got from looking through a pane of
glass 10

I skimmed this morning from the
drinking trough

And held against the world of hoary
grass.

It melted, and I let it fall and break.

But I was well

Upon my way to sleep before it fell, 15
And I could tell

What form my dreaming was about to
take.

Magnified apples appear and disap-
pear,

Stem end and blossom end. 19

And every fleck of russet showing clear.
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs
bend.

And I keep hearing from the cellar
bin

The rumbling sound 25
Of load on load of apples coming in.
For I have had too much

Of apple-picking; I am overtired
Of the great harvest I myself desired.

There were ten thousand thousand fruit
to touch, 30

Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let
fall.

For all

That struck the earth,
No matter if not bruised or spiked with
stubble,

Went surely to the cider-apple heap 35
As of no worth.

One can see what will trouble
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.

Were he not gone,
The woodchuck could say whether it's

like his 40
Long sleep, as I describe its coming

on,
Or just some human sleep. (1914)

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth; 5

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted
wear;

Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay 11
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to
way,

I doubted if I should ever come back. 15

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

(1916)

The Road Not Taken. Cf. "A Broken Song" (page
629).

BIRCHES

When I see birches bend to left and right
 Across the lines of straighter darker trees,
 I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
 But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
 Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them ⁵
 Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
 After a rain. They click upon themselves
 As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
 As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
 Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells, ¹⁰
 Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust—
 Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
 You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.
 They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,
 And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed ¹⁵
 So low for long, they never right themselves.
 You may see their trunks arching in the woods
 Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
 Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
 Before them over their heads to dry in the sun. ²⁰
 But I was going to say when Truth broke in
 With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm
 (Now am I free to be poetical?)
 I should prefer to have some boy bend them
 As he went out and in to fetch the cows— ²⁵
 Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
 Whose only play was what he found himself,

Summer or winter, and could play alone.
 One by one he subdued his father's trees
 By riding them down over and over again ³⁰
 Until he took the stiffness out of them,
 And not one but hung limp, not one was left
 For him to conquer. He learned all there was
 To learn about not launching out too soon
 And so not carrying the tree away ³⁵
 Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
 To the top branches, climbing carefully
 With the same pains you use to fill a cup
 Up to the brim, and even above the brim
 Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish, ⁴⁰
 Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
 So was I once myself a swinger of birches.
 And so I dream of going back to be.
 It's when I'm weary of considerations,
 And life is too much like a pathless wood ⁴⁵
 Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
 Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
 From a twig's having lashed across it open.
 I'd like to get away from earth awhile
 And then come back to it and begin over. ⁵⁰
 May no fate willfully misunderstand me
 And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
 Not to return. Earth's the right place for love;
 I don't know where it's likely to go better.
 I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree, ⁵⁵
 And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
 Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
 But dipped its top and set me down again.
 That would be good both going and coming back.
 One could do worse than be a swinger of birches. (1916)

Birches. Cf. "There Was a Boy" (page 454) and "Influence of Natural Objects" (page 455).

*VACHEL LINDSAY (1879-)

†GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH
ENTERS INTO HEAVEN

To be sung to the tune of THE BLOOD OF THE
LAMB with indicated instruments.

I

[Bass drum beaten loudly]

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum,
*Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?*

The saints smiled gravely, and they
said,
"He's come."

*Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?* ⁵

Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching bravos from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alleyways and drug-
fiends pale—

Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers
frail!

[Banjos]

Vermin-eaten saints with moldy breath
Unwashed legions with the ways of
death— ¹¹

*Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?*

Every slum had sent its half-a-score
The round world over—Booth had
groaned for more.

Every banner that the wide world flies
Bloomed with glory and transcendent
dyes. ¹⁶

Big-voiced lasses made their banjos
bang!

Tranced, fanatical, they shrieked and
sang,

*Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?*

*Lindsay is western by both birth and education. He has, however, traveled frequently and far from his native Springfield, Illinois, as student and lecturer. In his poetry he emphasizes the syncopations of rhythm in order to get a more primitive emotional effect. Not all his work is intentionally primitive, as the second poem included here shows, but Lindsay has succeeded in employing successfully many of the devices of ballad poetry. Two of the most representative volumes of Lindsay's poems are *The Congo* and *General William Booth*.

†Reprinted from *Collected Poems*, 1923, by permission of The Macmillan Company.

General William Booth Enters Heaven. William Booth was the organizer and leader of the Salvation Army. He died in 1912.

Hallelujah! It was queer to see ²⁰
Bull-necked convicts with that land
make free!

Loons with bazoos blowing blare, blare,
blare—

On, on, upward through the golden air.
*Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?*

II

[Bass drum slower and softer]

Booth died blind, and still by faith he
trod, ²⁵

Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God.
Booth led boldly and he looked the chief:
Eagle countenance in sharp relief,
Beard a-flying, air of high command
Unabated in that holy land. ³⁰

[Sweet flute music]

Jesus came from out the Courthouse
door,

Stretched his hands above the passing
poor.

Booth saw not, but led his queer ones
there

Round and round the mighty Court-
house square.

Yet in an instant all that blear review
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment
new. ³⁶

The lame were straightened, withered
limbs uncurled,

And blind eyes opened on a new sweet
world.

[Bass drum louder]

Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole!
Gone was the weasel-head, the snout,
the jowl; ⁴⁰

Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,
Rulers of empires, and of forests green!

[Grand chorus of all instruments. Tam-
bourines to the foreground]

The hosts were sandaled and their wings
were fire—

*Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?*

But their noise played havoc with the
angel-choir. ⁴⁵

*Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?*

Oh, shout Salvation! it was good to see
Kings and princes by the Lamb set free.
The banjos rattled and the tamborines

Jing-jing-jingled in the hands of queens!
[Reverently sung, no instruments]

And when Booth halted by the curb for
 prayer 51

He saw his Master through the flag-
 filled air.

Christ came gently with a robe and
 crown

For Booth the soldier while the throng
 knelt down.

He saw King Jesus—they were face to
 face, 55

And he knelt a-weeping in that holy
 place.

*Are you washed in the blood of the
 Lamb?* (1913)

*ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

It is portentous, and a thing of state
 That here at midnight, in our little town
 A mourning figure walks, and will not
 rest,

Near the old courthouse pacing up and
 down,

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed
 yards 5

He lingers where his children used to
 play,

Or through the market, on the well-worn
 stones

He stalks upon the dawn-stars burn
 away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient
 black,

A famous high-top hat, and plain worn
 shawl 10

Make him the quaint great figure that
 men love,

The prairie lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
 He is among us—as in times before!

And we who toss and lie awake for long
 Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass
 the door. 16

His head is bowed. He thinks on men
 and kings.

*Reprinted from *Collected Poems*, 1923, by permission
 of The Macmillan Company.

Yea, when the sick world cries, how can
 he sleep?

Too many peasants fight, they know not
 why,

Too many homesteads in black terror
 weep. 20

The sins of all the war-lords burn his
 heart.

He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every
 main.

He carries on his shawl-wrapped should-
 ers now

The bitterness, the folly, and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn 25
 Shall come—the shining hope of Europe
 free;

The league of sober folk, the Workers'
 Earth,

Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp,
 and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must
 murder still,

That all his hours of travail here for men
 Seem yet in vain. And who will bring
 white peace 31

That he may sleep upon his hill again?
 (1914)

*CHESTER FIRKINS (1882-1915)

ON A SUBWAY EXPRESS

I, who have lost the stars, the sod,
 For chilling pave and cheerless light,
 Have made my meeting-place with God
 A new and nether Night—

Have found a fane where thunder fills 5
 Loud caverns, tremulous—and these
 Atone me for my reverend hills
 And moonlit silences.

A figment in the crowded dark,
 Where men sit muted by the roar, 10
 I ride upon the whirring Spark
 Beneath the city's floor.

*A young western literary man of promise who was
 born in Minneapolis in 1882, came to New York to pursue
 his career, and died there in 1915.

On a Subway Express. A new phase of religious expres-
 sion. Contrast with it such hymns as Addison's (page
 412), Whittier's (page 645), or Holmes's (page 643).

In this dim firmament the stars
Whirl by in blazing files and tiers;
Kin meteors graze our flying bars, 15
Amid the spinning spheres.

Speed! speed! until the quivering rails
Flash silver where the headlight
gleams,
As when on lakes the moon impales
The waves upon its beams. 20

Life throbs about me, yet I stand
Outgazing on majestic Power;
Death rides with me, on either hand,
In my communion hour.

You that 'neath country skies can
pray, 25
Scoff not at me—the city clod—
My only respite of the day
Is this wild ride—with God.

(1908)

*ALAN SEEGER (1888-1916)

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When spring comes back with rustling
shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death 5
When spring brings back blue days and
fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my
breath—

It may be I shall pass him still. 10
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill
When spring comes round again this
year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

*A young Harvard graduate who went to Paris in 1912 to study. When the war came he enlisted in the French Foreign Legion, where he served until he was killed in action on July 5, 1916. His poems, which have been published in one volume, are inspired by the highest sense of chivalry and love of beauty. Keats, Brooke, and Seeger have much in common. The beautifully restrained lyric form of "I Have a Rendezvous with Death" is reminiscent of the old songs of France, as is also "In Flanders Fields" (page 617).

God knows 'twere better to be deep 15
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to
breath,

Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death 20
At midnight in some flaming town,
When spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

(1916)

*SARA TEASDALE (1884-)

†HELEN OF TROY

Wild flight on flight against the fading
dawn,
The flames' red wings soar upward
duskily.

This is the funeral pyre and Troy is
dead

That sparkled so the day I saw it first,
And darkened slowly after. I am she 5
Who loves all beauty—yet I wither it.
Why have the high gods made me wreak
their wrath—

Forever since my maidenhood to sow
Sorrow and blood about me? Lo, they
keep

Their bitter care above me even now. 10
It was the gods who led me to this lair,
That though the burning winds should
make me weak,
They should not snatch the life from
out my lips.

Olympus let the other women die; 14
They shall be quiet when the day is done
And have no care tomorrow. Yet for me
There is no rest. The gods are not so
kind

*Sara Teasdale (Mrs. Ernst B. Filsinger) is probably the foremost writer of lyric love poetry in America, although Edna St. Vincent Millay is a younger rival. Sara Teasdale has a pure lyric expression which varies from the classic restraint of the Greeks and Romans to the untrammelled independence of free verse. Both types of poetry are represented in the selections here given. The poems which use the city as their background deserve comparison with "Amoris Victima" (page 624) and "Amoris Exsul" (page 625) of Symons, but even more with the sixteenth-century lyric love songs of the Elizabethans. *Helen of Troy*, *Love Songs*, *Flame and Shadow*, and *Rivers to the Sea* are volumes which represent her work adequately.

Helen of Troy. Cf. *Deirdre* and the first sonnet of "Menelaus and Helen" (page 620).

†Reprinted from *Helen of Troy*, 1911, by permission of The Macmillan Company.

To her made half immortal like themselves.
 It is to you I owe the cruel gift, 19
 Leda, my mother, and the Swan, my sire,
 To you the beauty and to you the bale;
 For never woman born of man and maid
 Had wrought such havoc on the earth as I,
 Or troubled heaven with a sea of flame
 That climbed to touch the silent whirling stars 25
 And blotted out their brightness ere the dawn.
 Have I not made the world to weep enough?
 Give death to me. Yet life is more than death;
 How could I leave the sound of singing winds,
 The strong sweet scent that breathes from off the sea, 30
 Or shut my eyes forever to the spring?
 I will not give the grave my hands to hold,
 My shining hair to light oblivion.
 Have those who wander through the ways of death, 34
 The still wan fields Elysian, any love
 To lift their breasts with longing, any lips
 To thirst against the quiver of a kiss?
 Lo, I shall live to conquer Greece again,
 To make the people love, who hate me now. 39
 My dreams are over, I have ceased to cry
 Against the fate that made men love my mouth
 And left their spirits all too deaf to hear
 The little songs that echoed through my soul.
 I have no anger now. The dreams are done;
 Yet since the Greeks and Trojans would not see 45
 Aught but my body's fairness, till the end,
 In all the islands set in all the seas,
 And all the lands that lie beneath the sun,
 Till light turn darkness, and till time shall sleep,
 Men's lives shall waste with longing after me, 50
 For I shall be the sum of their desire,
 The whole of beauty, never seen again.

And they shall stretch their arms and starting, wake
 With "Helen!" on their lips, and in their eyes
 The vision of me. Always I shall be
 Limned on the darkness like a shaft of light 56
 That glimmers and is gone. They shall behold
 Each one his dream that fashions me anew—
 With hair like lakes that glint beneath the stars
 Dark as sweet midnight, or with hair aglow 60
 Like burnished gold that still retains the fire.
 Yea, I shall haunt until the dusk of time
 The heavy eyelids filled with fleeting dreams.
 I wait for one who comes with sword to slay—
 The king I wronged who searches for me now; 65
 And yet he shall not slay me. I shall stand
 With lifted head and look into his eyes,
 Baring my breast to him and to the sun.
 He shall not have the power to stain with blood
 That whiteness—for the thirsty sword shall fall 70
 And he shall cry and catch me in his arms,
 Bearing me back to Sparta on his breast.
 Lo, I shall live to conquer Greece again! (1911)

*SPRING NIGHT

The park is filled with night and fog,
 The veils are drawn about the world,
 The drowsy lights along the paths
 Are dim and pearly.
 Gold and gleaming the empty streets, 5
 Gold and gleaming the misty lake;
 The mirrored lights like sunken swords,
 Glimmer and shake.
 Oh, is it not enough to be

65. **king**, Menelaus, king of Sparta and husband of Helen, whom she forsook for Paris.

*Reprinted from *Rivers to the Sea*, 1915, by permission of The Macmillan Company.

20. **Leda**. Zeus wooed Leda in the form of a swan. Helen was their daughter. 21. **bale**, malignant influence.

Here with this beauty over me? 10
 My throat should ache with praise, and I
 Should kneel in joy beneath the sky.
 Oh, beauty are you not enough?
 Why am I crying after love
 With youth, a singing voice and eyes 15
 To take earth's wonder with surprise?
 Why have I put off my pride,
 Why am I unsatisfied,
 I for whom the pensive night
 Binds her cloudy hair with light, 20
 I for whom all beauty burns
 Like incense in a million urns?
 Oh, beauty, are you not enough?
 Why am I crying after love? (1915)

*SUMMER NIGHT, RIVERSIDE

In the wild, soft summer darkness
 How many and many a night we two
 together
 Sat in the park and watched the Hudson
 Wearing her lights like golden spangles
 Glinting on black satin. 5
 The rail along the curving pathway
 Was low in a happy place to let us cross,
 And down the hill a tree that dripped
 with bloom
 Sheltered us,
 While your kisses and the flowers, 10
 Falling, falling,
 Tangled my hair . . .

The frail white stars moved slowly over
 the sky.

And now, far off
 In the fragrant darkness 15
 The tree is tremulous again with bloom,
 For June comes back.

Tonight what girl
 Dreamily before her mirror shakes from
 her hair
 This year's blossoms, clinging in its coils?
 (1915)

†WOOD SONG

I heard a wood-thrush in the dusk
 Twirl three notes and make a star—
 My heart that walked with bitterness
 Came back from very far.

*Reprinted from *Rivers to the Sea*, 1915, by permission
 of The Macmillan Company.

†Reprinted from *Lone Songs*, 1905, by permission of
 The Macmillan Company.

Three shining notes were all he had, 5
 And yet they made a starry call—
 I caught life back against my breast
 And kissed it, scars and all. (1915)

*EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY (1892-)

†GOD'S WORLD

O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
 Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
 Thy mists, that roll and rise!
 Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache
 and sag
 And all but cry with color! That gaunt
 crag 5
 To crush! To lift the lean of that black
 bluff!
 World, world, I cannot get thee close
 enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
 But never knew I this;
 Here such a passion is 10
 As stretcheth me apart. Lord, I do fear
 Thou'st made the world too beautiful
 this year;
 My soul is all but out of me—let fall
 No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.
 (1917)

†AFTERNOON ON A HILL

I will be the gladdest thing
 Under the sun!
 I will touch a hundred flowers
 And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds 5
 With quiet eyes,
 Watch the wind bow down the grass,
 And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
 Up from the town, 10
 I will mark which must be mine,
 And then start down! (1917)

*A young poet who lives in New York. Her four
 fragile volumes are filled with exuberant and passionately
 emotional verse. Her poetry sweeps the gamut of emo-
 tion from delightful humor to the deepest pathos.
 Recently her poems have been collected in one volume.

†From *Renaissance*, published by Harper and Brothers,
 copyright, 1917, by Edna St. Vincent Millay.
God's World. Cf. "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud"
 (page 462).

*WHEN THE YEAR GROWS OLD

I cannot but remember
When the year grows old—
October—November—
How she disliked the cold!

She used to watch the swallows 5
Go down across the sky,
And turn from the window
With a little sharp sigh.

And often when the brown leaves 10
Were brittle on the ground,
And the wind in the chimney
Made a melancholy sound,

She had a look about her
That I wish I could forget—
The look of a scared thing 15
Sitting in a net!

Oh, beautiful at nightfall
The soft spitting snow!
And beautiful the bare boughs 20
Rubbing to and fro!

But the roaring of the fire,
And the warmth of fur,
And the boiling of the kettle
Were beautiful to her!

I cannot but remember 25
When the year grows old—
October—November—
How she disliked the cold! (1917)

†ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

SONGS FOR MY MOTHER

[SELECTIONS]

HER HANDS

My mother's hands are cool and fair;
They can do anything.
Delicate mercies hide them there,
Like flowers in the spring.

When the Year Grows Old. A beautiful combination of the elegy with the ballad form. Contrast with "She Hears the Storm" (page 613).

*From *Renascence*, published by Harper and Brothers, copyright, 1917, by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

†A poet of New England whose work is tenderly imaginative, but is always based upon significant observation, as are the poems of Rossetti.

Her Hands. Cf. "On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture" (page 427) and "My Sister's Sleep" (page 586).

When I was small and could not sleep, 5
She used to come to me,
And with my cheek upon her hand
How sure my rest would be;

For everything she ever touched
Of beautiful or fine, 10
Their memories living in her hands
Would warm that sleep of mine.

Her hands remember how they played
One time in meadow streams—
And all the flickering song and shade 15
Of water took my dreams.

Swift through her haunted fingers
pass
Memories of garden things—
I dipped my face in flowers and grass
And sounds of hidden wings. 20

One time she touched the cloud that
kissed
Brown pastures bleak and far—
I leaned my cheek into a mist
And thought I was a star.

All this was very long ago 25
And I am grown; but yet
The hand that lured my slumber so
I never can forget.

For still when drowsiness comes on,
It seems so soft and cool, 30
Shaped happily beneath my cheek,
Hollow and beautiful. (1905)

HER WORDS

My mother has the prettiest tricks
Of words and words and words.
Her talk comes out as smooth and sleek
As breasts of singing birds.

She shapes her speech all silver fine 5
Because she loves it so.
And her own eyes begin to shine
To hear her stories grow.

And if she goes to make a call
Or out to take a walk, 10
We leave our work when she returns
And run to hear her talk.

We had not dreamed these things
were so

Of sorrow and of mirth.

Her speech is as a thousand eyes 15
Through which we see the earth.

God wove a web of loveliness,
Of clouds and stars and birds,
But made not anything at all
So beautiful as words. 20

They shine around our simple earth
With golden shadowings,
And every common thing they touch
Is exquisite with wings.

There's nothing poor and nothing small
But is made fair with them. 26
They are the hands of living faith
That touch the garment's hem.

They are as fair as bloom or air,
They shine like any star, 30
And I am rich who learned from her
How beautiful they are. (1905)

TO A NEW YORK SHOP-GIRL DRESSED FOR SUNDAY

Today I saw the shop-girl go
Down gay Broadway to meet her
beau.

Conspicuous, splendid, conscious, sweet,
She spread abroad and took the street.

And all that niceness would forbid, 5
Superb, she smiled upon and did.

Let other girls, whose happier days
Preserve the perfume of their ways,

Go modestly. The passing hour
Adds splendor to their opening flower.

But from this child too swift a doom 11
Must steal her prettiness and bloom,

Toil and weariness hide the grace
That pleads a moment from her face.

So blame her not if for a day 15
She flaunts her glories while she may.

She half perceives, half understands,
Snatching her gifts with both her hands.

The little strut beneath the skirt
That lags neglected in the dirt, 20

The indolent swagger down the street—
Who can condemn such happy feet!

Innocent! vulgar—that's the truth!
Yet with the darling wiles of youth! 24

The bright, self-conscious eyes that stare
With such hauteur, beneath such hair!
Perhaps the men will find me fair!

Charming and charmed, flippant, ar-
rayed,
Fluttered and foolish, proud, displayed,
Infinite pathos of parade! 30

The bangles and the narrowed waist—
The tinsled boa—forgive the taste!
Oh, the starved nights she gave for that,
And bartered bread to buy her hat!

She flows before the reproachful sage 35
And begs her woman's heritage.

Dear child, with the defiant eyes,
Insolent with the half surmise
We do not quite admire, I know
How foresight frowns on this vain show!

And judgment, wearily sad, may see 41
No grace in such frivolity.

Yet which of us was ever bold
To worship Beauty, hungry and cold!

Scorn famine down, proudly expressed
Apostle to what things are best 46

Let him who starves to buy the food
For his soul's comfort find her good,

Nor chide the frills and furbelows
That are the prettiest things she knows.

Poet and prophet in God's eyes 51
Make no more perfect sacrifice.

To a New York Shop-Girl. An essentially American mood, although there are parallels in modern French poetry.

Who knows before what inner shrine
She eats with them the bread and wine?

Poor waif! One of the sacred few 55
That madly sought the best they knew!

Dear—let me lean my cheek tonight
Close, close to yours. Ah, that is right.

How warm and near! At last I see
One beauty shines for thee and me. 60

So let us love and understand—
Whose hearts are hidden in God's hand.

And we will cherish your brief spring
And all its fragile flowering.

God loves all prettiness, and on this 65
Surely his angels lay their kiss. (1905)

GRIEVE NOT, LADIES

Oh, grieve not, ladies, if at night
Ye wake to feel your beauty going.
It was a web of frail delight,
Inconstant as an April snowing.

In other eyes, in other lands, 5
In deep fair pools, new beauty lingers,
But like spent water in your hands
It runs from your reluctant fingers.

Ye shall not keep the singing lark
That owes to earlier skies its duty. 10
Weep not to hear along the dark
The sound of your departing beauty.

The fine and anguished ear of night
Is tuned to hear the smallest sorrow.
Oh, wait until the morning light! 15
It may not seem so gone tomorrow!

But honey-pale and rosy-red!
Brief lights that made a little shin-
ing!
Beautiful looks about us shed—
They leave us to the old repining. 20

Grieve Not, Ladies. Cf. with "O Mistress Mine, Where Are You Roaming?" (page 368). It is a modern variation of the theme "on growing old" which Shakespeare and the Elizabethan poets used so effectively in their occasional lyrics and sonnet sequences.

Think not the watchful dim despair
Has come to you the first, sweet-
hearted!

For oh, the gold in Helen's hair!
And how she cried when that de-
parted!

Perhaps that one that took the most, 25
The swiftest borrower, wildest spender,

May count, as we would not, the cost—
And grow more true to us and tender.

Happy are we if in his eyes
We see no shadow of forgetting. 30
Nay—if our star sinks in those skies
We shall not wholly see its setting.

Then let us laugh as do the brooks
That such immortal youth is ours,
If memory keeps for them our looks 35
As fresh as are the springtime flowers.

Oh, grieve not, ladies, if at night
Ye wake, to feel the cold December!
Rather recall the early light
And in your loved one's arms, re-
member. (1905)

*LOUIS UNTERMEYER (1885—)

SUMMONS

The eager night and the impetuous
winds,
The hints and whispers of a thousand
lures,
And all the swift persuasion of the
spring
Surged from the stars and stones, and
swept me on . . .
The smell of honeysuckles, keen and
clear, 5
Startled and shook me, with the sudden
thrill

*Untermeyer is an artist in jewelry, designing, and poetry. His poems reflect both a wide study of literature, especially of Latin and French poets, and an equally wide appreciation of contemporary life. He is an idealist, but as grim a fighter as any ancient Anglo-Saxon. *Challenge, Including Horace*, and *The New Adam* are some of the volumes he has published.

Summons. Cf. "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" (page 662). The evening mood has changed much since the time of "Il Penseroso" (page 392), "The Elegy" (page 416), "To Night" (page 503), and "Ode to a Nightingale" (page 510).

Of some well-known but half-forgotten
voice.
A slender stream became a naked sprite,
Flashed around curious bends, and
winked at me
Beyond the turns, alert and mischiev-
ous. 10
A saffron moon, dangling among the
trees,
Seemed like a toy balloon caught in
the boughs,
Flung there in sport by some too-
mirthful breeze . . .
And as it hung there, vivid and unreal,
The whole world's lethargy was brushed
away; 15
The night kept tugging at my torpid
mood
And tore it into shreds. A warm air
blew
My wintry slothfulness beyond the
stars;
And over all indifference there streamed
A myriad urges in one rushing wave . . .
Touched with the lavish miracles of
earth, 21
I felt the brave persistence of the grass;
The far desire of rivulets; the keen,
Unconquerable fervor of the thrush;
The endless labors of the patient
worm; 25
The lichen's strength; the prowess of
the ant;
The constancy of flowers; the blind
belief
Of ivy climbing slowly toward the sun;
The eternal struggles and eternal
deaths— 29
And yet the groping faith of every root!
Out of old graves arose the cry of life;
Out of the dying came the deathless call.
And, thrilling with a new sweet restless-
ness,
The thing that was my boyhood woke
in me—
Dear, foolish fragments made me strong
again; 35
Valiant adventures, dreams of those to
come,
And all the vague, heroic hopes of youth,
With fresh abandon, like a fearless
laugh,
Leaped up to face the heaven's un-
concern . . .

And then—veil upon veil was torn
aside— 40
Stars, like a host of merry girls and boys,
Danced gayly 'round me, plucking at
my hand;
The night, scorning its ancient mystery,
Leaned down and pressed new courage
in my heart;
The hermit thrush, throbbing with more
than song, 45
Sang with a happy challenge to the
skies;
Love, and the faces of a world of chil-
dren,
Swept like a conquering army through
my blood—
And Beauty, rising out of all its forms,
Beauty, the passion of the universe, 50
Flamed with its joy, a thing too great
for tears,
And, like a wine, poured itself out for me
To drink of, to be warmed with, and
to go
Refreshed and strengthened to the
ceaseless fight;
To meet with confidence the cynic
years; 55
Battling in wars that never can be won,
Seeking the lost cause and the brave
defeat! (1914)

PRAYER

God, though this life is but a wraith,
Although we know not what we use,
Although we grope with little faith,
Give me the heart to fight—and lose.

Ever insurgent let me be; 5
Make me more daring than devout;
From sleek contentment keep me free,
And fill me with a buoyant doubt.

Open my eyes to visions girt
With beauty, and with wonder lit—
But let me always see the dirt, 11
And all that spawn and die in it.

Open my ears to music; let
Me thrill with spring's first flutes and
drums—

Prayer. Cf. "Invictus" (page 600).

But never let me dare forget 15
 The bitter ballads of the slums.
 From compromise and things half-done,
 Keep me, with stern and stubborn
 pride;
 And when, at last, the fight is won
 God, keep me still unsatisfied. (1914)

HOW MUCH OF GODHOOD

How much of Godhood did it take—
 What purging epochs had to pass,
 Ere I was fit for leaf and lake
 And worthy of the patient grass?

What mighty travails must have been,
 What ages must have molded me, 6
 Ere I was raised and made akin
 To dawn, the daisy, and the sea.

In what great struggles was I felled,
 In what old lives I labored long, 10
 Ere I was given a world that held
 A meadow, butterflies, and song?

But oh, what cleansings and what fears,
 What countless raisings from the
 dead,
 Ere I could see Her, touched with tears,
 Pillow the little weary head. (1914)

THE GREAT CAROUSAL

Oh, do not think me dead when I
 Beneath a bit of earth shall lie;
 Think not that aught can ever kill
 My arrogant and stubborn will.
 My buoyant strength, my eager soul, 5
 My stern desire shall keep me whole
 And lift me from the drowsy deep . . .
 I shall not even yield to Sleep.
 For Death can never take from me
 My warm, insatiate energy; 10
 He shall not dare to touch one part
 Of the gay challenge of my heart.
 And I shall laugh at him, and lie
 Happy beneath a laughing sky;

How Much of Godhood. The motive of aspiration here parallels that of "Rabbi Ben Ezra" (page 558), but adds to it the tenderness of human love.
The Great Carousal. Cf. "The Soldier" (page 622).

For I have fought too joyously 15
 To let the conqueror conquer me—
 I know that, after strengthening strife,
 Death cannot quench my love of life;
 Rob me of my dear self, my ears
 Of music, or my eyes of tears . . . 20
 No, Death shall come in friendlier guise;
 The cloths of darkness from my eyes
 He shall roll back, and, lo, the sea
 Of Silence shall not cover me.
 He shall make soft my final bed, 25
 Stand, like a servant, at my head;
 And, thrilled with all that Death may
 give,
 I shall lie down to rest—and live . . .

And I shall know within the earth
 A softer but a deeper mirth. 30
 The wind shall never troll a song
 But I shall hear it borne along,
 And echoed long before he passes
 By all the little unborn grasses.
 I shall be clasped by roots and rains,
 Feeding and fed by living grains; 36

There shall not be a single flower
 Above my head but bears my power,
 And every butterfly or bee
 That tastes the flower shall drink of me.
 Ah, we shall share a lip to lip 41
 Carousal and companionship!

The storm, like some great blustering lout,
 Shall play his games with me and shout
 His joy to all the countryside. 45
 Autumn, sun-tanned and April-eyed,
 Shall scamper by and send his hosts
 Of leaves, like brown and merry ghosts,
 To frolic over me; and stones
 Shall feel the dancing in their bones. 50
 And red-cheeked Winter too shall be
 A jovial bedfellow for me,
 Setting the startled hours ringing
 With boisterous tales and lusty singing.

And, like a mother that has smiled 55
 For years on every tired child,
 Summer shall hold me in her lap . . .
 And when the root stirs and the sap
 Climbs anxiously beyond the boughs,
 And all the friendly worms carouse, 60
 Then, oh, how proudly, we shall sing
 Bravuras for the feet of Spring!

62. *Bravuras*, brilliant musical passages.

And I shall lie forever there
Like some great king, and watch the fair
Young Spring dance on for me, and
know 65

That love and rosy valleys glow
Where'er her blithe feet touch the
earth.

And headlong joy and reckless mirth
Seeing her footsteps shall pursue.

Oh, I shall watch her smile and strew 70
Laughter and life with either hand;

And every quiver of the land,
Shall pierce me, while a joyful wave
Beats in upon my radiant grave.

Aye, like a king in deathless state 75

I shall be throned, and contemplate

The dying of the years, the vast

Vague panorama of the past,

The march of centuries, the surge

Of ages . . . but the deathless urge 80

Shall stir me always, and my will

Shall laugh to keep me living still;

Thrilling with every call and cry—

Too much in love with life to die.

Content to touch the earth, to hear 85

The whisper of each waiting year,

To help the stars go proudly by,

To speed the timid grass; and lie,

Sharing, with every movement's breath,

The rich eternity of Death. (1914)

ON THE PALISADES

And still we climbed,

Upward into those sheer and threaten-
ing cliffs

Storming against the sky.

As though to stop our impudent assault,

The sun laid great hot hands upon our
backs, 5

And bent them down.

There were no bluff, good-humored
winds to push us on;

There were no shrubs to grasp, no staff
to aid.

Laughter was all we leaned on.

We dared not turn to view the dizzy
depth; and then 10

At last the height, and the long climb
over!

And laughing still, we drew long, pant-
ing breaths;

And our pulses jumped with a proud
and foolish thrill,

As though we had gained not merely
the top of a hill,

But a victory. 15

Up here the gaunt earth seemed to
sprawl,

Stretching its legs beyond the cramping
skies,

And lie upon its cloudy back and
yawn.

Rhythmical breezes arose,

Like a strong man awaking from
sleep,

Like the measured breathing of Day. 21

And the earth stirred and called us.

An unseen path sprang from the under-
growth,

And dodged among the bushes lightly,
beckoning us on;

Vine-snares and rocks made way for us;

Daisies threw themselves before our
feet;

The eager little armies of the grass, 27

Waving their happy spears, ran on
beside us.

And when we slackened, when we
thought of resting,

The running grasses stopped, the earth
sank back into itself, 30

Became a living pillow, a soft breast,

And every branch held out its com-
forting arms.

The winds pressed close, and, growing
gentle, sang to us;

And so we sat beneath the mothering
trees.

Languor leaned down 35

And, whispering peace, drew us into
ourselves;

And in the drowsy sunlight

We mused, escaping from the clanging
world,

Happy to sink in visions and soft
fantasies

For solace—and for strength; 40

To dip into a dream, as into sleep,
And wring new ardor from it, and rise

refreshed;

Irradiant, held by no soothing past,

Blundering brightly on.
Then, in an unseen flash, 45
The air was sharp with energy again;
The afternoon tingled and snapped,
electric with laughter.

And he, our friend and lover, our buoy-
ant, swaggering boy—
His soul as fiery as his flaming hair—
Began to sing this snatch of ancient
rime 50
Caught from the pickers in the cotton-
fields:

*"Lord he thought he'd make a man.
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)
Made him out er earth an' han'ful er
san'.*
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.) 55

*"I know it; indeed, I know it, brudders;
I know it. Dese bones gwine ter rise again.*

*"Thought he'd make an 'umman, too;
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)
Didn't know 'zackly what ter do. 60
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)*

*"Tuk one rib f'um Adam's side.
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)
Made Miss Eve for to be his bride.
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)"*

Five hundred feet below us lay the world.
The Sunday-colored crowds busy at
play, 67
The children, the tawdry lovers, and
the far-off tremor of ships,
Came to us, caught us out of the blurring
vastness,
As things remembered from dreams...
And still he sang, while we joined in
with childlike eagerness 71
The deep infectious music of a childlike
race:

*"Sot 'em in a gyarden rich an' fair;
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)
Tol' 'em day could eat w'atever wuz dere.
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)* 76

*"F'um one tree you mus' not eat;
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)
Ef you do, you'll have to skeet!
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)* 80

*"Sarpint woun' him roun' er trunk;
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)
At Miss Eve his eye he wunk.
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)*

*"I know it; indeed, I know it, brud-
ders; 85
I know it—"*

Like a blue snake uncoiled,
The lazy river, stretching between the
banks,
Smoothed out its rippling folds, splotchy
with sunlight,
And slept again, basking in silence. 90
A sea-gull chattered stridently;
We heard, breaking the rhythms of the
song,
The cough of the asthmatic motor-boat
Spluttering toward the pier...
And stillness again. 95

*"Lord he come wid a 'ponstrous voice;
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)
Shook dis whole earth to its joists.
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)*

*"'Adam, Adam, where art thou?' 100
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)
'Yas, good Lord, I's a-comin' now.'
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)*

*"'Stole my apples, I believe—'
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.) 105
'No, Marse Lord, I 'speck 'twas Eve.'
(Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)"*

The little boat drew nearer toward the
land,
Still puffing like a wheezy runner out of
breath.
And we could see, crowding its narrow
decks, 110
The little human midges, remote and so
unhuman,
Seeming to belong less to life than the
fearless ants,
That swarmed upon the remnants of
our lunch,
Heedless of all the gods on whom
they casually dared to climb.
So far the people seemed! 115
And still a faint stirring reached us;

A thin thread of music flung its airy
filaments toward heaven,
Where we, the happy deities, sat enthroned.

Straining our ears, we caught the slender
tone,

"Darling, I am growing old; silver
threads among—" 120

And then it broke.....

And over us rushed the warm flood of
the human need.

Out of the frayed, cheap song something
thrust out

And gripped us like a warm and powerful
hand.

No longer Olympian, aloof upon our
solemn eminence, 125

We crumbled on our heights and yearned
to them.

The very distance had a chill for us.

What if, of a sudden, the boat should
topple and plunge;

And there should rise a confused cry of
people, and the faint, high voice of
a child;

And heads should bob in the water, and
sink like rotten corks, 130

And we, up here so helpless,

Unhuman, and remote . . .

A twilight mist stole up the bay;

In a near-by clump a screech-owl
wailed;

A breeze blew strangely cold, and, with
a covert haste, 135

We gathered up our things, whistled a
breath too loud,

And took the path down to the earth we
knew—

The earth we knew, the dear and casual
world

Of sleep that followed struggle, struggle
that called from sleep—

The harsh, beloved, immortal invitation. 140

And as we walked, the song sprang up
again;

And as we sang, the words took on new
power and majesty.

The dying sun became a part of them,
Gathering his fires in one last singing
beam,

In one bright, lyric death. 145
The skies caught up the chorus, thunder-
ing it back

From every cranny of the windy
heavens;

And, rising from the rocks and silent
waters,

Hailing the happy energy as its own,
The flood of life laughed with that gay
conviction: 150

*I know it. Indeed, I know it, brothers,
I know it. These bones will rise again . . .*

Lulled by no soft and easy dreams,
Out of the crowded agonies of birth on
birth,

Refreshed and radiant, 155
These bones will rise.

Out of the very arms of cradling Death,
These bones! (1917)

HIGHMOUNT

*Hills you have answered the craving
That spurred me to come;
You have opened your deep, blue bosom
And taken me home.*

The sea had filled me with the stress 5
Of its own restfulness;

My voice was in that angry roll
Of passion beating upon the world.

The ground beneath me shifted; I was
swirled

In an implacable flood that howled to
see 10

Its breakers rising in me;
A torrent rushing through my soul
And tearing things free

I could not control.

A monstrous impatience, a stubborn and
vain 15

Repetition of madness and longing, of
question and pain,

Driving me up to the brow of this hill—
Calling and questioning still.

And you—you smile

In ordered calm; 20
You wrap yourself in cloudy contempla-
tion while

The winds go shouting their heroic
psalm;

Highmount. Cf. "The Shore's Song to the Sea"
(page 704).

The streams press lovingly about your
feet;
And trees, like birds escaping from the
head,
Sit in great flocks and fold their broad
green wings . . . 25
A cow bell rings
Like a sound blurred by sleep,
Giving the silence a rhythm
That makes it twice as deep
Somewhere a farm-hand sings 30

And here you stand
Breasting the elemental sea,
And put forth an invisible hand
To comfort me.
Rooted in quiet confidence, you rise 35
Above the frantic and assailing years;
Your silent faith is louder than the cries;
The shattering fears
Break and subside when they encounter
you.
You know their doubts, the desperate
questions— 40
And the answers, too.

*Hills, you are strong; and my burdens
Are scattered like foam.
You have opened your deep, blue bosom
And taken me home.* (1917)

REVEILLE

What sudden bugle calls us in the night
And wakes us from a dream that we
had shaped,
Flinging us sharply up against a fight
We thought we had escaped?

It is no easy waking, and we win 5
No final peace; our victories are few.
But still imperative forces pull us in
And sweep us somehow through.

Summoned by a supreme and confident
power
That wakes our sleeping courage like
a blow, 10
We rise, half-shaken, to the challenging
hour,
And answer it—and go. . . (1917)

Reveille. Cf. "Thy Voice Is Heard Through Rolling
Drums" (page 532) and "Invictus" (page 600).

*CALE YOUNG RICE (1872-

HOW MANY WAYS

How many ways the Infinite has
Tonight, in earth and sky:
A falling star, a rustling leaf,
The night-wind ebbing by.
How many ways the Infinite has: 5
A fire-fly over the lea,
A whippoorwill in the wooded hill,
And your dear love to me.

How many ways the Infinite has:
The moon out of the East; 10
A cloud that waits her shepherding,
To wander silver-fleeced.
How many ways the Infinite has:
A home-light in the West,
And joy deep-glowing in your eyes, 15
Wherein is all my rest. (1918)

"ALL'S WELL"

The illimitable leaping of the sea,
The mouthing of his madness to the
moon,
The seething of his endless sorcery,
His prophecy no power can attune,
Swept over me as, on the sounding
prow 5
Of a great ship that steered into the
stars,
I stood and felt the awe upon my brow
Of death and destiny and all that mars.

The wind that blew from Cassiopeia
cast
Wanly upon my ear a rune that rung; 10
The sailor in his eyrie on the mast
Sang an "All's well," that to the spirit
clung
Like a lost voice from some ærial realm
Where ships sail on forever to no shore,
Where Time gives Immortality the
helm, 15
And fades like a far phantom from life's
door.

*A Kentucky poet, whose poems reflect a widespread
interest in nature and in man. He shows the influence
both of the classics and of Whitman. His poems and
plays are now collected in two volumes.
All's Well. Cf. "Bermudas" (page 404) and "Hymn"
(page 412). 9. *Cassiopeia*, a constellation.

"And is all well, O Thou Unweari-
 able,
 Who launchest worlds upon bewildered
 space,"
 Rose in me, "All? or did thy hand grow
 dull
 Building this world that bears a piteous
 race?" 20
 O was it launched too soon or launched
 too late?
 Or can it be a derelict that drifts
 Beyond thy ken toward some reef of
 Fate
 On which Oblivion's sand forever
 shifts?"

The sea grew softer as I questioned—
 calm 25
 With mystery that like an answer
 moved,
 And from infinity there fell a balm,
 The old peace that God *is*, though all
 unproved.
 The old faith that though gulfs sidereal
 stun
 The soul, and knowledge drown within
 their deep, 30
 There is no world that wanders, no
 not one
 Of all the millions, that He does not
 keep. (1921)

THE SHORE'S SONG TO THE SEA

Out on the rocks primeval,
 The gray Maine rocks that slant and
 break to the sea,
 With the bay and juniper round them,
 And the leagues on leagues before them,
 And the terns and gulls wheeling and
 crying, wheeling and crying over,
 I sat heart-still and listened. 6

And first I could only hear the wind in
 my ears,
 And the foam trying to fill the high rock-
 shallows.

The Shore's Song to the Sea. Cf. "Out of the Cradle
 Endlessly Rocking," (page 662) and "On the Palisades"
 (page 700) in their complete form. Whitman made
 significant use of the lyric within the lyric, and has been
 followed by many American poets. Tennyson used
 a similar device in *The Princess* and "The Brook."

And then, over the wind, over the
 whitely blossoming foam,
 Low, low, like a lover's song beginning,
 I heard the nuptial pleading of the old
 shore, 11
 A pleading ever occultly growing louder:

O sea, glad bride of me!
Born of the bright ether and given to
wed me,
Given to glance, ever, for me, and gleam
and dance in the sun, 15
Come to my arms, come to my reaching
arms,
That seem so still and unavailing to take
you, and hold you,
Yet never forget,
Never by day or night,
The hymeneal delights of your embracings.

Come, for the moon, my rival, shall not
have you; 21
No, for though twice daily afar he beckons
and you go,
You, my bride, a little way back to meet
him,
As if he once had been your lover, he, too,
and again enspelled you,
Soon, soon, I know it is only feigning! 25
For turning, playfully turning, tidally
turning,
You rush foamingly, swiftly back to my
arms!

And so would I have you rush; so rush
now!
Come from the sands where you have
stayed too long,
Come from the reefs where you have wan-
dered silent, 30
For ebbings are good, the restful ebbings
of love,
But, oh, the bridal flowings of it are better!
And now I would have you loose again
my tresses,
My locks rough and weedy, rough and
brown and brinily tangled,
But, oh, again as a bridegroom's, when
your tide whispering in, 35
Lifts them up, pulsingly up with kisses!

Come with your veil thrown back, breaking
to spray!
And, oh, with plangent passion!

Come with your naked sweetness, salt and wholesome, to my bosom;
Let not a cave or crevice of me miss you, or cranny, 40
For, oh, the nuptial joy you float into me,
The cooling ambient clasp of you, I have waited overlong,
And I need to know again its marriage meaning!
For I think it is not alone to bring forth life, that I mate you;
More than life is the beauty of life with love! 45
Plentiful are the children that you bear to me, the blossoms,
The fruits and all the creatures at your breast dewily fed,
But mating is troubled with a far higher meaning—
A hint of a consummation for all things. Come utterly then, 50
Utterly to me come,
And let us surge together, clasped close, in infinite union,
Until we reach a transcendence of all birth, and all dying,
An ecstasy holding the universe blended—
Such ecstasy as is its ultimate Aim! 55
 So sang the shore, the long bay-scented shore,
 Broken by many an isle, many an inlet bird-embosomed,
 And the sea gave answer, bridally, tidally turning,
 And leaped, radiant, into his rocky arms! (1921)

TRANSIENCY

(TO A. H. R.)

Come, let us watch that rock drown in the tide
 (So many things must go, so many things!).
 Once we were young and the sea was not so wide,
 Or love had wings.

Once we could round the earth without a sail, 5
 (The magic winds are gone, the magic foam!)
 Where was the harbor that we did not hail,
 That was not home?
 Come, we will watch the moon with thoughts, not dreams.
 (Whatever goes, love stays, love warm and wise!) 10
 Wingéd is youth; and yet—our way *still* seems
 Toward paradise! (1922)

*MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON
 (1867-1921)

THE BREAKING

(*The Lord God speaks to a youth*)

Bend now thy body to the common weight!
 (But oh, that vine-clad head, those limbs of morn!
 Those proud young shoulders I myself made straight!
 How shall ye wear the yoke that must be worn?)
 Look thou, my son, what wisdom comes to thee! 5
 (But oh, that singing mouth, those radiant eyes!
 Those dancing feet—that I myself made free!
 How shall I sadden them to make them wise?)
 Nay then, thou shalt! Resist not, have a care:
 (Yea, I must work my plans who sovereign sit! 10
 Yet do not tremble so! I cannot bear—
 Though I am God—to see thee so submit!) (1913)

*A Kentucky poet and art critic who did not write a large amount of verse, but whose poem "The Breaking" merits comparison with "Pater Filio" (page 605) and "A Broken Song" (page 629). Her poems are collected in *The Flame in the Wind*.

Transiency. Cf. "We'll Go No More a-Roving" (page 482).

*WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT (1886-)

THE FALCONER OF GOD

I flung my soul to the air like a falcon
flying.

I said, "Wait on, wait on, while I ride
below!

I shall start a heron soon

In the marsh beneath the moon—

A strange white heron rising with silver
on its wings, 5

Rising and crying

Wordless, wondrous things;

The secret of the stars, of the world's
heartstrings

The answer to their woe.

Then stoop thou upon him, and grip
and hold him so!" 10

My wild soul waited on as falcons
hover.

I beat the reedy fens as I trampled
past.

I heard the mournful loon

In the marsh beneath the moon.

And then with feathery thunder—the
bird of my desire 15

Broke from the cover

Flashing silver fire.

High up among the stars I saw his
pinions spire.

The pale clouds gazed aghast

As my falcon stooped upon him, and
gripped and held him fast. 20

My soul dropped through the air—with
heavenly plunder?—

Gripping the dazzling bird my dreaming
knew?

Nay! but a piteous freight,

A dark and heavy weight

Despoiled of silver plumage, its voice
forever stilled— 25

All of the wonder

Gone that ever filled

Its guise with glory. Oh, bird that I
have killed,

*A young Yale poet who has given promise of a brilliant
career as a poet and as a novelist. "The Falconer of
God" is also the title of one of his books of poems.

The Falconer of God. Cf. "Reveille" (page 703).
Modern poets frequently show the contrast between the
aspirations of youth and the realities of life. Cf. the
opening stanzas of "Rabbi Ben Ezra" (page 558), "Sing
Me a Song of Lad That Is Gone" (page 598), "In School-
Days" (page 646)

How brilliantly you flew
Across my rapturous vision when first I
dreamed of you! 30

Yet I fling my soul on high with new
endeavor,

And I ride the world below with a
joyful mind.

I shall start a heron soon

In the marsh beneath the moon—

*A wondrous silver heron its inner dark-
ness fledges! 35*

I beat forever

The fens and the sedges.

The pledge is still the same—for all
disastrous pledges,

All hopes resigned!

My soul still flies above me for the
quarry it shall find. (1914)

*THOMAS S. JONES, JR. (1882-)

AS IN A ROSE-JAR

As in a rose-jar filled with petals sweet
Blown long ago in some old garden
place,

Mayhap, where you and I, a little
space

Drank deep of love and knew that love
was fleet—

Or leaves once gathered from a lost
retreat 5

By one who never will again retrace

Her silent footsteps—one, whose gen-
tle face

Was fairer than the roses at her feet;

So deep within the vase of memory 9

I keep my dust of roses fresh and dear

As in the days before I knew the
smart

Of time and death. Nor aught can take
from me

The haunting fragrance that still
lingers here—

As in a rose-jar, so within the
heart! (1906)

*Thomas S. Jones, Jr. was born in Boonville, New
York, and is active in New York City as a critic and
writer of poems which are exquisite in their simplicity,
romanticism, and mysticism. *The Rose-Jar* and *The
Voice in the Silence* are his two most important books
of poems.

As in a Rose-Jar. Cf. "On the Way to Kew" (page
601).

YOUTH

I shall remember then,
At twilight time or in the hush of dawn,
Or yet, mayhap, when on a straying
 wind
The scent of lilac comes, or when
Some strain of music startles and is
 gone. 5

Old dreams, old roses, all so far behind,
Blossoms and birds and ancient shadow-
 trees,
Whispers at sunset, the low hum of
 bees,
And sheep that graze beneath a summer
 sun.
Will they, too, come, they who in yester-
 year 10
Walked the same paths and in the first
 of spring,
And shall I hear
Their distant voices murmuring?

I shall remember then
When youth is done, 15
With the dim years grown gray;
And I shall wonder what it is that
 ends,
And why they seem so very far away—
Old dreams, old roses, . . . and old friends.
(1906)

MAY-EVE

Over the hill, over the hill,
 The dews are wet and the shadows
 long;
Twilight lingers and all is still
 Save for the call of a faëry-song.

Calling, calling out of the west, 5
 Over the hill in the dusk of day,
Over the hill to a land of rest,
 A land of peace with the world away.

Never again where grasses sweep,
 And lights are low, and the cool
 brakes still— 10
Never a song, but a dreamless sleep,
 Over the hill . . . over the hill.
(1906)

Youth. Cf. "In the Highlands" (page 598).
May-Eve. Cf. "Voices" (page 628).

TO SONG

Here shall remain all tears for lovely
 things
And here enshrined the longing of
 great hearts,
Caught on a lyre whence waking
 wonder starts,
To mount afar upon immortal wings;
Here shall be treasured tender wonder-
 ings, 5
 The faintest whisper that the soul
 imparts,
All silent secrets and all gracious arts
Where nature murmurs of her hidden
 springs.

O magic of a song! here loveliness
May sleep unhindered of life's mortal
 toll, 10
And noble things stand towering
 o'er the tide;
Here mid the years, untouched by time
 or stress,
Shall sweep, on every wind that stirs
 the soul,
The music of a voice that never
 died! (1911)

OF ONE WHO WALKS ALONE

These are the ways of one who walks
 alone,
Sweet silent ways that lead toward
 twilight skies,
Bees softly winging where a low wind
 sighs
Through the hills' hollow, cool and
 clover-blown.

These are the ways that call one back
 again 5
To old forgotten things in faded years,
Swift on a moment of remembered
 tears
They stand from out the dust where
 they have lain.

These are the ways life's simple secrets
 bless,
Keen homely scents borne by each
 haunted wind— 10

Of One Who Walks Alone. Cf. "Ode to a Nightingale" (page 510), and "The Wanderers" (page 626).

Here in the silence one may ever find
That last strange peace whose name is
loneliness. (1911)

DUSK AT SEA

Tonight eternity alone is near:
The sea, the sunset, and the darken-
ing blue;
Within their shelter is no space for fear—
Only the wonder that such things
are true.

The thought of you is like the dusk at
sea— 5
Space and wide freedom and old
shores left far,
The shelter of a lone immensity
Sealed by the sunset and the evening
star. (1911)

*CARL SANDBURG (1878-)

CHICAGO

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's
Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders: 5

They tell me you are wicked and I be-
lieve them, for I have seen your
painted women under the gas lamps
luring the farm boys.
And they tell me you are crooked, and
I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen
the gunman kill and go free to kill
again.

Dusk at Sea. Cf. "Composed by the Sea-Side, near
Calais, August, 1802" (page 468).

*Carl Sandburg is a Chicago journalist who came of
Swedish stock. His profession has made him see very
closely the heart of America's industrial life, and he
writes with vivid power and freedom of expression.
Sandburg is both an idealist and a realist, for out of the
raw stuff of life he builds ideas of power and beauty. Like
Browning, he believes that life must be seen as it is, and
not selectively. *Chicago, Cornhuskers, and Smoke and
Steel* are three of Sandburg's volumes of poetry. The
poems "Chicago" and "Smoke and Steel" are as yet the
most vivid and adequate expressions of modern American
industrial life. But that is not all of Sandburg, as the
equally realistic but tenderly ideal pictures in "Lost,"
"The Harbor," "Under the Harvest Moon," and "Noc-
turne in a Deserted Brickyard" show. Sandburg may
not be the consummation of Whitman's vision of the
American poet, but he is certainly a step on the way.

And they tell me you are brutal and my
reply is: On the faces of women and
children I have seen the marks of
wanton hunger.

And having answered so, I turn once
more to those who sneer at this my
city, and I give them back the sneer
and say to them:

Come and show me another city with
lifted head singing so proud to be
alive and coarse and strong and cun-
ning. 10

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil
of piling job on job, here is a tall bold
slugger set vivid against the little
soft cities;

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for
action, cunning as a savage pitted
against the wilderness,

Bareheaded,
Shoveling,
Wrecking, 15
Planning,
Building, breaking, rebuilding.

Under the smoke, dust all over his
mouth, laughing with white teeth,
Under the terrible burden of destiny
laughing as a young man laughs,
Laughing even as an ignorant fighter
laughs who has never lost a battle, 20
Bragging and laughing that under his
wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs
the heart of the people,

Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling
laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweat-
ing, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool
Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player
with Railroads, and Freight Handler
to the Nation.

(1916)

LOST

Desolate and lone,
All night long on the lake
Where fog trails and mist creeps,
The whistle of a boat
Calls and cries unendingly, 5
Like some lost child
In tears and trouble,
Hunting the harbor's breast
And the harbor's eyes. (1916)

THE HARBOR

Passing through huddled and ugly
 walls,
 By doorways where women haggard
 Looked from their hunger-deep eyes,
 Haunted with shadows of hunger-
 hands,
 Out from the huddled and ugly
 walls, 5
 I came sudden, at the city's edge,
 On a blue burst of lake—
 Long lake waves breaking under the
 sun
 On a spray-flung curve of shore;
 And a fluttering storm of gulls, 10
 Masses of great gray wings
 And flying white bellies
 Veering and wheeling free in the
 open. (1916)

KILLERS

I am singing to you
 Soft as a man with a dead child speaks;
 Hard as a man in handcuffs,
 Held where he cannot move.

Under the sun 5
 Are sixteen million men,
 Chosen for shining teeth,
 Sharp eyes, hard legs,
 And a running of young warm blood in
 their wrists.

And a red juice runs on the green
 grass; 10
 And a red juice soaks the dark soil.
 And the sixteen million are killing . . .
 and killing and killing.

I never forget them day or night:
 They beat on my head for memory of
 them; 15
 They pound on my heart and I cry back
 to them,
 To their homes and women, dreams and
 games.

I wake in the night and smell the
 trenches,
 And hear the low stir of sleepers in
 lines—

Sixteen million sleepers and pickets in
 the dark;
 Some of them long sleepers for always, 20
 Some of them tumbling to sleep to-
 morrow for always,
 Fixed in the drag of the world's heart-
 break,
 Eating and drinking, toiling . . . on a
 long job of killing.

Sixteen million men. (1916)

UNDER THE HARVEST MOON

Under the harvest moon,
 When the soft silver
 Drips shimmering
 Over the garden nights,
 Death, the gray mocker, 5
 Comes and whispers to you
 As a beautiful friend
 Who remembers.

Under the summer roses
 When the flagrant crimson 10
 Lurks in the dusk
 Of the wild red leaves,
 Love, with little hands,
 Comes and touches you
 With a thousand memories, 15
 And asks you
 Beautiful, unanswerable questions.
(1916)

NOCTURNE IN A DESERTED
BRICKYARD

Stuff of the moon
 Runs on the lapping sand
 Out to the longest shadows.
 Under the curving willows,
 And round the creep of the wave line, 5
 Fluxions of yellow and dusk on the
 waters
 Make a wide dreaming pansy of an old
 pond in the night. (1916)

SMOKE AND STEEL

Smoke of the fields in spring is one;
 Smoke of the leaves in autumn anothe-
 er;

Smoke of a steel-mill roof or a battle-
ship funnel—
They all go up in a line with a smoke-
stack,
Or they twist . . . in the slow twist
. . . of the wind. 5

If the north wind comes, they run to the
south.
If the west wind comes, they run to the
east.

By this sign
all smokes
know each other. 10

Smoke of the fields in spring and leaves
in autumn,

Smoke of the finished steel, chilled and
blue,

By the oath of work they swear: "I
know you."

Hunted and hissed from the center
Deep down long ago when God made
us over, 15

Deep down are the cinders we came
from—

You and I and our heads of smoke.

.

Some of the smokes God dropped on
the job

Cross on the sky and count our years
And sing in the secrets of our num-
bers; 20

Sing their dawns and sing their even-
ings,

Sing an old log-fire song:

You may put the damper up,
You may put the damper down,
The smoke goes up the chimney just
the same. 25

Smoke of a city sunset skyline;
Smoke of a country dusk horizon—

They cross on the sky and count our
years.

.

Smoke of a brick-red dust
Winds on a spiral 30
Out of the stacks

For a hidden and glimpsing moon,

This, said the bar-iron shed to the
blooming mill,
This is the slang of coal and steel.
The day-gang hands it to the night-
gang; 35
The night-gang hands it back.

Stammer at the slang of this—
Let us understand half of it.
In the rolling mills and sheet mills,
In the harr and boom of the blast
fires, 40
The smoke changes its shadow
And men change their shadow;
A nigger, a wop, a bohunk changes.

A bar of steel—it is only
Smoke at the heart of it, smoke and the
blood of a man. 45
A runner of fire ran in it, ran out, ran
somewhere else,
And left—smoke and the blood of a
man
And the finished steel, chilled and
blue.

So fire runs in, runs out, runs somewhere
else again,
And the bar of steel is a gun, a wheel, a
nail, a shovel, 50
A rudder under the sea, a steering-gear
in the sky;
And always dark in the heart and
through it,
Smoke and the blood of a man.
Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Gary—they
make their steel with men.

In the blood of men and the ink of
chimneys 55
The smoke nights write their oaths:
Smoke into steel and blood into steel;
Homestead, Braddock, Birmingham,
they make their steel with men.
Smoke and blood is the mix of steel.

The birdmen drone 60
in the blue; it is steel.
a motor sings and zooms.

.

Steel barb-wire around the Works.

Steel guns in the holsters of the guards
at the gates of the Works.

Steel ore-boats bring the loads clawed
from the earth by steel, lifted and
lugged by arms of steel, sung on
its way by the clanking clam-
shells. 65

The runners now, the handlers now, are
steel; they dig and clutch and haul;
they hoist their automatic knuckles
from job to job; they are steel mak-
ing steel.

Fire and dust and air fight in the
furnaces; the pour is timed, the
billets wriggle; the clinkers are
dumped:

Liners on the sea, skyscrapers on the
land; diving steel in the sea, climb-
ing steel in the sky.

Finders in the dark, you, Steve, with
a dinner bucket, you, Steve, clump-
ing in the dusk on the sidewalks
with an evening paper for the
woman and kids, you Steve with
your head wondering where we all
end up—

Finders in the dark, Steve. I hook my
arm in cinder sleeves; we go down
the street together; it is all the
same to us; you, Steve, and the
rest of us end on the same stars;
we all wear a hat in hell together,
in hell or heaven. 70

Smoke nights now, Steve.

Smoke, smoke, lost in the sieves of
yesterday;

Dumped again to the scoops and hooks
today.

Smoke like the clocks and whistles,
always.

Smoke nights now. 75
Tomorrow—something else.

Luck moons come and go;
Five men swim in a pot of red steel.
Their bones are kneaded into the bread
of steel;
Their bones are knocked into coils and
anvils 80

And the sucking plungers of sea-fighting
turbines.

Look for them in the woven frame of a
wireless station.

So ghosts hide in steel like heavy-armed
men in mirrors.

Peepers, skulkers—they shadow-dance
in laughing tombs.

They are always there and they never
answer. 85

One of them said: "I like my job; the
company is good to me; America
is a wonderful country."

One: "Jesus, my bones ache; the com-
pany is a liar; this is a free country,
like hell."

One: "I got a girl, a peach; we save up
and go on a farm and raise pigs
and be the boss ourselves."

And the others were roughneck singers
a long ways from home.

Look for them back of a steel vault
door. 90

They laugh at the cost.

They lift the bird men into the
blue.

It is steel a motor sings and zooms.

In the subway plugs and drums,
In the slow hydraulic drills, in gumbo or
gravel, 95

Under dynamo shafts in the webs of
armature spiders,

They shadow-dance and laugh at the
cost.

The ovens light a red dome.

Spools of fire wind and wind.

Quadrangles of crimson sputter. 100

The lashes of dying maroon let down.

Fire and wind wash out the slag.

Forever the slag gets washed in fire and
wind.

The anthem learned by the steel is:

Do this or go hungry. 105

Look for our rust on a plow.

Listen to us in a threshing-engine
razz.

Look at our job in the running wagon
wheat.

Fire and wind wash at the slag.
Box-cars, clocks, steam-shovels, churns,
pistons, boilers, scissors— 110

Oh, the sleeping slag from the mountains,
the slag-heavy pig-iron will go down many roads.

Men will stab and shoot with it, and
make butter and tunnel rivers, and
mow hay in swaths, and slit hogs
and skin beeves, and steer airplanes
across North America, Europe,
Asia, round the world.

Hacked from a hard rock country,
broken and baked in mills and
smelters, the rusty dust waits

Till the clean hard weave of its atoms
cripples and blunts the drill chewing
a hole in it.

The steel of its plinths and flanges is
reckoned, O God, in one-millionth
of an inch. 115

Once when I saw the curves of fire, the
rough scarf women dancing,
Dancing out of the flues and smoke
stacks—flying hair of fire, flying
feet upside down;

Buckets and baskets of fire exploding
and chortling, fire running wild
out of the steady and fastened
ovens;

Sparks cracking a harr-harr-huff from
a solar-plexus of rock-ribs of the
earth taking a laugh for themselves;

Ears and noses of fire, gibbering gorilla
arms of fire, gold mud-pies, gold
bird-wings, red jackets riding purple
mules, scarlet autocrats tumbling
from the humps of camels, assassinated
czars straddling vermilion
balloons; 120

I saw then the fires flash one by one:
good-by: then smoke, smoke;

And in the screens the great sisters of
night and cool stars, sitting women
arranging their hair,

Waiting in the sky, waiting with slow
easy eyes, waiting and half-murmuring:

"Since you know all
and I know nothing, 125
tell me what I dreamed last night."

Pearl cobwebs in the windy rain,
in only a flicker of wind,
are caught and lost and never know
again.

A pool of moonshine comes and
waits, 130
but never waits long; the wind picks
up
loose gold like this and is gone.

A bar of steel sleeps and looks slant-
eyed
on the pearl cobwebs, the pools of moon-
shine;
sleeps slant-eyed a million years, 135
sleeps with a coat of rust, a vest of
moths,
a shirt of gathering sod and loam.

The wind never bothers . . . a bar of
steel.

The wind picks only . . . pearl cob-
webs . . . pools of moonshine.
(1920)

***JOHN GOULD FLETCHER**
(1886-)

IRRADIATIONS

XXXVI

Like cataracts that crash from a crumb-
ling crag
Into the dull-blue smoldering gulf of a
lake below,
Landlocked amid the mountains, so my
soul
Was a gorge that was filled with the
warring echoes of song.

*One phase of the modern movement in poetry has been the attempt to find a common ground between the arts of poetry, painting, and music. Symbolism or imagist poetry was known in France earlier than in America, but Fletcher, who is a Westerner from Little Rock, Arkansas, and a much traveled and very cultured man, has built up in his free verse a symbolism and imagery of his own. Out of his many volumes of poems *Irradiations* and *Breakers and Granite* are here represented. It is a question how successful nocturnes and symphonies in poetry can be. However, the attempt has certainly been worth making, for many passages in his poems are vivid and brilliant.

Of old, they wore 5
 Shining armor, and banners of broad
 gold they bore;
 Now they drift, like a wild bird's
 cry,
 Downward from chill summits of the
 sky.
 Fountains of flashing joy were their
 source afar;
 Now they lie still, to mirror every
 star. 10
 In circles of opal, ruby, blue, cat-
 thrown,
 They drift down to a dull, dark mono-
 tone.

Pluck the loose strings, singer,
 Thrum the strings;
 For the wind brings distant, drowsy
 bells of song. 15
 Loose the plucked string, poet,
 Spurn the strings,
 For the echoes of memory float through
 the gulf for long.

My songs seem now one humming note
 afar—
 Light as ether, quivering 'twixt star and
 star; 20
 But yet, so still
 I know not whence they come, if mine
 they are.
 Yet that low note
 Increases in force as if it said, "I
 will."
 Kindled by God's fierce breath, it would
 the whole world fill— 25
 Till steadily outwards thrown,
 By trumpets blazoned, from the sky
 down blown,
 It grows a vast march, massive, monot-
 onous, known
 Of old gold trumpeteers 30
 Through infinite years,
 Bursting the white, thronged vaults of
 the cool sky;
 Till hurtling down there falls one mad
 black hammer-blow.
 Then the chained echoes in their maniac
 woe
 Are loosed against the silence, to shriek
 uncannily.
 The strings shiver faintly, poet; 35

Strike the strings,
 Speed the song—
 Tremulous upward rush of wheeling,
 whirling wings. (1915)

FROM SAND AND SPRAY: A SEA SYMPHONY

PART I. THE GALE

Allegro furioso.

Pale green-white, in a gallop across the
 sky,
 The clouds retreating from a perilous
 affray
 Carry the moon with them, a heavy
 sack of gold;
 Sharp arrows, stars between them,
 shoot and play.

The wind, as it strikes the sand, 5
 Clutches with rigid hands
 And tears from them
 Thin ribbons of pallid sleet,
 Long stinging hissing drift,
 Which it trails up inland. 10

I lean against the bitter wind;
 My body plunges like a ship.
 Out there I see gray breakers rise;
 Their raveled beards are white,
 And foam is in their eyes. 15
 My heart is blown from me tonight
 To be transfixed by all the stars.

Steadily the wind
 Rages up the shore.
 In the trees it roars and battles; 20
 With rattling drums
 And heavy spears,
 Toward the house-fronts on it comes.

The village, a loose mass outflung,
 Breaks its path. 25
 Between the walls
 It bounces, tosses in its wrath.
 It is broken; it is lost.

With green-gray eyes,
 With whirling arms, 30
 With clashing feet,

With bellowing lungs,
Pale green-white in a gallop across the
sky,
The wind comes.

The great gale of the winter flings him-
self flat upon earth. 35

He hurriedly scribbles on the sand
His transient tragic destiny. (1915)

FROM SAND AND SPRAY

6. NIGHT OF STARS

Allegro brillante.

The sky immense, bejeweled with rain
of stars,
Hangs over us.
The stars like a sudden explosion pow-
der the zenith
With green and gold;
Northeast, southwest, the Milky Way's
pale streamers 5
Flash past in flame;
The sky is a swirling cataract
Of fire, on high.

Over us the sky up to the zenith
Palpitates with tense glitter; 10
About our keel the foam bubbles and
curdles
In phosphorescent joy.
Flame boils up to meet down-rushing
flame
In the blue stillness.
Aloft a single orange meteor 15
Crashes down the sky. (1915)

FROM VARIATIONS

3. THE NIGHT WINDS

Adagio lamentose.

Wind of the night, wind of the long
cool shadows,
Wind from the garden gate stealing up
the avenue,

Wind caressing my cool pale cheek
completely,
All my happiness goes out to you.

Wind flapping aimlessly at my yellow
window curtain, 5
Wind suddenly insisting on your way
down to the sea,
Buoyant wind, sobbing wind, wind
shuddering and plaintive,
Why come you from beyond through
the night's blue mystery?

Wind of my dream, wind of the delicate
beauty,
Wind strumming idly at the harp-strings
of my heart; 10
Wind of the autumn—O melancholy
beauty,
Touch me once—one instant—you and
I shall never part!

Wind of the night, wind that has fallen
silent,
Wind from the dark beyond crying
suddenly, eerily,
What terrible news have you shrieked
out there in the stillness? 15
The night is cool and quiet and the
wind has crept to sea. (1915)

*SKYSCRAPERS

What are these—angels or demons,
Or steel and stone?
Soaring, alert,
Striped with diversified windows,
These sweep aloft, 5
And the multitude crane their necks
to them—
Are they angels, or demons,
Or stone?

If the gray sapless people,
Moving along the street, thought them
angels, 10
They, too, would be beautiful,
Erect and laughing to the sky for
joy.
If as demons they feared them,
They would smite with fierce hatred

*From *Breakers and Granite*, by permission of the
author and The Macmillan Company.

These brown haughty foreheads; 15
 They would not suffer them to hold the
 sun in trust.
 What are they, then—angels, or demons,
 Or stone?

Deaf, sightless towers
 Unendowed yet with life; 20
 Soaring vast effort
 Spent in the sky till it breaks there.
 You men of my country
 Who shaped these proud visions,
 You have yet to find godhead, 25
 Not here, but in the human heart.

(1921)

*BROADWAY'S CANYON

I

This is like the nave of an unfinished
 cathedral
 With steep shadowy sides.
 Light and shade alternate,
 Repeat, and die away.
 Golden traceries of sunlight, 5
 Blue buttresses of shadow,
 Answer like pier and column,
 All the way down to the sea.

But the temple is still roofless;
 Only the sky above it 10
 Closes it round, encircling
 With its weightless vault of blue.
 There is no image or inscription or
 altar,
 And the clamor of free-moving multi-
 tudes
 Are its tireless organ tones, 15
 While the hammers beat out its chimes.

II

Blue-gray smoke swings heavily,
 Fuming from leaden censers,
 Upward about the street.
 Lamps glimmer with crimson points of
 flame. 20
 The black canyon
 Bares its gaunt, stripped sides.
 Heavily, oppressively, the skies roll on
 above it,

Like curses yet unfulfilled.
 The wind shrieks and crashes; 25
 The burly trucks rumble,
 Ponderous as funeral-cars, undraped,
 and unstrewn with flowers.

(1921)

*THE MOON'S ORCHESTRA

When the moon lights up
 Its dull red campfire through the
 trees,
 And floats out, like a white balloon,
 Into the blue cup of the night, borne
 by a casual breeze,
 The moon-orchestra then begins to
 stir. 5
 Jiggle of fiddles commence their crazy
 dance in the darkness.
 Crickets chirr
 Against the stark reiteration of the
 rusty flutes which frogs
 Puff at from rotted logs
 In the swamp. 10
 And then the moon begins her dance
 of frozen pomp
 Over the lightly quivering floor of the
 flat and mournful river.
 Her white feet slightly twist and
 swirl.
 She is a mad girl
 In an old unlit ballroom 15
 Whose walls, half-guessed at through
 the gloom,
 Are hung with the rusty crape of stark
 black cypress
 Which show, through gaps and tatters,
 red stains half hidden away.

(1921)

*LINCOLN

I

Like a gaunt, scraggly pine
 Which lifts its head above the mournful
 sandhills,
 And patiently, through dull years of
 bitter silence,
 Untended and uncared for, starts to
 grow;

*From *Breakers and Granite*, by permission of the
 author and The Macmillan Company.

*From *Breakers and Granite*, by permission of the
 author and The Macmillan Company.

Ungainly, laboring, huge—⁵
 The wind of the north has twisted and
 gnarled its branches;
 Yet in the heat of midsummer days,
 when thunder-clouds ring the hori-
 zon,
 A nation of men shall rest beneath its
 shade.

And it shall protect them all,
 Hold everyone safe there, watching
 aloof in silence;¹⁰
 Until at last, one mad stray bolt from
 the zenith
 Shall strike it in an instant down to
 earth.

II

There was a darkness in this man
 —an immense and hollow dark-
 ness,
 Of which we may not speak, nor share
 with him nor enter;
 A darkness through which strong roots
 stretched downward into the earth,
 Toward old things:¹⁶

Toward the herdman-kings who walked
 the earth and spoke with God;
 Toward the wanderers who sought for
 they knew not what, and found
 their goal at last;
 Toward the men who waited, only wait-
 ed patiently when all seemed
 lost,
 Many bitter winters of defeat.²⁰

Down to the granite of patience,
 These roots swept, knotted fibrous roots,
 prying, piercing, seeking,
 And drew from the living rock and the
 living waters about it,
 The red sap to carry upward to the
 sun.

Not proud, but humble,²⁵
 Only to serve and pass on, to endure to
 the end through service,
 For the ax is laid at the roots of the
 trees, and all that bring not forth
 good fruit
 Shall be cut down on the day to come
 and cast into the fire.

III

There is a silence abroad in the land
 today,
 And in the hearts of men a deep and
 anxious silence;³⁰
 And, because we are still at last, those
 bronze lips slowly open,
 Those hollow and weary eyes take on
 a gleam of light.

Slowly a patient, firm-syllabled voice
 cuts through the endless silence,
 Like laboring oxen that drag a plow
 through the chaos of rude clay
 fields:

"I went forward as the light goes for-
 ward in early spring,³⁵
 But there were also many things which
 I left behind—

"Tombs that were quiet:
 One, of a mother, whose brief light
 went out in the darkness;
 One of a loved one, the snow on whose
 grave is long falling;
 One only of a child, but it was mine.⁴⁰

"Have you forgotten your graves? Go;
 question them in anguish,
 Listen long to their unstirred lips. From
 your hostages to silence
 Learn there is no life without death, no
 dawn without sun-setting,
 No victory but to him who has given
 all."

The clamor of cannon dies down, the
 furnace-mouth of the battle is
 silent,⁴⁵
 The midwinter sun dips and descends,
 the earth takes on afresh its bright
 colors.

But he whom we mocked and obeyed
 not, he whom we scorned and
 mistrusted,
 He has descended, like a god, to his rest.

Over the uproar of cities,
 Over the million intricate threads of
 life weaving and crossing,⁵⁰
 In the midst of problems we know not,
 tangling, perplexing, ensnaring,
 Rises one white tomb alone.

Beam over it, stars,
 Wrap it 'round, stripes—stripes red for
 the pain that he bore for you—
 Enfold it forever, O flag, rent, soiled,
 but repaired through your an-
 guish; 55
 Long as you keep him there safe, the
 nations shall bow to your law.

Strew over him flowers:
 Blue forget-me-nots from the north and
 the bright pink arbutus

From the east, and from the west,
 rich orange blossom;
 But from the heart of the land take the
 passion-flower— 60

Rayed, violet, dim,
 With the nails that pierced, the cross
 that he bore and the circlet;
 And beside it there lay also one lonely
 snow-white magnolia,
 Bitter for remembrance of the healing
 which has passed. 1916 (1921)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

General References

General Note. The field of personal, subjective, emotional expression in poetry, by whatever name it is called, has been studied both extensively and intensively. The following brief list includes a few of the best treatises on various phases of the subject.

Alden, Raymond M., *An Introduction to Poetry for Students of English Literature*. Holt, New York, 1909. An admirable and scholarly treatment of the aesthetic and technical bases of poetry in general, with especial reference to lyric poetry.

Baum, Franklin P., *The Principles of English Versification*. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1922. A thorough and interesting discussion of the subject.

Eastman, Max, *The Enjoyment of Poetry*. Scribner, New York, 1921. A very informal but very keen exposition of general poetic aesthetics.

Erskine, John, *The Kinds of Poetry*. Duffield, New York, 1920. A delightful and informal consideration of the subject. An excellent introduction to the study of poetry.

Hazlitt, William, *Lectures on English Poets*. Everyman edition, Dutton, New York, 1910. The classic example of aesthetic, appreciative criticism of English poetry. It is not profound in a scholarly sense, but most profound in the aesthetic appreciation of poetry.

Hubbell, Jay B. and Beatty, John O., *An Introduction to Poetry*. Macmillan, New York, 1922. A very interesting study of the subject which lays especial emphasis upon recent poetic developments in England and America.

Lowell, Amy, *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*. Macmillan, New York, 1917. The

first authoritative statement of the aims of the new school of poetry. This truly brilliant study is made inductively in terms of several American exponents of the new school.

Lowe, John L., *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1919. One of the most brilliant and illuminating accounts of the nature and history of poetic development. It is indispensable to any study of poetry.

Neilson, William A., *Essentials of Poetry*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1912. Equally as brilliant and illuminating as *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*. The definitions of the principles governing classicism, romanticism, realism, and the grotesque are admirable. Another book indispensable to a proper understanding of poetry.

Palmer, George H., *Formative Types in English Poetry*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1918. An appreciative study of the subject, which uses the inductive method of studying a type in the work of a given man. A beautifully written and clearly thought-out book.

Perry, Bliss, *A Study of Poetry*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1920. A clear and delightful treatment of the problems raised in the study of lyric poetry, by a great teacher and appreciator of poetry.

Prescott, Frederick C., *The Poetic Mind*. Macmillan, New York, 1922. An admirable synthesis of previous opinions, combining an explanation of general poetic theory with a genuine appreciation of poetry.

Reed, Edward B., *English Lyrical Poetry*. Yale University Press, New Haven, 1912. A vigorous, scholarly study of the historical development of the lyric. It is concrete, exact, just, and clear.

Rhys, Ernest, *English Lyric Poetry* (in The Channels of English Literature Series). Dutton, New York, 1913. An appreciative study of the historical and aesthetic development of English lyric poetry.

Saintsbury, George, *A History of English Prosody*, 3 vols. Macmillan, New York, 1906. A monumental study of the subject, which is always to be consulted with illuminating results.

Schelling, Felix E., *The English Lyric* (in the Types of English Literature Series). Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1913. A significant evaluation, especially of the native, classical, and continental influences upon the development of English lyric poetry.

Wilkinson, Marguerite, *New Voices: An Introduction to Contemporary Poetry*. Macmillan, New York, 1919. With the aid of frequent examples the author traces the growth and principles of the new school.

List of Anthologies

For student and teacher alike the question frequently arises as to what anthology is best. There is no answer to this question, but Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* and *The Oxford Book of English Verse* are eminently satisfactory. For those who wish to acquaint themselves with the trend of modern poetry the following will be found very stimulating and illuminating: *The New Poetry*, an anthology edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice C. Henderson, Macmillan, New York, 1920; *The Little Book of Modern Verse*, and *The Second Book of Modern Verse*, both edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse and published by Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1913 and 1919; *New Voices* edited by Marguerite Wilkinson, and mentioned above; and *Poems of To-day*, edited by Alice C. Cooper, Ginn, New York, 1924.

CHAPTER VI

THE DRAMA

AN INTRODUCTION

I. WHAT IS DRAMA?

Early narrative poetry, as has been shown in the chapters on the epic and the ballad, was composed originally not to be read from a book but to be recited or sung to an audience interested intensely in the adventures of the hero. The minstrel who chanted the deeds of Beowulf, and the country singers who sang of Lord Randal and Sir Patrick Spens were often so filled with the excitement of the recital that they were moved to impersonate the characters of whom they sang and to act out the heroic adventures as though they had themselves taken part in the action. This desire to impersonate, to sink one's identity into that of another, is instinctive. Every teacher of little children knows how readily and naturally they may be induced to "take parts," to assume successively the rôles of Columbus discovering America, of Washington crossing the Delaware, or of scouts and Indians on the western plains. Later on, for most persons, this early interest in dramatics continues.

When literature contains the elements of impersonation and mimetic action, we say that it is dramatic; thus, the ballad "Edward," with its moving dialogue between mother and son, is dramatic narrative. Literature in which the characters are represented as actually speaking and acting as they might do in real life, literature which contains, that is, impersonation, dialogue, and dramatic action—not narrative—is called drama. The word comes from a Greek verb meaning "to do or act." Drama differs from other narrative forms in the fact that its imitation of life is direct and immediate; on a little mock world which we call the stage it mimics life by an actual presentation of human moods and passions. Essentially, drama is written to be presented,

or acted; when it is read from a book, the reader visualizes the action, reconstructing in his mind the words and movements of the characters. Probably no other type of literature presents more variations of form and content, for the stage reflects the times more directly than does any book. Thus, Hamlet calls actors "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time" (*Hamlet* II, ii, 566-567) and advises them "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure" (III, ii, 27-30).

II. THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE DRAMA

A. GREEK AND LATIN

Although there are general principles which have governed the construction of plays in all ages alike, the drama has undergone from period to period great modifications in form and content. The readiest method of exhibiting both the guiding principles and the modifications which have resulted from the "pressures of the time" is through a brief history of the development of the type. In the following paragraphs, therefore, will be given an outline history of the drama, its origin in Greek literature, its development in medieval times, and its course in the literature of England. Incidentally, some attempt will be made to show how the time-pressures have modified the form.

The Greek drama grew out of the Dionysia, or festivals in honor of the wine-god Dionysus. On the altar was sacrificed a goat, the nibbler of the vines, while a chorus, garbed in skins as followers of Dionysus, chanted odes to the god and songs dealing with the deeds of the great national heroes. In time this chorus was organized, divided into two semi-choruses,

and provided with a leader. Thus, in the assumption by the chorus of the rôles of Dionysus's followers, came impersonation; and in the antiphonal, or responsive, chanting of the divided chorus and of the chorus and choral leader came dialogue. The addition to the leader of another speaker and finally of still others, who impersonated the Greek legendary heroes, brought in further dramatic elements, and in the plays of Aeschylus (525-456 B.C.), Sophocles (496?-406 B.C.), and Euripides (480-406 B.C.) we have the fully formed Greek, or Attic, tragedy.

The characteristics of Greek tragedy may be summarized briefly. The occasion was a solemn religious ceremonial. The place was a natural amphitheater in a cup of the hills, with the blue sky above and the bluer Aegean Sea glittering in the distance. As in the Greek epic, the subjects were the familiar material of Greek legend: the trials and sorrows and death of the Greek heroes; the Nemesis, or Fate, which pursued a guilty race, the sins of the father being visited upon the children. The chorus, especially in the earlier Greek tragedy, was an integral part of the play, sharing in the dialogue and chanting odes between the divisions of the tragedy. By the time of the tragedies of Euripides the chorus had become of less importance.

The Greeks called these plays tragedies, perhaps from the *tragos*, or he-goat, which was sacrificed in the original ceremonies of worship. The plays were serious; their mood was sorrowful; they presented the fate of demi-gods and princes fallen from their high estate. The action was solemn and heroic; each tragic actor wore buskins—high-heeled boots—to give him heroic height, and spoke through a large mask, which served at once as make-up and megaphone. Thus Athens established a type of tragedy which was destined to affect the form of dramatic art among western peoples whom the Greek actors never knew.

Every solemn ceremonial has a tendency to create by its formal restrictions a counter-disposition to revelry. So side by side with the serious worship of the wine-god which developed, as has been shown, into the Attic tragedy, there grew up a form of

dramatic art which is in some respects the exact opposite. Not only did the Greeks assemble soberly around the altar of Dionysus, but—dressed in animal skins, like the rout that followed the god in the Greek myths, and filled with new wine—they also reveled through the villages in rough horse-play, burlesquing and mocking all sober-sided individuals. Connected with these coarser festivities were choral odes, too, although they tended to be more hilarious than solemn. Out of the satirical impersonations of these rude actors sprang Attic comedy, which in the plays of Aristophanes (448?-380 B.C.) takes the form of burlesque satires of Attic magistrates and tragic poets and even of parodies of the Greek tragedies in which the very gods are made ridiculous. Aristophanes retained the chorus, but by the time of his successor in the new Attic comedy, Menander (343-292 B.C.), whose plays we know only in fragments, it had sloughed off to a very large extent. Moreover, the laws against the ridiculing of city officials reduced Menander to general satire, and in his work we meet, therefore, generalized type-characters, human follies incarnate, which are held up to ridicule and scorn.

The principles of dramatic construction which were employed by the early Greek tragic poets and by Aristophanes are formulated in the *Poetics* of Aristotle (384-322 B.C.), a Greek philosopher and critic. Aristotle defined tragedy as "an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude; in language embellished with each kind of artistic ornament, the several kinds being found in separate parts of the play; in the form of action, not of narrative; through pity and fear effecting the proper *katharsis*, or purgation, of these emotions."

The function of tragedy, according to Aristotle, was to allow the audience to give harmless expression to their emotions of pity and fear and thus to relieve themselves of these passions; this is the famous *katharsis* theory. Aristotle thought further that the action of tragedy should be heroic in scope and serious in mood. The tragic hero, he believed, should be neither wholly good nor wholly evil; otherwise he would be unnat-

ural and his downfall, moreover, would either arouse a feeling of injustice or create a sense of pleasure rather than of pity. Further, the hero must not be an ordinary man; in order that his tragic fall may be a very obvious descent, his position must be lofty—that of king, prince, or great general. In comedy, on the other hand, the action should be comparatively trivial and the mood light. The comic hero, since he is to be held up to ridicule, must be below the average in social station excepting in deliberate satire and burlesque such as *The Frogs* of Aristophanes. Thus a king could not be a comic hero, whereas a man of lower station or of the slave class could. These dramatic principles of Aristotle, frequently misunderstood and misinterpreted, were destined to control the development of French tragedy after the Renaissance and to affect very markedly English tragedy in the age of Elizabeth. Aristotle wrote comparatively little about comedy, however, and it is not apparent that the French and the Elizabethans were directly influenced by his theory of this form.

Concerning Latin tragedy and comedy relatively little needs to be said. On the whole the Romans copied the Greeks slavishly. Thus the comedies of Plautus (254?-184 B.C.) and Terence (190?-159? B.C.) were adaptations and sometimes even translations of the late or new Attic comedy; and nine of the ten tragedies attributed to Seneca (4? B.C.-65 A.D.) deal with Greek legendary heroes and are imitated from the Attic tragedians and especially from Euripides. The comedies are based on intrigue in middle and low life and are filled with situations creating suspense and laughter, and with stock characters, braggart soldiers, parasites, slave-dealers, slave girls, brazen servants, close-fisted fathers, and unscrupulous prodigal sons. The tragedies of Seneca are declamatory and conventionally moral, and interest in them arises, for modern readers, more from their influence on European drama than from their own merit. Their influence on English drama of the Elizabethan period appears in the division into five acts, the constant moralizing, and the introduction of the "revenge" plot, the chorus, and the ghost.

B. MEDIEVAL

With the spread of Christianity in Europe the Greek drama and its imitations in Latin tragedy and comedy underwent an eclipse, at least as far as any general knowledge of the plays was concerned, and did not appear again until introduced to western nations during the Renaissance. In the meantime, however, drama had made a wholly independent start and had assumed a new form in the religious drama of the Middle Ages. Here again, as with the Greek plays, the cradle of the drama was the church. In the ninth century there was introduced into the elaborate ritual of the Easter service in the cathedrals of Europe a fragment of dramatic action, impersonation, and dialogue, which contained the germ of the religious play. This was the famous *Quem quaeritis*. At the Easter morning service a priest impersonating an angel, dressed in an alb and carrying a palm branch, placed himself quietly before the altar, where a crude representation of the sepulcher had been built. Three other priests bearing boxes and impersonating the three Marys with spices, approached the tomb. The Angel and the Marys chanted this dialogue:

Angel: "Quem quaeritis in sepulchro, o Christicolae?"

Marys: "Iesum Nazarenum crucifixum, o caelicolae."

Angel: "Non est hic; surrexit sicut praedixerat. Ite; nuntiate quia surrexit de sepulchro."

[Angel: "Whom do ye seek in the sepulcher, O Christian women?"

Marys: "Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified, O Heavenly One."

Angel: "He is not here; he has risen as he said. Go; report that he has risen from the sepulcher."]

This dramatic fragment concluded with the chanting of the hallelujah by the choir.

From the *Quem quaeritis* of the Easter service the dramatic impulse spread to the Christmas service, where the manger, the child, Joseph and Mary, and the three shepherds or the three magi formed an obvious parallel for sepulcher, body of Jesus, angel at the tomb, and the three Marys of the Easter play. Then came other

scenes from the New Testament, from the Old Testament, and from the lives of saints and martyrs. The little dramas thus formed became detached from the church liturgy and began an independent existence. Finally, during the six centuries from 1066 to 1600, they gradually moved out of the cathedrals and into the churchyards—this long before any wide range of Biblical events had come to be given dramatically—then into the public squares. The plays were now given, not by priests in Latin, but by laymen in the vernacular. The establishment by Pope Clement V in 1311 of the festival of Corpus Christi, which comes nine weeks after Easter, provided an excellent time for the out-of-door performance of these plays, and the religious drama developed a popularity which continued down to the time of the Reformation and even somewhat beyond. The period of highest popularity of the religious drama in England falls in the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth centuries. On the Continent the various scenes comprising a related group of plays were presented in a fixed location, such as a square or market place. In England the plays were produced by the trade guilds on platforms mounted upon wheels and moved from one point of vantage to another. Thus by standing at one station through the long hours of a Corpus Christi performance, the medieval English theater-goer might see unrolled before him the whole series of Bible stories from the story of Adam and Eve to the overthrow of Satan in the Book of Revelation. So it was that the mystery plays, or miracle plays, as one group of them was called originally, came to have so large a part in the development of the drama on the Continent and in England.

In the Greek drama and its Latin imitations the distinction between tragedy and comedy is clearly worked out. In the medieval religious plays, however, no such clear division appears. Although the plays are serious, they are not genuinely tragic. The play of *Abraham and Isaac*, for example, is only a threatened tragedy, and the passion of Christ is itself a triumph rather than a tragedy. Fun crept into the plays, moreover, and formed a basis for later comedies. The invasion of the comic spirit in the religious plays is not hard to trace.

As was said in discussing the Greek comedy, every serious ceremonial tempts a travesty. This characteristic of human nature the priests of the medieval church had cause to think of when the choir boys, invading the vestment rooms, with mock seriousness robed, invested, and ordained one of their number as bishop, or when they even more blasphemously crowned an ass, and, leading him along, sang Latin burlesque hallelujahs in his honor. Parody, therefore, crept occasionally into the most sacred of the plays, as, for example, *The Second Shepherd's Play*, in which appear in rollicking burlesque a mock baby, a mock cradle, and a mock Joseph and Mary side by side with a serious presentation of the holy family. Comedy crept into the plays at another point, too. The amateur playwrights and actors in the religious plays made no attempt to secure historical accuracy. When, therefore, they wanted models, they turned not to the Bible, but to stock types or to men and women of the village. Seldom did they modify consciously the leading figures of the Bible, such as Christ and the patriarchs and prophets. Evil characters, however, such as devils, Herod, and Pilate, could safely be held up to ridicule, and characters of minor importance could be remolded or developed after contemporary types. Thus, Herod became a ranting braggart, and Noah's wife a shrewish woman who refused to enter the ark until Noah with the help of Ham, Shem, and Japheth pounded her into obedience. The Book of Genesis may be combed through without disclosing a Mrs. Noah like her, but every village in medieval England could produce her equal. So into the religious plays crept social satire just as it crept into Greek and Latin comedy.

The morality plays, which developed during the Middle Ages by the side of the mystery plays, as the dramatized stories from the Bible are called, have also a connection with the church. The early moralities were little more than dramatized sermons or representations of the eternal warfare between vice and virtue—the devil and his grand opposite struggling for the soul of mankind. Instead of the live figures from the Bible, we meet in the moral plays incarnations, often colorless enough, of various

moral and other forces in life. In some respects, therefore, the moral plays are not realistic, as are the Bible plays. From another point of view, however, they are more genuinely dramatic; they present at least a dramatic struggle which ends in a definite result, and many of the figures—especially, it must be confessed, the evil ones—lose much of their abstractness and become quite humanized and individual. The characters of the Vice, or personification of human vices, and of the Devil became particularly popular and found their way under new guises into the comedies of the Elizabethan Age.

C. EARLY TUDOR

With the early Tudor monarchs came the Renaissance, and the literature of the Greeks and the Romans lived again in sixteenth-century England. The comedies of Plautus and Terence were played in the English schools and colleges, sometimes in Latin, sometimes in adaptations and imitations; and after the accession of Elizabeth in 1558, the Latin tragedies of Seneca were translated into English and widely read and copied. So it was that into the Elizabethan drama poured two streams of dramatic influence, that of the old native religious plays, charged with satires of village life, and that of Latin tragedy and comedy.

Comedy was first to develop. In Nicholas Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister* (1541?), written by the headmaster of Eton to be played by his boys, there is a characteristic mixture of Plautus and of village farce. Elizabethan comedy, in fact, is never purely classical, even when it seems externally to be most so; Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, for example, though based on Plautus's *Menaechmi*, has, nevertheless, a heavy charge of native ingredients; and even Ben Jonson, the most classical of Elizabethan playwrights, although he used in his "comedy of humors" the Plautine formula, applied it to material that was realistic and distinctly English. The influence of Seneca on tragedy was stronger than that of Plautus on comedy; as already pointed out, the Senecan division into acts, the revenge plot, the moralizings, the chorus, and even the ghost, reappear in

Elizabethan tragedies, especially of the early period. The influence of the religious plays on the Elizabethan drama came principally from the comic elements; thus, in a sense, the classical influence met with less opposition in tragedy than it did in comedy.

D. ELIZABETHAN

The Elizabethan Age is the outstanding dramatic period in English literature. The drama developed with great rapidity, and plays of all kinds were written literally by the hundred. In this unprecedented productivity schools, universities, court, and public all joined. For plots every sort of material was drawn upon. Classical tales, the world of Greek myth and medieval folklore, biography, history, romances, pastorals, narrative poems, books of travel, French and Italian novelettes, sordid stories of contemporary crime, and realistic skits from London streets were poured freely into dramatic molds and exhibited before private audiences or in the public playhouses of London. Polonius was hardly exaggerating the number of the types of current plays when he called the city players "the best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited" (*Hamlet*, II, ii, 428-432). Shakespeare, who has been called the "myriad-minded," is commended by a contemporary critic for being best in comedies, histories, and tragedies, but there were types of drama which he did not employ. The total mass and the richness of the mixture, classical and native together in a new blend, is amazing. This exuberance of productivity continued beyond the reign of Elizabeth and into the period of James I, who came to the throne in 1603. Before the death of Shakespeare, in 1616, the glory of the Elizabethan drama had begun to fade, the great tragedies giving way to an inartistic revival of the mood of the earlier plays of terror, and the comedies narrowing their varied field to court intrigue. These varying forms and phases cannot all be considered here; in examining the kinds of Elizabethan drama, we will consider, therefore, only the two chief forms, tragedy

and comedy, and these only in their most characteristic manifestations.

Tragedy, as has been said, developed mainly under Senecan influence, and although in many respects it broke away from the strictly classical type and became freer and more romantic, the traces of the Greek and Latin models are very evident. Elizabethan tragedy concerned itself, for example, with the downfall of kings and princes; it was essentially heroic in character—one might almost say aristocratic. The Elizabethan symbol of tragedy is death; so at the end of most of Shakespeare's tragedies the stage is heaped with the dead and the dying, the good having fallen tragically, and the evil having been overthrown to satisfy the ends of poetic justice. Thus the Elizabethan tragedy is usually a very definite type, clearly marked by characteristics that are familiar to readers of Seneca and of Aristotle.

The Elizabethan comedies, on the other hand, present somewhat more variety. The romantic comedy, of which Shakespeare's *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* are examples, usually runs its pleasant course in a love plot. In these plays the course of true love never does run smooth, but in the end lovers are united, estranged couples brought together again, and wedding bells peal for enough young persons to make a pretty tableau. So marriage became as much of a formula in romantic comedy as death did in heroic tragedy. Of course not all Elizabethan comedies run into this mold any more than all Elizabethan tragedies fit the model of *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. Ben Jonson, for example, was a social satirist. From Plautus and Terence—and so, indirectly, from late Greek comedy—he inherited the satirical formula, which he applied to London life. In *Every Man in His Humor*, *Volpone*, *Bartholomew Fair*, and other plays, Jonson crowds his stage with characters who are held together by a slight and obvious intrigue plot, and exposes in each some human folly, foible, or "humor." His comedies are realistic rather than romantic, and in his plots there is more of sordid trickery than of love. He differs from Shakespeare in another important particular: whereas Shakespeare is not often directly critical or didactic, Jonson almost always is, trying very obvi-

ously to scourge folly, vice, and hypocrisy, and to make them appear hideous and undesirable. These two playwrights have been employed here simply as examples; there were many others in the Elizabethan period who wrote romantically or realistically, or who mingled romance and realism.

E. RESTORATION

The Elizabethan Age came to an end in 1642 with the closing of the theaters by the Puritan government. The Restoration of Charles II to the throne in 1660 marks the beginning of the Restoration Drama, characterized by the strong influence of French comedy and tragedy which Charles and his court had come to know in Paris. In the tragedies and heroic plays of this period we find stilted and bombastic presentations of classical and oriental stuff, some of it stolen from Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists. But more famous—one should write notorious—than the tragic and heroic plays of the Restoration period are the Restoration comedies. "How can I introduce to you," asks Thackeray in his characterization of the work of Congreve, one of the Restoration dramatists, "that merry and shameless Comic Muse who won him such a reputation? . . . She was a disreputable, daring, laughing, painted French baggage, that Comic Muse." There was, indeed, nothing quite like her in Elizabethan drama; she was the dramatic incarnation of an artificial age that had run to license in its reactions against the strictness of Puritan rule. The life which is reflected in the Restoration Comedy of Manners is mainly that of an irresponsible, idle upper class, which rated cleverness above virtue, and thought that any intrigue was commendable if successful. Brilliant in diction, sparkling in dialogue, clever in plotting, the Comedy of Manners still stands as the most polished but most shameless satire of contemporary society in English literature.

F. EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Against this scandalous comedy the reaction was inevitable. At the beginning of the eighteenth century Sir Richard Steele in

The Lying Lover and *The Tender Husband* wrote two plays which failed because they were too consciously sentimental and moral. The tendency which he inaugurated continued, however, under the moral influences of the period, expressed in Methodism in religion, and sentimentalism in literature and life, and long before the end of the century the drama had become hopelessly didactic and dull, for the stage was crowded with lay figures which were as remote from life as so many wax images. Against this development Goldsmith in *She Stoops to Conquer* and Sheridan in *The School for Scandal* and *The Rivals* made a brilliant stand. Both playwrights cut sharply away from the stilted "gentility" and the stock stage figures and reverted to the manner but not to the immorality of the Restoration comedy. Although neither writer established a school, both signaled the death of the literary drama, for their plays have the breath of life and differ from most others of the same period as a wood-flower does from a wax imitation under a glass globe.

G. NINETEENTH CENTURY

From the beginning of the nineteenth century the divisions between different types in the drama have tended more and more to break down. The Victorian period saw on the stage much sentimentalism, which descended at times into vapid melodrama. Social satire continued, but there was none so daring and sparkling as that of the Restoration period. With the growth of democracy the passionate, unhappy kings and princes of the classic tragedy disappeared, save for an occasional echo in some play that was more romantic than epic; their places were taken by men and women often of the lowest social classes, whose nobility was of character and soul rather than of blood, and who frequently represented the tragedy and suffering of a group for

which they were but spokesmen. In recent years the stage has been used also to present the tragedies and humors of racial characteristics; so in the one-act plays of John Synge and Lady Gregory are presented the whims and moods of the Irish peasantry. In the modern play there is more instruction, even more propaganda and social protest, than in most English plays since the Elizabethans; thus, as in Galsworthy's plays, drama seems to have been written for purposes of social instruction, and its aim seems to be to create thought; it often presents a question rather than an answer, and leaves the audience pondering. The tragedies are frequently cynical—especially since the World War—and comedy as a pure type has all but disappeared. In its place is *drama*, the drama of ideas, often sober, often satirical, sometimes discontented, restless, and bitter.

In spite of all changes the core of drama has remained the same; it is the mimetic presentation of life, and the plays of Euripides, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Galsworthy, Synge, and Yeats possess common bonds which are readily discernible. The difference between modern plays and those of earlier periods lies essentially in the gradual loss of sharp distinctions in form. Thus the Elizabethans, even when they were most free, exhibited a consciousness of the divisions into comedy, tragedy, and history. Since the end of the eighteenth century, however, the structural differences have tended to disappear, while the scope of the subject-matter has widened. *Drama* has replaced the earlier forms; one type is left, shaded variously under the pressures of content and mood.

Note. A word is needed as to the selections here chosen to represent the drama. Inasmuch as space would not have permitted the inclusion of more than one long play, the one-act form has been used instead, with the resulting ability to represent at least three varieties of dramatic form: tragedy, comedy, and fantasy. It happens that of recent years in England and America these forms have not been kept so distinct as in certain one-act plays written in connection with the Irish Theatre Movement, hence the selection.

CHAPTER VI

SELECTIONS

JOHN M. SYNGE (1871-1909)

*RIDERS TO THE SEA

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

NOTE

After the temporary disruption of the patriotic party in Ireland in the early nineties, an inspired and earnest group of writers, among whom were W. B. Yeats, Edwin Martyn, Lady Gregory, and J. M. Synge, attempted to restore unity of spirit and national consciousness to the Irish people. Their effort resulted in the Irish Literary Renaissance, of which the Irish Theater Movement is a part. Actors were trained, theaters established, and a great number of plays at once composed. The plays took two general forms. One group deals with the folklore and early history, both authentic and legendary, of the Irish; the other group is a realistic portrayal of contemporary Irish life, its superstitions, moods, humors, and pathos. The Irish Theater Movement has been of great importance in the recent development of the theater in America.

J. M. Synge's one-act tragedy, *Riders to the Sea*, which was first performed in 1904, is one of the finest products of the Irish literary movement. Of it, Synge's friend and fellow playwright, Lady Gregory, wrote in her story of the Irish theater:

"But a year later [1904] he brought us his two plays, *The Shadow of the Glen* and the *Riders to the Sea*, both masterpieces, both perfect in their way. He had got the driving force he needed, from his life among the people, and it was working in dialect that had set free his style" (*Our Irish Theater*, 1913, page 125).

The dialect to which Lady Gregory refers as Synge's medium of expression has been described by Mr. Alfred P. Graves (*Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XIV, page 364) as "an artistic modification of the dialect used by those of the Irish peasantry who carry Gaelic turns of thought and expression into their current English speech." Thus in Synge's plays the language differs from literary English not in any phonetic variations but in peculiarity of phrase and expression.

The scene of Synge's tragedy is the Island of Inishmaan, the middle one of the three Aran Islands off the west coast of Ireland at the mouth of Galway Bay. The author first visited this island in 1898 and spent much time there mingling with the people and listening eagerly to their stories. He had been sent to Inishmaan by W. B.

Yeats, who found him in Paris, where for ten years he had been studying and imitating the old French classical dramas of Racine and Corneille. This severe training gave him a mastery of technique, and from his friends on Inishmaan he got the necessary "driving force," to which Lady Gregory refers. As a result *Riders to the Sea* is at once a stirring study of Irish life and a universal tragedy of human fate, as capable of creating the emotions of pity and fear as is the *Oedipus Rex* of Sophocles. In Synge's grim tragedy destiny controls as in the Greek plays, and Maurya's prophetic vision makes of the withered Irish mother, belated to her grave, a veiled figure as terrifying and pathetic as the Trojan prophetess Cassandra. It is significant, however, that whereas the Greeks deal with kings and queens in tragedy, Synge secures the same tragic effects with peasants—an indication of the growing interest in the proletariat.

The superstitions which form part of the mood of the tragedy are described and illustrated in W. B. Yeats's *Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry*, Lady Gregory's *Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland*, and J. M. Synge's own book, *The Aran Islands*, which contains an account of his experiences on the Island of Inishmaan. It is in this volume that he tells of having heard the story of a man whose body was washed ashore on the coast of Donegal, far to the north, and who was thought from his clothes to have been from Inishmaan. This tale was the basis of the Michael episode in the tragedy. The effect of the sea upon those who live on its shores is a frequent theme in English literature, and this tragedy may be compared with Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Merry Men* and other stories and poems in which the sea seems to control men's fate, as it did in the days of the sea-suffering Odysseus.

PERSONS

MAURYA (*an old woman*)
BARTLEY (*her son*)
CATHLEEN (*her daughter*)
NORA (*a younger daughter*)
MEN AND WOMEN

SCENE. *An Island off the West of Ireland. Cottage kitchen, with nets, oilskins, spinning-wheel, some new boards standing by the wall, etc.* CATHLEEN, *a girl of about twenty, finishes kneading cake, and puts it down in the pot-oven by the fire; then wipes her hands, and begins to spin at the wheel.* NORA, *a young girl, puts her head in at the door.*

* Reprinted by permission of John W. Luce and Company.

NORA [*in a low voice*]. Where is she?

CATHLEEN. She's lying down, God help her, and may be sleeping, if she's able.

[NORA comes in softly, and takes a bundle from under her shawl.]

CATHLEEN [*spinning the wheel rapidly*]. What is it you have?

NORA. The young priest is after bringing them. It's a shirt and a plain stocking were got off a drowned man in Donegal.

[CATHLEEN stops her wheel with a sudden movement, and leans out to listen.]

10 NORA. We're to find out if it's Michael's they are; some time herself will be down looking by the sea.

CATHLEEN. How would they be Michael's, Nora? How would he go the length of that way to the far north?

NORA. The young priest says he's known the like of it. "If it's Michael's they are," says he, "you can tell herself he's got a clean burial by the grace of 20 God, and if they're not his, let no one say a word about them, for she'll be getting her death," says he, "with crying and lamenting."

[The door which NORA half closed is blown open by a gust of wind.]

CATHLEEN [*looking out anxiously*]. Did you ask him would he stop Bartley going this day with the horses to the Galway fair?

NORA. "I won't stop him," says he, "but let you not be afraid. Herself 30 does be saying prayers half through the night, and the Almighty God won't leave her destitute," says he, "with no son living."

CATHLEEN. Is the sea bad by the white rocks, Nora?

NORA. Middling bad, God help us. There's a great roaring in the west, and it's worse it'll be getting when the tide's turned to the wind. [She goes 40 over to the table with the bundle.] Shall I open it now?

CATHLEEN. Maybe she'd wake up on us, and come in before we'd done.

19. **clean burial**, i. e., burial with religious rites. The importance of "clean burial" appears as a main theme in the *Antigone* of Sophocles.

[Coming to the table.] It's a long time we'll be, and the two of us crying.

NORA [*goes to the inner door and listens*]. She's moving about on the bed. She'll be coming in a minute.

CATHLEEN. Give me the ladder, and I'll put them up in the turf-loft, the 50 way she won't know of them at all, and maybe when the tide turns she'll be going down to see would he be floating from the east.

[They put the ladder against the gable of the chimney; CATHLEEN goes up a few steps and hides the bundle in the turf-loft; MAURYA comes from the inner room.]

MAURYA [*looking up at CATHLEEN and speaking querulously*]. Isn't it turf enough you have for this day and evening?

CATHLEEN. There's a cake baking at the fire for a short space [*throwing 60 down the turf*], and Bartley will want it when the tide turns if he goes to Connemara.

[NORA picks up the turf and puts it round the pot-oven.]

MAURYA [*sitting down on a stool at the fire*]. He won't go this day with the wind rising from the south and west. He won't go this day, for the young priest will stop him surely.

NORA. He'll not stop him, mother, and I heard Eamon Simon and Stephen 70 Pheety and Colum Shawn saying he would go.

MAURYA. Where is he itself?

NORA. He went down to see would there be another boat sailing in the week, and I'm thinking it won't be long till he's here now, for the tide's turning at the green head, and the hooker's tacking from the east.

CATHLEEN. I hear someone passing 80 the big stones.

NORA [*looking out*]. He's coming now, and he in a hurry.

40 BARTLEY [*comes in and looks round the room. Speaking sadly and quietly*]. Where is the bit of new rope, Cathleen, was bought in Connemara?

CATHLEEN [*coming down*]. Give it to

Stage direction. **turf-loft**, a garret where the turf, or peat, for the fire was stowed away. 78. **hooker**, fishing-boat.

him, Nora; it's on a nail by the white boards. I hung it up this morning, for the pig with the black feet was eating it.

NORA [*giving him a rope*]. Is that it, Bartley?

MAURYA. You'd do right to leave that rope, Bartley, hanging by the boards. [BARTLEY *takes the rope*.] It will be wanting in this place, I'm telling you, if
10 Michael is washed up tomorrow morning, or the next morning, or any morning in the week, for it's a deep grave we'll make him by the grace of God.

BARTLEY [*beginning to work with the rope*]. I've no halter the way I can ride down on the mare, and I must go now quickly. This is the one boat going for two weeks or beyond it, and the fair will be a good fair for horses I heard
20 them saying below.

MAURYA. It's a hard thing they'll be saying below if the body is washed up and there's no man in it to make the coffin, and I after giving a big price for the finest white boards you'd find in Connemara. [*She looks round at the boards*.]

BARTLEY. How would it be washed up, and we after looking each day for nine days, and a strong wind blowing a
30 while back from the west and south?

MAURYA. If it wasn't found itself, that wind is raising the sea, and there was a star up against the moon, and it rising in the night. If it was a hundred horses, or a thousand horses you had itself, what is the price of a thousand horses against a son where there is one son only?

BARTLEY [*working at the halter, to* CATHLEEN]. Let you go down each day, and see the sheep aren't jumping in on the rye, and if the jobber comes you can sell the pig with the black feet if there is a good price going.

MAURYA. How would the like of her get a good price for a pig?

BARTLEY [*to CATHLEEN*]. If the west wind holds with the last bit of the moon let you and Nora get up weed
50 enough for another cock for the kelp.

It's hard set we'll be from this day with no one in it but one man to work.

MAURYA. It's hard set we'll be surely the day you're drowned with the rest. What way will I live and the girls with me, and I an old woman looking for the grave?

[BARTLEY *lays down the halter, takes off his old coat, and puts on a newer one of the same flannel*.]

BARTLEY [*to NORA*]. Is she coming to the pier?

NORA [*looking out*]. She's passing
the green head and letting fall her sails.

BARTLEY [*getting his purse and tobacco*]. I'll have half an hour to go down, and you'll see me coming again in two days, or in three days, or maybe in four days if the wind is bad.

MAURYA [*turning round to the fire, and putting her shawl over her head*]. Isn't it a hard and cruel man won't hear a
70 word from an old woman, and she holding him from the sea?

CATHLEEN. It's the life of a young man to be going on the sea, and who would listen to an old woman with one thing and she saying it over?

BARTLEY [*taking the halter*]. I must go now quickly. I'll ride down on the red mare, and the gray pony'll run behind me. . . . The blessing of God
80 on you. [*He goes out*.]

MAURYA [*crying out as he is in the door*]. He's gone now, God spare us, and we'll not see him again. He's gone now, and when the black night is falling I'll have no son left me in the world.

CATHLEEN. Why wouldn't you give him your blessing and he looking round in the door? Isn't it sorrow enough is on everyone in this house without your
90 sending him out with an unlucky word behind him, and a hard word in his ear?

[MAURYA *takes up the tongs and begins raking the fire aimlessly without looking round*.]

NORA [*turning toward her*]. You're taking away the turf from the cake.

CATHLEEN [*crying out*]. The Son of God forgive us, Nora, we're after

15. the way I can ride, to use if I ride. 23. there's no man in it, dialect pleonasm for "there is no one." 31. If, etc., "even if it wasn't found." 42. jobber, a middleman buyer of cattle. 49-50. weed. . . kelp. Kelp is dried seaweed used for various farm purposes.

forgetting his bit of bread. [*She comes over to the fire.*]

NORA. And it's destroyed he'll be going till dark night, and he after eating nothing since the sun went up.

CATHLEEN [*turning the cake out of the oven*]. It's destroyed he'll be, surely. There's no sense left on any person in a house where an old woman will be talking forever.

[MAURYA sways herself on her stool.]

CATHLEEN [*cutting off some of the bread and rolling it in a cloth; to MAURYA*]. Let you go down now to the spring well and give him this and he passing. You'll see him then and the dark word will be broken, and you can say "God speed you," the way he'll be easy in his mind.

MAURYA [*taking the bread*]. Will I be in it as soon as himself?

CATHLEEN. If you go now quickly. MAURYA [*standing up unsteadily*]. It's hard set I am to walk.

CATHLEEN [*looking at her anxiously*]. Give her the stick, Nora, or maybe she'll slip on the big stones.

NORA. What stick?

CATHLEEN. The stick Michael brought from Connemara.

MAURYA [*taking a stick* NORA gives her]. In the big world the old people do be leaving things after them for their sons and children, but in this place it is the young men do be leaving things behind for them that do be old.

[*She goes out slowly.* NORA goes over to the ladder.]

CATHLEEN. Wait, Nora, maybe she'd turn back quickly. She's that sorry, God help her, you wouldn't know the thing she'd do.

NORA. Is she gone round by the bush?

CATHLEEN [*looking out*]. She's gone now. Throw it down quickly, for the Lord knows when she'll be out of it again.

NORA [*getting the bundle from the loft*]. The young priest said he'd be passing tomorrow, and we might go down and

speak to him below if it's Michael's they are surely.

CATHLEEN [*taking the bundle*]. Did he say what way they were found?

NORA [*coming down*]. "There were two men," says he, "and they rowing round with poteen before the cocks crowed, and the oar of one of them caught the body, and they passing the black cliffs of the north."

CATHLEEN [*trying to open the bundle*]. Give me a knife, Nora; the string's perished with the salt water, and there's a black knot on it you wouldn't loosen in a week.

NORA [*giving her a knife*]. I've heard tell it was a long way to Donegal.

CATHLEEN [*cutting the string*]. It is surely. There was a man in here a while ago—the man sold us that knife—and he said if you set off walking from the rocks beyond, it would be seven days you'd be in Donegal.

NORA. And what time would a man take, and he floating?

[CATHLEEN opens the bundle and takes out a bit of a stocking. They look at them eagerly.]

CATHLEEN [*in a low voice*]. The Lord spare us, Nora! isn't it a queer hard thing to say if it's his they are surely?

NORA. I'll get his shirt off the hook the way we can put the one flannel on the other. [*She looks through some clothes hanging in the corner.*] It's not with them, Cathleen, and where will it be?

CATHLEEN. I'm thinking Bartley put it on him in the morning, for his own shirt was heavy with the salt in it [*pointing to the corner*]. There's a bit of a sleeve was of the same stuff. Give me that and it will do. [NORA brings it to her and they compare the flannel.] It's the same stuff, Nora; but if it is itself, aren't there great rolls of it in the shops of Galway, and isn't it many another man may have a shirt of it as well as Michael himself?

NORA [*who has taken up the stocking*

3. it's destroyed, etc., "he'll be in a bad way," 22. It's hard set I am, "I'm hard put to it." 31. big world, a reference to the mainland. 43. out of it, i.e., out of the way.

53. poteen, moonshine whisky, which the men were trying to smuggle ashore before daybreak. 59. perished, "all to the bad." 76. the way, so that.

and counted the stitches, crying out]. It's Michael, Cathleen, it's Michael; God spare his soul, and what will herself say when she hears this story, and Bartley on the sea?

CATHLEEN [*taking the stocking*]. It's a plain stocking.

NORA. It's the second one of the third pair I knitted, and I put up three
10 score stitches, and I dropped four of them.

CATHLEEN [*counts the stitches*]. It's that number is in it [*crying out*]. Ah, Nora, isn't it a bitter thing to think of him floating that way to the far north, and no one to keen him but the black hags that do be flying on the sea?

NORA [*swinging herself round, and throwing out her arms on the clothes*].
20 And isn't it a pitiful thing when there is nothing left of a man who was a great rower and fisher, but a bit of an old shirt and a plain stocking?

CATHLEEN [*after an instant*]. Tell me is herself coming; Nora? I hear a little sound on the path.

NORA [*looking out*]. She is, Cathleen. She's coming up to the door.

CATHLEEN. Put these things away
30 before she'll come in. Maybe it's easier she'll be after giving her blessing to Bartley, and we won't let on we've heard anything the time he's on the sea.

NORA [*helping CATHLEEN to close the bundle*]. We'll put them here in the corner. [*They put them into a hole in the chimney corner*. CATHLEEN goes back to the spinning-wheel.] Will she see it was crying I was?

40 CATHLEEN. Keep your back to the door the way the light'll not be on you.

[NORA sits down at the chimney corner, with her back to the door. MAURYA comes in very slowly, without looking at the girls, and goes over to her stool at the other side of the fire. The cloth with the bread is still in her hand. The girls look at each other, and NORA points to the bundle of bread.]

CATHLEEN [*after spinning for a mo-*

ment]. You didn't give him his bit of bread?

[MAURYA begins to keen softly, without turning round.]

CATHLEEN. Did you see him riding down?

[MAURYA goes on keening.]

CATHLEEN [*a little impatiently*]. God forgive you; isn't it a better thing to raise your voice and tell what you seen, than to be making lamentation for a thing that's done? Did you see Bartley, I'm saying to you. 50

MAURYA [*with a weak voice*]. My heart's broken from this day.

CATHLEEN [*as before*]. Did you see Bartley?

MAURYA. I seen the fearfulest thing.

CATHLEEN [*leaves her wheel and looks out*]. God forgive you; he's riding the mare now over the green head, and the
60 gray pony behind him.

MAURYA [*starts, so that her shawl falls back from her head and shows her white tossed hair. With a frightened voice*]. The gray pony behind him?

CATHLEEN [*coming to the fire*]. What is it ails you, at all?

MAURYA [*speaking very slowly*]. I've seen the fearfulest thing any person has seen, since the day Bride Dara seen
70 the dead man with the child in his arms.

CATHLEEN and NORA. Uah! [*They crouch down in front of the old woman at the fire.*]

NORA. Tell us what it is you seen.

MAURYA. I went down to the spring well, and I stood there saying a prayer to myself. Then Bartley came along, and he riding on the red mare with the gray pony behind him. [*She puts up her hands, as if to hide something from her eyes.*] The Son of God spare us, Nora! 80

CATHLEEN. What is it you seen?

MAURYA. I seen Michael himself.

CATHLEEN [*speaking softly*]. You did not, mother; it wasn't Michael you seen, for his body is after being found in the

16. **keen**, lament by wailing aloud; the verb is both transitive and intransitive. **black hags**, sea-witches or goblins.

70. **Bride Dara**, etc., probably a reference to a local ghost story. 73. **Uah**, exclamation of alarm and fear.

far north, and he's got a clean burial by the grace of God.

MAURYA [*a little defiantly*]. I'm after seeing him this day, and he riding and galloping. Bartley came first on the red mare; and I tried to say "God speed you," but something choked the words in my throat. He went by quickly; and "The blessing of God on you," says he, and I could say nothing. I looked up then, and I crying, at the gray pony, and there was Michael upon it—with fine clothes on him, and new shoes on his feet.

CATHLEEN [*begins to keen*]. It's destroyed we are from this day. It's destroyed, surely.

NORA. Didn't the young priest say the Almighty God wouldn't leave her destitute with no son living?

MAURYA [*in a low voice, but clearly*]. It's little the like of him knows of the sea. . . . Bartley will be lost now, and let you call in Eamon and make me a good coffin out of the white boards, for I won't live after them. I've had a husband, and a husband's father, and six sons in this house—six fine men, though it was a hard birth I had with every one of them and they coming to the world—and some of them were found and some of them were not found but they're gone now the lot of them. . . . There were Stephen and Shawn, were lost in the great wind, and found, after in the Bay of Gregory of the Golden Mouth, and carried up the two of them on the one plank, and in by that door.

[*She pauses for a moment; the girls start as if they heard something through the door that is half open behind them.*]

NORA [*in a whisper*]. Did you hear that, Cathleen? Did you hear a noise in the northeast?

CATHLEEN [*in a whisper*]. There's someone after crying out by the sea-shore.

MAURYA [*continues without hearing anything*]. There was Sheamus and his father, and his own father again, were lost in a dark night, and not a stick or sign was seen of them when the sun

went up. There was Patch after was drowned out of a curagh that turned over. I was sitting here with Bartley, and he a baby, lying on my two knees, and I seen two women, and three women, and four women coming in, and they crossing themselves, and not saying a word. I looked out then, and there were men coming after them, and they holding a thing in the half of a red sail, and water dripping out of it—it was a dry day, Nora—and leaving a track to the door. 60

[*She pauses again with her hand stretched out toward the door. It opens softly and old women begin to come in, crossing themselves on the threshold, and kneeling down in front of the stage with red petticoats over their heads.*]

MAURYA [*half in a dream, to CATHLEEN*]. Is it Patch, or Michael, or what is it at all?

CATHLEEN. Michael is after being found in the far north, and when he is found there how could he be here in this place? 70

MAURYA. There does be a power of young men floating round in the sea, and what way would they know if it was Michael they had, or another man like him, for when a man is nine days in the sea, and the wind blowing, it's hard set his own mother would be to say what man was it.

CATHLEEN. It's Michael, God spare him, for they're after sending us a bit of his clothes from the far north. 80

[*She reaches out and hands MAURYA the clothes that belong to MICHAEL. MAURYA stands up slowly, and takes them in her hands. NORA looks out.*]

NORA. They're carrying a thing among them and there's water dripping out of it and leaving a track by the big stones.

CATHLEEN [*in a whisper to the women who have come in*]. Is it Bartley it is?

ONE OF THE WOMEN. It is surely, God rest his soul.

[Two younger women come in and pull out the table. Then men carry in the body of BARTLEY, laid on a plank, with a bit of sail over it, and lay it on the table.]

CATHLEEN [to the women, as they are doing so]. What way was he drowned?

ONE OF THE WOMEN. The gray pony knocked him into the sea, and he was washed out where there is a great surf on the white rocks.

[MAURYA has gone over and knelt down at the head of the table. The women are keening softly and swaying themselves with a slow movement. CATHLEEN and NORA kneel at the other end of the table. The men kneel near the door.]

MAURYA [raising her head and speaking as if she did not see the people around her]. They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. . . . I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other. I'll have no call now to be going down and getting Holy Water in the dark nights after Samhain, and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening. [To NORA.] Give me the Holy Water, Nora; there's a small sup still on the dresser. [NORA gives it to her. MAURYA drops MICHAEL'S clothes across BARTLEY'S feet, and sprinkles the Holy Water over him.] It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night till you wouldn't know what I'd be saying; but it's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely. It's a great rest I'll have now, and great sleeping in the long nights after Samhain, if it's only a bit of wet flour we do have to eat, and maybe a fish that would be stinking.

[She kneels down again, crossing herself, and saying prayers under her breath.]

CATHLEEN [to an old man]. Maybe yourself and Eamon would make a

coffin when the sun rises. We have fine white boards herself bought, God help her, thinking Michael would be found, and I have a new cake you can eat while you'll be working.

THE OLD MAN [looking at the boards]. Are there nails with them?

CATHLEEN. There are not, Colum; we didn't think of the nails.

ANOTHER MAN. It's a great wonder she wouldn't think of the nails, and all the coffins she's seen made already.

CATHLEEN. It's getting old she is, and broken.

[MAURYA stands up again very slowly and spreads out the pieces of MICHAEL'S clothes beside the body, sprinkling them with the last of the Holy Water.]

NORA [in a whisper to CATHLEEN]. She's quiet now and easy; but the day Michael was drowned you could hear her crying out from this to the spring well. It's fonder she was of Michael, and would anyone have thought that?

CATHLEEN [slowly and clearly]. An old woman will be soon tired with anything she will do, and isn't it nine days herself is after crying and keening, and making great sorrow in the house?

MAURYA [puts the empty cup mouth downwards on the table, and lays her hands together on BARTLEY'S feet]. They're all together this time, and the end is come. May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul, and on Michael's soul, and on the souls of Sheamus and Patch, and Stephen and Shawn [bending her head]; and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of everyone is left living in the world. [She pauses, and the keen rises a little more loudly from the women, then sinks away. MAURYA continuing:] Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of the Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied.

[She kneels down again, and the curtain falls slowly.] (1904)

LADY AUGUSTA GREGORY
(1859-)

HYACINTH HALVEY

NOTE

Lady Gregory has probably done more than anyone else to popularize Irish legend and Irish life. Not only has she translated the ancient Irish sagas, but in her little dramas of village life she has given a sympathetic and entertaining interpretation of the soul of the Irish people. In America such one-act plays as *Spreading the News*, *The Rising of the Moon*, and *The Workhouse Ward* are widely known and have had an undeniably stimulating influence on dramatic production.

In her notes on *Seven Short Plays*, from which *Hyacinth Halvey* was taken, Lady Gregory gives her own account of its genesis:

"I was pointed out one evening a well-brushed, well-dressed man in the stalls, and was told gossip about him, perhaps not all true, which made me wonder if that appearance and behavior as of extreme respectability might not now and again be felt a burden.

"After awhile he translated himself in my mind into Hyacinth; and as one must set one's original a little way off to get a translation rather than a tracing, he found himself in Cloon, where, as in other parts of our country, 'character' is built up or destroyed by a password or an emotion, rather than by experience and deliberation.

"The idea was more of a universal one than I knew at the first, and I have had but uneasy appreciation from some apparently blameless friends."

How Hyacinth Halvey escaped from Cloon appears in Lady Gregory's *The Full Moon*.

Hyacinth Halvey was first produced at the Abbey Theater, Dublin, on February 19, 1906.

In *Hyacinth Halvey*, as in her other plays, Lady Gregory has made use of the Anglo-Irish idiom which she has named Kiltartan after the district in which she heard it spoken. Mr. Ernest Boyd calls her reproduction "a faithful transcript of actual peasant speech."

PERSONS

HYACINTH HALVEY

JAMES QUIRKE, a butcher

FARDY FARRELL, a telegraph boy

SERGEANT CARDEN

MRS. DELANE, *Postmistress at Cloon*

MISS JOYCE, the Priest's housekeeper

SCENE: *Outside the Post Office at the little town of Cloon. MRS. DELANE at Post Office door. MR. QUIRKE sitting on a chair at butcher's door. A dead sheep hanging beside it, and a thrush in a cage above. FARDY FARRELL playing on a mouth organ. Train whistle heard.*

MRS. DELANE. There is the four-o'clock train, Mr. Quirke.

MR. QUIRKE. Is it now, Mrs. Delane, and I not long after rising? It makes a man drowsy to be doing the half of his work in the nighttime. Going about the country, looking for little stags of sheep, striving to knock a few shillings together. That contract for the soldiers gives me a great deal to attend to.

MRS. DELANE. I suppose so. It's hard enough on myself to be down ready for the mail car in the morning, sorting letters in the half dark. It's often I haven't time to look who are the letters from—or the cards.

MR. QUIRKE. It would be a pity you not to know any little news might be knocking about. If you did not have information of what is going on, who should have it? Was it you, ma'am, was telling me that the new Sub-Sanitary Inspector would be arriving today?

MRS. DELANE. Today it is he is coming, and it's likely he was in that train. There was a card about him to Sergeant Carden this morning.

MR. QUIRKE. A young chap from Carrow they were saying he was.

MRS. DELANE. So he is, one Hyacinth Halvey; and indeed if all that is said of him is true, or if a quarter of it is true, he will be a credit to this town.

MR. QUIRKE. Is that so?

MRS. DELANE. Testimonials he has by the score. To Father Gregan they were sent. Registered they were coming and going. Would you believe me telling you that they weighed up to three pounds?

MR. QUIRKE. There must be great bulk in them, indeed.

MRS. DELANE. It is no wonder he to get the job. He must have a great character, so many persons to write for him as what there did.

FARDY. It would be a great thing to have a character like that.

MRS. DELANE. Indeed I am thinking it will be long before you will get the like of it, Fardy Farrell.

FARDY. If I had the like of that of a character it is not here carrying mes-

7. stags of sheep, scrawny sheep.

sages I would be. It's in Noonan's Hotel I would be, driving cars.

MR. QUIRKE. Here is the priest's housekeeper coming.

MRS. DELANE. So she is; and there is the Sergeant a little while after her.

[Enter MISS JOYCE.]

MRS. DELANE. Good-evening to you, Miss Joyce. What way is his Reverence today? Did he get any ease from the
10 cough?

MISS JOYCE. He did not indeed, Mrs. Delane. He has it sticking to him yet. Smothering he is in the nighttime. The most thing he comes short in is the voice.

MRS. DELANE. I am sorry, now, to hear that. He should mind himself well.

MISS JOYCE. It's easy to say let him mind himself. What do you say to him
20 going to the meeting tonight? [SERGEANT comes in.] It's for his Reverence's *Free-man* I am come, Mrs. Delane.

MRS. DELANE. Here it is ready. I was just throwing an eye on it to see was there any news. Good-evening, Sergeant.

SERGEANT [*holding up a placard*]. I brought this notice, Mrs. Delane, the announcement of the meeting to be held
30 tonight in the Courthouse. You might put it up here convenient to the window. I hope you are coming to it yourself?

MRS. DELANE. I will come, and welcome. I would do more than that for you, Sergeant.

SERGEANT. And you, Mr. Quirke?

MR. QUIRKE. I'll come, to be sure. I forget what's this the meeting is about.

SERGEANT. The Department of Agriculture is sending round a lecturer in
40 furtherance of the moral development of the rural classes. [*Reads.*] "A lecture will be given this evening in Cloon Courthouse, illustrated by magic lantern slides—" Those will not be in it; I am informed they were all broken in the first journey, the railway company taking them to be eggs. The subject of the lecture is "The Building of Char-
50 acter."

8. What way is, how is.

MRS. DELANE. Very nice, indeed. I knew a girl lost her character, and she washed her feet in a blessed well after, and it dried up on the minute.

SERGEANT. The arrangements have all been left to me, the Archdeacon being away. He knows I have a good intellect for things of the sort. But the loss of those slides puts a man out. The thing people will not see it is not likely
60 it is the thing they will believe. I saw what they call *tableaux*—standing pictures, you know—one time in Dundrum—

MRS. DELANE. Miss Joyce was saying Father Gregan is supporting you.

SERGEANT. I am accepting his assistance. No bigotry about me when there is a question of the welfare of any
70 fellow-creatures. Orange and green will stand together tonight. I myself and the station master on the one side; your parish priest in the chair.

MISS JOYCE. If his Reverence would mind me he would not quit the house tonight. He is no more fit to go speak at a meeting than [*pointing to the one hanging outside QUIRKE's door*] that
80 sheep.

SERGEANT. I am willing to take the responsibility. He will have no speaking to do at all, unless it might be to bid them give the lecturer a hearing. The loss of those slides now is a great annoyance to me—and no time for anything. The lecturer will be coming by the next train.

MISS JOYCE. Who is this coming up the street, Mrs. Delane?
90

MRS. DELANE. I wouldn't doubt it to be the new Sub-Sanitary Inspector. Was I telling you of the weight of the testimonials he got, Miss Joyce?

MISS JOYCE. Sure I heard the curate reading them to his Reverence. He must be a wonder for principles.

MRS. DELANE. Indeed it is what I was saying to myself, he must be a very
100 saintly young man.

71. Orange and green, the colors, respectively, of the Protestant supporters of English rule and the Catholic Irish. The standing opposition of the two parties appears elsewhere in the play; the Sergeant is a Protestant and a government officer.

[Enter HYACINTH HALVEY. *He carries a small bag and a large brown paper parcel. He stops and nods bashfully.*]

HYACINTH. Good-evening to you. I was bid to come to the Post-office—

SERGEANT. I suppose you are Hyacinth Halvey? I had a letter about you from the Resident Magistrate.

HYACINTH. I heard he was writing. It was my mother got a friend he deals with to ask him.

SERGEANT. He gives you a very high character.

HYACINTH. It is very kind of him indeed, and he not knowing me at all. But indeed all the neighbors were very friendly. Anything anyone could do to help me they did it.

MRS. DELANE. I'll engage it is the testimonials you have in your parcel? I know the wrapping paper, but they grew in bulk since I handled them.

HYACINTH. Indeed I was getting them to the last. There was not one refused me. It is what my mother was saying, a good character is no burden.

FARDY. I would believe that, indeed.

SERGEANT. Let us have a look at the testimonials.

[HYACINTH HALVEY *opens parcel, and a large number of envelopes fall out.*]

SERGEANT [*opening and reading one by one*]. "He possesses the fire of the Gael, the strength of the Norman, the vigor of the Dane, the stolidity of the Saxon"—

HYACINTH. It was the Chairman of the Poor Law Guardians wrote that.

SERGEANT. "A magnificent example to old and young"—

HYACINTH. That was the Secretary of the De Wet Hurling Club—

SERGEANT. "A shining example of the value conferred by an eminently careful and high-class education"—

HYACINTH. That was the National Schoolmaster.

SERGEANT. "Devoted to the highest ideals of his motherland to such an ex-

tent as is compatible with a hitherto non-parliamentary career"—

HYACINTH. That was the Member for Carrow.

SERGEANT. "A splendid exponent of the purity of the race"—

HYACINTH. The Editor of the *Carrow Champion*.

SERGEANT. "Admirably adapted for the efficient discharge of all possible duties that may in future be laid upon him"—

HYACINTH. The new station-master.

SERGEANT. "A champion of every cause that can legitimately benefit his fellow-creatures"—Why, look here, my man, you are the very one to come to our assistance tonight.

HYACINTH. I would be glad to do that. What way can I do it?

SERGEANT. You are a newcomer—your example would carry weight—you must stand up as a living proof of the beneficial effect of a high character, moral fiber, temperance—there is something about it here I am sure—[*Looks.*] I am sure I saw "unparalleled temperance" in some place—

HYACINTH. It was my mother's cousin wrote that—I am no drinker, but I haven't the pledge taken—

SERGEANT. You might take it for the purpose.

MR. QUIRKE [*eagerly*]. Here is an anti-treating button. I was made a present of it by one of my customers—I'll give it to you [*sticks it in HYACINTH'S coat*] and welcome.

SERGEANT. That is it. You can wear the button on the platform—or a bit of blue ribbon—hundreds will follow your example—I know the boys from the workhouse will—

HYACINTH. I am in no way wishful to be an example—

SERGEANT. I will read extracts from the testimonials. "There he is," I will say, "an example of one in early life who by his own unaided efforts and his high character has obtained a profitable situation"—[*Slaps his side.*] I know what I'll do. I'll engage a few corner-boys from Noonan's bar, just as

37. **Hurling**, a game like quoits. 41. **National schoolmaster**. In the British Isles the free schools are controlled by the National Government.

47. **Member**, i. e., of parliament.

they are, greasy and sodden, to stand in a group—there will be the contrast—The sight will deter others from a similar fate—That's the way to do a tableau—I knew I could turn out a success.

HYACINTH. I wouldn't like to be a contrast—

10 SERGEANT [*puts testimonials in his pocket*]. I will go now and engage those lads—sixpence each, and well worth it—Nothing like an example for the rural classes.

[*Goes off*, HYACINTH *feebly trying to detain him.*]

MRS. DELANE. A very nice man indeed. A little high up in himself, maybe. I'm not one that blames the police. Sure they have their own bread to earn like every other one. And indeed it is often they will let a thing pass.

20 MR. QUIRKE [*gloomily*]. Sometimes they will, and more times they will not.

MISS JOYCE. And where will you be finding a lodging, Mr. Halvey?

HYACINTH. I was going to ask that myself, ma'am. I don't know the town.

MISS JOYCE. I know of a good lodging, but it is only a very good man would be taken into it.

30 MRS. DELANE. Sure there could be no objection there to Mr. Halvey. There is no appearance on him but what is good, and the Sergeant after taking him up the way he is doing.

MISS JOYCE. You will be near to the Sergeant in the lodging I speak of. The house is convenient to the barracks.

HYACINTH [*doubtfully*]. To the barracks?

40 MISS JOYCE. Alongside of it and the barrack yard behind. And that's not all. It is opposite to the priest's house.

HYACINTH. Opposite, is it?

MISS JOYCE. A very respectable place, indeed, and a very clean room you will get. I know it well. The curate can see into it from his window.

HYACINTH. Can he now?

FARDY. There was a good many, I am thinking went into that lodging and left it after.

50 MISS JOYCE [*sharply*]. It is a lodging you will never be let into or let stop in,

Fardy. If they did go they were a good riddance.

FARDY. John Hart, the plumber, left it—

MISS JOYCE. If he did it was because he dared not pass the police coming in, as he used, with a rabbit he was after snaring in his hand.

FARDY. The schoolmaster himself 60 left it.

MISS JOYCE. He needn't have left it if he hadn't taken to card-playing. What way could you say your prayers, and shadows shuffling and dealing before you on the blind?

HYACINTH. I think maybe I'd best look around a bit before I'll settle in a lodging—

MISS JOYCE. Not at all. *You won't* 70 be wanting to pull down the blind.

MRS. DELANE. It is not likely *you* will be snaring rabbits.

MISS JOYCE. Or bringing in a bottle and taking an odd glass the way James Kelly did.

MRS. DELANE. Or writing threatening notices, and the police taking a view of you from the rear.

MISS JOYCE. Or going to roadside 80 dances, or running after good-for-nothing young girls—

HYACINTH. I give you my word I'm not so harmless as you think.

MRS. DELANE. Would you be putting a lie on these, Mr. Halvey? [*Touching testimonials.*] I know well the way *you* will be spending the evenings, writing letters to your relations—

MISS JOYCE. Learning O'Growney's 90 exercises—

MRS. DELANE. Sticking post cards in an album for the convent bazaar.

MISS JOYCE. Reading the *Catholic Young Man*—

MRS. DELANE. Playing the melodies on a melodeon—

MISS JOYCE. Looking at the pictures in the *Lives of the Saints*. I'll hurry on and engage the room for you. 100

HYACINTH. Wait. Wait a minute—

MISS JOYCE. No trouble at all. I told you it was just opposite. [*Goes.*]

58-59. rabbit . . . snaring. The plumber had been violating the game laws by poaching. 90. Learning, etc., i. e., memorizing some spiritual "exercises."

MR. QUIRKE. I suppose I must go upstairs and ready myself for the meeting. If it wasn't for the contract I have for the soldiers' barracks and the Sergeant's good word, I wouldn't go anear it. [*Goes into shop.*]

MRS. DELANE. I should be making myself ready, too. I must be in good time to see you being made an example of, Mr. Halvey. It is I myself was the first to say it; you will be a credit to the town. [*Goes.*]

HYACINTH [*in a tone of agony*]. I wish I had never seen Cloon.

FARDY. What is on you?

HYACINTH. I wish I had never left Carrow. I wish I had been drowned the first day I thought of it, and I'd be better off.

FARDY. What is it ails you?

HYACINTH. I wouldn't for the best pound ever I had be in this place today.

FARDY. I don't know what you are talking about.

HYACINTH. To have left Carrow, if it was a poor place, where I had my comrades, and an odd spree, and a game of cards—and a coursing match coming on, and I promised a new greyhound from the city of Cork. I'll die in this place, the way I am. I'll be too much closed in.

FARDY. Sure it mightn't be as bad as what you think.

HYACINTH. Will you tell me, I ask you, what way can I undo it?

FARDY. What is it you are wanting to undo?

HYACINTH. Will you tell me what way can I get rid of my character?

FARDY. To get rid of it, is it?

HYACINTH. That is what I said. Aren't you after hearing the great character they are after putting on me?

FARDY. That is a good thing to have.

HYACINTH. It is not. It's the worst in the world. If I hadn't it, I wouldn't be like a prize mangold at a show with every person praising me.

FARDY. If I had it, I wouldn't be like a head in a barrel, with every person making hits at me.

HYACINTH. If I hadn't it, I wouldn't be shoved into a room with all the clergy watching me and the police in the back yard.

FARDY. If I had it, I wouldn't be but a message-carrier now, and a clapper scaring birds in the summer time.

HYACINTH. If I hadn't it, I wouldn't be wearing this button and brought up for an example at the meeting.

FARDY [*whistles*]. Maybe you're not, so, what those papers make you out to be?

HYACINTH. How would I be what they make me out to be? Was there ever any person of that sort since the world was a world, unless it might be Saint Antony of Padua looking down from the chapel wall? If it is like that I was, isn't it in Mount Melleray I would be, or with the Friars at Esker? Why would I be living in the world at all, or doing the world's work?

FARDY [*taking up parcel*]. Who would think, now, there would be so much lies in a small place like Carrow?

HYACINTH. It was my mother's cousin did it. He said I was not reared for laboring—he gave me a new suit and bid me never to come back again. I daren't go back to face him—the neighbors knew my mother had a long family—bad luck to them the day they gave me these. [*Tears letters and scatters them.*] I'm done with testimonials. They won't be here to bear witness against me.

FARDY. The Sergeant thought them to be great. Sure he has the samples of them in his pocket. There's not one in the town but will know before morning that you are the next thing to an earthly saint.

HYACINTH [*stamping*]. I'll stop their mouths. I'll show them I can be a terror for badness. I'll do some injury. I'll commit some crime. The first thing I'll do I'll go and get drunk. If I never did it before I'll do it now. I'll get drunk—then I'll make an assault—I tell you I'd think as little of taking a life as of blowing out a candle.

70. St. Anthony of Padua, a famous Augustinian saint of the thirteenth century. 72-73. Mount Melleray . . . Esker, Irish monasteries.

28. coursing match, hunting rabbits with greyhounds or matching the dogs in races. 48. mangold, a variety of beet.

FARDY. If you get drunk you are done for. Sure that will be held up after as an excuse for any breaking of the law.

HYACINTH. I will break the law. Drunk or sober, I'll break it. I'll do something that will have no excuse. What would you say is the worst crime that any man can do?

10 FARDY. I don't know. I heard the Sergeant saying one time it was to obstruct the police in the discharge of their duty—

HYACINTH. That won't do. It's a patriot I would be then, worse than before, with my picture in the weeklies. It's a red crime I must commit that will make all respectable people quit minding me. What can I do? Search your

20 mind now. FARDY. It's what I heard the old people saying there could be no worse crime than to steal a sheep—

HYACINTH. I'll steal a sheep—or a cow—or a horse—if that will leave me the way I was before.

FARDY. It's maybe in jail it will leave you.

HYACINTH. I don't care—I'll confess
30 —I'll tell why I did it—I give you my word I would as soon be picking oakum or breaking stones as to be perched in the daylight the same as that bird, and all the town chirruping to me or bidding me chirrup—

FARDY. There is reason in that, now.

HYACINTH. Help me, will you?

FARDY. Well, if it is to steal a sheep you want, you haven't far to go.

40 HYACINTH [looking round wildly]. Where is it? I see no sheep.

FARDY. Look around you.

HYACINTH. I see no living thing but that thrush—

FARDY. Did I say it was living? What is that hanging on Quirke's rack?

HYACINTH. It's [fingers it] a sheep, sure enough—

50 FARDY. Well, what ails you that you can't bring it away?

HYACINTH. It's a dead one—

FARDY. What matter if it is?

HYACINTH. If it was living I could drive it before me—

FARDY. You could. Is it to your own lodging you would drive it? Sure everyone would take it to be a pet you brought from Carrow.

HYACINTH. I suppose they might.

FARDY. Miss Joyce sending in for news of it and it bleating behind the bed.

HYACINTH [distracted]. Stop! stop!

MRS. DELANE [from upper window]. Fardy! Are you there, Fardy Farrell?

FARDY. I am, ma'am.

MRS. DELANE [from window]. Look and tell me is that the telegraph I hear ticking?

FARDY [looking in at door]. It is, ma'am.

MRS. DELANE. Then botheration to it, and I not dressed or undressed. Wouldn't you say, now, it's to annoy me it is calling me down. I'm coming! I'm coming! [Disappears.]

FARDY. Hurry on, now! hurry! She'll be coming out on you. If you are going to do it, do it, and if you are not, let it alone.

HYACINTH. I'll do it! I'll do it!

FARDY [lifting the sheep on his back]. I'll give you a hand with it.

HYACINTH [goes a step or two and turns round]. You told me no place where I could hide it.

FARDY. You needn't go far. There is the church beyond at the side of the Square. Go round to the ditch behind the wall—there's nettles in it.

HYACINTH. That'll do.

FARDY. She's coming out—run! run!

HYACINTH [runs a step or two]. It's slipping!

FARDY. Hoist it up! I'll give it a hoist! [Halvey runs out.]

MRS. DELANE [calling out]. What are you doing, Fardy Farrell? Is it idling you are?

FARDY. Waiting I am, ma'am, for the message—

MRS. DELANE. Never mind the message yet. Who said it was ready? [Going to the door.] Go ask for the loan of—no, but ask news of—Here, now go bring that bag of Mr. Halvey's to the lodging Miss Joyce has taken—

FARDY. I will, ma'am. [Takes bag and goes out.]

MRS. DELANE [*coming out with a telegram in her hand*]. Nobody here? [*Looks round and calls cautiously.*] Mr. Quirke! Mr. Quirke! James Quirke!

MR. QUIRKE [*looking out of his upper window with soap-sudsy face*]. What is it, Mrs. Delane?

MRS. DELANE [*beckoning*]. Come down here till I tell you.

10 MR. QUIRKE. I cannot do that. I'm not fully shaved.

MRS. DELANE. You'd come if you knew the news I have.

MR. QUIRKE. Tell it to me now. I'm not so supple as I was.

MRS. DELANE. Whisper now, have you an enemy in any place?

MR. QUIRKE. It's likely I may have. A man in business—

20 MRS. DELANE. I was thinking you had one.

MR. QUIRKE. Why would you think that at this time more than any other time?

MRS. DELANE. If you could know what is in this envelope you would know that, James Quirke.

MR. QUIRKE. Is that so? And what, now, is there in it?

30 MRS. DELANE. Who do you think now is it addressed to?

MR. QUIRKE. How would I know that, and I not seeing it?

MRS. DELANE. That is true. Well, it is a message from Dublin Castle to the Sergeant of Police!

MR. QUIRKE. To Sergeant Carden, is it?

40 MRS. DELANE. It is. And it concerns yourself.

MR. QUIRKE. Myself, is it? What accusation can they be bringing against me? I'm a peaceable man.

MRS. DELANE. Wait till you hear.

MR. QUIRKE. Maybe they think I was in that moonlighting case—

MRS. DELANE. That is not it—

MR. QUIRKE. I was not in it—I was but in the neighboring field—cutting

up a dead cow, that those never had a hand in—

MRS. DELANE. You're out of it—

MR. QUIRKE. They had their faces blackened. There is no man can say I recognized them.

MRS. DELANE. That's not what they're saying—

MR. QUIRKE. I'll swear I did not hear their voices or know them if I did hear them.

60 MRS. DELANE. I tell you it has nothing to do with that. It might be better for you if it had.

MR. QUIRKE. What is it, so?

MRS. DELANE. It is an order to the Sergeant bidding him immediately to seize all suspicious meat in your house. There is an officer coming down. There are complaints from the Shannon Fort Barracks.

70 MR. QUIRKE. I'll engage it was that pork.

MRS. DELANE. What ailed it for them to find fault?

MR. QUIRKE. People are so hard to please nowadays, and I recommended them to salt it.

MRS. DELANE. They had a right to have minded your advice.

80 MR. QUIRKE. There was nothing on that pig at all but that it went mad on poor O'Grady that owned it.

MRS. DELANE. So I heard, and went killing all before it.

MR. QUIRKE. Sure it's only in the brain madness can be. I heard the doctor saying that.

MRS. DELANE. He should know.

90 MR. QUIRKE. I give you my word I cut the head off it. I went to the loss of it, throwing it to the eels in the river. If they had salted the meat, as I advised them, what harm would it have done to any person on earth?

MRS. DELANE. I hope no harm will come on poor Mrs. Quirke and the family.

MR. QUIRKE. Maybe it wasn't that, but some other thing—

100 MRS. DELANE. Here is Fardy. I must send the message to the Sergeant. Well, Mr. Quirke, I'm glad I had the time to give you a warning.

35. **Dublin castle**, the seat of the British government in Ireland. 46. **moonlighting case**. Moonlighters engaged in various outrages upon cattle and other property in the country. Mr. Quirke's alibi reveals that he was in an adjoining field cutting up a cow that had died of disease.

MR. QUIRKE. I'm obliged to you, indeed. You were always very neighborly, Mrs. Delane. Don't be too quick now sending the message. There is just one article I would like to put away out of the house before the Sergeant will come.

[Enter FARDY.]

MRS. DELANE. Here now, Fardy—that's not the way you're going to the barracks. Anyone would think you were scaring birds yet. Put on your uniform. [FARDY goes into office.] You have this message to bring to the Sergeant of Police. Get your cap now; it's under the counter.

[FARDY reappears, and she gives him telegram.]

FARDY. I'll bring it to the station. It's there he was going.

MRS. DELANE. You will not, but to the barracks. It can wait for him there.

[FARDY goes off. MR. QUIRKE has appeared at the door.]

MR. QUIRKE. It was indeed a very neighborly act, Mrs. Delane, and I'm obliged to you. There is just *one* article to put out of the way. The Sergeant may look about him then and welcome. It's well I cleared the premises on yesterday. A consignment to Birmingham I sent. The Lord be praised, isn't England a terrible country with all it consumes?

MRS. DELANE. Indeed you always treat the neighbors very decent, Mr. Quirke, not asking them to buy from you.

MR. QUIRKE. Just one article. [Turns to rack.] That sheep I brought in last night. It was for a charity indeed I bought it from the widow woman at Kiltartan Cross. Where would the poor make a profit out of their dead meat without me? Where now is it? Well, now, I could have sworn that that sheep was hanging there on the rack when I went in—

MRS. DELANE. You must have put it in some other place.

MR. QUIRKE [going in and searching and coming out]. I did not; there is no other place for me to put it. Is it gone blind I am, or is it not in it, it is?

MRS. DELANE. It's not there now anyway.

MR. QUIRKE. Didn't you take notice of it there yourself this morning?

MRS. DELANE. I have it in my mind that I did; but it's not there now.

MR. QUIRKE. There was no one here could bring it away?

MRS. DELANE. Is it me myself you suspect of taking it, James Quirke?

MR. QUIRKE. Where is it at all? It is certain it was not of itself it walked away. It was dead, and very dead, the time I bought it.

MRS. DELANE. I have a pleasant neighbor indeed that accuses me that I took his sheep. I wonder, indeed, you to say a thing like that! I to steal your sheep or your rack or anything that belongs to you or to your trade! Thank you, James Quirke. I am much obliged to you indeed.

MR. QUIRKE. Ah, be quiet, woman; be quiet—

MRS. DELANE. And let me tell you, James Quirke, that I would sooner starve and see everyone belonging to me starve than to eat the size of a thimble of any joint that ever was on your rack or that ever will be on it, whatever the soldiers may eat that have no other thing to get, or the English that devour all sorts, or the poor ravenous people that's down by the sea! [She turns to go into shop.]

MR. QUIRKE [stopping her]. Don't be talking foolishness, woman. Who said you took my meat? Give heed to me now. There must some other message have come. The Sergeant must have got some other message.

MRS. DELANE [sulkily]. If there is any way for a message to come that is quicker than to come by the wires, tell me what it is and I'll be obliged to you.

MR. QUIRKE. The Sergeant was up here making an excuse he was sticking up that notice. What was he doing here, I ask you?

MRS. DELANE. How would I know what brought him?

MR. QUIRKE. It is what he did; he made as if to go away—he turned back again and I shaving—he brought away the sheep—he will have it for evidence against me—

MRS. DELANE [*interested*]. That might be so.

10 MR. QUIRKE. I would sooner it to have been any other beast nearly ever I had upon the rack.

MRS. DELANE. Is that so?

MR. QUIRKE. I bade the Widow Early to kill it a fortnight ago—but she would not, she was that covetous!

MRS. DELANE. What was on it?

20 MR. QUIRKE. How would I know what was on it? Whatever was on it, it was the will of God put it upon it—wasted it was, and shivering and refusing its share.

MRS. DELANE. The poor thing.

MR. QUIRKE. Gone all to nothing—wore away like a flock of thread. It did not weigh as much as a lamb of two months.

MRS. DELANE. It is likely the Inspector will bring it to Dublin?

30 MR. QUIRKE. The ribs of it streaky with the dint of patent medicines—

MRS. DELANE. I wonder is it to the Petty Sessions you'll be brought or is it to the Assizes?

MR. QUIRKE. I'll speak up to them. I'll make my defense. What can the Army expect at fippence a pound?

MRS. DELANE. It is likely there will be no bail allowed?

40 MR. QUIRKE. Would they be wanting me to give them good quality meat out of my own pocket? Is it to encourage them to fight the poor Indians and Africans they would have me? It's the Anti-Enlisting Societies should pay the fine for me.

50 MRS. DELANE. It's not a fine will be put on you, I'm afraid. It's five years in jail you will be apt to be getting. Well, I'll try and be a good neighbor to poor Mrs. Quirke.

33. *Petty Sessions* . . . *Assizes*, the local magistrate's court for the trial of petty offenses, and the superior county court for more important cases, respectively.

[MR. QUIRKE, *who has been stamping up and down, sits down and weeps. HALVEY comes in and stands on one side.*]

MR. QUIRKE. Hadn't I heart-scalding enough before, striving to rear five weak children?

MRS. DELANE. I suppose they will be sent to the Industrial Schools?

MR. QUIRKE. My poor wife—

MRS. DELANE. I'm afraid the work-house—

MR. QUIRKE. And she out in an ass- 61 car at this minute helping me to follow my trade.

MRS. DELANE. I hope they will not arrest her along with you.

MR. QUIRKE. I'll give myself up to justice. I'll plead guilty! I'll be recommended to mercy!

MRS. DELANE. It might be best for you.

MR. QUIRKE. Who would think so 70 great a misfortune could come upon a family through the bringing away of one sheep!

HYACINTH [*coming forward*]. Let you make yourself easy.

MR. QUIRKE. Easy! It's easy to say let you make yourself easy.

HYACINTH. I can tell you where it is.

MR. QUIRKE. Where what is?

HYACINTH. The sheep you are fret- 80 ting after.

MR. QUIRKE. What do you know about it?

HYACINTH. I know everything about it.

MR. QUIRKE. I suppose the Sergeant told you?

HYACINTH. He told me nothing.

MR. QUIRKE. I suppose the whole town knows it, so? 93

HYACINTH. No one knows it, as yet.

MR. QUIRKE. And the Sergeant didn't see it?

HYACINTH. No one saw it or brought it away but myself.

MR. QUIRKE. Where did you put it at all?

56. *Industrial Schools*, public schools for the poor.

HYACINTH. In the ditch behind the church wall. In among the nettles it is. Look at the way they have me stung. [*Holds out hands.*]

MR. QUIRKE. In the ditch! The best hiding place in the town.

HYACINTH. I never thought it would bring such great trouble upon you. You can't say anyway I did not tell you.

10 MR. QUIRKE. You yourself that brought it away and that hid it! I suppose it was coming in the train you got information about the message to the police.

HYACINTH. What now do you say to me?

MR. QUIRKE. Say! I say I am as glad to hear what you said as if it was the Lord telling me I'd be in heaven this 20 minute.

HYACINTH. What are you going to do to me?

MR. QUIRKE. Do, is it? [*Grasps his hand.*] Any earthly thing you would wish me to do, I will do it.

HYACINTH. I suppose you will tell—

MR. QUIRKE. Tell! It's I that will tell when all is quiet. It is I will give you the good name through the 30 town!

HYACINTH. I don't well understand.

MR. QUIRKE [*embracing him*]. The man that preserved me!

HYACINTH. That preserved you?

MR. QUIRKE. That kept me from ruin!

HYACINTH. From ruin?

MR. QUIRKE. That saved me from disgrace!

40 HYACINTH [*to Mrs. DELANE*]. What is he saying at all?

MR. QUIRKE. From the Inspector!

HYACINTH. What is he talking about?

MR. QUIRKE. From the magistrates!

HYACINTH. He is making some mistake.

MR. QUIRKE. From the Winter 50 Assizes!

HYACINTH. Is he out of his wits?

MR. QUIRKE. Five years in jail!

HYACINTH. Hasn't he the queer talk?

MR. QUIRKE. The loss of the contract!

HYACINTH. Are my own wits gone astray?

MR. QUIRKE. What way can I repay you? 60

HYACINTH [*shouting*]. I tell you I took the sheep—

MR. QUIRKE. You did, God reward you!

HYACINTH. I stole away with it—

MR. QUIRKE. The blessing of the poor on you!

HYACINTH. I put it out of sight—

MR. QUIRKE. The blessing of my five children— 70

HYACINTH. I may as well say nothing—

MRS. DELANE. Let you be quiet now, Quirke. Here's the Sergeant coming to search the shop—

[*SERGEANT comes in. QUIRKE leaves go of HALVEY, who arranges his hat, etc.*]

SERGEANT. The Department to blazes!

MRS. DELANE. What is it putting you out?

SERGEANT. To go to the train to meet 80 the lecturer, and there to get a message through the guard that he was unavoidably detained in the South, holding an inquest on the remains of a drake.

MRS. DELANE. The lecturer, is it?

SERGEANT. To be sure. What else would I be talking of? The lecturer has failed me, and where am I to go looking for a person that I would think 90 fitting to take his place?

MRS. DELANE. And that's all? And you didn't get any message but the one?

SERGEANT. Is that all? I am surprised at you, Mrs. Delane. Isn't it enough to upset a man, within three quarters of an hour of the time of the meeting? Where, I would ask you, am I to find a man that has education 100 enough and wit enough and character enough to put up speaking on the platform on the minute?

MR. QUIRKE [*jumps up*]. It is I myself will tell you that.

SERGEANT. You!

MR. QUIRKE [*slapping HALVEY on the back*]. Look at here, Sergeant. There is not one word was said in all those papers about this young man before you but it is true. And there could be no good thing said of him that would be too good for him.

SERGEANT. It might not be a bad idea.

MR. QUIRKE. Whatever the paper said about him, Sergeant, I can say more again. It has come to my knowledge—by chance—that since he came to this town that young man has saved a whole family from destruction.

SERGEANT. That is much to his credit—helping the rural classes—

MR. QUIRKE. A family and a long family, big and little, like sods of turf—and they depending on a—on one that might be on his way to dark trouble at this minute if it was not for his assistance. Believe me, he is the most sensible man, and the wittiest, and the kindest, and the best helper of the poor that ever stood before you in this square. Is not that so, Mrs. Delane?

MRS. DELANE. It is true indeed. Where he gets his wisdom and his wit and his information from I don't know, unless it might be that he is gifted from above.

SERGEANT. Well, Mrs. Delane, I think we have settled that question. Mr. Halvey, you will be the speaker at the meeting. The lecturer sent these notes—you can lengthen them into a speech. You can call to the people of Cloon to stand out, to begin the building of their character. I saw a lecturer do it one time at Dundrum. "Come up here," he said. "Dare to be a Daniel," he said—

HYACINTH. I can't—I won't—

SERGEANT [*looking at papers and thrusting them into his hand*]. You will find it quite easy. I will conduct you to the platform—these papers before you and a glass of water—That's settled. [*Turns to go.*] Follow me on to the Courthouse in half an hour—I must go to the barracks first—I heard there was a telegram— [*Calls back as he goes.*]

Don't be late, Mrs. Delane. Mind, Quirke, you promised to come.

MRS. DELANE. Well, it's time for me to make an end of settling myself—and indeed, Mr. Quirke, you'd best do the same.

MR. QUIRKE [*rubbing his cheek*]. I suppose so. I had best keep on good terms with him for the present. [*Turns.*] Well, now, I had a great escape this day.

[*Both go in as FARDY reappears whistling.*]

HYACINTH [*sitting down*]. I don't know in the world what has come upon the world that the half of the people of it should be cracked!

FARDY. Weren't you found out yet?

HYACINTH. Found out, is it? I don't know what you mean by being found out.

FARDY. Didn't he miss the sheep?

HYACINTH. He did, and I told him it was I took it—and what happened I declare to goodness I don't know—Will you look at these? [*Holds out notes.*]

FARDY. Papers! Are they more testimonials?

HYACINTH. They are what is worse. [*Gives a hoarse laugh.*] Will you come and see me on the platform—these in my hand—and I speaking—giving out advice. [*FARDY whistles.*] Why didn't you tell me, the time you advised me to steal a sheep, that in this town it would qualify a man to go preaching, and the priest in the chair looking on?

FARDY. The time I took a few apples that had fallen off a stall, they did not ask me to hold a meeting. They welted me well.

HYACINTH [*looking round*]. I would take apples if I could see them. I wish I had broke my neck before I left Carrow and I'd be better off! I wish I had got six months the time I was caught setting snares—I wish I had robbed a church.

FARDY. Would a Protestant church do?

HYACINTH. I suppose it wouldn't be so great a sin.

98. caught setting snares. See note on line 52, page 736.

FARDY. It's likely the Sergeant would think worse of it—anyway, if you want to rob one, it's the Protestant church is the handiest.

HYACINTH [*getting up*]. Show me what way to do it?

FARDY [*pointing*]. I was going around it a few minutes ago, to see might there be e'er a dog scenting the sheep, and I noticed the window being out.

HYACINTH. Out, out and out?

FARDY. It was, where they are putting colored glass in it for the distiller—

HYACINTH. What good does that do me?

FARDY. Every good. You could go in by that window if you had some person to give you a hoist. Whatever riches there is to get in it then, you'll get them.

HYACINTH. I don't want riches. I'll give you all I will find if you will come and hoist me.

FARDY. Here is Miss Joyce coming to bring you to your lodging. Sure I brought your bag to it, the time you were away with the sheep—

HYACINTH. Run! Run!

[*They go off. Enter Miss Joyce*].

MISS JOYCE. Are you here, Mrs. Delane? Where, can you tell me, is Mr. Halvey?

MRS. DELANE [*coming out dressed*]. It's likely he is gone on to the Court-house. Did you hear he is to be in the chair and to make an address to the meeting?

MISS JOYCE. He is getting on fast. His Reverence says he will be a good help in the parish. Who would think, now, there would be such a godly young man in a little place like Carrow!

[*Enter SERGEANT in a hurry, with telegram*].

SERGEANT. What time did this telegram arrive, Mrs. Delane?

MRS. DELANE. I couldn't be rightly sure, Sergeant. But sure it's marked on it, unless the clock I have is gone wrong.

13. colored glass, etc., a reference to a memorial window.

SERGEANT. It is marked on it. And I have the time I got it marked on my own watch.

MRS. DELANE. Well, now, I wonder none of the police would have followed you with it from the barracks—and they with so little to do—

SERGEANT [*looking in at QUIRKE'S shop*]. Well, I am sorry to do what I have to do, but duty is duty.

[*He ransacks shop. MRS. DELANE looks on. MR. QUIRKE puts his head out of window.*]

MR. QUIRKE. What is that going on inside? [*No answer.*] Is there any one inside, I ask? [*No answer.*] It must be that dog of Tannian's—wait till I get at him.

MRS. DELANE. It is Sergeant Carden, Mr. Quirke. He would seem to be looking for something—

[*MR. QUIRKE appears in shop. SERGEANT comes out, makes another dive, taking up sacks, etc.*]

MR. QUIRKE. I'm greatly afraid I am just out of meat, Sergeant—and I'm sorry now to disoblige you, and you not being in the habit of dealing with me—

SERGEANT. I should think not, indeed.

MR. QUIRKE. Looking for a tender little bit of lamb, I suppose you are, for Mrs. Carden and the youngsters?

SERGEANT. I am not.

MR. QUIRKE. If I had it now, I'd be proud to offer it to you, and make no charge. I'll be killing a good kid tomorrow. Mrs. Carden might fancy a bit of it—

SERGEANT. I have had orders to search your establishment for unwholesome meat, and I am come here to do it.

MR. QUIRKE [*sitting down, with a smile*]. Is that so? Well, isn't it a wonder the schemers does be in the world?

SERGEANT. It is not the first time there have been complaints.

MR. QUIRKE. I suppose not. Well,

it is on their own head it will fall at the last!

SERGEANT. I have found nothing so far.

MR. QUIRKE. I suppose not, indeed. What is there you could find, and it not in it?

SERGEANT. Have you no meat at all upon the premises?

10 MR. QUIRKE. I have, indeed, a nice barrel of bacon.

SERGEANT. What way did it die?

MR. QUIRKE. It would be hard for me to say that. American it is. How would I know what way they do be killing the pigs out there? Machinery, I suppose, they have—steam ham-

20 SERGEANT. Is there nothing else here at all?

MR. QUIRKE. I give you my word, there is no meat living or dead in this place, but yourself and myself and that bird above in the cage.

SERGEANT. Well, I must tell the Inspector I could find nothing. But mind yourself for the future.

MR. QUIRKE. Thank you, Sergeant. I will do that.

[Enter FARDY. *He stops short.*]

30 SERGEANT. It was you delayed that message to me, I suppose? You'd best mend your ways or I'll have something to say to you. [*Seizes and shakes him.*]

FARDY. That's the way everyone does be faulting me. [*Whimpers.*]

[*The SERGEANT gives him another shake. A half-crown falls out of his pocket.*]

MISS JOYCE [*picking it up*]. A half-a-crown! Where, now, did you get that much, Fardy?

40 FARDY. Where did I get it, is it!

MISS JOYCE. I'll engage it was in no honest way you got it.

FARDY. I picked it up in the street—

MISS JOYCE. If you did, why didn't you bring it to the Sergeant or to his Reverence?

MRS. DELANE. And some poor person, may be, being at the loss of it.

MISS JOYCE. I'd best bring it to his Reverence. Come with me, Fardy, till 50 he will question you about it.

FARDY. It was not altogether in the street I found it—

MISS JOYCE. There, now! I knew you got it in no good way! Tell me, now.

FARDY. It was playing pitch and toss I won it—

MISS JOYCE. And who would play for half-crowns with the like of you, 60 Fardy Farrell? Who was it, now?

FARDY. It was—a stranger—

MISS JOYCE. Do you hear that? A stranger! Did you see e'er a stranger in this town, Mrs. Delane, or Sergeant Carden, or Mr. Quirke?

MR. QUIRKE. Not a one.

SERGEANT. There was no stranger here.

MRS. DELANE. There could not be 70 one here without me knowing it.

FARDY. I tell you there was.

MISS JOYCE. Come on, then, and tell who was he to his Reverence.

SERGEANT [*taking other arm*]. Or to the bench.

FARDY. I did get it, I tell you, from a stranger.

SERGEANT. Where is he, so?

FARDY. He's in some place—not far 80 away.

SERGEANT. Bring me to him.

FARDY. He'll be coming here.

SERGEANT. Tell me the truth and it will be better for you.

FARDY [*weeping*]. Let me go and I will.

SERGEANT [*letting go*]. Now—who did you get it from?

FARDY. From that young chap came 90 today, Mr. Halvey.

ALL. Mr. Halvey!

MR. QUIRKE [*indignantly*]. What are you saying, you young ruffian you? Hyacinth Halvey to be playing pitch and toss with the like of you!

FARDY. I didn't say that.

MISS JOYCE. You did say it. You said it now.

MR. QUIRKE. Hyacinth Halvey! 100 The best man that ever came into this town!

MISS JOYCE. Well, what lies he has!

MR. QUIRKE. It's my belief the half-crown is a bad one. Maybe it's to pass it off it was given to him. There were tinkers in the town at the time of the fair. Give it here to me. [*Bites it.*] No, indeed, it's sound enough. Here, Sergeant, it's best for you take it.

[*Gives it to SERGEANT, who examines it.*]

SERGEANT. Can it be? Can it be
10 what I think it to be?

MR. QUIRKE. What is it? What do you take it to be?

SERGEANT. It is, it is. I know it. I know this half-crown—

MR. QUIRKE. That is a queer thing, now.

SERGEANT. I know it well. I have been handling it in the church for the last twelvemonth—

20 MR. QUIRKE. Is that so?

SERGEANT. It is the nest-egg half-crown we hand round in the collection plate every Sunday morning. I know it by the dint on the Queen's temples and the crooked scratch under her nose.

MR. QUIRKE [*examining it*]. So there is, too.

SERGEANT. This is a bad business.
It has been stolen from the church.

30 ALL. O! O! O!

SERGEANT [*seizing FARDY*]. You have robbed the church!

FARDY [*terrified*]. I tell you I never did!

SERGEANT. I have the proof of it.

FARDY. Say what you like! I never put a foot in it!

SERGEANT. How did you get this, so?

MISS JOYCE. I suppose from the
40 stranger?

MRS. DELANE. I suppose it was Hyacinth Halvey gave it to you, now?

FARDY. It was so.

SERGEANT. I suppose it was he robbed the church?

FARDY [*sobs*]. You will not believe me if I say it.

MR. QUIRKE. O! the young vagabond! Let me get at him!

MRS. DELANE. Here he is himself
now!

[*HYACINTH comes in. FARDY releases himself and creeps behind him.*]

MRS. DELANE. It is time you to come, Mr. Halvey, and shut the mouth of this young schemer.

MISS JOYCE. I would like you to hear what he says of you, Mr. Halvey. Pitch and toss, he says.

MR. QUIRKE. Robbery, he says.

MRS. DELANE. Robbery of a church.

SERGEANT. He has had a bad name
long enough. Let him go to a reformatory now.

FARDY [*clinging to HYACINTH*]. Save me, save me! I'm a poor boy trying to knock out a way of living; I'll be destroyed if I go to a reformatory.

[*Kneels and clings to HYACINTH's knees.*]

HYACINTH. I'll save you easy enough.

FARDY. Don't let me be jailed!

HYACINTH. I am going to tell them.

FARDY. I'm a poor orphan—

HYACINTH. Will you let me speak?

FARDY. I'll get no more chance in the world—

HYACINTH. Sure I'm trying to free you—

FARDY. It will be tasked to me always.

HYACINTH. Be quiet, can't you.

FARDY. Don't you desert me!

HYACINTH. Will you be silent?

FARDY. Take it on yourself.

HYACINTH. I will if you'll let me.

FARDY. Tell them you did it.

HYACINTH. I am going to do that.

FARDY. Tell them it was you got in at the window.

HYACINTH. I will! I will!

FARDY. Say it was you robbed the box.

HYACINTH. I'll say it! I'll say it!

FARDY. It being open!

HYACINTH. Let me tell, let me tell.

FARDY. Of all that was in it.

HYACINTH. I'll tell them that.

FARDY. And gave it to me.

HYACINTH [*putting hand on his mouth and dragging him up*]. Will you stop and let me speak?

5. tinkers, itinerant pot and kettle menders, thought of as thieves.

76. It will be tasked to me, "I'll be blamed for it."

SERGEANT. We can't be wasting time. Give him here to me.

HYACINTH. I can't do that. He must be let alone.

SERGEANT [*seizing him*]. He'll be let alone in the lock-up.

HYACINTH. He must not be brought there.

SERGEANT. I'll let no man get him off.

HYACINTH. I will get him off.

SERGEANT. You will not!

HYACINTH. I will.

SERGEANT. Do you think to buy him off?

HYACINTH. I will buy him off with my own confession.

SERGEANT. And what will that be?

HYACINTH. It was I robbed the church.

SERGEANT. That is likely indeed!

HYACINTH. Let him go, and take me. I tell you I did it.

SERGEANT. It would take witnesses to prove that.

HYACINTH [*pointing to FARDY*]. He will be witness.

FARDY. O! Mr. Halvey, I would not wish to do that. Get me off and I will say nothing.

HYACINTH. Sure you must. You will be put on oath in the court.

FARDY. I will not! I will not! All the world knows I don't understand the nature of an oath!

MR. QUIRKE [*coming forward*]. Is it blind ye all are?

MRS. DELANE. What are you talking about?

MR. QUIRKE. Is it fools ye all are?

MISS JOYCE. Speak for yourself.

MR. QUIRKE. Is it idiots ye all are?

SERGEANT. Mind who you're talking to.

MR. QUIRKE [*seizing HYACINTH's hands*]. Can't you see? Can't you hear? Where are your wits? Was ever such a thing seen in this town?

MRS. DELANE. Say out what you have to say.

MR. QUIRKE. A walking saint he is!

MRS. DELANE. Maybe so.

MR. QUIRKE. The preserver of the poor! Talk of the holy martyrs! They

are nothing at all to what he is! Will you look at him! To save that poor boy he is going! To take the blame on himself he is going! To say he himself did the robbery he is going! Before the magistrate he is going! To jail he is going! Taking the blame on his own head! Putting the sin on his own shoulders! Letting on to have done a robbery! Telling a lie—that it may be forgiven him—to his own injury! Doing all that I tell you to save the character of a miserable slack lad, that rose in poverty.

[*Murmur of admiration from all.*]

MR. QUIRKE. Now what do you say?

SERGEANT [*pressing his hand*]. Mr. Halvey, you have given us all a lesson. To please you, I will make no information against the boy. [*Shakes him and helps him up.*] I will put back the half-crown in the poor-box next Sunday. [*To FARDY.*] What have you to say to your benefactor?

FARDY. I'm obliged to you, Mr. Halvey. You behaved very decent to me, very decent indeed. I'll never let a word be said against you if I live to be a hundred years.

SERGEANT [*wiping eyes with a blue handkerchief*]. I will tell it at the meeting. It will be a great encouragement to them to build up their character. I'll tell it to the priest and he taking the chair——

HYACINTH. O stop, will you——

MR. QUIRKE. The chair. It's in the chair he himself should be. It's in a chair we will put him now. It's to chair him through the streets we will. Sure he'll be an example and a blessing to the whole of the town. [*Seizes HALVEY and seats him in chair.*] Now, Sergeant, give a hand. Here, Fardy.

[*They all lift the chair with HALVEY in it, wildly protesting.*]

MR. QUIRKE. Come along now to the Courthouse. Three cheers for Hyacinth Halvey! Hip! hip! hooray!

[*Cheers heard in the distance as the curtain drops.*]

(1906)

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865-)

NOTE

One phase of the Irish Literary Renaissance was the revival of Irish folklore and legend. This revival found expression in quaint story, verse, and drama. To all of these types Mr. W. B. Yeats has made significant contributions. Some of his poems appear on page 633 of this volume. *The Land of Heart's Desire* was first played in 1894 in Ireland; in 1901 it appeared in America; in 1912 it was produced in the Abbey Theater in Dublin; and it appeared again in Ireland in 1923. Synge's *Riders to the Sea* is a poignant tragedy, Lady Gregory's *Hyacinth Halvey*, a lively realistic comedy, Mr. Yeats's play a lyric fantasy. The three together illustrate the most significant phases of the new Irish national drama. Mr. Yeats's fantasy is steeped in folklore, with belief in fairies and in the changeling child as a basis. Altogether it is one of the most delicately beautiful of all the recent literary embodiments of Irish legend.

*THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

O Rose, thou art sick.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

MAURTEEN BRUIN
BRIDGET BRUIN
SHAWN BRUIN
MARY BRUIN
FATHER HART
A FAERY CHILD

The Scene is laid in the Barony of Kilmacowen, in the County of Sligo, and at a remote time.

SCENE.—*A room with a hearth on the floor in the middle of a deep alcove to the Right. There are benches in the alcove and a table; and a crucifix on the wall. The alcove is full of a glow of light from the fire. There is an open door facing the audience to the Left, and to the left of this a bench. Through the door one can see the forest. It is night, but the moon or a late sunset glimmers through the trees and carries the eye far off into a vague, mysterious world. MAURTEEN BRUIN, SHAWN BRUIN, and BRIDGET BRUIN sit in the alcove at the table or about the fire. They are dressed in the costume of some remote time, and near*

them sits an old priest, FATHER HART. He may be dressed as a friar. There is food and drink upon the table. MARY BRUIN stands by the door reading a book. If she looks up she can see through the door into the wood.

BRIDGET. Because I bid her clean the pots for supper
She took that old book down out of the thatch;
She has been doubled over it ever since.
We should be deafened by her groans and moans
Had she to work as some do, Father Hart;
Get up at dawn like me and mend and scour
Or ride abroad in the boisterous night like you,
The pyx and blessed bread under your arm.

SHAWN. Mother, you are too cross.

BRIDGET. You've married her,
And fear to vex her and so take her part.
MAURTEEN [*to FATHER HART*]. It is but right that youth should side with youth;
She quarrels with my wife a bit at times,
And is too deep just now in the old book!

But do not blame her greatly: [she will grow
As quiet as a puff-ball in a tree
When but the moons of marriage dawn and die
For half a score of times].

FATHER HART. Their hearts are wild,
As be the hearts of birds, till children come.

BRIDGET. She would not mind the kettle, milk the cow,
Or even lay the knives and spread the cloth.

SHAWN. Mother, if only—

MAURTEEN. Shawn, this is half empty;
Go, bring up the best bottle that we have.

FATHER HART. I never saw her read a book before;
What can it be?

8. pyx, a container for the sacred communion wafers of the Catholic Church.

14 ff. "When revised last spring the passages between brackets were left out." W. B. Yeats, 1923.

* From *Plays and Controversies*, 1924, of the revised Collected Edition of Yeats's Works, by permission of The Macmillan Company.

MAURTEEN [*to SHAWN*]. What are you waiting for?

You must not shake it when you draw the cork;

It's precious wine, so take your time about it.

[*To Priest*] [*SHAWN goes.*]

[There was a Spaniard wrecked at Ocris Head,

When I was young, and I have still some bottles.]

He cannot bear to hear her blamed; the book

Has lain up in the thatch these fifty years; 30

My father told me my grandfather wrote it,

And killed a heifer for the binding of it—

[But supper's spread, and we can talk and eat]

It was little good he got out of the book, Because it filled his house with rambling

fiddlers, And rambling ballad-makers and the like.

[The griddle-bread is there in front of you.]

Colleen, what is the wonder in that book,

That you must leave the bread to cool? Had I 39

Or had my father read or written books There were no stocking stuffed with yellow guineas

To come when I am dead to Shawn and you.

FATHER HART. You should not fill your head with foolish dreams.

What are you reading?

MARY. How a Princess Edane, A daughter of a King of Ireland, heard A voice singing on a May Eve like this,

And followed half awake and half asleep,

Until she came into the Land of Faery, Where nobody gets old and godly and

grave, Where nobody gets old and crafty and

wise, 50

38. Colleen, girl. 46. May Eve. On the night before the first of May fairies and evil spirits were supposed to have especial power. Cf. Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue.

And she is still there, busied with a dance

Deep in the dewy shadow of a wood, [Or where stars walk upon a mountain-top].

MAURTEEN. Persuade the colleen to put down the book;

My grandfather would mutter just such things,

And he was no judge of a dog or a horse,

And any idle boy could blarney him;

Just speak your mind.

FATHER HART. Put it away, my colleen;

[God spreads the heavens above us like great wings 60

And gives a little round of deeds and days,

And then come the wrecked angels and set snares,

And bait them with light hopes and heavy dreams,

Until the heart is puffed with pride and goes

Half shuddering and half joyous from God's peace;]

For it was some wrecked angel, blind with tears,

Who flattered Edane's heart with merry words.

My colleen, I have seen some other girls Restless and ill at ease, but years went

by And they grew like their neighbours and were glad 70

In minding children, working at the churn,

And gossiping of weddings and of wakes;

[For life moves out of a red flare of dreams

Into a common light of common hours, Until old age bring the red flare again.]

MAURTEEN. That's true—but she's too young to know it's true.

BRIDGET. She's old enough to know that it is wrong

To mope and idle.

MAURTEEN. I've little blame for her; She's dull when my big son is in the fields,

62. wrecked angels. The fallen angels became devils.

And that and maybe this good woman's
tongue 80
Have driven her to hide among her
dreams
Like children from the dark under the
bedclothes.

BRIDGET. She'd never do a turn if
I were silent.

MAURTEEN. And maybe it is natural
upon May Eve
To dream of the good people. But tell
me, girl,
If you've the branch of blessed quicken
wood
That women hang upon the post of the
door
That they may send good luck into the
house?

Remember they may steal new-married
brides 89
After the fall of twilight on May Eve,
Or what old women mutter at the fire
Is but a pack of lies.

FATHER HART. It may be truth.
We do not know the limit of those
powers

God has permitted to the evil spirits
For some mysterious end. You have
done right [to MARY];
It's well to keep old innocent customs
up.

[MARY BRUIN has taken a bough of
quicken wood from a seat and hung
it on a nail in the door-post. A
girl child strangely dressed, per-
haps in faery green, comes out of
the wood and takes it away.]

MARY. I had no sooner hung it on
the nail
Before a child ran up out of the wind;
She has caught it in her hand and
fondled it; 99

[Her face is pale as water before dawn.]
FATHER HART. Whose child can
this be?

MAURTEEN. No one's child at all.
She often dreams that some one has
gone by,
When there was nothing but a puff of
wind.

MARY. They have taken away the
blessed quicken wood,
They will not bring good luck into the
house;

Yet I am glad that I was courteous to
them,
For are not they, likewise, children of
God?

FATHER HART. Colleen, they are the
children of the fiend,
And they have power until the end of
Time,

When God shall fight with them a great
pitched battle 110
And hack them into pieces.

MARY. He will smile,
Father, perhaps, and open His great door.

FATHER HART. Did but the lawless
angels see that door
They would fall, slain by everlasting
peace;
And when such angels knock upon our
doors,

Who goes with them must drive through
the same storm.

[An arm comes around the door-post and
knocks and beckons. It is clearly seen
in the silvery light. MARY BRUIN
goes to door and stands in it for
a moment. MAURTEEN BRUIN is
busy filling FATHER HART's plate.
BRIDGET BRUIN stirs the fire.]

MARY [coming to table]. There's some-
body out there that beckoned me
And raised her hand as though it held a
cup,
And she was drinking from it, so it may
be 119

That she is thirsty.

[She takes milk from the table and carries
it to the door.]

FATHER HART. That will be the child
That you would have it was no child at
all.

BRIDGET. [And maybe, Father, what
he said was true;
For there is not another night in the
year
So wicked as to-night.]

MAURTEEN. Nothing can harm us
While the good Father's underneath our
roof.

85. good people, a placating epithet for the fairies.

86. blessed quicken wood. The rowan-wood or
mountain-ash tree was thought to ward off the baleful
effects of fairies, especially on May Eve.

MARY. A little queer old woman
dressed in green.

BRIDGET. The good people beg for
milk and fire

Upon May Eve—woe to the house that
gives,

For they have power upon it for a
year. 129

MAURTEEN. Hush, woman, hush!

BRIDGET. She's given milk away.

I knew she would bring evil on the
house.

MAURTEEN. Who was it?

MARY. Both the tongue and face
were strange.

MAURTEEN. Some strangers came last
week to Clover Hill;

She must be one of them.]

BRIDGET. I am afraid.

FATHER HART. The Cross will keep
all evil from the house

While it hangs there.

MAURTEEN. Come, sit beside me,
colleen,

And put away your dreams of dis-
content,

For I would have you light up my last
days,

Like the good glow of the turf; and when
I die

You'll be the wealthiest hereabout, for,
colleen, 140

I have a stocking full of yellow guineas
Hidden away where nobody can find it.

BRIDGET. You are the fool of every
pretty face,

And I must spare and pinch that my
son's wife

May have all kinds of ribbons for her
head.

MAURTEEN. Do not be cross; she is a
right good girl!

[The butter is by your elbow, Father
Hart.

My colleen, have not Fate and Time and
Change

Done well for me and for old Bridget
there?] 149

We have a hundred acres of good land,
And sit beside each other at the fire.

I have this reverend Father for my
friend;

I look upon your face and my son's
face—

We've put his plate by yours—and here
he comes,

And brings with him the only thing we
have lacked,

Abundance of good wine. [SHAWN comes
in.] Stir up the fire,

And put new turf upon it till it blaze;
To watch the turf-smoke coiling from

the fire,

And feel content and wisdom in your
heart,

This is the best of life; [when we are
young 160

We long to tread a way none trod
before,

But find the excellent old way through
love,

And through the care of children, to
the hour

For bidding Fate and Time and Change
good-bye.]

[MARY stands for a moment in the door,
and then takes a sod of turf from the
fire and goes out through the door.
SHAWN follows her and meets her
coming in.

SHAWN. What is it draws you to the
chill o' the wood?

There is a light among the stems of
the trees

That makes one shiver.

MARY. [A little queer old man
Made me a sign to show he wanted
fire

To light his pipe.]

BRIDGET. You've given milk and fire
Upon the unluckiest night of the year
and brought, 170

For all you know, evil upon the house.
Before you married you were idle and
fine

And went about with ribbons on your
head;

And now—no, Father, I will speak my
mind—

She is not a fitting wife for any man—

SHAWN. Be quiet, mother!

MAURTEEN. You are much too cross.

MARY. What do I care if I have given
this house,

Where I must hear all day a bitter
tongue,

Into the power of faeries!

BRIDGET. You know well
How calling the good people by that
name, 180
Or talking of them over much at all,
May bring all kinds of evil on the house.

MARY. Come, faeries, take me out of
this dull house!

Let me have all the freedom I have lost;
Work when I will and idle when I will!
Faeries, come take me out of this dull
world,

For I would ride with you upon the wind,
[Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,]
And dance upon the mountains like a
flame.

FATHER HART. You cannot know the
meaning of your words. 190

MARY. Father, I am right weary of
four tongues:

A tongue that is too crafty and too wise,
A tongue that is too godly and too
grave,

A tongue that is more bitter than the
tide,

And a kind tongue too full of drowsy
love,

Of drowsy love and my captivity.

[SHAWN BRUIN leads her to a seat at
the left of the door.

SHAWN. Do not blame me; I often
lie awake
Thinking that all things trouble your
bright head.

How beautiful it is—your broad pale
forehead 199

Under a cloudy blossoming of hair!
Sit down beside me here—these are
too old,

And have forgotten they were ever
young.

MARY. O, you are the great door-
post of this house,
And I the branch of blessed quicken
wood,

And if I could I'd hang upon the post,
Till I had brought good luck into the
house.

[She would put her arms about him,
but looks shyly at the priest and
lets her arms fall.

FATHER HART. My daughter, take
his hand—by love alone

God binds us to Himself and to the
hearth,

That shuts us from the waste beyond
His peace,
From maddening freedom and bewildering
light. 210

SHAWN. Would that the world were
mine to give it you,
And not its quiet hearths alone, but
even

All that bewilderment of light and free-
dom,

If you would have it.

MARY. I would take the world
And break it into pieces in my hands
To see you smile watching it crumble
away.

SHAWN. Then I would mould a world
of fire and dew,

With no one bitter, grave or over wise,
And nothing marred or old to do you
wrong,

And crowd the enraptured quiet of the
sky 220

With candles burning to your lonely
face.

MARY. Your looks are all the candles
that I need.

SHAWN. Once a fly dancing in a
beam of the sun,
Or the light wind blowing out of the
dawn,

Could fill your heart with dreams none
other knew,

But now the indissoluble sacrament
Has mixed your heart that was most
proud and cold

With my warm heart for ever; the sun
and moon

Must fade and heaven be rolled up like
a scroll; 229

But your white spirit still walks by my
spirit. [A Voice singing in the wood.

MAURTEEN. There's some one sing-
ing.

Why, it's but a child.

It sang, 'The lonely of heart is withered
away.'

A strange song for a child, but she sings
sweetly.

Listen, listen! [Goes to door.

MARY. O, cling close to me,
Because I have said wicked things
to-night.

THE VOICE. The wind blows out of
the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered
away.

While the faeries dance in a place
apart, 240

Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the
air;

For they hear the wind laugh and mur-
mur and sing

Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
'When the wind has laughed and mur-
mured and sung

The lonely of heart is withered away!'

MAURTEEN. Being happy, I would
have all others happy, 249
So I will bring her in out of the cold.

[He brings in the faery child.]

THE CHILD. [I tire of winds and
waters and pale lights.

MAURTEEN. And that's no wonder,
for when night has fallen]

The wood's a cold and a bewildering place,
But you are welcome here.

THE CHILD. I am welcome here.
[For when I tire of this warm little
house]

But there is one here that must away,
away.

MAURTEEN. O, listen to her dreamy
and strange talk.

Are you not cold?

THE CHILD. I will crouch down be-
side you,

For I have run a long, long way this
night. 259

BRIDGET. You have a comely shape.

MAURTEEN. Your hair is wet.

BRIDGET. I'll warm your chilly feet.

MAURTEEN. You have come indeed
A long, long way—for I have never seen
Your pretty face—and must be tired
and hungry;

Here is some bread and wine.

THE CHILD. The wine is bitter.
Old mother, have you no sweet food for
me?

250. *He brings*, etc. Spirits of evil were not supposed to be able to cross a mortal threshold unless invited in. Cf. Canto I of *Christabel* (page 176, line 130), where Geraldine is lifted across the castle threshold.

BRIDGET. I have some honey.

[She goes into the next room.]

MAURTEEN. You have coaxing ways,
The mother was quite cross before you
came.

*[BRIDGET returns with the honey and
fills a porringer with milk.]*

BRIDGET. She is the child of gentle
people; look

At her white hands and at her pretty
dress.

I've brought you some new milk, but
wait a while 270

And I will put it to the fire to
warm,

For things well fitted for poor folk like
us

Would never please a high-born child
like you.

THE CHILD. From dawn, when you
must blow the fire ablaze,

You work your fingers to the bone, old
mother.

The young may lie in bed and dream
and hope,

But you must work your fingers to the
bone

Because your heart is old.

BRIDGET. The young are idle.

THE CHILD. Your memories have
made you wise, old father;

The young must sigh through many a
dream and hope, 280

But you are wise because your heart
is old.

*[BRIDGET gives her more bread and
honey.]*

MAURTEEN. O, who would think to
find so young a girl
Loving old age and wisdom?

THE CHILD. No more, mother.

MAURTEEN. What a small bite! The
milk is ready now. *[Hands it to
her.]* What a small sip!

THE CHILD. Put on my shoes, old
mother.

For I would like to dance now I have
eaten,

The reeds are dancing by Coolaney lake,
And I would like to dance until the reeds
And the white waves have danced them-
selves asleep. 290

[BRIDGET *puts on the shoes, and the CHILD is about to dance, but suddenly sees the crucifix and shrieks and covers her eyes.*

What is that ugly thing on the black cross? 290

FATHER HART. You cannot know how naughty your words are!

That is our Blessed Lord.

THE CHILD. Hide it away!

BRIDGET. I have begun to be afraid again.

THE CHILD. Hide it away!

MAURTEEN. That would be wickedness!

BRIDGET. That would be sacrilege!

THE CHILD. The tortured thing! Hide it away!

MAURTEEN. Her parents are to blame.

FATHER HART. That is the image of the Son of God.

THE CHILD [*caressing him*]. Hide it away, hide it away!

MAURTEEN. No, no.

FATHER HART. Because you are so young and like a bird, That must take fright at every stir of the leaves, 300

I will go take it down.

THE CHILD. Hide it away! And cover it out of sight and out of mind!

[FATHER HART *takes crucifix from wall and carries it towards inner room.*

FATHER HART. Since you have come into this barony, I will instruct you in our blessed faith; And being so keen-witted you'll soon learn. [*To the others.*

We must be tender to all budding things,

Our Maker let no thought of Calvary Trouble the morning stars in their first song. [*Puts crucifix in inner room.*

THE CHILD. Here is level ground for dancing; I will dance. [*Sings.*]

The wind blows out of the gates of the day, 310

The wind blows over the lonely of heart,

And the lonely of heart is withered away. [*She dances.*

MARY [*to SHAWN*]. Just now when she came near I thought I heard

Other small steps beating upon the floor, And a faint music blowing in the wind, Invisible pipes giving her feet the tune.

SHAWN. I heard no steps but hers.

MARY. I hear them now, The unholy powers are dancing in the house.

MAURTEEN. Come over here, and if you promise me

Not to talk wickedly of holy things 320 I will give you something.

THE CHILD. Bring it me, old father.

MAURTEEN. Here are some ribbons that I bought in the town

For my son's wife—but she will let me give them

To tie up that wild hair the winds have tumbled.

THE CHILD. Come, tell me, do you love me?

MAURTEEN. Yes, I love you.

THE CHILD. Ah, but you love this fireside. Do you love me?

FATHER HART. When the Almighty puts so great a share

Of His own ageless youth into a creature, To look is but to love.

THE CHILD. But you love Him?

BRIDGET. She is blaspheming.

THE CHILD. And do you love me too?

MARY. I do not know.

THE CHILD. You love that young man there, 331

Yet I could make you ride upon the winds,

[Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,] And dance upon the mountains like a flame.

MARY. Queen of Angels and kind saints defend us!

Some dreadful thing will happen. A while ago

She took away the blessed quicken wood.

FATHER HART. You fear because of her unmeasured prattle;

She knows no better. Child, how old are you?

THE CHILD. When winter sleep is abroad my hair grows thin, 340 My feet unsteady. When the leaves awaken

My mother carries me in her golden
arms;
I'll soon put on my womanhood and
marry
The spirits of wood and water, but who
can tell
When I was born for the first time? I
think

I am much older than the eagle cock
[That blinks and blinks on Ballygawley
Hill,]

And he is the oldest thing under the moon.
FATHER HART. O she is of the faery
people.

THE CHILD. One called, 349
I sent my messengers for milk and fire,
She called again and after that I came.

[All except SHAWN and MARY BRUIN
gather behind the priest for protection.

SHAWN [rising]. Though you have
made all these obedient,
You have not charmed my sight and
won from me

A wish or gift to make you powerful;
I'll turn you from the house.

FATHER HART. No, I will face her.

THE CHILD. Because you took away
the crucifix

I am so mighty that there's none can
pass,

Unless I will it, where my feet have
danced

Or where I've whirled my finger-tops.

[SHAWN tries to approach her and
cannot.

MAURTEEN. Look, look! 360
There something stops him—look how
he moves his hands

As though he rubbed them on a wall of
glass!

FATHER HART. I will confront this
mighty spirit alone;

Be not afraid, the Father is with us,

[The Holy Martyrs and the Innocents,
The adoring Magi in their coats of mail,]

And He who died and rose on the third
day,

[And all the nine angelic hierarchies.]

[The CHILD kneels upon the settle beside
MARY and puts her arms about her.

Cry, daughter, to the Angels and the
Saints.

THE CHILD. You shall go with me,
newly-married bride. 370

And gaze upon a merrier multitude.

[White-armed Nuala, Aengus of the
Birds,

Feacra of the hurtling foam, and him
Who is the ruler of the Western Host,
Finvarra, and their Land of Heart's
Desire,]

Where beauty has no ebb, decay no
flood,

But joy is wisdom, Time an endless
song.

I kiss you and the world begins to
fade.

SHAWN. Awake out of that trance—
and cover up

Your eyes and ears.

FATHER HART. She must both look
and listen, 380

For only the soul's choice can save her
now.

Come over to me, daughter; stand be-
side me;

Think of this house and of your duties
in it.

THE CHILD. Stay and come with me,
newly-married bride,

For if you hear him you grow like the
rest;

Bear children, cook, and bend above the
churn,

And wrangle over butter, fowl, and
eggs,

Until at last, grown old and bitter of
tongue,

You're crouching there and shivering at
the grave.

FATHER HART. Daughter, I point you
out the way to Heaven. 390

THE CHILD. But I can lead you,
newly-married bride,

Where nobody gets old and crafty and
wise,

Where nobody gets old and godly and
grave,

372 ff. The fairy here names certain members of the
Tuatha De Danaan, or early fairy gods, who came to
Ireland one May Eve. They were spirits of eternal
youth. Manannan Mac Lir, god of the sea, ruled a
western island which went by many names, such as
"Eternal Joy," and "Heart's Desire." Angus Og, a
beautiful young god, had four birds, which flew over
Ireland, calling away the young people to that never-
never land.

Where nobody gets old and bitter of
tongue,
And where kind tongues bring no cap-
tivity;

For we are but obedient to the thoughts
That drift into the mind at a wink of
the eye.

FATHER HART. By the dear Name of
the One crucified,
I bid you, Mary Bruin, come to me.

THE CHILD. I keep you in the name
of your own heart. 400

FATHER HART. It is because I put
away the crucifix
That I am nothing, and my power is
nothing.
I'll bring it here again.

MAURTEEN [*clinging to him*]. No.

BRIDGET. Do not leave us.

FATHER HART. O, let me go before it
is too late;

It is my sin alone that brought it all.
[*Singing outside.*]

THE CHILD. I hear them sing, 'Come,
newly-married bride,
Come to the woods and waters and pale
lights.'

MARY. I will go with you.

FATHER HART. She is lost, alas!

THE CHILD [*standing by the door*]. But
clinging mortal hope must fall from
you,

For we who ride the winds, run on the
waves, 410

And dance upon the mountains are more
light

Than dewdrops on the banner of the
dawn.

MARY. O, take me with you.

SHAWN. Beloved, I will keep you.
I've more than words, I have these
arms to hold you,

Nor all the faery host, do what they
please,

Shall ever make me loosen you from
these arms.

MARY. Dear face! Dear voice!

THE CHILD. Come, newly-married
bride.

MARY. I always loved her world—
and yet—and yet—

THE CHILD. White bird, white bird,
come with me, little bird. 419

419. White bird, the symbol of the soul.

MARY. She calls me!

THE CHILD. Come with me, little bird.

[*Distant dancing figures appear in
the wood.*]

MARY. I can hear songs and dancing.

SHAWN. Stay with me.

MARY. I think that I would stay—
and yet—and yet—

THE CHILD. Come, little bird with
crest of gold.

MARY [*very softly*]. And yet—

THE CHILD. Come, little bird with
silver feet!

[*MARY BRUIN dies, and the CHILD
goes.*]

SHAWN. She is dead!

BRIDGET. Come from that image;
body and soul are gone.

You have thrown your arms about a
drift of leaves,

Or bole of an ash-tree changed into her
image.

FATHER HART. Thus do the spirits of
evil snatch their prey,

Almost out of the very hand of God;
And day by day their power is more and
more, 430

And men and women leave old paths, for
pride

Comes knocking with thin knuckles on
the heart.

[*Outside there are dancing figures, and
it may be a white bird, and many
voices singing:*]

The wind blows out of the gates of the
day,

The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered
away;

[*While the faeries dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the
air;*]

For they hear the wind laugh and mur-
mur and sing

Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue;

But I heard a reed of Coolaney say—
'When the wind has laughed and mur-
mured and sung,

The lonely of heart is withered away.]

(1894)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

General References

The following list suggests books which are helpful in the study of the technique, criticism, and history of the theater. Those listed under Criticism deal also with the History of the Drama.

A. TECHNIQUE

- Archer, William, *Play-Making*, Small, Maynard, Boston, 1912.
 Baker, George Pierce, *Dramatic Technique*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1919.
 Hamilton, C. M., *The Theory of the Theater*. Holt, New York, 1910.
 Matthews, Brander, *A Study of the Drama*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1910. *Principles of Play-Making*. Scribner, New York, 1919.
 Wilde, Percival, *The Craftsmanship of the One-Act Play*. Little, Brown, Boston, 1923.
 Woodbridge, Elizabeth, *The Drama: Its Law and Technique*. Allyn and Bacon, Boston, 1898.

B. CRITICISM

- Boyd, Ernest, *Ireland's Literary Renaissance*. Knopf, New York, 1916, 1922. Chaps. xii, xiii, and xiv.
 Brooke, C. F. Tucker, *The Tudor Drama*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1911.
 Chambers, E. K., *The Medieval Stage*, 2 vols. Oxford University Press, 1903.
 Chandler, F. W., *Aspects of Modern Drama*. Macmillan, New York, 1914.
 Clark, Barrett H., *A Study of Modern Drama*. Appleton, New York, 1925.
 Dickinson, Thomas H., *The Case of the American Drama*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1915.
 Gayley, C. M., *Plays of Our Forefathers*. Duffield, New York, 1909; *Representative English Comedies*, 3 vols. Macmillan, New York, 1907, 1913, 1914.
 Lewisohn, Ludwig, *Modern Drama*. Huebsch, New York, 1915.
 Thorndike, A. H., *Tragedy*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1908.
 Vernon, Frank, *The Twentieth Century Theater*. G. G. Harrap, London, 1924.

C. HISTORY

- Cambridge History of English Literature*. Putnam, New York and London, 1907-1917. Various volumes treat the different periods of English dramatic development.
Cambridge History of American Literature. Putnam, New York, 1917-1921.
 Schelling, F. E., *Elizabethan Drama*, 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1908.
 Ward, A. W., *History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne*, 3 vols. Macmillan, London and New York, 1899.

List of Dramas

A. COLLECTIONS OF PLAYS

1. Classical Drama

The plays of many of the Greek and Latin dramatists are published in translation in the *Loeb Classical Library* (William Heinemann, London, and Putnam, New York), and in the *Bohn Library* (Bell, London). Greek plays are also readily accessible in the *World's Classics* (Oxford University Press), and in the *Everyman Edition* (Dent, London, and Dutton, New York). The tragedies of Seneca have been put into English verse by Ella Isabel Harris (Macmillan, London and New York, 1904). Gilbert Murray's translations of the Greek dramas (Houghton Mifflin) are probably the best in English. A general study of the classical drama, Greek and Latin, will be found in Richard G. Moulton's *The Ancient Classical Drama* (Oxford University Press, 1890).

2. Pre-Shakespearean Drama

Adams, J. Q., *Chief Pre-Shakespearean Dramas*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1924.
 Manly, J. M., *Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama*, 2 vols. Ginn, Boston, 1897-1898.
 Pollard, A. W., *English Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes: Specimens and Extracts*. Oxford University Press, 1890.
Everyman, with Other Interludes, Including Eight Miracle Plays. Everyman Edition, Dent, London and Dutton, New York.
Minor Elizabethan Drama: (1) Pre-Shakespearean Tragedies; (2) Pre-Shakespearean Comedies. Everyman Edition, Dent, London and Dutton, New York.

3. Collections of Plays from Elizabethan to Modern times.

Dickinson, T. H., *The Chief Contemporary Dramatists, First Series*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1915. *The Chief Contemporary Dramatists, Second Series*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1921.
 Lewis, B. R., *Contemporary One-Act Plays*. Scribner, New York, 1922.
 Mantle, Burns, *The Best Plays of 1922-1923*. Small, Maynard, Boston. *The Best Plays of 1923-1924*, Small, Maynard, Boston.
 Matthews and Lieder, *Chief British Dramatists*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1924.
 Matthews, Brander, *The Chief European Dramatists*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1916.
 Mayorga, Margaret A., *Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors*. Little, Brown, Boston, 1919.
 Moses, M. J., *Representative One-Act Plays*. Little, Brown, New York and Boston, 1922.
Representative British Dramas. Little, Brown,

- Boston, 1924. *Representative Continental Dramas*. Little, Brown, Boston, 1924.
- Neilson, W. A., *The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1911.
- Pierce, J. A., *Masterpieces of Modern Drama*. Doubleday, New York, 1915.
- Shay and Loving, *Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays*. Stewart Kidd, New York, 1920.
- Tatlock and Martin, *Representative English Plays*. Century, New York, 1916.
- Tupper and Tupper, *Representative English Dramas*. Oxford University Press, 1914.

B. READING LIST OF PLAYS

General Note. In this chapter it was not possible, for reasons of space, to include any specimens of full-length English and American plays. For this reason the introductory essay has treated the history of the type more fully than it would otherwise have done. For the same reason there follows a list of plays designed to indicate the evolution of the drama in English literature; Greek and Latin plays have been included because of their influence on Elizabethan and later drama. These plays are readily accessible in the books referred to in the preceding list of collections.

1. Classical Tragedy and plays influenced thereby
 - Aeschylus (b. c. 525-456), *Prometheus Bound*.
 - Sophocles (b. c. 496-406), *Antigone*; *Edipus Tyrannus*.
 - Euripides (b. c. 480-406), *Medea*.
 - Seneca (b. c. 4?-A. D. 65), *Medea*, *Agamemnon*.
 - Sackville and Norton, *Gorboduc* (1561).
 - Thomas Kyd (1558-?), *The Spanish Tragedy* (1589?).
 - William Shakespeare (1564-1616), *Hamlet* (1602-1603).
 - Ben Jonson (1573-1637), *Sejanus: His Fall* (1603).
 - Joseph Addison (1672-1719), *Cato* (1713).
 - Stephen Phillips (1868-1915), *Herod* (1900).
2. Classical Comedy and plays influenced thereby
 - Aristophanes (b. c. 448-380), *The Frogs*, *The Birds*.
 - Menander (b. c. 343-292), *The Girl Who Gets Her Hair Cut Short*.
 - Plautus (b. c. 254?-184), *Menæchmi*, *Miles Gloriosus*.
 - Terence (b. c. 190?-159), *Phormio*.
 - Nicholas Udall (1504?-1556), *Ralph Roister Doister* (before 1541).
 - John Lyly (1553-1606), *Mother Bombie* (1594).
 - William Shakespeare (1564-1616), *A Comedy of Errors* (1591).
 - Ben Jonson (1573-1637), *The Alchemist* (1610), *The Poetaster* (1601).
 - Philip Massinger (1583-1640), *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* (1633).

- Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816), *The Critic; or, A Tragedy Rehearsed* (1779).
- 3. Mystery and Morality Plays; Village Farce
 - Noah Play, *The Second Shepherd's Play*, *Everyman*, *Nice Wanton*.
 - John Heywood (1506?-1565), *A mery play betwene Johan the husbunde Tyb his wyfe & syr Jhan the preest* (1533).
 - William Stevenson, *Gammer Gurton's Needle* (c. 1560).
 - William Shakespeare (1564-1616), *Merry Wives of Windsor* (1598).
- 4. The Restoration Drama
 - Thomas Otway (1561-1685), *Venice Preserved* (1682).
 - John Dryden (1631-1700), *All for Love* (1678), *The Conquest of Granada* (1670).
 - William Wycherley (1640-1715), *The Plain Dealer* (1674).
 - William Congreve (1670-1729), *The Way of the World* (1700), *Love for Love* (1695).
- 5. Eighteenth-Century Drama
 - Sir Richard Steele (1671-1729), *The Tender Husband; or The Accomplished Fools* (1705).
 - Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773).
 - Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816), *The Rivals* (1775), *The School for Scandal* (1777).
- 6. Nineteenth Century and Contemporary Plays
 - Henry Arthur Jones (1851-), *The Liars* (1897).
 - Arthur Wing Pinero (1855-), *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* (1893).
 - Oscar Wilde (1856-1900), *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1893), *Salome* (1894).
 - George Bernard Shaw (1856-), *Caesar and Cleopatra* (1906), *You Never Can Tell* (1919), *Candida* (1919).
 - James M. Barrie (1860-), *The Admirable Crichton* (1903).
 - John Galsworthy (1867-), *The Silver Box* (1906), *Justice* (1910).
 - William Somerset Maugham (1874-), *The Circle* (1921).
 - John Masefield (1876-), *Tragedy of Nan* (1922).
 - St. John Ervine (1883-), *John Ferguson* (1915).
 - Eugene O'Neill (1888-), *The Emperor Jones* (1921).
- 7. One-Act Plays
 - James M. Barrie (1860-), *The Twelve Pound Look* (1913).
 - W. B. Yeats (1865-), *The Land of Heart's Desire* (1894).
 - Lord Dunsany (1878-), *The Gods of the Mountain* (1914).
 - Lady Gregory, *Rising of the Moon* (1903).
 - Eugene O'Neill (1888-), *The Steamship Glencairn* (1919).

CHAPTER VII

HISTORY

AN INTRODUCTION

I. THE PROVINCE OF HISTORY

No other type of English prose has had so long and so considerable a development as history. Starting in Anglo-Saxon times with a chronicle kept fitfully in some monastery by a monk appointed to the task, the development has led steadily through the massive single research of Gibbon in *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, to the combined efforts of many specialists in *The Cambridge Modern History*. The conception of the function and nature of historical writing has likewise changed. Until the time of Gibbon, and even as late as Macaulay, the perfect historian was regarded as "he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature."* It is true that Gibbon and Hume in the eighteenth century introduced the philosophical study of causation in history, yet it was not until the latter half of the nineteenth century that their work bore fruit in a deeper understanding of the character and spirit of the past, effected by the added light of economic, sociological, and scientific research thrown upon history. This new phase of historical method has not yet been fully developed, for though Green in *A Short History of the English People* and McMaster in *The History of the People of the United States* have studied history from the sociological point of view, the economic and scientific sides have not been emphasized to any great extent. To see the new method at work the reader must turn to such infrequent volumes as those of Keynes on the economic consequences of the World War and the resulting terms of peace, or to those of J. T. Adams on early American history. History in this laggard application of new knowledge is at one with other organized activities; although the blockade was adopted during the Civil War as a method of offense, the general staffs of the armies of Europe profited nothing by the experience, and it was

not until after two years of war that they were convinced in 1916 that modern war is essentially economic. Today, economists and scientists declare that the utilities for which nations will contend hereafter will be economic and scientific, since the food areas and the unoccupied territory of the world have nearly been absorbed. The recognition of man's place in nature has only recently been forced upon the attention of the historian through the scientific discoveries of the last seventy years. In *The Outline of History* Mr. Wells recognizes that much of man's history occurred before the era of written history, and that many of his activities today, as well as the forces which actuate them, have not hitherto been considered by the historian. We are, therefore, on the threshold of a new era, not only of the writing of history, but of life itself. Our newly-acquired scientific knowledge of the world about us has so enlarged our capacities for construction and destruction, has so altered the emphasis of living, that while our emotional gamut is basically the same, we cannot forecast what effect these forces or their use will have upon the human race. Once again man is allying himself closely with nature, and we shall do well to look for that kind of historical writing which will tend to place them both in their correct relationship.

Our present task is to trace the development of history in England and America as a literary type, but before doing so we must glance at the close alliance between history and biography. Carlyle said that "History is the essence of innumerable biographies," implying that a study of biography would reveal the principles at work in history. Plato, with similar purpose, constructed his ideal Republic on the idea that in the large social unit the conditions which exist in the small units would be more clearly apparent. Yet the idea that historical eras depend on single lives is most deceptive. Was Napoleon the cause of the conditions under which he

*Macaulay in the *Essay on History*, page 964.

effected his work, or was he their product? The correlative importance of the individual and of the group is hard to determine. Frequently the life of one man has symbolized or summarized an era, or at least affected it so largely that its achievements seem to have been obtained by his genius. Before the Renaissance this was especially true, for the king led his people and secured for them the benefits most desired at the time. After the Renaissance, when individual and national consciousness arose, the center of the stage was taken away from the hereditary leader and given to the man or to the group possessed of the ability to lead. Moreover, the real and the apparent leaders were not always the same. During their lifetimes, Wesley, Huxley, and Faraday were not recognized so much as were the temporal and political leaders. Today the influence of Napoleon upon France has faded, but the influence of Pasteur has grown. It will be interesting to learn who will be regarded in the future by the English as the outstanding men of the nineteenth century: Darwin and Lister, or Wellington and Nelson. We may observe also that though the name of the English sovereign was given to the Victorian age, the Queen was not concerned with the industrial and scientific discoveries which now make it famous. The diversification of energy which we have noted at work upon modern narrative poetry was at work throughout England, and Victoria ruled a realm of whose multiform economic and scientific activities she was scarcely aware, for they were not a part of her tradition. She inherited an interest in the Empire, but not in evolution.

II. THE DEVELOPMENT OF HISTORICAL WRITING IN ENGLAND

The first evidences of written history in England are found in chronicles which were kept either at the court of the king or in a monastery. Entries in the chronicles were made by the year, and were designed not so much to give a complete picture as to recall events in days to come. As the chronicler did not look beyond his own immediate horizon, his work had no perspective. Earthquakes, comets, pestilences, deaths of

abbots, and harvests had as impartial access to his leaves as the political history of the kingdom. Gradually historical continuity was established in the record, together with a better historical perspective, but no English chronicle sifted evidence as it must be sifted in history. Until the time of the Renaissance numerous chronicles of the kings were written both in Anglo-Saxon, Latin, French, and Middle English, and though they all reveal vaguely the dominant characteristics of the English as we have seen them hitherto, they are pale, objective, fragmentary pictures, which rarely become living likenesses. Gradually the life of the king emerged, together with a narrative of the main events of his reign, but if we wish to become acquainted with the popular consciousness of the time, we must turn to the ballads and romances.

The age of the chronicles may be said to have continued to the Renaissance, for Gildas (sixth century), Nennius (ninth century), Bede (673?-735), Holinshed (?-1580), and Stowe (1525?-1605) all relate the course of events in chronological arrangement without much idea, if any, of historical cause and effect. There stands the event; to the chronicler it is sufficiently interesting in itself without any effort on his part to attach it to precedent or subsequent events. But as chronicler after chronicler went over the same material from the point of view of his time, he could not help emphasizing—perhaps subconsciously—certain recurrent historical formulae and certain dominant racial characteristics. Thus the Stoic reserve of the Anglo-Saxon king who fought alone against Cyneheard is paralleled in *The Last Fight of the Revenge*, while the absolutely practical and simple nature of the ethical and religious inspiration of the Anglo-Saxon may be traced from *Beowulf* or the *Chronicles* through Hakluyt's account of how his cousin told him that they who go down to the sea in ships behold the wonders of the Lord, to Nelson's last entries in his diary before the battle of Trafalgar.

Even before the Renaissance, monastic chroniclers had been affected in style at least by the classical historians of Greece and Rome, but it was not until the Renaissance in the sixteenth century that the

significance of the new knowledge so altered the perspective of English scholars that a new era of historical thought began. Even then literature devoted itself at first almost exclusively to drama and poetry, but the time came when Hakluyt felt impelled to record the achievements of the English in maritime explorations and conquest. Though the form he employed was closely allied to the chronicle, and though he made no effort to unify or explain his narrative, we are able to see therein the innate forces which were to produce the British Empire. During the seventeenth century the Renaissance ideals of individual political and religious liberty developed into a national struggle which ultimately secured political liberty and religious toleration for England. Modern history as we now recognize it was not written until the calm age of criticism which pervaded the eighteenth century. The transitional figure is that of the Earl of Clarendon, who experienced the Great Rebellion as a partisan of the king, and who wrote *The History of the Rebellion* from the Royalist standpoint. Though he was quite biased, and did not sift his evidence carefully, Clarendon saw the rebellion from one point of view, and related its history with fair perspective. He saw events clearly, but causes not so clearly, for he lived too near the events which he narrated.

Modern history began in the eighteenth century when philosophy and criticism dominated English thought. Hitherto the chronicler had been content to depict the external aspect of national events, limiting his scene to strictly English affairs. But the sixteenth century had driven the English to foreign conquests, which the eighteenth century consolidated; and while few Englishmen ever became cosmopolitan, yet many had their attitude toward life broadened by foreign travel and culture. It was in this century also that the achievements of the classical historians, Thucydides and Tacitus, began to have a considerable effect upon writers of English history. Though Herodotus, the delightful chronicler of his travels, and the profoundly moving narrator of the actual and legendary events of the Persian wars, was read by English university men with as much gusto as Livy, the chronicler of Roman history from its beginnings to his

own day, yet neither had the critical historical sense and the vivid power of expression possessed by Thucydides and Tacitus. Thucydides in his *History of the Peloponnesian War* manifests an acumen in sifting historical evidence, a sense of proportion, and a discernment of cause and effect, which have influenced profoundly English historical methods from the eighteenth century on; while Tacitus in his *Annals* and *Histories* has had a similar influence through his brilliant and searching analysis of the character and motives which determined the actions of the emperors, the governing bodies, the armies, and the mobs of the early Roman Empire.

Among the Englishmen of the eighteenth century who combined with the advantages of a considerable education the broad-mindedness of those who had traveled widely on the Continent and were acquainted with contemporary rationalistic philosophy, Edward Gibbon stood preëminent. Although he had been both an officer of the Hampshire militia and a Member of Parliament, he never involved himself permanently in national service, and as he was financially independent, he was free to spend his life in enlarging his knowledge and giving the results of his research to the world in *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. For the first time an English historian devoted the energies of his life to the investigation of a field of foreign history, and did not write merely a narrative of political events, but a philosophical explanation of the causes which produced the events. Gibbon did not chronicle merely the decline and fall of the Roman Empire; he revealed through his history the causes universally at work in human affairs. With Gibbon, therefore, the philosophical school of English history may be said to have come of age, for though earlier in the eighteenth century the philosopher Hume had written a *History of England* in which he had developed his philosophical principles, his history does not compare with that of Gibbon in vision and power, nor has it influenced subsequent historical writing as has *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Of the two revolutions which ushered in the nineteenth century the French Revolution had a more immediate effect upon his-

torical writing than the Industrial Revolution, for philosophical speculation as to the rights of man, coupled with the concrete problems presented by the French crisis, produced many tracts in favor of new forms of government. In the first half of the century, history exhibited the diversification of form which we have noted as occurring in this period in other literary types. The general tendency to specialize may be observed in Macaulay's *History of England from the Accession of James II*, which, though incomplete, fills six volumes, and which would have covered a period of about one hundred fifty years had Macaulay lived to complete it. A second tendency was a divergence of opinion as to the attitude from which history should be written. Macaulay was both classical and romantic in historical method, for though he narrated the chain of events, his imagination made the events live as vividly as if they were the plot of a novel. Carlyle believed in the biographical aspect of history and in the universal significance of minute facts, as his essays on *History* and *Biography* show.* Consequently Carlyle consciously singles out in his histories individuals, even as Macaulay does in his essays, though Macaulay lacks the moral and spiritual insight of Carlyle. Green reversed the process and wrote from the social point of view, making the English people the moving force in their own history. A third general tendency in historical writing was to abandon the narration of individual historical events or periods, and instead to derive a philosophy of history supported by historical evidence. Carlyle had tended in this direction, but Lecky carried the process to its logical conclusion in *The History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, *The History of Rationalism in Europe*, and *The History of European Morals*. About the same time Buckle completed his *History of Civilization in Europe*. In our own day James Bryce in *The Holy Roman Empire*, *The American Commonwealth*, and *Modern Democracies*, showed that the historian could further diversify his work by research as to the influence on the course of history of economics and government. The most recent tendency of historical writing to

develop before the World War was the writing of histories on large historical periods through the coöperation of many specialists under a general editor. *The Cambridge Medieval History* and *The Cambridge Modern History* are the outstanding examples of this form.

The second revolution of the nineteenth century—the industrial—gave great impetus not merely to economic research but to scientific research; in this latter field we now associate the names of Darwin, Huxley, Faraday, and Lyell. But, with the exception of Buckle, the new history of the world and of the universe as unfolded by science did not seriously affect the point of view of historians until after the World War. In spite of the profound economic and biological significance of the researches of the men named above, historians continued to consider as their proper field the narration of the political activities of man without much reference to his environment. But the World War completely upset this conception. In the first place, the causes of the war were found to be not merely political, but economic and sociological. The political aspirations of Germany were accentuated by the need of room for economic expansion, and further food fields for her population. In the second place, the war did not employ merely the usual weapons. Artillery, musketry, and bayonets were augmented as weapons of destruction by the latest scientific discoveries, most notable of which was poison gas. In the third place, the war was fought not merely on land and sea, but in the air and under the sea. The result of these considerations was to bring home sharply to historians who had hitherto been trained to look at history as concerned essentially with human activities, the necessity for an altered historical perspective which should place the history of man in its proper relation with his natural environment, especially with the newly discovered possibilities for increasing human power by the organization of this environment. Today we realize that we are on the threshold of an era wherein man, to advance, must once more turn to nature, not merely as a producer of food, but as a producer of forms of power necessary to life. Consequently a new phase of historical writing has developed since the World War, for now the historian

*For an expression of Carlyle's theory of history, see page 975.

is either writing a synthesis of the history of man and of his background, the earth, or else an analysis of certain human events in the light of our new scientific knowledge. Of the former class *The Outline of History* by H. G. Wells is the earliest example, while *The Direction of Human Evolution*, by Conklin, and *The Trend of the Race*, by Holmes, represent the latter class.

To forecast the future of historical writing is unsafe, but if we look at the past we note that the guiding principle of all historians has been to understand and interpret life. As century after century has widened the field of knowledge, history has followed, recording faithfully what has occurred. During the nineteenth century the study of special fields threatened to decentralize the type, but in the twentieth century, through Lord Acton's method of uniting many specialists in writing the history of one or more great periods, the balance has been somewhat restored. The combined study of the natural history of this planet with the history of man is sure to bring rich and varied illumination, and, above all, greater historical truth.

III. THE DEVELOPMENT OF HISTORICAL WRITING IN AMERICA

For clearness it has seemed best to trace separately the development of history in America, since at first the conditions here differed distinctly from those under which history developed in England. The New England chroniclers lived after the Renaissance and had as highly objective and unified a point of view as Clarendon. Consequently, in the seventeenth century, *The History of the Plymouth Plantation*, by Bradford, and *The Journal or History of New England* by Winthrop, both written by early governors of the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies, have a vigor and clearness

which the English chroniclers, in general, lack. During the eighteenth century New England was going through the struggle which England had undergone in the seventeenth century, and it was not until the nineteenth century that significant historical writing was undertaken. J. G. Palfrey, editor of the *North American Review*, wrote a *History of New England*, which consciously embodied the New England point of view, as the histories of Bradford and Winthrop had done unconsciously a century before. McMaster in *The History of the American People* developed the conception of social history more completely than did Green. In his studies of the struggle between France and England for North America Parkman succeeded in combining the pictorial history of an era and a sense of its internal significance. In addition to Motley, the scholarly and classical historian of an era in the history of Holland, and Prescott, the equally scholarly and classical historian of an era of Spanish history, we should name Fiske, who recorded the colonial history of America in a masterly way. The period of American history immediately preceding the World War is best represented by *The History of the United States 1850-1877*, by J. F. Rhodes. Here, for the first time, we find an American history which is written from the historical, economic, and scientific points of view. When we add the vivid *Winning of the West* by Roosevelt, who depicts what he saw, and the revision of New England history by J. T. Adams in the light of the latest historical methods and discoveries, our survey is reasonably complete.*

*The following selections have been chosen to illustrate the development of historical writing in England and America, but no effort has been made to give a complete survey of the type, or to include examples of the most recent histories, as the new type of historical writing is still in the formative stage.

CHAPTER VII

SELECTIONS

THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE A. D. 754-755

NOTE

In certain monasteries of early England were made versions of what is known to us as the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, which covers the period of English history from the birth of Christ to 1154 A.D. Until the eighth century its entries contain legendary material, but thereafter it becomes a chronicle of those events which served to make each year memorable to the scribe or his overlord, whether temporal or ecclesiastical. The early part of the *Chronicle* has no historical perspective, for eclipses, comets, earthquakes, building churches, and poor harvests rank as of equal importance with the accession or death of kings, or foreign invasion. But after 755 A.D. the *Chronicle* begins to take on historical perspective. The selection here given for the year 754 A.D. shows a typical chronicle entry, while the year 755 A.D. shows the beginning of an historical sense, for although much of the older chronicle material is jumbled in at the beginning and end of the section, the significance of the murder of the king, and the way it was regarded by his followers, is so brought out as to explain to us vividly many customs which prevailed among the warrior bands of the time.

The style is simple, primitive, repetitious, and awkward, but at times it exhibits an elemental vigor.

754. Here Cuthred departed this life. Cynehard received the bishopric after Hunferth at Winchester. The stronghold of Canterbury burned down in this year. Sigbert, his relative, took possession of the kingdom of the West Saxons. He held it one year.

755. Here Cynewulf took from his kinsman, Sigbert, his kingdom except Hampshire, with the approval of the West-Saxon council, because of his unrighteous deeds. He had held it until he slew the alderman who had dwelt with

him longest. Him then Cynewulf drove into the forest of Andred. There he dwelt until a herdsman stabbed him at the river Privett. The herdsman avenged the alderman Cumbra. This Cynewulf often fought great fights with the Welsh. About thirty-one winters after he began his rule he wished to drive out a prince who was named Cynehard. This Cynehard was the brother of Sigbert. When he learned that the King with a small following was visiting a woman at Merton, he rode thither, and came up outside the bower before the men who were with the King discovered him. When the King perceived that, he went to the door and defended himself mightily, until he saw the prince. Then he rushed out upon him, and wounded him severely. They all kept on fighting about the King until they had slain him. Then by the outcries of the woman did the thanes of the King discover the trouble, and thither ran whoever was ready most quickly. The prince offered each of them goods and life, but none of them would accept them, and they fought together until they all lay slain, except one British hostage, who was gravely wounded. Then in the morning the King's thanes who remained behind him heard that the King was slain. They rode thither, his alderman Osric, his thane Wiferth, and the men whom he had formerly left behind him. They came upon the

27. **bower.** The Anglo-Saxon strongholds consisted generally of a palisade in which was a gate. Within was the hall and about it were ranged the accessory buildings, such as the barns and the women's apartment, or bower. On this occasion the King's men were in the hall. The Prince rode within the palisade and up to the door of the bower, where the King was. When the King was killed, his followers heard the noise and came out of the hall. On the next day the Prince and his followers were besieged within the stockade by the rest of the King's followers, the gates were burst open, and the Prince and his followers were slain. Cf. the feuds in *Beowulf* and the fidelity of the warrior bands to their lords.

1. **Here.** Chronicles were usually inscribed on vellum sheets upon which a space was scored off for each year. Frequently the space opposite a year was not used, but when it was, the entry usually began "Here," meaning "in this space, designated for this year." 13. **alderman,** a high official in Anglo-Saxon times. Often he served as viceroy to the king.

prince in the stronghold where the King lay slain, but the gates were locked against them when they got there. Then he offered them their own choice of goods and land, if they would grant him the kingdom, and told them that their kinsmen were with him there and would not leave him. Then said they that no kinsman was dearer to them than their lord, and that they would never follow his slayer. Then bade they their kinsmen to come away unharmed. They replied that the same offer had been made to the companions who formerly were with the King. They said that they put no more trust in this than did your companions who were slain with the King. Then they kept fighting about the gate until they burst therein, slew the prince and all the men who were with him but one, who was the godson of the alderman. He saved his life, though he was often wounded.

This Cynewulf ruled thirty-one winters. His body lies at Winchester, and that of the prince at Axminster. Their father's line goes back to Cerdic. In the same year a man slew Ethelbald, King of Mercia, at Seckington. His body lies at Repdon. Bernred took possession of the kingdom, and held it for a little while, miserably. In the same year Offa took possession of the kingdom, and held it thirty-eight winters. His son Egfer held it one hundred and forty days.

This Offa was the son of Thingferth, Thingferth was the son of Enwulf, Enwulf was the son of Osmod, Osmod was the son of Eawa, Eawa was the son of Pybba, Pybba was the son of Creod, Creod was the son of Cynewald, Cynewald was the son of Cnebba, Cnebba was the son of Icel, Icel was the son of Eomaer, Eomaer was the son of Angeltheow, Angeltheow was the son of Offa, Offa was the son of Wermund, Wermund was the son of Witlag, Witlag was the son of Woden.

4. Then he, etc. This passage is vague in style because "they" is used indiscriminately of both parties, but the context is clear. 50. Woden. All primitive peoples trace their kings back to their principal god, who for the Anglo-Saxons was Woden.

RICHARD HAKLUYT (1553-1616)

NOTE

Richard Hakluyt, student, clergyman, and lecturer at Oxford on cosmography, did for the age of Elizabethan voyages of discovery and conquest what Sir Thomas Malory did for the age of chivalry. Although he was not a participant in the adventures which he compiled, yet he was actuated by admiration for the bold discoverers, and for the glory which they brought to England. Many voyages are not recorded in his words but in those of the voyagers, yet the principle which guided him in gathering the narratives is evident in his preface. This prose epic of the age of discovery thrills us because of the deeds done, not because we learn the motives back of them. These the reader must discover for himself, and it is not difficult to discern a continuation of the Anglo-Saxon ideas which were first revealed in *Beowulf*. Hakluyt's *Voyages* is the raw stuff of which history is made; in spite of the crabbed style we can trace in these narratives the love of adventure, the search for El Dorado, the loyalty to England, the determination to meet the unknown, and the profound religious faith of these adventurers. The account of the death of Sir Richard Grenville will bear comparison with that of the death of Beowulf or of Nelson. They were men of the same stock and spirit.

The two accounts here given are of the last fight of the English ship *Revenge*, commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, a cousin of Raleigh, and an explorer, against a Spanish fleet of overwhelming odds; and of Drake's voyage in 1578-1580 around Cape Horn and up the coast of South America, where he plundered the Spanish ports, to some point on the coast of California, where he overhauled his ship, and whence he sailed home across the Pacific, circumnavigating the globe.

*THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE IN THE FIRST EDITION, 1589

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, KNIGHT, PRINCIPAL SECRETARY TO HER MAJESTY, CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER, AND ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S MOST HONORABLE PRIVY COUNCIL.

RIGHT HONORABLE: I do remember that being a youth, and one of her Majesty's scholars at Westminster, that fruitful nursery, it was my hap to visit

*The title of the book from which this is taken is *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Trafficks, and Discoveries of the English Nation, Made by Sea or Over Land, to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth at Any Time Within the Compass of These 1500 Years.* (Traffic here means "commerce.")

53. Westminster. A London public school connected with Westminster Abbey. It was given its present organization by Queen Elizabeth.

the chamber of Mr. Richard Hakluyt my cousin, a gentleman of the Middle Temple, well known unto you, at a time when I found lying open upon his board certain books of cosmography, with an universal map. He, seeing me somewhat curious in the view thereof, began to instruct my ignorance, by showing me the division of the earth into three parts after the old account, and then according to the latter, and better distribution, into more. He pointed with his wand to all the known seas, gulfs, bays, straits, capes, rivers, empires, kingdoms, dukedoms, and territories of each part, with declaration also of their special commodities, and particular wants, which, by the benefit of traffic, and intercourse of merchants, are plentifully supplied. From the map he brought me to the Bible and, turning to the 107th Psalm, directed me to the 23d and 24th verses, where I read that they which go down to the sea in ships and occupy by the great waters, they see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep, etc. Which words of the prophet, together with my cousin's discourse (things of high and rare delight to my young nature) took in me so deep an impression that I constantly resolved, if ever I were preferred to the University, where better time and more convenient place might be ministered for these studies, I would by God's assistance prosecute that knowledge and kind of literature, the doors whereof (after a sort) were so happily opened before me.

According to which my resolution, when, not long after, I was removed to Christ Church in Oxford, my exercises of duty first performed, I fell to my intended course, and by degrees read over whatsoever printed or written discoveries and voyages I found extant either in the Greek, Latin, Italian, Span-

ish, Portugal, French, or English languages, and in my public lectures was the first that produced and showed both the old imperfectly composed, and the new lately reformed, maps, globes, spheres, and other instruments of this art for demonstration in the common schools, to the singular pleasure and general contentment of my auditory. In continuance of time, and by reason principally of my insight in this study, I grew familiarly acquainted with the chiefest captains at sea, the greatest merchants, and the best mariners of our nation. By which means having gotten somewhat more than common knowledge, I passed at length the narrow seas into France with Sir Edward Stafford, her Majesty's careful and discreet Ligier, where during my five years' abode with him in his dangerous and chargeable residence in her Highness's service, I both heard in speech and read in books other nations miraculously extolled for their discoveries and notable enterprises by sea, but the English, of all others, for their sluggish security and continual neglect of the like attempts, especially in so long and happy a time of peace, either ignominiously reported or exceedingly condemned; which singular opportunity, if some other people our neighbors had been blessed with, their protestations are often and vehement, they would far otherwise have used. . . . Thus both hearing and reading the obloquy of our nation, and finding few or none of our own men able to reply herein, and further, not seeing any man to have care to recommend to the world the industrious labors and painful travels of our countrymen — for stopping the mouths of the reproachers — myself being the last winter returned from France with the honorable the Lady Sheffield, for her passing good behavior highly esteemed in all the French court, determined, notwithstanding all difficulties, to undertake the burden of that work wherein all others pretended

2. **Middle Temple**, one of the London Inns of Court, which are legal societies and law schools. 5. **cosmography**, the description of the world, or study of the nature of the universe. 9. **the division of the earth into three parts**. Before the discovery of the Americas, maps depicted only Europe, Asia, and Africa. 25. **occupy by**, do business in. 28. **prophet**. David was considered by the Middle Ages to be a prophet of the Old Testament. 42. **Christ Church**, one of the colleges at Oxford.

49. **my public lectures**. Hakluyt lectured on cosmography at Oxford. 67. **Ligier**, resident ambassador. 69. **chargeable**, burdensome.

either ignorance or lack of leisure or want of sufficient argument, whereas (to speak truly) the huge toil and the small profit to ensue were the chief causes of the refusal. I call the work a burden, in consideration that these voyages lay so dispersed, scattered, and hidden in several hucksters' hands that I now wonder at myself to see how I was able to endure the delays, curiosity, and backwardness of many from whom I was to receive my originals; so that I have just cause to make that complaint of the maliciousness of divers in our time, which Pliny made of the men of his age: *At nos elaborata iis abscondere atque suppressere cupimus, et fraudare vitam etiam alienis bonis*, etc.

To harp no longer upon this string, and to speak a word of that just commendation which our nation do indeed deserve. It cannot be denied but as in all former ages they have been men full of activity, stirrers-abroad, and searchers of the remote parts of the world, so in this most famous and peerless government of her most excellent Majesty, her subjects through the special assistance and blessing of God, in searching the most opposite corners and quarters of the world, and to speak plainly, in compassing the vast globe of the earth more than once, have excelled all the nations and people of the earth. For which of the kings of this land before her Majesty had their banners ever seen in the Caspian Sea? Which of them hath ever dealt with the Emperor of Persia, as her Majesty hath done, and obtained for her merchants large and loving privileges? Who ever saw before this regiment an English Ligier in the stately porch of the Grand Signor at Constantinople? Who ever found English consuls and agents at Tripolis, in Syria, at Aleppo, at Babylon, at Balsara? And which is more, who ever heard of Englishmen at Goa before now? What English ships did heretofore ever anchor in the mighty river of Plate? pass and repass the unpassable

(in former opinion) Strait of Magellan, range along the coast of Chili, Peru, and all the backside of Nova Hispania, farther than any Christian ever passed, traverse the mighty breadth of the South Sea, land upon the Luzones in despite of the enemy, enter into alliance, amity, and traffic with the princes of the Moluccas, and the Isle of Java, double the famous Cape of Bona Speranza, arrive at the Isle of Santa Helena, and, last of all, return home most richly laden with the commodities of China, as the subjects of this now flourishing monarchy have done? . . .

Now whereas I have always noted your wisdom to have had a special care of the honor of her Majesty, the good reputation of our country, and the advancing of navigation, the very walls of this our island, as the oracle is reported to have spoken of the sea forces of Athens; and whereas I acknowledge in all dutiful sort how honorably both by your letter and speech I have been animated in this and other my travels, I see myself bound to make presentment of this work to yourself, as the fruits of your own encouragements, and the manifestation both of my unfeigned service to my prince and country, and of my particular duty to your honor. Which I have done with the less suspicion either of not satisfying the world or of not answering your own expectation, in that, according to your order, it hath passed the sight and partly also the censure of the learned physician, Mr. Doctor James, a man many ways very notably qualified.

And thus beseeching God, the giver of all true honor and wisdom, to increase both these blessings in you, with continuance of health, strength, happiness, and whatsoever good thing else yourself can wish, I humbly take my leave. London the 17th of November.

Your Honor's most humble always to be commanded,

Richard Hakluyt.

54. *Nova Hispania*, New Spain, i.e., Mexico. 57. *Luzones*, islands of the Malay Archipelago. 61. *Bona Speranza*, Good Hope. Magellan had made this voyage in 1521. 62. *Santa Helena*, St. Helena, an island off the west coast of Africa. 72. *oracle*. In 490 B.C., when the Athenians expected an attack from Persia, the Delphic oracle told them that "the wooden wall" (the fleet) would preserve them (Herodotus VII, 141).

16. *At nos*, etc., "but we desire to make away with and suppress what has been achieved by them, and to cheat life even out of the glories of others." 42. *regiment*, reign. 43. *Grand Signor*, Sultan of Turkey. 47-48. *Balsara* (Bulsar), Goa, ports on the west coast of India. 51. *Plate*, a South American river in the Argentine.

FROM THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE

A REPORT OF THE TRUTH OF THE FIGHT ABOUT THE ISLES OF AZORES, THE LAST OF AUGUST, 1591, BETWIXT THE REVENGE, ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS, AND AN ARMADA OF THE KING OF SPAIN. PENNED BY THE HONORABLE SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT.

Because the rumors are diversely spread, as well in England as in the Low Countries and elsewhere, of this late encounter between her Majesty's ships and the Armada of Spain; and that the Spaniards, according to their usual manner, fill the world with their vain-glorious vaunts, making great appearance of victories, when on the contrary, themselves are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonored; thereby hoping to possess the ignorant multitude by anticipating and forerunning false reports: It is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth, to overcome falsehood and untruth; that the beginning, continuance, and success of this late honorable encounter of Sir Richard Grenville, and other her Majesty's captains, with the Armada of Spain should be truly set down and published without partiality or false imaginations. And it is no marvel that the Spaniard should seek by false and slanderous pamphlets, avisos, and letters, to cover their own loss, and to derogate from others their due honors, especially in this fight being performed far off; seeing they were not ashamed in the year 1588, when they purposed the invasion of this land, to publish in sundry languages, in print, great victories in words, which they pleaded to have obtained against this realm; and spread the same in a most false sort over all parts of France, Italy, and elsewhere. When shortly after it was happily manifested in very deed to all nations how their navy which they termed invincible, consisting of one hundred forty sail of ships, not only of their own kingdom, but strengthened

with the greatest argosies, Portugal caracks, Florentines, and huge hulks of other countries, were by thirty of her Majesty's own ships of war, and a few of our own merchants, by the wise, valiant, and advantageous conduct of the Lord Charles Howard, high admiral of England, beaten and shuffled together; even from the Lizard in Cornwall first to Portland, where they shamefully lost Don Pedro de Valdes, with his mighty ship; from Portland to Cales, where they lost Hugo de Moncado, with the galleons of which he was captain, and from Cales, driven with squibs from their anchors, were chased out of the sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland. Where for the sympathy of their barbarous religion, hoping to find succor and assistance, a great part of them were crushed against the rocks, and those other that landed, being very many in number, were, notwithstanding, broken, slain, and taken, and so sent from village to village coupled in halters, to be shipped into England. Where her Majesty of her princely and invincible disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain or entertain them, they were all sent back again to their countries, to witness and recount the worthy achievements of their invincible and dreadful navy. Of which the number of soldiers, the fearful burden of their ships, the commanders' names of every squadron, with all other their magazines of provisions, were put in print, as an army and navy unresistable, and disdaining prevention. With all which so great and terrible an ostentation, they did not in all their sailing round about England so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cockboat of ours; or ever burned so much as one sheepcote of this land. Whenas on the contrary, Sir Francis Drake, with only eight hundred soldiers not long before landed in their Indies, and forced Santiago, Santo Domingo, Cartagena, and the forts of Florida.

And after that Sir John Norris marched from Peniche in Portugal, with

43, 44, 56. *argosies, caracks, galleons*, large medieval ships, usually merchantmen. 54. *Cales*, Calais. 57. *squibs*, fire ships; usually fireworks. 85. *bark, pinnace*, small sailing ships.

5. *Armada*, a fleet of warships. 25. *avisos*, notices.

a handful of soldiers, to the gates of Lisbon, being above forty English miles; where the Earl of Essex himself and other valiant gentlemen braved the city of Lisbon, encamped at the very gates; from whence, after many days' abode, finding neither promised party, nor provision to batter, they made retreat by land, in despite of all their garrisons, both of horse and foot. In this sort I have a little digressed from my first purpose, only by the necessary comparison of their and our actions: the one covetous of honor without vaunt of ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affairs, and by false rumors to resist the blasts of their own dishonors, as they will not only not blush to spread all manner of untruths, but even for the least advantage, be it but for the taking of one poor adventurer of the English, will celebrate the victory with bonfires in every town, always spending more in fagots than the purchase was worth they obtained. Whenas we never thought it worth the consumption of two billets, when we have taken eight or ten of their Indian ships at one time, and twenty of the Brazil fleet. Such is the difference between true valor and ostentation; and between honorable actions and frivolous, vainglorious vaunts. But now to return to my purpose.

The Lord Thomas Howard with six of her Majesty's ships, six victualers of London, the bark *Raleigh*, and two or three other pinnaces riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which Middleton, being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news but the fleet was in sight; many of our ships' companies were on shore in the

island, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could, either for money, or by force, recover. By reason whereof, our ships being all pestered and rummaging, everything out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one-half part of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable; for in the *Revenge* there were ninety diseased, in the *Bonaventure* not so many in health as could handle her mainsail. For had not twenty men been taken out of a bark of Sir George Carey's, his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest, for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Majesty's ships were these, as followeth: the *Defiance*, which was admiral; the *Revenge*, vice-admiral; the *Bonaventure*, commanded by Captain Cross; the *Lion* by George Fenner; the *Foresight* by Mr. Thomas Vavasour; and the *Crane* by Duffield. The *Foresight* and the *Crane* being but small ships, only the others were of the middle size; the rest, besides the bark *Raleigh*, commanded by Captain Thin, were victualers, and of small force or none. The Spanish fleet, having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last that weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of the ship, for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his coun-

7. party, reinforcements. 8. batter, make a breach in the walls. 28-30. Indian . . . Brazil fleet, Spanish merchantmen trading with the Spanish colonies. 36. victualers, supply ships.

57. pestered and rummaging, upset and disarranged. 96. persuaded, advised. 97. cast, turn.

try, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better, and might
 10 right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded. In the meanwhile, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip*, being in the wind of him and coming toward him, becalmed his sails in such sort, as the ship could neither
 20 make way nor feel the helm; so huge and high carg'd was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons; who after laid the *Revenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee, luffing up, also laid him aboard, of which the next was the *Admiral of the Biscayans*, a very mighty and puissant ship commanded by Brittandona. The said *Philip* carried three tiers of ordnance on a side,
 30 and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip*, four others boarded her, two on her larboard, and two on her starboard. The fight, thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip*, having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*,
 40 discharged with crossbar shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers—in some two hundred besides the mariners, in some five, in
 50 others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all beside the mariners but

the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of London, having received some shot through her by the armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victualers and of small force. Sir Richard bade him save himself, and leave him to his fortune. After the
 70 fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the Armada, and the admiral of the hulks both sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and
 80 lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* own company brought home in a ship of Lima from the islands, examined by some of the lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck till an hour before midnight, and then, being shot into the body with a musket as he was dressing, was again shot into the head,
 90 and withal his surgeon wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination, taken by Sir Francis Godolphin, of four other mariners of the same ship, being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrew, of her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight: the Spanish ships which attempted to board the
 100 *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than

7. sprang their luff, beat into the wind. 20. high carg'd, heavily laden. 22. laid . . . aboard, placed alongside. 31. chase, chase guns, placed either at the bow or stern of a vessel, to be used when pursuing or pursued.

76. admiral of the hulks, flagship of the large ships. 89-90. as he was dressing, as his wounds were being dressed.

two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment as they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as
10 the day increased, so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning, bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

20 All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and four-score and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast; a small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all
30 was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron, all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten over-
40 board, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead, either for flight or defense. Sir Richard, finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured, in this fifteen hours' fight, the assault of fifteen several armadas, all by turns aboard him, and by
50 estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and

entries; and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him (the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billows of the sea), commanded the master gun-
ner, whom he knew to be a most resolute 60 man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a navy, they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many
70 as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days. The master gunner readily condescended and divers others; but the captain and the master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of
80 them, alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same, and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one
90 ship of her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves, they answered that the ship had six foot water in hold, three shot under water, which were so weakly stopped as with the first working of the sea, she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, 100 and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the master of the *Revenge* (while the captain won unto

8. composition, settlement of hostilities. 17. bearing with, sailing near.

77. condescended, agreed. 78. the captain, in command of the *Revenge* under Grenville. 79. the master, the navigating officer. 82. entertain a composition, make an agreement.

him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the *General Don Alfonso Bazan*. Who (finding none over hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition) yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent
 10 for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville, whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

20 When this answer was returned, and that safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master gunner, being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master gunner finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number would have slain himself with a
 30 sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the General sent many boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the *General* and other ships. Sir Richard, thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Bazan to remove out of the *Revenge*, the ship being marvelous unsavory, filled with blood and bodies
 40 of dead, and wounded men like a slaughter-house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again desired the company to pray for him. The General used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valor
 50 and worthiness, and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution

seldom approved; to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armadas, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the *Lion* of London, a small ship, taken, and is now prisoner in London. . . .

FROM DRAKE'S VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD

*THE COURSE WHICH SIR FRANCIS DRAKE HELD FROM THE HAVEN OF GUATULCO IN THE SOUTH SEA ON THE BACK SIDE OF NUEVA ESPANNA, TO THE NORTHWEST OF CALIFORNIA AS FAR AS FORTY-THREE DEGREES; AND HIS RETURN BACK ALONG THE SAID COAST TO THIRTY-EIGHT DEGREES; WHERE FINDING A FAIR AND GOODLY HAVEN, HE LANDED, AND STAYING THERE MANY WEEKS, AND DISCOVERING MANY EXCELLENT THINGS IN THE COUNTRY AND GREAT SHOW OF RICH MINERAL MATTER, AND BEING OFFERED THE DOMINION OF THE COUNTRY BY THE LORD OF THE SAME, HE TOOK POSSESSION THEREOF IN THE BEHALF OF HER MAJESTY, AND NAMED IT NOVA ALBION.

We kept our course from the Isle of Cano (which lieth in eight degrees of northerly latitude, and within two leagues of the main of Nicaragua, where we calked and trimmed our ship) along the coast of Nueva Espanna, until we
 70 came to the haven and town of Guatulco, which (as we were informed) had but seventeen Spaniards dwelling in it, and we found it to stand in fifteen degrees and fifty minutes.

As soon as we were entered this haven

*The course, etc. From its account of Indians, gold plate, and the wonderful country of California, Drake's voyage seems like the dream of some Celtic hero back in the days of Cuchulain, but its clear-eyed, dogged determination is like that of Beowulf. Guatulco, a port on the western coast of Mexico. Nueva Espanna, i. e., New Spain, Mexico. Nova Albion, New England. The name did not become permanent. 66. Cano, off the southwest coast of Costa Rica.

13. galley, i. e., working at the oar of a galley, as prisoners of war often did. 44. swooned, fainted.

we landed, and went presently to the town, and to the town-house, where we found a judge sitting in judgment, he being associate with three other officers, upon three Negroes that had conspired the burning of the town; both which judges and prisoners we took, and brought them a-shipboard, and caused the chief judge to write his letter to the town, to command all the townsmen to avoid, that we might safely water there. Which being done, and they departed, we ransacked the town, and in one house we found a pot of the quantity of a bushel full of royals of plate, which we brought to our ship.

And here one Thomas Moone, one of our company, took a Spanish gentleman as he was flying out of the town, and searching him, he found a chain of gold about him, and other jewels, which we took and so let him go.

At this place our General, among other Spaniards, set ashore his Portugal pilot, which he took at the Island of Cape Verde, out of a ship of Saint Marie port of Portugal, and having set them ashore, we departed thence.

Our General at this place and time thinking himself both in respect of his private injuries received from the Spaniards, as also of their contempts and indignities offered to our country and Prince in general, sufficiently satisfied, and revenged; and supposing that her Majesty at his return would rest contented with this service, purposed to continue no longer upon the Spanish coasts, but began to consider and to consult of the best way for his country.

He thought it not good to return by the straits, for two special causes: the one, lest the Spaniards should there wait, and attend for him in great number and strength, whose hands he, being left but one ship, could not possibly escape. The other cause was the dangerous situation of the mouth of the straits of the south side, with continual storms raining and blustering, as he found by experience, besides the shoals and sands upon the coast, wherefore he

thought it not a good course to adventure that way. He resolved, therefore, to avoid these hazards, to go forward to the Islands of the Moluccas, and thence to sail the course of the Portugals by the Cape of Bona Speranza.

Upon this resolution he began to think of his best way for the Moluccas, and finding himself, where he now was, becalmed, he saw that of necessity he must be enforced to take a Spanish course, namely to sail somewhat northerly to get a wind. We therefore set sail, and sailed eight hundred leagues at the least for a good wind, and thus much we sailed from the sixteenth of April after our old style till the third of June.

The fifth day of June, being in forty-three degrees toward the pole arctic, being speedily come out of the extreme heat, we found the air so cold that our men, being pinched with the same, complained of the extremity thereof, and the further we went, the more the cold increased upon us, whereupon we thought it best for that time to seek land, and did so, finding it not mountainous, but low plain land, and we drew back again without landing, till we came within thirty-eight degrees toward the line. In which height it pleased God to send us into a fair and good bay, with a good wind to enter the same.

In this bay we anchored the seventeenth of June, and the people of the country, having their houses close by the water-side, showed themselves unto us, and sent a present to our General.

When they came unto us, they greatly wondered at the things which we brought, but our General (according to his natural and accustomed humanity) courteously entreated them, and liberally bestowed on them necessary things to cover their nakedness, whereupon they supposed us to be gods, and would not be persuaded to the contrary. The presents which they sent unto our General were feathers, and cals of network.

Their houses are digged round about with earth, and have from the utter-

11. **avoid**, go away. 15. **royals of plate**, coins worth about ten shillings each; **plate** means precious metal, usually silver.

101. **cals** (cauls), network coverings for the head, especially for women.

most brims of the circle cliffs of wood set upon them, joining close together at the top like a spire steeple, which by reason of that closeness are very warm.

Their bed is the ground with rushes strewed on it, and lying about the house, they have the fire in the midst. The men go naked; the women take bulrushes and comb them after the manner of hemp, and thereof make their loose garments, which being knit about their middles, hang down about their hips, having also about their shoulders a skin of deer, with the hair upon it. These women are very obedient and serviceable to their husbands.

After they were departed from us, they came and visited us the second time, and brought with them feathers and bags of tobacco for presents. And when they came to the top of the hill (at the bottom whereof we had pitched our tents) they stayed themselves, where one, appointed for speaker, wearied himself with making a long oration, which done, they left their bows upon the hill and came down with their presents.

In the meantime the women, remaining on the hill, tormented themselves lamentably, tearing their flesh from their cheeks, whereby we perceived that they were about a sacrifice. In the meantime our General, with his company, went to prayer, and to reading of the Scriptures, at which exercise they were attentive and seemed greatly to be affected with it. But when they were come unto us they restored again unto us those things which before we had bestowed upon them.

The news of our being there being spread through the country, the people that inhabited round about came down, and amongst them the King himself, a man of a goodly stature, and comely personage, with many other tall and warlike men; before whose coming were sent two ambassadors to our General, to signify that their King was coming, in doing of which message their speech was continued about half an hour. This ended, they by signs requested our General to send something by their hand to their King, as a token that his coming

might be in peace; wherein our General having satisfied them, they returned with glad tidings to their King, who marched to us with a princely majesty, the people crying continually after their manner, and as they drew near unto us, so did they strive to behave themselves in their actions with comeliness.

In the forefront was a man of a goodly personage, who bare the scepter, or mace, before the King, whereupon hanged two crowns, a lesser and a bigger, with three chains of a marvelous length. The crowns were made of knit work wrought artificially with feathers of divers colors; the chains were made of a bony substance, and few be the persons among them that are admitted to wear them—and of that number, also the persons are stinted, as some ten, some twelve, etc. Next unto him which bare the scepter was the King himself, with his guard about his person, clad with cony skins and other skins; after them followed the naked common sort of people, everyone having his face painted, some with white, some with black, and other colors, and having in their hands one thing or other for a present—not so much as their children, but they also brought their presents.

In the meantime our General gathered his men together and marched within his fenced place, making against their approaching a very warlike show. They being trooped together in their order, and a general salutation being made, there was presently a general silence. Then he that bare the scepter before the King, being informed by another whom they assigned to that office, with a manly and lofty voice proclaimed that which the other spake to him in secret, continuing half an hour; which ended and a general amen, as it were, given, the King, with the whole number of men and women (the children excepted), came down without any weapon, who, descending to the foot of the hill, set themselves in order.

In coming toward our bulwarks and tents the scepter-bearer began a song,

74. *stinted*, restricted as to the number of chains which they might wear. 78. *cony*, rabbit.

observing his measures in a dance, and that with a stately countenance, whom the King with his guard, and every degree of persons following, did in like manner sing and dance, saving only the women, which danced and kept silence. The General permitted them to enter within our bulwark, where they continued their song and dance a reasonable time. When they had satisfied themselves, they made signs to our General to sit down, to whom the King and divers others made several orations, or rather supplication, that he would take their province and kingdom into his hand and become their king, making signs that they would resign unto him their right and title of the whole land, and become his subjects. In which to persuade us the better, the King and the rest, with one consent and with great reverence, joyfully singing a song, did set the crown upon his head, enriched his neck with all their chains, and offered unto him many other things, honoring him by the name of Hioh, adding thereunto as it seemed a sign of triumph; which thing our General thought not meet to reject, because he knew not what honor and profit it might be to our country. Wherefore in the name, and to the use of her Majesty, he took the scepter, crown and dignity of the said country, in his hands, wishing that the riches and treasure thereof might so conveniently be transported to the enriching of her kingdom at home, as it aboundeth in the same.

The common sort of the people, leaving the King and his guard with our General, scattered themselves together with their sacrifices among our people, taking a diligent view of every person; and such as pleased their fancy (which were the youngest), they, inclosing them about, offered their sacrifices unto them with lamentable weeping, scratching and tearing the flesh from their faces with their nails, whereof issued abundance of blood. But we used signs to them of disliking this, and stayed their hands from force, and directed them upward to the living God, whom only they ought to worship. They

showed unto us their wounds, and craved help of them at our hands, whereupon we gave them lotions, plasters, and ointments agreeing to the state of their griefs, beseeching God to cure their diseases. Every third day they brought their sacrifices unto us, until they understood our meaning—that we had no pleasure in them; yet they could not be long absent from us, but daily frequented our company to the hour of our departure, which departure seemed so grievous unto them that their joy was turned into sorrow. They entreated us that, being absent, we would remember them, and by stealth provided a sacrifice, which we misliked.

Our necessary business being ended, our General with his company traveled up into the country to their villages, where we found herds of deer by a thousand in a company, being most large and fat of body.

We found the whole country to be a warren of a strange kind of conies, their bodies in bigness as be the Barbary conies, their heads as the heads of ours, the feet of a want, and the tail of a rat, being of great length; under her chin on either side a bag, into the which she gathereth her meat when she hath filled her belly abroad. The people eat their bodies, and make great account of their skins, for their King's coat was made of them.

Our General called this country Nova Albion, and that for two causes: the one, in respect of the white banks and cliffs which lie toward the sea; and the other, because it might have some affinity with our country in name, which sometime was so called.

There is no part of earth here to be taken up wherein there is not some special likelihood of gold or silver.

At our departure hence our General set up a monument of our being there, as also of her Majesty's right and title to the same; namely, a plate nailed upon a fair great post, whereupon was engraven her Majesty's name, the day and year of our arrival there, with the

free giving up of the province and people into her Majesty's hands, together with her Highness's picture and arms, in a piece of sixpence of current English money under the plate, whereunder was also written the name of our General.

It seemeth that the Spaniards hitherto had never been in this part of the country; neither did ever discover the land by many degrees to the southward of this place. (1598-1600)

EDWARD GIBBON (1737-1794)

NOTE

Until the production of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (1776-1788) England had no historian of first rank. Gibbon had been preceded by a series of chronicle and memoir-writers, but few Englishmen, except Bacon and Milton, had a knowledge of what the Greeks and Romans had effected in history sufficient to guide them in historical research and literary production. The life of Edward Gibbon was singularly suitable for his avocation. No financial stringency deflected him from his studies. His social position was secure, and he knew the leaders of thought and society in England and on the Continent. Travel expanded and vivified his learning, while military training as a captain in the Hampshire militia, and governmental training as a Member of Parliament for a term or two, gave him an insight into the considerations which dominate men in peace and in war. He was cosmopolitan in habit and thought, for after his father's death he spent most of his time on the Continent, at Lausanne, while his youthful conversion to Catholicism and subsequent reconversion to Protestantism killed in him faithful adherence to any one religious sect. Then, too, a stern father had forbidden him to marry Mlle. Curchod, whom he met when he was traveling abroad as a young man, and he never again expressed freely his feelings of affection, except in friendship with a few men of the day, chief among whom was Lord Sheffield.

All his activity went into his great history. How he determined upon the subject in 1764, while looking at dusk upon the Roman Forum, is well known. For two years he could not get to work, and thereafter it was ten years before the first volume appeared, in 1776; the second followed in 1781, and the third in 1788. Profoundly influenced by the rationalism of contemporary French philosophy, Gibbon sought to interpret the causes governing the vicissitudes of human government by using as a measure the decline and fall of the Roman empire. In a style of lucid and majestic grandeur, Gibbon unfolds not merely the panorama of historical events, but what he thinks are the universal causes back of them. The

present selection is noteworthy for its comparison of an evil and a good emperor, with the accompanying revelation of the inability or unwillingness of men to discern and follow the dictates of wisdom and goodness. Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher emperor who reigned from 161 to 180 A.D., perceived neither the immorality of his consort, Faustina, nor the fatal weaknesses of character in his son, Commodus. The wretched boy, who might have been disciplined into a modicum of decency, dashed himself to pieces as emperor in twelve years of barbarous excess (180-192 A.D.). But when the Roman people and the Praetorian Guard were relieved of their oppressor and had hope of an enlightened government under the aged and virtuous Pertinax, the lust for power made them impatient of any governmental restraint, and they murdered him within three months—an obvious reflection upon the wisdom of the citizens and the Praetorian Guard.

It is interesting to observe that in Gibbon the native characteristics of the Englishman are sharpened and intellectualized by contact with continental, especially Gallic, thought. Instead of the comparatively stern, simple statements about life which appear in earlier English historical writing, Gibbon presents us with such brilliant and penetrating observations as the following on the futility of the effort spent by Marcus Aurelius to educate Commodus: "But the power of instruction is seldom of much efficacy, except in those happy dispositions where it is almost superfluous. The distasteful lesson of a grave philosopher was, in a moment, obliterated by the whisper of a profligate favorite. . . ."

FROM THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

CHAPTER IV

THE CRUELTY, FOLLIES, AND MURDER OF COMMODUS—ELECTION OF PERTINAX— HIS ATTEMPTS TO REFORM THE STATE— HIS ASSASSINATION BY THE PRAETORIAN GUARDS

The mildness of Marcus, which the rigid discipline of the Stoics was unable to eradicate, formed, at the same time, the most amiable, and the only defective, part of his character. His excellent understanding was often deceived by the unsuspecting goodness of his heart. Artful men, who study the passions of 20 princes and conceal their own, approached his person in the disguise of philosophic sanctity, and acquired riches and honors by affecting to despise them. His excessive indulgence to his brother, his wife, and his son exceeded the bounds

of private virtue, and became a public injury, by the example and consequences of their vices.

Faustina, the daughter of Pius and the wife of Marcus, has been as much celebrated for her gallantries as for her beauty. The grave simplicity of the philosopher was ill calculated to engage her wanton levity, or to fix that unbounded passion for variety which often discovered personal merit in the meanest of mankind. The Cupid of the ancients was, in general, a very sensual deity; and the amours of an empress, as they exact on her side the plainest advances, are seldom susceptible of much sentimental delicacy. Marcus was the only man in the empire who seemed ignorant or insensible of the irregularities of Faustina; which, according to the prejudices of every age, reflected some disgrace on the injured husband. He promoted several of her lovers to posts of honor and profit, and, during a connection of thirty years, invariably gave her proofs of the most tender confidence, and of a respect which ended not with her life. In his *Meditations* he thanks the gods, who had bestowed on him a wife so faithful, so gentle, and of such a wonderful simplicity of manners. The obsequious senate, at his earnest request, declared her a goddess. She was represented, in her temples, with the attributes of Juno, Venus, and Ceres; and it was decreed that, on the day of their nuptials, the youth of either sex should pay their vows before the altar of their chaste patroness.

The monstrous vices of the son have cast a shade on the purity of the father's virtues. It has been objected to Marcus, that he sacrificed the happiness of millions to a fond partiality for a worthless boy; and that he chose a successor in his own family rather than in the republic. Nothing, however, was neglected by the anxious father, and by the men of virtue and learning whom he summoned to his assistance, to expand

the narrow mind of young Commodus, to correct his growing vices, and to render him worthy of the throne for which he was designed. But the power of instruction is seldom of much efficacy, except in those happy dispositions where it is almost superfluous. The distasteful lesson of a grave philosopher was, in a moment, obliterated by the whisper of a profligate favorite; and Marcus himself blasted the fruits of this labored education by admitting his son, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, to a full participation of the Imperial power. He lived but four years afterwards; but he lived long enough to repent a rash measure which raised the impetuous youth above the restraint of reason and authority.

Most of the crimes which disturb the internal peace of society are produced by the restraints which the necessary, but unequal, laws of property have imposed on the appetites of mankind, by confining to a few the possession of those objects that are coveted by many. Of all our passions and appetites the love of power is of the most imperious and unsociable nature, since the pride of one man requires the submission of the multitude. In the tumult of civil discord the laws of society lose their force, and their place is seldom supplied by those of humanity. The ardor of contention, the pride of victory, the despair of success, the memory of past injuries, and the fear of future dangers, all contribute to inflame the mind, and to silence the voice of pity. From such motives almost every page of history has been stained with civil blood; but these motives will not account for the unprovoked cruelties of Commodus, who had nothing to wish, and everything to enjoy. The beloved son of Marcus succeeded to his father amidst the acclamations of the senate and armies; and when he ascended the throne, the happy youth saw round him neither competitor to remove nor enemies to punish. In this calm, elevated station it was surely natural that he should prefer the love of mankind to their detestation, the mild glories of

4. **Pius**, Antoninus Pius, emperor from 138 to 161 A. D. 29. **Meditations**, a book of reflections written by the emperor.

his five predecessors to the ignominious fate of Nero and Domitian.

Yet Commodus was not, as he has been represented, a tiger born with an insatiate thirst of human blood, and capable, from his infancy, of the most inhuman actions. Nature had formed him of a weak, rather than a wicked, disposition. His simplicity and timidity rendered him the slave of his attendants, who gradually corrupted his mind. His cruelty, which at first obeyed the dictates of others, degenerated into habit, and at length became the ruling passion of his soul.

Upon the death of his father Commodus found himself embarrassed with the command of a great army, and the conduct of a difficult war against the Quadi and Marcomanni. The servile and profligate youths whom Marcus had banished soon regained their station and influence about the new emperor. They exaggerated the hardships and dangers of a campaign in the wild countries beyond the Danube; and they assured the indolent prince that the terror of his name and the arms of his lieutenants would be sufficient to complete the conquest of the dismayed barbarians, or to impose such conditions as were more advantageous than any conquest. By a dexterous application to his sensual appetites, they compared the tranquillity, the splendor, the refined pleasures of Rome with the tumult of a Pannonian camp, which afforded neither leisure nor materials for luxury. Commodus listened to the pleasing advice; but whilst he hesitated between his own inclination and the awe which he still retained for his father's counselors, the summer insensibly elapsed, and his triumphal entry into the capital was deferred till the autumn. His graceful person, popular address, and imagined virtues attracted the public favor; the honorable peace which he had recently granted to the barbarians diffused an

universal joy; his impatience to revisit Rome was fondly ascribed to the love of his country; and his dissolute course of amusements was faintly condemned in a prince of nineteen years of age.

During the three years of his reign the forms, and even the spirit, of the old administration were maintained by those faithful counselors, to whom Marcus had recommended his son, and for whose wisdom and integrity Commodus still entertained a reluctant esteem. The young prince and his profligate favorites revelled in all the license of sovereign power; but his hands were yet unstained with blood; and he had even displayed a generosity of sentiment, which might perhaps have ripened into solid virtue. A fatal incident decided his fluctuating character.

One evening, as the Emperor was returning to the palace through a dark and narrow portico in the amphitheater, an assassin, who waited his passage, rushed upon him with a drawn sword, loudly exclaiming, *The senate sends you this*. The menace prevented the deed; the assassin was seized by the guards, and immediately revealed the authors of the conspiracy. It had been formed, not in the state, but within the walls of the palace. Lucilla, the Emperor's sister, and widow of Lucius Verus, impatient of the second rank, and jealous of the reigning Empress, had armed the murderer against her brother's life. She had not ventured to communicate the black design to her second husband, Claudius Pompeianus, a senator of distinguished merit and unshaken loyalty; but among the crowd of her lovers (for she imitated the manners of Faustina) she found men of desperate fortunes and wild ambition, who were prepared to serve her more violent as well as her tender passions. The conspirators experienced the rigor of justice, and the abandoned princess was punished, first with exile, and afterwards with death.

But the words of the assassin sank deep into the mind of Commodus, and left an indelible impression of fear and hatred against the whole body of the

2. **Nero and Domitian.** Nero committed suicide when the Senate condemned him to death. Domitian was stabbed as the result of a plot concocted by his household and military staff. 19. **Quadi and Marcomanni.** Teutonic tribes dwelling north of the Danube. 36. **Pannonian.** Pannonia was a Roman province south of the Danube.

senate. Those whom he had dreaded as importunate ministers he now suspected as secret enemies. The delators, a race of men discouraged, and almost extinguished, under the former reigns, again became formidable as soon as they discovered that the Emperor was desirous of finding disaffection and treason in the senate. That assembly, whom Marcus had ever considered as the great council of the nation, was composed of the most distinguished of the Romans; and distinction of every kind soon became criminal. The possession of wealth stimulated the diligence of the informers; rigid virtue implied a tacit censure of the irregularities of Commodus; important services implied a dangerous superiority of merit; and the friendship of the father always insured the aversion of the son. Suspicion was equivalent to proof; trial to condemnation. The execution of a considerable senator was attended with the death of all who might lament or revenge his fate; and when Commodus had once tasted human blood, he became incapable of pity or remorse.

Of these innocent victims of tyranny none died more lamented than the two brothers of the Quintilian family, Maximus and Condiannus, whose fraternal love has saved their names from oblivion, and endeared their memory to posterity. Their studies and their occupations, their pursuits and their pleasures, were still the same. In the enjoyment of a great estate they never admitted the idea of a separate interest: some fragments are now extant of a treatise which they composed in common; and in every action of life it was observed that their two bodies were animated by one soul. The Antonines, who valued their virtues and delighted in their union, raised them, in the same year, to the consulship; and Marcus afterwards intrusted to their joint care the civil administration of Greece, and a great military command, in which they obtained a signal victory over the Ger-

mans. The kind cruelty of Commodus united them in death.

The tyrant's rage, after having shed the noblest blood of the senate, at length recoiled on the principal instrument of his cruelty. Whilst Commodus was immersed in blood and luxury, he devolved the detail of the public business on Perennis, a servile and ambitious minister, who had obtained his post by the murder of his predecessor, but who possessed a considerable share of vigor and ability. By acts of extortion, and the forfeited estates of the nobles sacrificed to his avarice, he had accumulated an immense treasure. The Praetorian guards were under his immediate command; and his son, who already discovered a military genius, was at the head of the Illyrian legions. Perennis aspired to the empire; or what, in the eyes of Commodus, amounted to the same crime, he was capable of aspiring to it, had he not been prevented, surprised, and put to death. The fall of a minister is a very trifling incident in the general history of the empire; but it was hastened by an extraordinary circumstance, which proved how much the nerves of discipline were already relaxed. The legions of Britain, discontented with the administration of Perennis, formed a deputation of fifteen hundred select men, with instructions to march to Rome, and lay their complaints before the Emperor. These military petitioners, by their own determined behavior, by inflaming the divisions of the guards, by exaggerating the strength of the British army, and by alarming the fears of Commodus, exacted and obtained the minister's death, as the only redress of their grievances. This presumption of a distant army, and their discovery of the weakness of government, was a sure presage of the most dreadful convulsions.

The negligence of the public administration was betrayed soon afterwards by a new disorder, which arose from

3. *delators*, imperial spies. 44. *Antonines*, the emperors Antoninus Pius, who reigned from 138 to 161 A. D., and his adopted son, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

68. *Praetorian guards*, the guards of the Roman emperor. They frequently made and unmade emperors. Constantine disbanded them in 312 A.D.

the smallest beginnings. A spirit of desertion began to prevail among the troops, and the deserters, instead of seeking their safety in flight or concealment, infested the highways. Maternus, a private soldier, of a daring boldness above his station, collected these bands of robbers into a little army, set open the prisons, invited the slaves to assert their freedom, and plundered with impunity the rich and defenseless cities of Gaul and Spain. The governors of the provinces, who had long been the spectators, and perhaps the partners, of his depredations, were, at length, roused from their supine indolence by the threatening commands of the Emperor. Maternus found that he was encompassed, and foresaw that he must be overpowered. A great effort of despair was his last resource. He ordered his followers to disperse, to pass the Alps in small parties and various disguises, and to assemble at Rome, during the licentious tumult of the festival of Cybele. To murder Commodus, and to ascend the vacant throne, was the ambition of no vulgar robber. His measures were so ably concerted that his concealed troops already filled the streets of Rome. The envy of an accomplice discovered and ruined this singular enterprise in the moment when it was ripe for execution.

Suspicious princes often promote the last of mankind, from a vain persuasion that those who have no dependence except on their favor will have no attachment except to the person of their benefactor. Cleander, the successor of Perennis, was a Phrygian by birth; of a nation, over whose stubborn but servile temper blows only could prevail. He had been sent from his native country to Rome, in the capacity of a slave. As a slave he entered the imperial palace, rendered himself useful to his master's passions, and rapidly ascended

to the most exalted station which a subject could enjoy. His influence over the mind of Commodus was much greater than that of his predecessor; for Cleander was devoid of any ability or virtue which could inspire the Emperor with envy or distrust. Avarice was the reigning passion of his soul, and the great principle of his administration. The rank of consul, of patrician, of senator, was exposed to public sale; and it would have been considered as disaffection if anyone had refused to purchase these empty and disgraceful honors with the greatest part of his fortune. In the lucrative provincial employments the minister shared with the governor the spoils of the people. The execution of the laws was venal and arbitrary. A wealthy criminal might obtain not only the reversal of the sentence by which he was justly condemned, but might likewise inflict whatever punishment he pleased on the accuser, the witnesses, and the judge.

By these means Cleander, in the space of three years, had accumulated more wealth than had ever yet been possessed by any freedman. Commodus was perfectly satisfied with the magnificent presents which the artful courtier laid at his feet in the most seasonable moments. To divert the public envy, Cleander, under the Emperor's name, erected baths, porticoes, and places of exercise, for the use of the people. He flattered himself that the Romans, dazzled and amused by this apparent liberality, would be less affected by the bloody scenes which were daily exhibited; that they would forget the death of Byrrhus, a senator to whose superior merit the late Emperor had granted one of his daughters; and that they would forgive the execution of Arrius Antoninus, the last representative of the name and virtues of the Antonines. The former, with more integrity than prudence, had attempted to disclose

25. **festival of Cybele.** During the Second Punic War the Romans imported from Asia the worship of the mother of the gods. Her festival, the Megalesia, began on the fourth of April, and lasted six days. The streets were crowded with mad processions, the theaters with spectators, and the public tables with unbidden guests. Order and police were suspended, and pleasure was the only serious business of the city. [Gibbon's note.]

58. **consul**, one of the two joint chief magistrates of the Roman republic and empire. The term of office was usually one year. **patrician**, belonging to the class of nobles. 59. **senator**. Until this time, membership in the Roman Senate was open only to men of noble birth.

to his brother-in-law the true character of Cleander. An equitable sentence pronounced by the latter, when proconsul of Asia, against a worthless creature of the favorite, proved fatal to him. After the fall of Perennis the terrors of Commodus had, for a short time, assumed the appearance of a return to virtue. He repealed the most odious of his acts, loaded his memory with the public execration, and ascribed to the pernicious counsels of that wicked minister all the errors of his inexperienced youth. But his repentance lasted only thirty days; and, under Cleander's tyranny, the administration of Perennis was often regretted.

Pestilence and famine contributed to fill up the measure of the calamities of Rome. The first could only be imputed to the just indignation of the gods; but a monopoly of corn, supported by the riches and power of the minister, was considered as the immediate cause of the second. The popular discontent, after it had long circulated in whispers, broke out in the assembled circus. The people quitted their favorite amusements for the more delicious pleasure of revenge, rushed in crowds toward a palace in the suburbs, one of the Emperor's retirements, and demanded, with angry clamors, the head of the public enemy. Cleander, who commanded the Praetorian guards, ordered a body of cavalry to sally forth and disperse the seditious multitude. The multitude fled with precipitation toward the city; several were slain, and many more were trampled to death; but when the cavalry entered the streets their pursuit was checked by a shower of stones and darts from the roofs and windows of the houses. The foot guards, who had been long jealous of the prerogatives and insolence of the Praetorian cavalry, embraced the party of the people. The tumult became a regular engagement, and threatened a general massacre. The Praetorians at length gave way, oppressed with num-

bers; and the tide of popular fury returned with redoubled violence against the gates of the palace, where Commodus lay dissolved in luxury, and alone unconscious of the civil war. It was death to approach his person with the unwelcome news. He would have perished in this supine security had not two women, his eldest sister, Fadilla, and Marcia, the most favored of his concubines, ventured to break into his presence. Bathed in tears, and with disheveled hair, they threw themselves at his feet, and, with all the pressing eloquence of fear, discovered to the affrighted Emperor the crimes of the minister, the rage of the people, and the impending ruin which in a few minutes would burst over his palace and person. Commodus started from his dream of pleasure, and commanded that the head of Cleander should be thrown out to the people. The desired spectacle instantly appeased the tumult; and the son of Marcus might even yet have regained the affection and confidence of his subjects.

But every sentiment of virtue and humanity was extinct in the mind of Commodus. Whilst he thus abandoned the reins of empire to these unworthy favorites, he valued nothing in sovereign power except the unbounded license of indulging his sensual appetites. . . . The ancient historians have expatiated on these abandoned scenes of prostitution, which scorned every restraint of nature or modesty; but it would not be easy to translate their too faithful descriptions into the decency of modern language. The intervals of lust were filled up with the basest amusements. The influence of a polite age and the labor of an attentive education had never been able to infuse into his rude and brutish mind the least tincture of learning; and he was the first of the Roman emperors totally devoid of taste for the pleasures of the understanding. Nero himself excelled, or affected to excel, in the elegant arts of music and poetry; nor should we despise his pursuits, had he not converted the pleasing relaxation of a leisure hour into the serious busi-

18. **Pestilence and famine.** Dion says that two thousand persons died every day at Rome, during a considerable length of time. [Gibbon's note.]

ness and ambition of his life. But Commodus, from his earliest infancy, discovered an aversion to whatever was rational or liberal, and a fond attachment to the amusements of the populace—the sports of the circus and amphitheater, the combats of gladiators, and the hunting of wild beasts. The masters in every branch of learning, whom Marcus provided for his son, were heard with inattention and disgust; whilst the Moors and Parthians, who taught him to dart the javelin and to shoot with the bow, found a disciple who delighted in his application, and soon equaled the most skillful of his instructors in the steadiness of the eye and the dexterity of the hand.

The servile crowd, whose fortune depended on their master's vices, applauded these ignoble pursuits. The perfidious voice of flattery reminded him that, by exploits of the same nature, by the defeat of the Nemean lion, and the slaughter of the wild boar of Erymanthus, the Grecian Hercules had acquired a place among the gods, and an immortal memory among men. They only forgot to observe that, in the first ages of society, when the fiercer animals often dispute with man the possession of an unsettled country, a successful war against those savages is one of the most innocent and beneficial labors of heroism. In the civilized state of the Roman empire the wild beasts had long since retired from the face of man and the neighborhood of populous cities. To surprise them in their solitary haunts, and to transport them to Rome, that they might be slain in pomp by the hand of an emperor, was an enterprise equally ridiculous for the prince and oppressive for the people. Ignorant of these distinctions, Commodus eagerly embraced the glorious resemblance, and styled himself (as we still read on his medals) the *Roman Hercules*. The club and the lion's hide were placed by the side of the throne amongst the ensigns of sovereignty; and statues were erected, in which Commodus was represented in the character and with the attributes of the god whose valor and dexterity

he endeavored to emulate in the daily course of his ferocious amusements.

Elated with these praises, which gradually extinguished the innate sense of shame, Commodus resolved to exhibit, before the eyes of the Roman people, those exercises which till then he had decently confined within the walls of his palace and to the presence of a few favorites. On the appointed day the various motives of flattery, fear, and curiosity attracted to the amphitheater an innumerable multitude of spectators; and some degree of applause was deservedly bestowed on the uncommon skill of the Imperial performer. Whether he aimed at the head or heart of the animal, the wound was alike certain and mortal. With arrows, whose point was shaped into the form of a crescent, Commodus often intercepted the rapid career and cut asunder the long bony neck of the ostrich. A panther was let loose; and the archer waited till he had leaped upon a trembling malefactor. In the same instant the shaft flew, the beast dropped dead, and the man remained unhurt. The dens of the amphitheater disgorged at once a hundred lions; a hundred darts from the unerring hand of Commodus laid them dead as they ran raging round the arena. Neither the huge bulk of the elephant nor the scaly hide of the rhinoceros could defend them from his stroke. Ethiopia and India yielded their most extraordinary productions; and several animals were slain in the amphitheater which had been seen only in the representations of art, or perhaps of fancy. In all these exhibitions, the surest precautions were used to protect the person of the Roman Hercules from the desperate spring of any savage who might possibly disregard the dignity of the Emperor and the sanctity of the god.

But the meanest of the populace were affected with shame and indignation, when they beheld their sovereign enter the lists as a gladiator, and glory in a profession which the laws and manners of the Romans had branded with the justest note of infamy. He chose the

habit and arms of the *Secutor*, whose combat with the *Retiarius* formed one of the most lively scenes in the bloody sports of the amphitheater. The *Secutor* was armed with a helmet, sword, and buckler; his naked antagonist had only a large net and a trident; with the one he endeavored to entangle, with the other to dispatch, his enemy. If he missed the first throw he was obliged to fly from the pursuit of the *Secutor* till he had prepared his net for a second cast. The Emperor fought in this character seven hundred and thirty-five several times. These glorious achievements were carefully recorded in the public acts of the empire; and, that he might omit no circumstance of infamy, he received from the common fund of gladiators a stipend so exorbitant that it became a new and most ignominious tax upon the Roman people. It may be easily supposed that in these engagements the master of the world was always successful; in the amphitheater his victories were not often sanguinary; but when he exercised his skill in the school of gladiators, or his own palace, his wretched antagonists were frequently honored with a mortal wound from the hand of Commodus, and obliged to seal their flattery with their blood. He now disdained the appellation of Hercules. The name of Paulus, a celebrated *Secutor*, was the only one which delighted his ear. It was inscribed on his colossal statues, and repeated in the redoubled acclamations of the mournful and applauding senate. Claudius Pompeianus, the virtuous husband of Lucilla, was the only senator who asserted the honor of his rank. As a father he permitted his sons to consult their safety by attending the amphitheater. As a Roman he declared that his own life was in the Emperor's hands, but that he would never behold the son of Marcus prostituting his person and dignity. Notwithstanding his manly resolution, Pompeianus escaped the

resentment of the tyrant, and, with his honor, had the good fortune to preserve his life.

Commodus had now attained the summit of vice and infamy. Amidst the acclamations of a flattering court, he was unable to disguise from himself that he had deserved the contempt and hatred of every man of sense and virtue in his empire. His ferocious spirit was irritated by the consciousness of that hatred, by the envy of every kind of merit, by the just apprehension of danger, and by the habit of slaughter which he contracted in his daily amusements. History has preserved a long list of consular senators sacrificed to his wanton suspicion, which sought out, with peculiar anxiety, those unfortunate persons connected, however remotely, with the family of the Antonines, without sparing even the ministers of his crimes or pleasures. His cruelty proved at last fatal to himself. He had shed with impunity the noblest blood of Rome; he perished as soon as he was dreaded by his own domestics. Marcia, his favorite concubine, Eclectus, his chamberlain, and Laetus, his Praetorian prefect, alarmed by the fate of their companions and predecessors, resolved to prevent the destruction which every hour hung over their heads, either from the mad caprice of the tyrant, or the sudden indignation of the people. Marcia seized the occasion of presenting a draft of wine to her lover, after he had fatigued himself with hunting some wild beasts. Commodus retired to sleep; but whilst he was laboring with the effects of poison and drunkenness, a robust youth, by profession a wrestler, entered his chamber, and strangled him without resistance. The body was secretly conveyed out of the palace, before the least suspicion was entertained in the city, or even in the court, of the Emperor's death. Such was the fate of the son of Marcus, and so easy was it to destroy a hated tyrant, who, by the artificial powers of government, had oppressed,

15. times. He received, for each time, *decies*, about £8000 sterling. [Gibbon's note.] 29. **wretched antagonists.** Victor tells us that Commodus only allowed his antagonists a leaden weapon, dreading most probably the consequences of their despair. [Gibbon's note.]

79. **prefect.** The higher executive and administrative officers of the Roman empire were generally called prefects.

during thirteen years, so many millions of subjects, every one of whom was equal to their master in personal strength and personal abilities.

The measures of the conspirators were conducted with the deliberate coolness and celerity which the greatness of the occasion required. They resolved instantly to fill the vacant throne with an emperor whose character would justify and maintain the action that has been committed. They fixed on Pertinax, prefect of the city, an ancient senator of consular rank, whose conspicuous merit had broken through the obscurity of his birth, and raised him to the first honors of the state. He had successively governed most of the provinces of the empire; and in all his great employ-
 10
 20
 30
 40
 50
 60
 70
 80
 90
 100
 110
 120
 130
 140
 150
 160
 170
 180
 190
 200
 210
 220
 230
 240
 250
 260
 270
 280
 290
 300
 310
 320
 330
 340
 350
 360
 370
 380
 390
 400
 410
 420
 430
 440
 450
 460
 470
 480
 490
 500
 510
 520
 530
 540
 550
 560
 570
 580
 590
 600
 610
 620
 630
 640
 650
 660
 670
 680
 690
 700
 710
 720
 730
 740
 750
 760
 770
 780
 790
 800
 810
 820
 830
 840
 850
 860
 870
 880
 890
 900
 910
 920
 930
 940
 950
 960
 970
 980
 990
 1000
 1010
 1020
 1030
 1040
 1050
 1060
 1070
 1080
 1090
 1100
 1110
 1120
 1130
 1140
 1150
 1160
 1170
 1180
 1190
 1200
 1210
 1220
 1230
 1240
 1250
 1260
 1270
 1280
 1290
 1300
 1310
 1320
 1330
 1340
 1350
 1360
 1370
 1380
 1390
 1400
 1410
 1420
 1430
 1440
 1450
 1460
 1470
 1480
 1490
 1500
 1510
 1520
 1530
 1540
 1550
 1560
 1570
 1580
 1590
 1600
 1610
 1620
 1630
 1640
 1650
 1660
 1670
 1680
 1690
 1700
 1710
 1720
 1730
 1740
 1750
 1760
 1770
 1780
 1790
 1800
 1810
 1820
 1830
 1840
 1850
 1860
 1870
 1880
 1890
 1900
 1910
 1920
 1930
 1940
 1950
 1960
 1970
 1980
 1990
 2000
 2010
 2020
 2030
 2040
 2050
 2060
 2070
 2080
 2090
 2100
 2110
 2120
 2130
 2140
 2150
 2160
 2170
 2180
 2190
 2200
 2210
 2220
 2230
 2240
 2250
 2260
 2270
 2280
 2290
 2300
 2310
 2320
 2330
 2340
 2350
 2360
 2370
 2380
 2390
 2400
 2410
 2420
 2430
 2440
 2450
 2460
 2470
 2480
 2490
 2500
 2510
 2520
 2530
 2540
 2550
 2560
 2570
 2580
 2590
 2600
 2610
 2620
 2630
 2640
 2650
 2660
 2670
 2680
 2690
 2700
 2710
 2720
 2730
 2740
 2750
 2760
 2770
 2780
 2790
 2800
 2810
 2820
 2830
 2840
 2850
 2860
 2870
 2880
 2890
 2900
 2910
 2920
 2930
 2940
 2950
 2960
 2970
 2980
 2990
 3000
 3010
 3020
 3030
 3040
 3050
 3060
 3070
 3080
 3090
 3100
 3110
 3120
 3130
 3140
 3150
 3160
 3170
 3180
 3190
 3200
 3210
 3220
 3230
 3240
 3250
 3260
 3270
 3280
 3290
 3300
 3310
 3320
 3330
 3340
 3350
 3360
 3370
 3380
 3390
 3400
 3410
 3420
 3430
 3440
 3450
 3460
 3470
 3480
 3490
 3500
 3510
 3520
 3530
 3540
 3550
 3560
 3570
 3580
 3590
 3600
 3610
 3620
 3630
 3640
 3650
 3660
 3670
 3680
 3690
 3700
 3710
 3720
 3730
 3740
 3750
 3760
 3770
 3780
 3790
 3800
 3810
 3820
 3830
 3840
 3850
 3860
 3870
 3880
 3890
 3900
 3910
 3920
 3930
 3940
 3950
 3960
 3970
 3980
 3990
 4000
 4010
 4020
 4030
 4040
 4050
 4060
 4070
 4080
 4090
 4100
 4110
 4120
 4130
 4140
 4150
 4160
 4170
 4180
 4190
 4200
 4210
 4220
 4230
 4240
 4250
 4260
 4270
 4280
 4290
 4300
 4310
 4320
 4330
 4340
 4350
 4360
 4370
 4380
 4390
 4400
 4410
 4420
 4430
 4440
 4450
 4460
 4470
 4480
 4490
 4500
 4510
 4520
 4530
 4540
 4550
 4560
 4570
 4580
 4590
 4600
 4610
 4620
 4630
 4640
 4650
 4660
 4670
 4680
 4690
 4700
 4710
 4720
 4730
 4740
 4750
 4760
 4770
 4780
 4790
 4800
 4810
 4820
 4830
 4840
 4850
 4860
 4870
 4880
 4890
 4900
 4910
 4920
 4930
 4940
 4950
 4960
 4970
 4980
 4990
 5000
 5010
 5020
 5030
 5040
 5050
 5060
 5070
 5080
 5090
 5100
 5110
 5120
 5130
 5140
 5150
 5160
 5170
 5180
 5190
 5200
 5210
 5220
 5230
 5240
 5250
 5260
 5270
 5280
 5290
 5300
 5310
 5320
 5330
 5340
 5350
 5360
 5370
 5380
 5390
 5400
 5410
 5420
 5430
 5440
 5450
 5460
 5470
 5480
 5490
 5500
 5510
 5520
 5530
 5540
 5550
 5560
 5570
 5580
 5590
 5600
 5610
 5620
 5630
 5640
 5650
 5660
 5670
 5680
 5690
 5700
 5710
 5720
 5730
 5740
 5750
 5760
 5770
 5780
 5790
 5800
 5810
 5820
 5830
 5840
 5850
 5860
 5870
 5880
 5890
 5900
 5910
 5920
 5930
 5940
 5950
 5960
 5970
 5980
 5990
 6000
 6010
 6020
 6030
 6040
 6050
 6060
 6070
 6080
 6090
 6100
 6110
 6120
 6130
 6140
 6150
 6160
 6170
 6180
 6190
 6200
 6210
 6220
 6230
 6240
 6250
 6260
 6270
 6280
 6290
 6300
 6310
 6320
 6330
 6340
 6350
 6360
 6370
 6380
 6390
 6400
 6410
 6420
 6430
 6440
 6450
 6460
 6470
 6480
 6490
 6500
 6510
 6520
 6530
 6540
 6550
 6560
 6570
 6580
 6590
 6600
 6610
 6620
 6630
 6640
 6650
 6660
 6670
 6680
 6690
 6700
 6710
 6720
 6730
 6740
 6750
 6760
 6770
 6780
 6790
 6800
 6810
 6820
 6830
 6840
 6850
 6860
 6870
 6880
 6890
 6900
 6910
 6920
 6930
 6940
 6950
 6960
 6970
 6980
 6990
 7000
 7010
 7020
 7030
 7040
 7050
 7060
 7070
 7080
 7090
 7100
 7110
 7120
 7130
 7140
 7150
 7160
 7170
 7180
 7190
 7200
 7210
 7220
 7230
 7240
 7250
 7260
 7270
 7280
 7290
 7300
 7310
 7320
 7330
 7340
 7350
 7360
 7370
 7380
 7390
 7400
 7410
 7420
 7430
 7440
 7450
 7460
 7470
 7480
 7490
 7500
 7510
 7520
 7530
 7540
 7550
 7560
 7570
 7580
 7590
 7600
 7610
 7620
 7630
 7640
 7650
 7660
 7670
 7680
 7690
 7700
 7710
 7720
 7730
 7740
 7750
 7760
 7770
 7780
 7790
 7800
 7810
 7820
 7830
 7840
 7850
 7860
 7870
 7880
 7890
 7900
 7910
 7920
 7930
 7940
 7950
 7960
 7970
 7980
 7990
 8000
 8010
 8020
 8030
 8040
 8050
 8060
 8070
 8080
 8090
 8100
 8110
 8120
 8130
 8140
 8150
 8160
 8170
 8180
 8190
 8200
 8210
 8220
 8230
 8240
 8250
 8260
 8270
 8280
 8290
 8300
 8310
 8320
 8330
 8340
 8350
 8360
 8370
 8380
 8390
 8400
 8410
 8420
 8430
 8440
 8450
 8460
 8470
 8480
 8490
 8500
 8510
 8520
 8530
 8540
 8550
 8560
 8570
 8580
 8590
 8600
 8610
 8620
 8630
 8640
 8650
 8660
 8670
 8680
 8690
 8700
 8710
 8720
 8730
 8740
 8750
 8760
 8770
 8780
 8790
 8800
 8810
 8820
 8830
 8840
 8850
 8860
 8870
 8880
 8890
 8900
 8910
 8920
 8930
 8940
 8950
 8960
 8970
 8980
 8990
 9000
 9010
 9020
 9030
 9040
 9050
 9060
 9070
 9080
 9090
 9100
 9110
 9120
 9130
 9140
 9150
 9160
 9170
 9180
 9190
 9200
 9210
 9220
 9230
 9240
 9250
 9260
 9270
 9280
 9290
 9300
 9310
 9320
 9330
 9340
 9350
 9360
 9370
 9380
 9390
 9400
 9410
 9420
 9430
 9440
 9450
 9460
 9470
 9480
 9490
 9500
 9510
 9520
 9530
 9540
 9550
 9560
 9570
 9580
 9590
 9600
 9610
 9620
 9630
 9640
 9650
 9660
 9670
 9680
 9690
 9700
 9710
 9720
 9730
 9740
 9750
 9760
 9770
 9780
 9790
 9800
 9810
 9820
 9830
 9840
 9850
 9860
 9870
 9880
 9890
 9900
 9910
 9920
 9930
 9940
 9950
 9960
 9970
 9980
 9990
 10000

contents, to accept the donative promised by the new Emperor, to swear allegiance to him, and, with joyful acclamation and laurels in their hands, to conduct him to the senate-house, that the military consent might be ratified by the civil authority.

This important night was now far spent; with the dawn of day, and the commencement of the new year, the senators expected a summons to attend an ignominious ceremony. In spite of all remonstrances, even of those of his creatures who yet preserved any regard for prudence or decency, Commodus had resolved to pass the night in the gladiator's school, and from thence to take possession of the consulship, in the habit and with the attendance of that infamous crew. On a sudden, before the break of day, the senate was called together in the Temple of Concord, to meet the guards, and to ratify the election of a new emperor. For a few minutes they sat in silent suspense, doubtful of their unexpected deliverance, and suspicious of the cruel artifices of Commodus; but, when at length they were assured that the tyrant was no more, they resigned themselves to all the transports of joy and indignation. Pertinax, who modestly represented the meanness of his extraction, and pointed out several noble senators more deserving than himself of the empire, was constrained by their dutiful violence to ascend the throne, and received all the titles of Imperial power, confirmed by the most sincere vows of fidelity. The memory of Commodus was branded with eternal infamy. The names of tyrant, of gladiator, of public enemy resounded in every corner of the house. They decreed in tumultuous votes that his honors should be reversed, his titles erased from the public monuments, his statues thrown down, his body dragged with a hook into the stripping-room of the gladiators, to satiate the public fury; and they expressed some indignation against those officious servants who had

55. *donative*, gift. 72. *consulship*. As a gesture to the traditions of the Roman Republic, the emperors retained and sometimes assumed one of its chief offices.

already presumed to screen his remains from the justice of the senate. But Pertinax could not refuse those last rites to the memory of Marcus and the tears of his first protector, Claudius Pompeianus, who lamented the cruel fate of his brother-in-law, and lamented still more that he had deserved it.

These effusions of impotent rage against a dead emperor, whom the senate had flattered when alive with the most abject servility, betrayed a just but ungenerous spirit of revenge. The legality of these decrees was, however, supported by the principles of the Imperial constitution. To censure, to depose, or to punish with death, the first magistrate of the republic who had abused his delegated trust, was the
 20 ancient and undoubted prerogative of the Roman senate; but that feeble assembly was obliged to content itself with inflicting on a fallen tyrant that public justice from which, during his life and reign, he had been shielded by the strong arm of military despotism.

Pertinax found a nobler way of condemning his predecessor's memory—by the contrast of his own virtues with the vices of Commodus. On the day of his
 30 accession he resigned over to his wife and son his whole private fortune; that they might have no pretense to solicit favors at the expense of the state. He refused to flatter the vanity of the former with the title of Augusta, or to corrupt the inexperienced youth of the latter by the rank of Caesar. Accurately distinguishing between the duties
 40 of a parent and those of a sovereign, he educated his son with a severe simplicity, which, while it gave him no assured prospect of the throne, might in time have rendered him worthy of it. In public the behavior of Pertinax was grave and affable. He lived with the virtuous part of the senate (and, in a private station, he had been acquainted
 50 with the true character of each individual), without either pride or jealousy;

considered them as friends and companions, with whom he had shared the dangers of the tyranny, and with whom he wished to enjoy the security of the present time. He very frequently invited them to familiar entertainments, the frugality of which was ridiculed by those who remembered and regretted the luxurious prodigality of Commodus.

To heal, as far as it was possible, the
 60 wounds inflicted by the hand of tyranny was the pleasing, but melancholy, task of Pertinax. The innocent victims who yet survived were recalled from exile, released from prison, and restored to the full possession of their honors and fortunes. The unburied bodies of murdered senators (for the cruelty of
 70 Commodus endeavored to extend itself beyond death) were deposited in the sepulchers of their ancestors; their memory was justified; and every consolation was bestowed on their ruined and afflicted families. Among these consolations, one of the most grateful was the punishment of the Delators, the common enemies of their master, of virtue, and of their country. Yet, even in the inquisition of these legal
 80 assassins, Pertinax proceeded with a steady temper, which gave everything to justice, and nothing to popular prejudice and resentment.

The finances of the state demanded the most vigilant care of the Emperor. Though every measure of injustice and extortion had been adopted which could collect the property of the subject into the coffers of the prince, the rapaciousness of Commodus had been so very
 90 inadequate to his extravagance that, upon his death, no more than eight thousand pounds were found in the exhausted treasury, to defray the current expenses of government, and to discharge the pressing demand of a liberal donative, which the new Emperor had been obliged to promise to the Praetorian guards. Yet, under these distressed circumstances, Pertinax had the
 100 generous firmness to remit all the oppressive taxes invented by Commodus, and to cancel all the unjust claims of the treasury; declaring, in a decree of the

36. *Augusta*, a title of honor conferred upon the wife, mother, or sister of a Roman emperor. 38. *Caesar*. This title was borne by both the Roman emperor and his presumptive heir.

senate, "that he was better satisfied to administer a poor republic with innocence than to acquire riches by the ways of tyranny and dishonor." Economy and industry he considered as the pure and genuine sources of wealth; and from them he soon derived a copious supply for the public necessities. The expense of the household was immediately reduced to one-half. All the instruments of luxury Pertinax exposed to public auction, gold and silver plate, chariots of a singular construction, a superfluous wardrobe of silk and embroidery, and a great number of beautiful slaves of both sexes; excepting only, with attentive humanity, those who were born in a state of freedom, and had been ravished from the arms of their weeping parents. At the same time that he obliged the worthless favorites of the tyrant to resign a part of their ill-gotten wealth, he satisfied the just creditors of the state, and unexpectedly discharged the long arrears of honest services. He removed the oppressive restrictions which had been laid upon commerce, and granted all the uncultivated lands in Italy and the provinces to those who would improve them; with an exemption from tribute during the term of ten years.

Such an uniform conduct had already secured to Pertinax the noblest reward of a sovereign, the love and esteem of his people. Those who remembered the virtues of Marcus were happy to contemplate in their new Emperor the features of that bright original, and flattered themselves that they should long enjoy the benign influence of his administration. A hasty zeal to reform the corrupted state, accompanied with less prudence than might have been expected from the years and experience of Pertinax, proved fatal to himself and to his country. His honest indiscretion united against him the servile crowd, who found their private benefit in the public disorders, and who preferred the favor of a tyrant to the inexorable equality of the laws.

Amidst the general joy the sullen and angry countenance of the Praetorian

guards betrayed their inward dissatisfaction. They had reluctantly submitted to Pertinax; they dreaded the strictness of the ancient discipline, which he was preparing to restore; and they regretted the license of the former reign. Their discontents were secretly fomented by Laetus, their prefect, who found, when it was too late, that his new Emperor would reward a servant, but would not be ruled by a favorite. On the third day of his reign the soldiers seized on a noble senator, with a design to carry him to the camp, and to invest him with the Imperial purple. Instead of being dazzled by the dangerous honor, the affrighted victim escaped from their violence, and took refuge at the feet of Pertinax. A short time afterwards Sosius Falco, one of the consuls of the year, a rash youth, but of an ancient and opulent family, listened to the voice of ambition; and a conspiracy was formed during a short absence of Pertinax, which was crushed by his sudden return to Rome and his resolute behavior. Falco was on the point of being justly condemned to death as a public enemy, had he not been saved by the earnest and sincere entreaties of the injured Emperor; who conjured the senate that the purity of his reign might not be stained by the blood even of a guilty senator.

These disappointments served only to irritate the rage of the Praetorian guards. On the twenty-eighth of March, eighty-six days only after the death of Commodus, a general sedition broke out in the camp, which the officers wanted either power or inclination to suppress. Two or three hundred of the most desperate soldiers marched at noonday, with arms in their hands and fury in their looks, toward the Imperial palace. The gates were thrown open by their companions upon guard; and by the domestics of the old court, who had already formed a secret conspiracy against the life of the too virtuous Emperor. On the news of their approach Pertinax, disdaining either flight or concealment, advanced to meet his

60. regretted, lamented the loss of.

assassins; and recalled to their minds his own innocence, and the sanctity of their recent oath. For a few moments they stood in silent suspense, ashamed of their atrocious design, and awed by the venerable aspect and majestic firmness of their sovereign, till at length, the despair of pardon reviving their
 10 fury, a barbarian of the county of Tongres leveled the first blow against Pertinax, who was instantly dispatched with a multitude of wounds. His head, separated from his body, and placed on a lance, was carried in triumph to the Praetorian camp, in the sight of a mournful and indignant people, who lamented the unworthy fate of that excellent prince, and the transient blessings of a reign, the memory of which
 20 could serve only to aggravate their approaching misfortunes. (1776-1788)

10. Tongres, the modern bishopric of Liège. This soldier probably belonged to the Batavian horse-guards, who were mostly raised in the Duchy of Gueldres and the neighborhood, and were distinguished by their valor, and by the boldness with which they swam their horses across the broadest and most rapid rivers. [Gibbon's note.]

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881)

NOTE

Thomas Carlyle, son of a Scottish stone-mason in Ecclefechan, was trained by life rather than by the University of Edinburgh, to which he went in 1809, but left in 1813 without a degree. Poverty-stricken, eking out an existence by intermittent teaching, tutoring, and writing articles, he became increasingly depressed and despondent until, in 1821, according to his own statement, he suddenly made an about-face, and substituted for fear of life a determination to meet it and defy it. "Ever from that time the temper of my misery was changed: not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim, fire-eyed Defiance."¹ Once more a Briton faced the mystery of life with determination, and devoted the rest of his mortal days to proclaiming that the real in life was the divine, that beneath the froth of existence there is eternal compensation, and that man must strive ever to get at that truth. His life exemplified this doctrine, for until 1854 he fought poverty and ill-health, assisted by his brilliant and loving wife, Jane Welsh. Between 1828-1834 he worked out his doctrines in the silent Scotch countryside of his wife's farm. Thereafter he lived in London until his death, acquiring ever-increasing fame by his writing and lecturing.

Carlyle's theory that history is the essence of

innumerable biographies, that every fact of human life has eternal significance if we only have sufficient insight, was developed by him in the essays on *History* (1830), *Biography* (1832), in *Boswell's Life of Johnson* (1832), and in the historical resurrection of *The French Revolution* (1837). In the latter work Carlyle does not give us merely a reasoned summary of events as they appear to a student in the cool reflection of his study, but he presents the events as they appeared at the time to the actors, adding to the pageant his own emotional reaction and interpretation. Hence every act of the French Revolution has a double value: that which was placed upon it at the moment by contemporaries, and that which Carlyle, representing posterity, has given it. We therefore live through the Revolution while reading Carlyle, and at first understand no more what is happening than did the French, although we receive a powerful emotional reaction at first hand; but a moment later we get the illumination of subsequent perspective. Carlyle writes as apparent eye-witness, historian, and prophet. The laws of God, he says, stand implicit in human history, if we will see them; and even if we do not, they are at work, impartial and eternal.

The following extract describes the death of Louis XVI. We see the King during his last hours and upon the scaffold, but we also see beyond the crowd, the actors, and the guillotine, and perceive that the *ancien régime* and its ideals are ended, and that what is to come is a new era whose giant power not even we who live a century later thoroughly understand.

FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BOOK II. CHAPTER VIII

PLACE DE LA RÉVOLUTION

To this conclusion, then, hast thou come, O hapless Louis! The Son of Sixty Kings is to die on the Scaffold by form of Law. Under Sixty Kings this same form of Law, form of Society, has been fashioning itself together, these thousand years; and has become, one way and other, a most strange Machine. Surely, if need-
 30 ful, it is also frightful, this Machine: dead, blind; not what it should be; which, with swift stroke, or by cold slow torture, has wasted the lives and souls of innumerable men. And behold now a King himself, or say rather Kinghood in his person, is to expire here in cruel tortures—like a Phalaris shut in the

¹Sartor Resartus, Book II, Chapter 7: "The Everlasting No."

Title. *Place de la Révolution*, now the Place de la Concorde. During the Revolution the guillotine was installed there, adjacent to the Tuileries.

belly of his own red-heated Brazen Bull! It is ever so; and thou shouldst know it, O haughty tyrannous man: injustice breeds injustice; curses and falsehoods do verily return "always home," wide as they may wander. Innocent Louis bears the sins of many generations. He, too, experiences that man's tribunal is not in this Earth; that if he had no Higher
 10 one, it were not well with him.

A King dying by such violence appeals impressively to the imagination; as the like must do, and ought to do. And yet at bottom it is not the King dying, but the man! Kingship is a coat; the grand loss is of the skin. The man from whom you take his Life, to him can the whole combined world do *more*? Lally went on his hurdle; his mouth filled with a
 20 gag. Miserablest mortals, doomed for picking pockets, have a whole five-act tragedy in them, in that dumb pain, as they go to the gallows, unregarded; they consume the cup of trembling down to the lees. For Kings and for Beggars, for the justly doomed and the unjustly, it is a hard thing to die. Pity them all; thy utmost pity, with all aids and appliances and throne-and-scaffold contrasts, how
 30 far short is it of the thing pitied!

A Confessor has come; Abbé Edgeworth, of Irish extraction, whom the King knew by good report, has come promptly on this solemn mission. Leave the Earth alone, then, thou hapless King—it with its malice will go its way; thou also canst go thine. A hard scene yet remains: the parting with our loved ones. Kind hearts, environed in the
 40 same grim peril with us; to be left *here*! Let the Reader look with the eyes of Valet Cléry, through these glass doors, where also the Municipality watches; and see the cruelest of scenes: "At half-past eight, the door of the anteroom opened; the Queen appeared first, leading her Son by the hand; then Madame Royale and

Madame Elizabeth; they all flung themselves into the arms of the King. Silence reigned for some minutes, interrupted only by sobs. The Queen made a movement to lead his Majesty toward the inner room, where M. Edgeworth was waiting unknown to them. 'No,' said the King, 'let us go into the dining-room; it is there only that I can see you.' They entered there; I shut the door of it, which was of glass. The King sat down, the Queen on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Madame Royale almost in front; the young Prince remained standing between his father's legs. They all leaned toward him, and often held him embraced. This scene of woe lasted an hour and three-quarters, during which we could hear nothing; we could see only that always when the King spoke, the sobbings of the Princesses redoubled, continued for some minutes; and that
 70 then the King began again to speak." And so our meetings and our partings do now end! The sorrows we gave each other; the poor joys we faithfully shared; and all our lovings and our sufferings, and confused toilings under the earthly sun are over. Thou good soul, I shall never, never through all ages of Time, see thee any more!—NEVER! O Reader, knowest thou that hard word?

For nearly two hours this agony lasts; then they tear themselves asunder. "Promise that you will see us on the morrow." He promises—ah, yes, yes; yet once; and go now, ye loved ones; cry to God for yourselves and me!—It was a hard scene, but it is over. He will not see them on the morrow. The Queen, in passing through the anteroom, glanced at the Cerberus Municipals; and, with
 90 woman's vehemence, said through her tears, "*Vous êtes tous des scélérats.*"

King Louis slept sound, till five in the morning, when Cléry, as he had been ordered, awoke him. Cléry dressed his hair. While this went forward, Louis took a ring from his watch and

1. **Brazen Bull.** Phalaris, Tyrant of Acragas (570-554 B.C.), shut up his victims within a brazen bull, kindled a fire underneath, and roasted them to death. He received a similar fate from his revolted subjects. 18. **Lally** (1702-1766). Thomas Arthur, Baron de Tolland, an adventurous general of Louis xv, who was unjustly accused of treason and executed. 47. **Madame Royale**, daughter of Louis xvi. She later became Duchess d'Angoulême and until her death in 1851 had a storm-tossed career of political intrigue.

48. **Madame Elizabeth**, sister of Louis xvi. 90. **Cerberus Municipals.** As Cerberus was the watchdog of the Greek Hades, so the Municipal Guard seemed hellish watchdogs to the Queen. 92. **Vous êtes**, etc., "you are all criminals."

kept trying it on his finger; it was his wedding-ring, which he is now to return to the Queen as a mute farewell. At half-past six he took the sacrament, and continued in devotion and conference with Abbé Edgeworth. He will not see his family; it were too hard to bear.

At eight the Municipals enter. The King gives them his Will and messages and effects; which they, at first, brutally refuse to take charge of. He gives them a roll of gold pieces, a hundred and twenty-five louis; these are to be returned to Malesherbes, who had lent them. At nine Santerre says the hour is come. The King begs yet to retire for three minutes. At the end of three minutes Santerre again says the hour is come. "Stamping on the ground with his right foot, Louis answers: 'Partons, Let us go.'"—How the rolling of those drums comes in, through the Temple bastions and bulwarks, on the heart of a queenly wife, soon to be a widow! He is gone, then, and has not seen us? A Queen weeps bitterly; a King's Sister and Children. Over all these Four does Death also hover—all shall perish miserably save one; she, as Duchesse d'Angoulême, will live—not happily.

At the Temple Gate were some faint cries, perhaps from voices of pitiful women: "*Grâce! Grâce!*" Through the rest of the streets there is silence as of the grave. No man not armed is allowed to be there; the armed, did any even pity, dare not express it, each man overawed by all his neighbors. All windows are down, none seen looking through them. All shops are shut. No wheel-carriage rolls, this morning, in these streets but one only. Eighty thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men; cannons bristle, cannoneers with match burning, but no word or movement. It is as a city enchanted into silence and stone; one carriage with its escort, slowly rum-

bling, is the only sound. Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying; clatter of this death-march falls sharp on the ear, in the great silence; but the thought would fain struggle heavenward, and forget the Earth.

As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Révolution, once Place de Louis Quinze; the Guillotine, mounted near the old Pedestal where once stood the Statue of that Louis! Far round, all bristles with cannons and armed men; spectators crowding in the rear; d'Orléans Égalité there in cabriolet. Swift messengers, *hoquetons*, speed to the Townhall, every three minutes; near by is the Convention sitting—vengeful for Lepelletier. Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers of the Dying; not till five minutes yet has he finished; then the carriage opens. What temper he is in? Ten different witnesses will give ten different accounts of it. He is in the collision of all tempers; arrived now at the black maelstrom and descent of death: in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned. "Take care of M. Edgeworth," he straitly charges the Lieutenant who is sitting with them; then they two descend.

The drums are beating: "*Taisez-vous, Silence!*" he cries in a terrible voice, "*d'une voix terrible.*" He mounts the scaffold, not without delay; he is in puce coat, breeches of gray, white stockings. He strips off the coat; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The Executioners approach to bind him; he spurns, resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Savior, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the Scaffold, "his face very red," and says: "Frenchmen, I die innocent; it is from the

57. **Place de Louis Quinze.** In the middle of the eighteenth century an equestrian statue of Louis xv was set up in what later became the Place de la Révolution. The locality was first named for him. 63. **d'Orléans Égalité.** The Duc d'Orléans belonged to a younger branch of the Bourbon family. During the Revolution he sided with the populace and vainly aspired to the throne. 64. **cabriolet,** a one-horse open cab. 64. **hoquetons,** yeomen of the guard. 67. **Lepelletier,** St. Fargeau, a Deputy who on January 20, 1793, voted for the death of Louis xvi and was assassinated the same day by a former guardsman of the King. 84. **puce,** brown.

14. **Malesherbes,** a statesman and minister of Louis xvi who defended him during his trial. Later he, too, was condemned for treason and guillotined, in 1794. 15. **Santerre,** commander of the National Guard. 29. **save one.** See note on page 783, line 47. 32. **Temple,** a prison in the center of old Paris. 34. **Grâce! Grâce!** mercy! mercy!

scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France—"A general on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand: "*Tambours!*" The drums drown the voice. "Executioners, do your duty!" The Executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his armed ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis; six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there, and bind him to their plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven." The Ax clanks down; a King's Life is shorn away. It is Monday, the 21st of January, 1793. He was aged Thirty-eight years, four months, and twenty-eight days.

10 Executioner Samson shows the Head; fierce shout of *Vive la République* rises, and swells; caps raised on bayonets, hats waving. Students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on the far Quais; fling it over Paris. D'Orléans drives off in his cabriolet; the Townhall Councilors rub their hands, saying, "It is done, It is done." There is dipping of handkerchiefs, of pike-points in the blood.

30 Headsman Samson, though he afterwards denied it, sells locks of the hair; fractions of the puce coat are long after worn in rings.—And so, in some half hour it is done; and the multitude has all departed. Pastry-cooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sing out their trivial quotidian cries; the world wags on, as if this were a common day. In the coffee-houses that evening, says Prud-

40 homme, Patriot shook hands with Patriot in a more cordial manner than usual. Not till some days after, according to Mercier, did public men see what a grave thing it was.

A grave thing it indisputably is; and will have consequences. On the morrow

5. *Tambours*, drums. 21. *Vive la République*, Long live the Republic! 23. *College of Four Nations*, The University of Paris, located on the left (south) bank of the River Seine—hence Carlyle's allusion to quais (wharves)—was so-called because the students who first organized it and obtained a charter, came from France, Picardy, Normandy, and England. "Nation" then meant "group." 39, 43. *Prudhomme*, *Mercier*, editors of Revolutionary newspapers.

morning, Roland, so long steeped to the lips in disgust and chagrin, sends in his demission. His accounts lie all ready, correct in black-on-white to the uttermost farthing; these he wants but to have audited, that he might retire to remote obscurity, to the country and his books. They will never be audited, those accounts; he will never get retired thither.

It was on Tuesday that Roland demitted. On Thursday comes Lepelletier St. Fargeau's funeral, and passage to the Pantheon of Great Men. Notable as the wild pageant of a winter day. The Body is borne aloft, half-bare; the winding sheet disclosing the death-wound; saber and bloody clothes parade themselves; a "lugubrious music" wailing harsh *nénies*. Oak-crowns shower down from windows; President Vergniaud walks there, with Convention, with Jacobin Society, and all Patriots of every color, all mourning brotherlike.

Notable also for another thing, this burial of Lepelletier: it was the last act these men ever did with concert! All parties and figures of Opinion, that agitate this distracted France and its Convention, now stand, as it were, face to face, and dagger to dagger; the King's Life, round which they all struck and battled, being hurled down. Dumouriez, conquering Holland, growls ominous discontent, at the head of Armies. Men say Dumouriez will have a King; that young d'Orléans Égalité shall be his King. Deputy Fauchet, in the *Journal des Amis*, curses his day, more

47. *Roland*, one of the three ministers of the Assembly in 1792 who conducted the war policy of France. He resigned in the autumn of 1793 and fled. 49. *demission*, resignation. 60. *Pantheon*, a Parisian church set apart by the Revolutionists as the tomb for famous Frenchmen. 66. *nénies*, dirges. 67. *President Vergniaud*, president of the Legislative Assembly. He was a member of the National Convention which succeeded the Assembly, but he was guillotined in October, 1793. 68. *Convention*, The National Convention, which was organized in 1792, abolished the monarchy and executed the King and Queen. In 1795 it was succeeded by the Government of the Directory (*Directoire*). 69. *Jacobin Society*, a Revolutionary club of national influence. Its members had great influence in the Legislative Assembly. 78. *Dumouriez*, a Revolutionary general, who eventually fled into exile. 83. *Deputy Fauchet*, Bishop of Calvados, who became a deputy both to the Legislative Assembly and the Convention. As bishop he officiated at many Revolutionary consecrations—hence the allusion to the *Te Deum*, a psalm of Thanksgiving; as journalist he published the *Journal des Amis* (The Journal of Friends), and as deputy he organized the *Cercle Social* (the Social Circle), a political club.

bitterly than Job did; invokes the poniards of Regicides, of "Arras Vipers" or Robespierres, of Pluto Dantons, of horrid Butchers Legendre and Simulacra d'Herbois, to send him swiftly to another world than *theirs*. This is *Te Deum* Fauchet, of the Bastille victory, of the *Cercle Social*. Sharp was the death-hail rattling round one's Flag-of-truce, on that Bastille day; but it was soft to such wreckage of high Hope as this; one's New Golden Era going down in leaden dross, and sulphurous black of the Everlasting Darkness!

At home this Killing of a King has divided all friends; and abroad it has united all enemies. Fraternity of Peoples, Revolutionary Propagandism; Atheism, Regicide; total destruction of social order in this world! All Kings, and lovers of Kings, and haters of Anarchy, rank in coalition; as in a war for life. England signifies to Citizen Chauvelin, the Ambassador or rather Ambassador's-Cloak, that he must quit the country in eight days. Ambassador's-Cloak and Ambassador, Chauvelin and Talleyrand, depart accordingly. Talleyrand, implicated in that Iron Press of the Tuileries, thinks it safest to make for America.

England has cast out the Embassy; England declares war—being shocked principally, it would seem, at the condi-

tion of the River Scheldt. Spain declares war; being shocked principally at some other thing; which doubtless the Manifesto indicates. Nay, we find it was not England that declared war first, or Spain first; but that France herself declared war first on both of them—a point of immense parliamentary and journalistic interest in those days, but which has become of no interest whatever in these. They all declare war. The sword is drawn, the scabbard thrown away. It is even as Danton said, in one of his all-too-gigantic figures: "The coalised kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the Head of a King." (1837)

36. **River Scheldt.** In the autumn of 1792 France had occupied Belgium, and was preparing to occupy part of Holland, which had a defensive alliance with England. England declared war on France shortly after November nineteenth, ostensibly because the French had demanded of the Dutch that the River Scheldt be open to French commerce, since it rose in France.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859)

NOTE

Macauley was singularly fortunate in the era in which his life was cast. The nineteenth century saw the relaxation of many of the social lines which had separated society into nobles and commoners, and Macauley, who belonged to the latter group, was able to move in the best circles because of his own brilliant talents. From his parents, who were simple people, Macauley inherited sound intellect and principles, while a line of ministerial ancestors may perhaps account in part for his consummate oratorical powers. After a university education, during which he read the classics omnivorously and wrote much, he studied law and was called to the bar in 1826. His desire for financial independence caused him to postpone political preferment, and although he had become a Member of Parliament in 1830, he accepted in 1834 the post of legal adviser to the Supreme Council of India. For four years he remained in India, and after his return to England in 1839 he gradually withdrew from politics and devoted himself to the writing of what he regarded as his life work—*A History of England from the Accession of James II.* The merits of Macauley as an historian are still hotly contested. All critics grant him a brilliant style, though one better fitted for oratory than for writing. There are those who say that he sacrifices the truth for a phrase, and in general is untrustworthy in his facts and their interpretation. But if we evaluate Macauley by his own definition of the perfect historian,* we can account

2. **Arras Vipers or Robespierres.** Since Robespierre came from Arras, his followers were so-called by the hostile Deputy Fauchet. Robespierre, an extremist of the Jacobin Club, was prominent in the Assembly, the Convention, and in the Reign of Terror. He was overthrown and guillotined July 29, 1794. 3. **Pluto Dantons.** Danton was a prominent Revolutionist who became a Member of the Committee on Public Safety in 1793. He was guillotined April 5, 1794. As Deputy Fauchet did not approve of him, Carlyle's epithet "Pluto" (the ruler of the Grecian Hades) is appropriate. 4. **Butchers Legendre and Simulacra d'Herbois,** members of the Assembly and Convention. Carlyle often characterizes Legendre as a butcher, and d'Herbois as a blustering orator; hence *simulacra* (shadows, images, pretense). 7. **Bastille victory.** The Bastille, the chief royal fortress in Paris, capitulated to the Revolutionary mob, July 14, 1789. 30. **Talleyrand** (1754-1838). Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord was a famous French statesman and diplomat, who gave up his connections with the French Court to serve the Revolution. He was envoy to England between 1792 and 1794. He held prominent offices in the Revolution, the Napoleonic era, and that of Louis XVIII. **Iron Press,** etc. When the palace of Louis XVI (The Tuileries) was sacked, an iron chest was found containing papers which proved that many Deputies of the Assembly had been receiving money from the King.

* See his *Essay on History*, page 967, lines 8 ff.

not only for his enduring popularity, but for the significance of his contribution to historical writing, since he depicted most vividly the character and spirit of the ages which he chose as subjects.

Macaulay was interested in the social and narrative sides of history. Though his reading was voluminous and his memory prodigious, he presented in his writings a dazzling picture of the pageant of history rather than a deep study of its causes and effects. His extensive social contacts made him catch with peculiar felicity the crowded movement of the pageant, while his wide knowledge of history enabled him to enrich his pages with many significant allusions. His own ideal of history is this: "History, at least in its state of ideal perfection, is a compound of poetry and philosophy. It impresses general truths on the mind by a vivid representation of particular characters and incidents." The source of the imaginative power with which he vested his historical work is revealed in the statement that "a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated." It is no surprise to discover that, in general, Macaulay is more successful in the less sustained field of the historical essay than in his *History of England*, for the essay form enabled him both to choose subjects sympathetic to his genius, and to treat them rapidly and as individual historical pictures.

The essay on Lord Clive, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1840, was planned by Macaulay while he was in India. To it he brought a knowledge of English history in India and of English politics both at home and in India which fitted him preëminently for the task. With Macaulay history took on not merely an imaginative, but a biographical, aspect, and in the essay on Lord Clive the hero stands out as the chief of a number of vivid character sketches. The section here presented describes the conquest of Bengal. In the second half of the eighteenth century England and France were struggling for supremacy in India. The Mogul government was weakening, and the subordinate Rajahs were wavering between the two powers, much as the Indians of North America were doing at about the same time. By 1751 Clive had broken the power of the French in the South and had returned to England. In 1756 he made his second voyage to India to be governor of Fort St. David, which is situated south of Madras in the Carnatic. It was then that he came in contact with Surajah Dowlah, Nawab (Nabob), or Viceroy, of Bengal.

FROM THE ESSAY ON LORD CLIVE THE CONQUEST OF BENGAL

Of the provinces which had been subject to the house of Tamerlane the wealthiest was Bengal. No part of

India possessed such natural advantages both for agriculture and for commerce. The Ganges, rushing through a hundred channels to the sea, has formed a vast plain of rich mold which, even under the tropical sky, rivals the verdure of an English April. The rice fields yield 10 an increase such as is elsewhere unknown. Spices, sugar, vegetable oils, are produced with marvelous exuberance. The rivers afford an inexhaustible supply of fish. The desolate islands along the seacoast, overgrown by noxious vegetation, and swarming with deer and tigers, supply the cultivated districts with abundance of salt. The great stream which fertilizes the soil 20 is, at the same time, the chief highway of Eastern commerce. On its banks, and on those of its tributary waters, are the wealthiest marts, the most splendid capitals, and the most sacred shrines of India. The tyranny of man had for ages struggled in vain against the overflowing bounty of nature. In spite of the Mussulman despot and of the Mahratta freebooter, Bengal was 30 known through the East as the garden of Eden, as the rich kingdom. Its population multiplied exceedingly. Distant provinces were nourished from the overflowing of its granaries; and the noble ladies of London and Paris were clothed in the delicate produce of its looms. The race by whom this rich tract was peopled, enervated by a soft climate and accustomed to peaceful 40 employments, bore the same relation to other Asiatics which the Asiatics generally bear to the bold and energetic children of Europe. The Castilians have a proverb that in Valencia the earth is water and the men, women; and the description is at least equally applicable to the vast plain of the Lower Ganges. Whatever the Bengalee does, he does languidly. His favorite pur- 50 suits are sedentary. He shrinks from bodily exertion; and, though voluble in dispute and singularly pertinacious in the war of chicane, he seldom en-

2. **Tamerlane**, a Mogul or Mongol leader who ravaged India in 1388. 3. **Bengal**, a large province in the northeast of India.

29. **Mussulman despot**, the Great Mogul, head of the native Indian empire. 30. **Mahratta freebooter**, a member of one of the warlike tribes living on the middle-western coast of India. 54. **chicane**, trickery.

gages in a personal conflict, and scarcely ever enlists as a soldier. We doubt whether there be a hundred genuine Bengalees in the whole army of the East India Company. There never, perhaps, existed a people so thoroughly fitted by nature and by habit for a foreign yoke.

The great commercial companies of Europe had long possessed factories in Bengal. The French were settled, as they still are, at Chandernagore on the Hoogley. Higher up the stream the Dutch traders held Chinsurah. Nearer to the sea, the English had built Fort William. A church and ample warehouses rose in the vicinity. A row of spacious houses, belonging to the chief factors of the East India Company, lined the banks of the river; and in the neighborhood had sprung up a large and busy native town, where some Hindoo merchants of great opulence had fixed their abode. But the tract now covered by the palaces of Chowringhee contained only a few miserable huts thatched with straw. A jungle, abandoned to waterfowl and alligators, covered the site of the present Citadel, and the Course, which is now daily crowded at sunset with the gayest equipages of Calcutta. For the ground on which the settlement stood, the English, like other great landholders, paid rent to the government; and they were, like other great landholders, permitted to exercise a certain jurisdiction within their domain.

The great province of Bengal, together with Orissa and Bahar, had long been governed by a viceroy, whom the English called Aliverdy Khan, and who, like the other viceroys of the Mogul, had become virtually independent. He died in 1756, and the sovereignty descended to his grandson, a youth under twenty years of age, who bore the name of Surajah Dowlah. Oriental despots

are perhaps the worst class of human beings; and this unhappy boy was one of the worst specimens of his class. His understanding was naturally feeble, and his temper naturally unamiable. His education had been such as would have enervated even a vigorous intellect, and perverted even a generous disposition. He was unreasonable, because no one ever dared to reason with him, and selfish, because he had never been made to feel himself dependent on the good will of others. Early debauchery had unnerved his body and his mind. He indulged immoderately in the use of ardent spirits, which inflamed his weak brain almost to madness. His chosen companions were flatterers sprung from the dregs of the people, and recommended by nothing but buffoonery and servility. It is said that he had arrived at that last stage of human depravity, when cruelty becomes pleasing for its own sake, when the sight of pain as pain, where no advantage is to be gained, no offense punished, no danger averted, is an agreeable excitement. It had early been his amusement to torture beasts and birds; and when he grew up, he enjoyed with still keener relish the misery of his fellow-creatures.

From a child Surajah Dowlah had hated the English. It was his whim to do so; and his whims were never opposed. He had also formed a very exaggerated notion of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them; and his feeble and uncultivated mind was incapable of perceiving that the riches of Calcutta, had they been even greater than he imagined, would not compensate him for what he must lose, if the European trade, of which Bengal was a chief seat, should be driven by his violence to some other quarter. Prettexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of a war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without special permission from the Nabob. A rich native, whom he longed to plunder, had taken refuge at Calcutta, and had not been delivered up. On such

13. Hoogley, that part of the River Ganges which flows through the southernmost part of its delta. Calcutta is situated on it. 19. factors, agents. 25. Chowringhee, a suburb of Calcutta which was built up by the English. 30. Course, one of the principal avenues of Calcutta, leading to the race-course. 40. Orissa, Bahar, two provinces adjoining Bengal on the south, and under French influence.

grounds as these Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William

The servants of the Company at Madras had been forced by Dupleix to become statesmen and soldiers. Those in Bengal were still mere traders, and were terrified and bewildered by the approaching danger. The governor, who had heard much of Surajah Dowlah's cruelty, was frightened out of his wits, jumped into a boat, and took refuge in the nearest ship. The military commandant thought that he could not do better than follow so good an example. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance; and great numbers of the English fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Nabob seated himself with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory, and ordered Mr. Holwell, the first in rank among the prisoners, to be brought before him. His Highness talked about the insolence of the English, and grumbled at the smallness of the treasure which he had found; but promised to spare their lives, and retired to rest.

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the terrible retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left at the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor, the dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The airholes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice, the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and by the constant waving of fans. The number of the prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined the soldiers were joking; and,

being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated; they entreated, but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in history or fiction, not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer, approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell, who, even in that extremity, retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the jailers. But the answer was that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody woke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among them. The jailers in the meantime held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings. The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly

64. **Ugolino.** In the frozen pit of the ninth circle of Hell (*Inferno*, Canto xxix) Dante saw in one block of ice Count Ugolino and the Archbishop Ruggieri, both of Pisa and traitors to their country. Ugolino in 1288 conspired with the archbishop to obtain supreme power in Pisa. In 1289 the Archbishop imprisoned him and his two sons and two nephews and threw the keys into the river when rescue seemed near; they all starved to death. Hence Dante represents Ugolino as gnawing the Archbishop's skull in revenge.

5. **Dupleix**, the French governor of Pondicherry from whom Clive had previously wrested the control of southern India, 1746-1754.

figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel-house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously and covered up.

But these things, which, after the lapse of more than eighty years, cannot be told or read without horror, awakened neither remorse nor pity in the bosom of the savage Nabob. He inflicted no punishment on the murderers. He showed no tenderness to the survivors. Some of them, indeed, from whom nothing was to be got, were suffered to depart; but those from whom it was thought that anything could be extorted were treated with execrable cruelty. Holwell, unable to walk, was carried before the tyrant, who reproached him, threatened him, and sent him up the country in irons, together with some other gentlemen who were suspected of knowing more than they chose to tell about the treasures of the Company. These persons, still bowed down by the sufferings of that great agony, were lodged in miserable sheds, and fed only with grain and water, till at length the intercessions of the female relations of the Nabob procured their release. One Englishwoman had survived that night. She was placed in the harem of the Prince at Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah, in the meantime, sent letters to his nominal sovereign at Delhi, describing the late conquest in the most pompous language. He placed a garrison in Fort William, forbade any Englishman to dwell in the neighborhood, and directed that, in memory of his great actions, Calcutta should thenceforward be called Alinagore, that is to say, the Port of God.

In August the news of the fall of Calcutta reached Madras, and excited the fiercest and bitterest resentment. The cry of the whole settlement was for vengeance. Within forty-eight hours after the arrival of the intelligence, it

was determined that an expedition should be sent to the Hoogley, and that Clive should be at the head of the land forces. The naval armament was under the command of Admiral Watson. Nine hundred English infantry, fine troops and full of spirit, and fifteen hundred sepoys, composed the army which sailed to punish a Prince who had more subjects than Louis the Fifteenth or the Empress Maria Theresa. In October the expedition sailed; but it had to make its way against adverse winds, and did not reach Bengal till December.

The Nabob was reveling in fancied security at Moorshedabad. He was so profoundly ignorant of the state of foreign countries that he often used to say that there were not ten thousand men in all Europe; and it had never occurred to him as possible that the English would dare to invade his dominions. But, though undisturbed by any fear of their military power, he began to miss them greatly. His revenues fell off; and his ministers succeeded in making him understand that a ruler may sometimes find it more profitable to protect traders in the open enjoyment of their gains than to put them to the torture for the purpose of discovering hidden chests of gold and jewels. He was already disposed to permit the Company to resume its mercantile operations in his country, when he received the news that an English armament was in the Hoogley. He instantly ordered all his troops to assemble at Moorshedabad, and marched toward Calcutta.

Clive had commenced operations with his usual vigor. He took Budgebudge, routed the garrison of Fort William, recovered Calcutta, stormed and sacked Hoogley. The Nabob, already disposed to make some concessions to the English, was confirmed in his pacific disposition by these proofs of their power and spirit. He accordingly made overtures to the chiefs of the

62. *Louis the Fifteenth*, King of France from 1715 to 1774. 63. *Maria Theresa*, Empress of Austria from 1740 to 1780. 94. *Budgebudge*, a small town on the Hoogley, just south of Calcutta. 97. *Hoogley*, a small town on the Hoogley, just north of Calcutta.

invading armament, and offered to restore the factory, and to give compensation to those whom he had despoiled.

Clive's profession was war; and he felt that there was something discreditable in an accommodation with Surajah Dowlah. But his power was limited. A committee, chiefly composed of servants of the Company who had fled from Calcutta, had the principal direction of affairs; and these persons were eager to be restored to their posts and compensated for their losses. The government of Madras, apprised that war had commenced in Europe, and apprehensive of an attack from the French, became impatient for the return of the armament. The promises of the Nabob were large, the chances of a contest doubtful; and Clive consented to treat, though he expressed his regret that things should not be concluded in so glorious a manner as he could have wished.

With this negotiation commences a new chapter in the life of Clive. Hitherto he had been merely a soldier carrying into effect, with eminent ability and valor, the plans of others. Henceforth he is to be chiefly regarded as a statesman; and his military movements are to be considered as subordinate to his political designs. That in his new capacity he displayed great ability, and obtained great success, is unquestionable. But it is also unquestionable that the transactions in which he now began to take a part have left a stain on his moral character.

We can by no means agree with Sir John Malcolm, who is obstinately resolved to see nothing but honor and integrity in the conduct of his hero. But we can as little agree with Mr. Mill, who has gone so far as to say that Clive was a man "to whom deception, when it suited his purpose, never cost a pang." Clive seems to us to have been constitutionally the very opposite

of a knave, bold even to temerity, sincere even to indiscretion, hearty in friendship, open in enmity. Neither in his private life, nor in those parts of his public life in which he had to do with his countrymen, do we find any signs of a propensity to cunning. On the contrary, in all the disputes in which he was engaged as an Englishman against Englishmen, from his boxing-matches at school to those stormy altercations at the India House and in Parliament, amidst which his later years were passed, his very faults were those of a high and magnanimous spirit. The truth seems to have been that he considered Oriental politics as a game in which nothing was unfair. He knew that the standard of morality among the natives of India differed widely from that established in England. He knew that he had to deal with men destitute of what in Europe is called honor, with men who would give any promise without hesitation, and break any promise without shame, with men who would unscrupulously employ corruption, perjury, forgery, to compass their ends. His letters show that the great difference between Asiatic and European morality was constantly in his thoughts. He seems to have imagined, most erroneously in our opinion, that he could effect nothing against such adversaries, if he was content to be bound by ties from which they were free, if he went on telling truth, and hearing none, if he fulfilled, to his own hurt, all his engagements with confederates who never kept an engagement that was not to their advantage. Accordingly this man, in the other parts of his life an honorable English gentleman and a soldier, was no sooner matched against an Indian intriguer than he became himself an Indian intriguer, and descended, without scruple, to falsehood, to hypocritical caresses, to the substitution of documents, and to the counterfeiting of hands.

The negotiations between the English

100. counterfeiting of hands, forgery. Hands here means "handwriting."

41. Sir John Malcolm, biographer of Clive. In 1836 he published *The Life of Robert, Lord Clive*, and Macaulay's essay was a review of its three volumes.
45. Mr. Mill, James Mill, who in 1818 wrote a *History of India*.

and the Nabob were carried on chiefly by two agents, Mr. Watts, a servant of the Company, and a Bengalee of the name of Omichund. This Omichund had been one of the wealthiest native merchants resident at Calcutta, and had sustained great losses in consequence of the Nabob's expedition against that place. In the course of his commercial transactions he had seen much of the English, and was peculiarly qualified to serve as a medium of communication between them and a native court. He possessed great influence with his own race, and had in large measure the Hindoo talents, quick observation, tact, dexterity, perseverance, and the Hindoo vices, servility, greediness, and treachery.

The Nabob behaved with all the faithlessness of an Indian statesman, and with all the levity of a boy whose mind had been enfeebled by power and self-indulgence. He promised, retracted, hesitated, evaded. At one time he advanced with his army in a threatening manner toward Calcutta; but when he saw the resolute front which the English presented, he fell back in alarm, and consented to make peace with them on their own terms. The treaty was no sooner concluded than he formed new designs against them. He intrigued with the French authorities at Chandernagore. He invited Bussy to march from the Deccan to the Hoogley, and to drive the English out of Bengal. All this was well known to Clive and Watson. They determined accordingly to strike a decisive blow, and to attack Chandernagore, before the force there could be strengthened by new arrivals, either from the south of India, or from Europe. Watson directed the expedition by water, Clive by land. The success of the combined movements was rapid and complete. The fort, the garrison, the artillery, the military

stores, all fell into the hands of the English. Nearly five hundred European troops were among the prisoners.

The Nabob had feared and hated the English, even while he was still able to oppose to them their French rivals. The French were now vanquished; and he began to regard the English with still greater fear and still greater hatred. His weak and unprincipled mind oscillated between servility and insolence. One day he sent a large sum to Calcutta, as part of the compensation due for the wrongs which he had committed. The next day he sent a present of jewels to Bussy, exhorting that distinguished officer to hasten to protect Bengal "against Clive, the daring in war, on whom," says his Highness, "may all bad fortune attend." He ordered his army to march against the English. He countermanded his orders. He tore Clive's letters. He then sent answers in the most florid language of compliment. He ordered Watts out of his presence, and threatened to impale him. He again sent for Watts, and begged pardon for the insult. In the meantime his wretched maladministration, his folly, his dissolute manners, and his love of the lowest company had disgusted all classes of his subjects, soldiers, traders, civil functionaries, the proud and ostentatious Mohammedans, the timid, supple, parsimonious Hindoos. A formidable confederacy was formed against him, in which were included Roydullub, the minister of finance, Meer Jaffier, the principal commander of the troops, and Jugget Seit, the richest banker in India. The plot was confided to the English agents, and a communication was opened between the malcontents at Moorshedabad and the committee at Calcutta.

In the committee there was much hesitation; but Clive's voice was given in favor of the conspirators, and his vigor and firmness bore down all opposition. It was determined that the English should lend their powerful assistance to depose Surajah Dowlah, and to place Meer Jaffier on the throne of Bengal. In return, Meer Jaffier

35. *Bussy*. The Marquis de Bussy-Castelnau was a military associate of Dupleix, who remained with the French troops in India after Dupleix had been recalled to France in 1754. 36. *Deccan*, a province of India immediately south of Orissa and Bahar, and under French influence. 40. *to attack Chandernagore*, i. e., because the French were there. The town is near Hoogley, on the Hoogley River.

promised ample compensation to the Company and its servants, and a liberal donative to the army, the navy, and the committee. The odious vices of Surajah Dowlah, the wrongs which the English had suffered at his hands, the dangers to which our trade must have been exposed had he continued to reign, appear to us fully to justify the resolution of deposing him. But nothing can justify the dissimulation which Clive stooped to practice. He wrote to Surajah Dowlah in terms so affectionate that they for a time lulled that weak prince into perfect security. The same courier who carried this "soothing letter," as Clive calls it, to the Nabob, carried to Mr. Watts a letter in the following terms: "Tell Meer Jaffier to fear nothing. I will join him with five thousand men who never turned their backs. Assure him I will march night and day to his assistance, and stand by him as long as I have a man left."

It was impossible that a plot which had so many ramifications should long remain entirely concealed. Enough reached the ears of the Nabob to arouse his suspicions. But he was soon quieted by the fictions and artifices which the inventive genius of Omichund produced with miraculous readiness. All was going well; the plot was nearly ripe; when Clive learned that Omichund was likely to play false. The artful Bengalee had been promised a liberal compensation for all that he had lost at Calcutta. But this would not satisfy him. His services had been great. He held the thread of the whole intrigue. By one word breathed in the ear of Surajah Dowlah, he could undo all that he had done. The lives of Watts, of Meer Jaffier, of all the conspirators, were at his mercy; and he determined to take advantage of his situation and to make his own terms. He demanded three hundred thousand pounds sterling as the price of his secrecy and of his assistance. The committee, incensed by the treachery, and appalled by the

danger, knew not what course to take. But Clive was more than Omichund's match in Omichund's own arts. The man, he said, was a villain. Any artifice which would defeat such knavery was justifiable. The best course would be to promise what was asked. Omichund would soon be at their mercy; and then they might punish him by withholding from him, not only the bribe which he now demanded, but also the compensation which all the other sufferers of Calcutta were to receive.

His advice was taken. But how was the wary and sagacious Hindoo to be deceived? He had demanded that an article touching his claims should be inserted in the treaty between Meer Jaffier and the English, and he would not be satisfied unless he saw it with his own eyes. Clive had an expedient ready. Two treaties were drawn up, one on white paper, the other on red, the former real, the latter fictitious. In the former Omichund's name was not mentioned; the latter, which was to be shown to him, contained a stipulation in his favor.

But another difficulty arose. Admiral Watson had scruples against signing the red treaty. Omichund's vigilance and acuteness were such that the absence of so important a name would probably awaken suspicions. But Clive was not a man to do anything by halves. We almost blush to write it. He forged Admiral Watson's name.

All was now ready for action. Mr. Watts fled secretly from Moorshedabad. Clive put his troops in motion, and wrote to the Nabob in a tone very different from that of his previous letters. He set forth all the wrongs which the British had suffered, offered to submit the points in dispute to the arbitration of Meer Jaffier, and concluded by announcing that, as the rains were about to set in, he and his men would do themselves the honor of waiting on his Highness for an answer.

Surajah Dowlah instantly assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed that Meer Jaffier should separate

3. *donative*, gift of money.

himself from the Nabob, and carry over his division to Clive. But, as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the conspirator overpowered his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar; the Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off at Plassey; and still Meer Jaffier delayed to fulfill his engagements, and returned evasive
 10 answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English general.

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate; and whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valor and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as
 20 numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting; and Clive declared his concurrence
 30 with the majority. Long afterwards he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that, if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broke up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour
 40 there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed; and, at the close of a toilsome day's march, the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango trees near

Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep; he heard
 50 through the whole night the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk, when he reflected against what odds, and for what a prize, he was in a few hours to contend.

Nor was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distracted by wild and
 60 horrible apprehensions. Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his captains, dreading every one who approached him, dreading to be left alone, he sat gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet would have said, by the furies of those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole.

The day broke, the day which was to
 70 decide the fate of India. At sunrise the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings from the camp, began to move toward the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each
 80 tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practiced eye of Clive could perceive that the men and the horses were
 90 more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were English; and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the Thirty-Ninth Regiment, which still bears on its 100

7. Plassey, a town on the Hoogley, north of Chander-nagore. Unfortunately for Clive, the Nabob was at this town, while Clive had advanced farther north to Cossimbuzar, also a town on the Hoogley. Thus the Nabob was between Clive and his base. However, Clive was between the Nabob and his own capital city, Moorshedabad, which is still farther north on the Hoogley.

91. the Carnatic, the southeastern province of India. It was the center of French influence.

colors, amidst many honorable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis*.

The battle commenced with a cannonade in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valor. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable wagons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of nearly sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

Meer Jaffier had given no assistance to the English during the action. But as soon as he saw that the fate of the day was decided, he drew off his division of the army, and, when the battle was over, sent his congratulations to his ally. The next morning he repaired to the English quarters, not a little uneasy as to the reception which awaited him there. He gave evident signs of alarm when a guard was drawn out to receive him with the honors due to his rank. But his apprehensions were speedily

removed. Clive came forward to meet him, embraced him, saluted him as Nabob of the three great provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, listened graciously to his apologies, and advised him to march without delay to Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah had fled from the field of battle with all the speed with which a fleet camel could carry him, and arrived at Moorshedabad in little more than twenty-four hours. There he called his councilors round him. The wisest advised him to put himself into the hands of the English, from whom he had nothing worse to fear than deposition and confinement. But he attributed this suggestion to treachery. Others urged him to try the chance of war again. He approved the advice, and issued orders accordingly. But he wanted spirit to adhere even during one day to a manly resolution. He learned that Meer Jaffier had arrived; and his terrors became insupportable. Disguised in a mean dress, with a casket of jewels in his hand, he let himself down at night from a window of his palace, and, accompanied by only two attendants, embarked on the river for Patna.

In a few days Clive arrived at Moorshedabad, escorted by two hundred English soldiers and three hundred sepoys. For his residence had been assigned a palace which was surrounded by a garden so spacious that all the troops who accompanied him could conveniently encamp within it. The ceremony of the installation of Meer Jaffier was instantly performed. Clive led the new Nabob to the seat of honor, placed him on it, presented to him, after the immemorial fashion of the East, an offering of gold, and then, turning to the natives who filled the hall, congratulated them on the good fortune which had freed them from a tyrant. He was compelled on this occasion to use the services of an interpreter; for it

84. Patna, over two hundred miles north of Moorshe-
dabad on the Ganges. 88. sepoys, natives of India in
the military employ of the English or any other Euro-
pean power.

is remarkable that, long as he resided in India, intimately acquainted as he was with Indian politics and with the Indian character, and adored as he was by his Indian soldiery, he never learned to express himself with facility in any Indian language. He is said indeed to have been sometimes under the necessity of employing, in his intercourse with natives of India, the smattering of Portuguese which he had acquired, when a lad, in Brazil.

The new sovereign was now called upon to fulfill the engagements into which he had entered with his allies. A conference was held at the house of Jugget Seit, the great banker, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements. Omichund came thither, fully believing himself to stand high in the favor of Clive, who, with dissimulation surpassing even the dissimulation of Bengal, had up to that day treated him with undiminished kindness. The white treaty was produced and read. Clive then turned to Mr. Sraffton, one of the servants of the Company, and said in English, "It is now time to undeceive Omichund." "Omichund," said Mr. Sraffton in Hindostanee, "the red treaty is a trick. You are to have nothing." Omichund fell back insensible into the arms of his attendants. He revived; but his mind was irreparably ruined. Clive, who, though little troubled by scruples of conscience in his dealings with Indian politicians, was not inhuman, seems to have been touched. He saw Omichund a few days later, spoke to him kindly, advised him to make a pilgrimage to one of the great temples of India, in the hope that change of scene might restore his health, and was even disposed, notwithstanding all that had passed, again to employ his talents in the public service. But from the moment of that sudden shock, the unhappy man sank gradually into idiocy. He who had formerly been distinguished by the strength of his understanding and the simplicity of his habits, now squandered the remains of his fortune on childish trinkets, and loved to exhibit himself

dressed in rich garments, and hung with precious stones. In this abject state he languished a few months, and then died.

We should not think it necessary to offer any remarks for the purpose of directing the judgment of our readers, with respect to this transaction, had not Sir John Malcolm undertaken to defend it in all its parts. He regrets, indeed, that it was necessary to employ means so liable to abuse as forgery; but he will not admit that any blame attaches to those who deceived the deceiver. He thinks that the English were not bound to keep faith with one who kept no faith with them, and that, if they had fulfilled their engagements with the wily Bengalee, so signal an example of successful treason would have produced a crowd of imitators. Now, we will not discuss this point on any rigid principles of morality. Indeed, it is quite unnecessary to do so; for, looking at the question as a question of expediency in the lowest sense of the word, and using no arguments but such as Machiavelli might have employed in his conferences with Borgia, we are convinced that Clive was altogether in the wrong, and that he committed, not merely a crime, but a blunder. That honesty is the best policy, is a maxim which we firmly believe to be generally correct, even with respect to the temporal interests of individuals; but with respect to societies, the rule is subject to still fewer exceptions, and that for this reason, that the life of societies is longer than the life of individuals. It is possible to mention men who have owed great worldly prosperity to breaches of private faith; but we doubt whether it be possible to mention a state which has on the whole been a gainer by a breach of public faith. The entire history of British India is an illustration of the great truth that it is not prudent to oppose perfidy to perfidy, and that

81, 82. *Machiavelli, Borgia*. Niccoló Machiavelli (1469-1527), a Florentine statesman, was at one time set by his government to watch the intrigues of Cesare Borgia and his father, Pope Alexander vi. Machiavelli was so charmed by the brilliance of Cesare that in his book *The Prince* (1513) he cites Cesare as a shining example of what methods a usurper should employ to maintain himself in the state he has seized. He also adds that men who rise on the fortunes of others usually fall with them.

the most efficient weapon with which men can encounter falsehood is truth. During a long course of years the English rulers in India, surrounded by allies and enemies whom no engagement could bind, have generally acted with sincerity and uprightness; and the event has proved that sincerity and uprightness are wisdom. English valor and English intelligence have done less to extend and to preserve our Oriental empire than English veracity. All that we could have gained by imitating the doublings, the evasions, the fictions, the perjuries which have been employed against us is as nothing, when compared with what we have gained by being the one power in India on whose word reliance can be placed. No oath which superstition can devise, no hostage however precious, inspires a hundredth part of the confidence which is produced by the "yea, yea," and "nay, nay," of a British envoy. No fastness, however strong by art or nature, gives to its inmates a security like that enjoyed by the chief who, passing through the territories of powerful and deadly enemies, is armed with the British guarantee. The mightiest princes of the East can scarcely, by the offer of enormous usury, draw forth any portion of the wealth which is concealed under the hearths of their subjects. The British Government offers little more than four per cent; and avarice hastens to bring forth tens of millions of rupees from its most secret repositories. A hostile monarch may promise mountains of gold to our sepoy, on condition that they will desert the standard of the Company. The Company promises only a moderate pension after a long service. But every sepoy knows that the promise of the Company will be kept; he knows that if he lives a hundred years his rice and salt are as secure as the salary of the Governor-General; and he knows that there is not another state in India which would not, in spite of the most solemn vows, leave him to die of hunger in a ditch as soon as he had ceased to be useful. The greatest advantage which a government can

possess is to be the one trustworthy government in the midst of governments which nobody can trust. This advantage we enjoy in Asia. Had we acted during the last two generations on the principles which Sir John Malcolm appears to have considered as sound, had we as often as we had to deal with people like Omichund, retaliated by lying and forging, and breaking faith, after their fashion, it is our firm belief that no courage or capacity could have upheld our empire.

Sir John Malcolm admits that Clive's breach of faith could be justified only by the strongest necessity. As we think that breach of faith not only unnecessary, but most inexpedient, we need hardly say that we altogether condemn it.

Omichund was not the only victim of the revolution. Surajah Dowlah was taken a few days after his flight, and was brought before Meer Jaffier. There he flung himself on the ground in convulsions of fear, and with tears and loud cries implored the mercy which he had never shown. Meer Jaffier hesitated; but his son Meeran, a youth of seventeen, who in feebleness of brain and savageness of nature greatly resembled the wretched captive, was implacable. Surajah Dowlah was led into a secret chamber, to which in a short time the ministers of death were sent. In this act the English bore no part; and Meer Jaffier understood so much of their feelings that he thought it necessary to apologize to them for having avenged them on their most malignant enemy. (1840)

JOHN RICHARD GREEN (1837-1883)

NOTE

The career of John Richard Green contained no events of external significance, but it was a lifelong struggle to realize an ideal in spite of odds which at length proved overwhelming. Born the son of an Oxford tradesman, he obtained a university education through high scholarship. Always shy, he secluded himself and devoted his energies to the study of history. On graduating he took religious orders, and commenced that

battle with his weak lungs which first drove him from active clerical life and at length killed him, but not before he had written notable books. Through the friendly aid of two contemporary historical scholars, Stubbs and Freeman, Green prepared to write a history of the Angevin kings, but he soon realized that his ambition was not to be achieved. His health gave way, and he was condemned to an invalid's life, with only three hours out of every day at his disposal for writing and study. With great courage he turned aside from his original purpose and prepared for publication in 1874 *A Short History of the English People*. Its instant success prompted him to elaborate it, but he had covered only the early period of English history through the Norman Conquest when he died, in 1883.

Green effected an advance in historical scholarship by making the people, and not kings and statesmen, the center of his history. His history is social, though not economic. With vivid power of description he painted the conditions under which the English pursued their destiny. Whatever figures stand out in the march of the nation he describes not solely or even mainly as individuals but also as spokesmen for the people of their day. The following selection describes the Peasant Revolt of 1377-1381, when the first rift came between the common people and the lords, whom they had hitherto obeyed implicitly.

FROM A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE

THE PEASANT REVOLT, 1377-1381

The religious revolution which we have been describing gave fresh impulse to a revolution of even greater importance, which had for a long time been changing the whole face of the country. The manorial system, on which the social organization of every rural part of England rested, had divided the land, for the purposes of cultivation and of internal order, into a number of large estates; a part of the soil was usually retained by the owner of the manor as his demesne, or home-farm, while the remainder was distributed among tenants who were bound to render service to their lord. Under

1. **religious revolution.** Green is referring to the religious reforms of John Wyclif, who advocated in his treatise, *The Kingdom of God*, a direct appeal to the Grace of God without clerical intermediaries, which would have abolished the entire system of medieval Christianity. His enemies implicated him in the Peasant Revolt, and because of his denial of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, in 1381, he lost the support of his friends in court and in Oxford. But Wyclif had succeeded in transmitting his religious ideas to the common people of northern England.

the kings of Alfred's house, the number of absolute slaves and the number of freemen had alike diminished. The slave class, never numerous, had been reduced by the efforts of the Church, perhaps by the general convulsion of the Danish wars. But these wars had often driven the ceorl, or freeman, to "commend" himself to a thegn who pledged him his protection in consideration of a labor-payment. It is probable that these dependent ceorls are the "villeins" of the Norman epoch, men sunk indeed from pure freedom and bound both to soil and lord, but as yet preserving much of their older rights, retaining their land, free as against all men but their lord, and still sending representatives to hundred-moot and shire-moot. They stood therefore far above the "landless man," the man who had never possessed, even under the old constitution, political rights, whom the legislation of the English kings had forced to attach himself to a lord on pain of outlawry, and who served as household servant or as hired laborer, or at the best as rent-paying tenant of land which was not his own. The Norman knight or lawyer, however, saw little distinction between these classes; and the tendency of legislation under the Angevins was to blend all in a single class of serfs. While the pure "theow," or absolute slave, disappeared, therefore, the ceorl, or villein, sank lower in the social scale. But though the rural population was undoubtedly thrown more together and fused into a more homogeneous class, its actual position corresponded very imperfectly with the view of the lawyers. All indeed were dependents on a lord. The manor-house became the center of every English village. The manor-court was held in its hall; it was here that the lord or his steward received homage, re-

25. **thegn**,thane; in medieval times the thegn was a knight or baron holding land of the king. 35. **hundred-moot**. Each shire was divided into smaller divisions called hundreds. Once a month the important landed men of the hundred met judicially as a court or moot (mote). The shire moot was held ordinarily twice a year under the shire alderman. It was composed of the chief landowners in the shire. 49. **Angevins**, or Plantagenets, the English kings who were descended from Geoffrey, Count of Anjou. They reigned from 1154 to 1399.

covered fines, held the view of frank-pledge, or enrolled the villagers in their tithing. Here too, if the lord possessed criminal jurisdiction, was held his justice court, and without its doors stood his gallows. Around it lay the demesne, or home-farm, and the cultivation of this rested wholly with the "villeins" of the manor. It was by them that the great barn of the lord was filled with sheaves, his sheep shorn, his grain malted, the wood hewn for his hall fire. These services were the labor-rent by which they held their lands, and it was the nature and extent of this labor-rent which parted one class of the population from another. The "villein," in the strict sense of the word, was bound only to gather in his lord's harvest and to aid in the plowing and sowing of autumn and Lent. The cottar, the bordar, and the laborer were bound to help in the work of the home-farm throughout the year. But these services and the time of rendering them were strictly limited by custom, not only in the case of the ceorl, or villein, but in that of the originally meaner "landless man." The possession of his little homestead with the ground around it, the privilege of turning out his cattle on the waste of the manor, passed quietly and insensibly from mere indulgences that could be granted or withdrawn at a lord's caprice into rights that could be pleaded at law. The number of teams, the fines, the reliefs, the services that a lord could claim, at first mere matter of oral tradition, came to be entered on the court-roll of the manor, a copy of which became the title-deed of the villein. It was to this that he owed the name of "copyholder," which at a later time superseded his older title. Disputes were settled by a reference to this roll or on oral evidence of the custom at

issue, but a social arrangement which was eminently characteristic of the English spirit of compromise generally secured a fair adjustment of the claims of villein and lord. It was the duty of the lord's bailiff to exact their due services from the villeins, but his coadjutor in this office, the reeve or foreman of the manor, was chosen by the tenants themselves and acted as representative of their interests and rights.

The first disturbances of the system of tenure which we have described sprang from the introduction of leases. The lord of the manor, instead of cultivating the demesne through his own bailiff, often found it more convenient and profitable to let the manor to a tenant at a given rent, payable either in money or in kind. Thus we find the manor of Sandon leased by the Chapter of St. Paul's at a very early period on a rent which comprised the payment of grain both for bread and ale, of alms to be distributed at the cathedral door, of wood to be used in its bakehouse and brewery, and of money to be spent in wages. It is to this system of leasing, or rather to the usual term for the rent it entailed (feorm, from the Latin *firma*), that we owe the words "farm" and "farmer," the growing use of which marks the first step in the rural revolution which we are examining. It was a revolution which made little direct change in the manorial system, but its indirect effect in breaking the tie on which the feudal organization of the manor rested, that of the tenant's personal dependence on his lord, and in affording an opportunity by which the wealthier among the tenantry could rise to a position of apparent equality with their older masters and form a new class intermediate between the larger proprietors and the customary tenants, was of the highest importance. This earlier step, however, in the modification of the manorial system, by the rise of the Farmer-class, was soon followed by one of a far more serious character in the rise of the Free Laborer. Labor, whatever right it might have attained in other ways,

1. **frank-pledge**, a pledge exacted in the tithing of each male over twelve years of age, to uphold the laws and enforce good conduct. The tithing was the tenth part of the hundred or subdivision of a county, a very small political division in England. 21. **cottar**, a cottager, next in rank above a slave and below a bordar. **bordar**, a cottager who held a small holding of land at the will of his feudal lord. 37. **reliefs**, taxes paid to a feudal overlord by the heir of a deceased tenant, before the heir could take possession of the dead person's landed estate.

52. **bailiff**, agent.

was as yet in the strictest sense bound to the soil. Neither villein nor serf had any choice, either of a master or of a sphere of toil. He was born, in fact, to his holding and to his lord; he paid head-money for license to remove from the estate in search of trade or hire, and a refusal to return on recall by his owner would have ended in his pursuit as a fugitive outlaw. But the advance of society and the natural increase of population had for a long time been silently freeing the laborer from this local bondage. The influence of the Church had been exerted in promoting emancipation, as a work of piety, on all estates but its own. The fugitive bondsman found freedom in a flight to chartered towns, where a residence during a year and a day conferred franchise. A fresh step toward freedom was made by the growing tendency to commute labor-services for money-payments. The population was slowly increasing, and as the law of gavel-kind, which was applicable to all landed estates not held by military tenure, divided the inheritance of the tenantry equally among their sons, the holding of each tenant and the services due from it became divided in a corresponding degree. A labor-rent thus became more difficult to enforce, while the increase of wealth among the tenantry, and the rise of a new spirit of independence, made it more burdensome to those who rendered it. It was probably from this cause that the commutation of the arrears of labor for a money payment, which had long prevailed on every estate, gradually developed into a general commutation of services. We have already witnessed the silent progress of this remarkable change in the case of St. Edmundsbury, but the practice soon became universal and "malt-silver," "wood-silver," and "larder-silver," gradually took the place of the older personal services on the court-rolls. The process of commutation was hastened by the necessities of the lords themselves. The luxury of the castle-hall, the splendor and pomp of chivalry, the cost of campaigns drained the purses of knight and baron, and the

sale of freedom to a serf or exemption from services to a villein afforded an easy and tempting mode of refilling them. In this process even kings took part. Edward the Third sent commissioners to royal estates for the especial purpose of selling manumissions to the King's serfs; and we still possess the names of those who were enfranchised with their families by a payment of hard cash in aid of the exhausted exchequer.

By this entire detachment of the serf from actual dependence on the land, the manorial system was even more radically changed than by the rise of the serf into a copyholder. The whole social condition of the country, in fact, was modified by the appearance of a new class. The rise of the free laborer had followed that of the farmer; labor was no longer bound to one spot or one master. It was free to hire itself to what employer and to choose what field of employment it would. At the moment we have reached, in fact, the lord of a manor had been reduced over a large part of England to the position of a modern landlord, receiving a rental in money from his tenants, and dependent for the cultivation of his own demesne on paid laborers. But a formidable difficulty now met the landowners who had been driven by the process of enfranchisement to rely on hired labor. Hitherto this supply had been abundant and cheap; but this abundance suddenly disappeared. The most terrible plague which the world ever witnessed advanced at this juncture from the East, and after devastating Europe from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Baltic, swooped, at the close of 1348, upon Britain. The traditions of its destructiveness, and the panic-struck words of the statutes which followed it, have been more than justified by modern research. Of the three or four millions who then formed the population of England, more than one-half were swept away in its repeated visitations. Its ravages were fiercest in the greater towns, where filthy and undrained streets afforded a constant haunt to leprosy

61. manumissions, grantings of freedom.

and fever. In the burial-ground which the piety of Sir Walter Maunay purchased for the citizens of London, a spot whose site was afterwards marked by the Charter House, more than fifty thousand corpses are said to have been interred. Thousands of people perished at Norwich, while in Bristol the living were hardly able to bury the dead. But
 10 the Black Death fell on the villages almost as fiercely as on the towns. More than one-half of the priests of Yorkshire are known to have perished; in the diocese of Norwich two-thirds of the parishes changed their incumbents. The whole organization of labor was thrown out of gear. The scarcity of hands made it difficult for the minor tenants to perform the services due for their lands,
 20 and only a temporary abandonment of half the rent by the landowners induced the farmers to refrain from the abandonment of their farms. For a time cultivation became impossible. "The sheep and cattle strayed through the fields and corn," says a contemporary, "and there were none left who could drive them." Even when the first burst of panic was over, the sudden rise of
 30 wages consequent on the enormous diminution in the supply of free labor, though accompanied by a corresponding rise in the price of food, rudely disturbed the course of industrial employments; harvests rotted on the ground, and fields were left untilled, not merely from scarcity of hands, but from the strife which now for the first time revealed itself between capital and labor.
 40 While the landowners of the country and the wealthier craftsmen of the town were threatened with ruin by what seemed to their age the extravagant demands of the new labor class, the country itself was torn with riot and disorder. The outbreak of lawless self-indulgence which followed everywhere in the wake of the plague told especially upon the "landless men," wandering in
 50 search of work, and for the first time masters of the labor market; and the

wandering laborer or artisan turned easily into the "sturdy beggar," or the bandit of the woods. A summary redress for these evils was at once provided by the Crown in a royal ordinance which was subsequently embodied in the Statute of Laborers. "Every man or woman," runs this famous provision, "of whatsoever condition, free or
 60 bond, able in body, and within the age of threescore years, . . . and not having of his own whereof he may live, nor land of his own about the tillage of which he may occupy himself, and not serving any other, shall be bound to serve the employer who shall require him to do so, and shall take only the wages which were accustomed to be taken in the neighborhood where he is bound to
 70 serve" two years before the plague began. A refusal to obey was punished by imprisonment. But sterner measures were soon found to be necessary. Not only was the price of labor fixed by Parliament in the Statute of 1351, but the labor class was once more tied to the soil. The laborer was forbidden to quit the parish where he lived in search of better-paid employment; if he dis-
 80 obeyed he became a "fugitive," and subject to imprisonment at the hands of the justices of the peace. To enforce such a law literally must have been impossible, for corn had risen to so high a price that a day's labor at the old wages would not have purchased wheat enough for a man's support. But the landowners did not flinch from the attempt. The repeated reenactment of
 90 the law shows the difficulty of applying it, and the stubbornness of the struggle which it brought about. The fines and forfeitures which were levied for infractions of its provisions formed a large source of royal revenue, but so ineffectual were the original penalties that the runaway laborer was at last ordered to be branded with a hot iron on the forehead, while the harboring of serfs in
 100 towns was rigorously put down. Nor was it merely the existing class of free laborers which was attacked by this reactionary movement. The increase of

5. **Charter House**, a public school, and a home for men in London, established in 1611 by Sir Thomas Sutton.

85. **corn**, grain.

their numbers by a commutation of labor services for money payments was suddenly checked, and the ingenuity of the lawyers who were employed as stewards of each manor was exercised in striving to restore to the landowners that customary labor whose loss was now severely felt. Manumissions and exemptions which had passed without question were canceled on grounds of informality, and labor services from which they held themselves freed by redemption were again demanded from the villeins. The attempt was the more galling that the cause had to be pleaded in the manor-court itself, and to be decided by the very officer whose interest it was to give judgment in favor of his lord. We can see the growth of a fierce spirit of resistance through the statutes which strove in vain to repress it. In the towns, where the system of forced labor was applied with even more rigor than in the country, strikes and combinations became frequent among the lower craftsmen. In the country the free laborers found allies in the villeins whose freedom from manorial service was questioned. These were often men of position and substance, and throughout the eastern counties the gatherings of "fugitive serfs" were supported by an organized resistance and by large contributions of money on the part of the wealthier tenantry. A statute of later date throws light on their resistance. It tells us that "villeins and holders of lands in villeinage withdrew their customs and services from their lords, having attached themselves to other persons who maintained and abetted them; and who, under color of exemplifications from Domesday of the manors and villages where they dwelt, claimed to be quit of all manner of services, either of their body or of their lands, and would suffer no distress or other course of justice to be taken against them; the villeins aiding their maintainers by threatening the officers of their lords with peril to life

and limb, as well by open assemblies as by confederacies to support each other." It would seem not only as if the villein was striving to resist the reactionary tendency of the lords of manors to regain his labor service, but that in the general overturning of social institutions the copyholder was struggling to become a freeholder, and the farmer to be recognized as proprietor of the demesne he held on lease.

A more terrible outcome of the general suffering was seen in a new revolt against the whole system of social inequality which had till then passed unquestioned as the divine order of the world. The cry of the poor found a terrible utterance in the words of "a mad priest of Kent," as the courtly Froissart calls him, who for twenty years found audience for his sermons, in defiance of interdict and imprisonment, in the stout yeomen who gathered in the Kentish churchyards. "Mad" as the landowners called him, it was in the preaching of John Ball that England first listened to a declaration of natural equality and the rights of man. "Good people," cried the preacher, "things will never go well in England so long as goods be not in common, and so long as there be villeins and gentlemen. By what right are they whom we call lords greater folk than we? On what grounds have they deserved it? Why do they hold us in serfage? If we all came of the same father and mother, of Adam and Eve, how can they say or prove that they are better than we, if it be not that they make us gain for them by our toil what they spend in their pride? They are clothed in velvet, and warm in their furs and their ermines, while we are covered with rags. They have wine and spices and fair bread; and we oat-cake and straw, and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses; we have pain and labor, the rain and the wind in the fields. And yet it is of us and of our toil that these men hold their state." It was the tyranny of property that then as ever roused the defiance of socialism. A spirit fatal to the whole system of the Middle Ages breathed in the popular rime which

43. *Domesday*, the *Domesday* or *Survey Book* of *England* made at the direction of William the Conqueror in 1086. 47. *distress*, seizure of goods in reparation for an injury.

condensed the leveling doctrine of John Ball: "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?"

The rime was running from lip to lip when a fresh instance of public oppression fanned the smoldering discontent into a flame. Edward the Third died in a dishonored old age, robbed on his deathbed even of his finger-rings by the vile mistress to whom he had clung; and the accession of the child of the Black Prince, Richard the Second, revived the hopes of what in a political sense we must still call the popular party in the legislature. The Parliament of 1377 took up the work of reform, and boldly assumed the control of a new subsidy by assigning two of their number to regulate its expenditure; that of 1378 demanded and obtained an account of the mode in which the subsidy had been spent. But the real strength of Parliament was directed, as we have seen, to the desperate struggle in which the proprietary classes, whom they exclusively represented, were striving to reduce the laborer into a fresh serfage. Meanwhile the shame of defeat abroad was added to the misery and discord at home. The French war ran its disastrous course: one English fleet was beaten by the Spaniards, a second sunk by a storm; and a campaign in the heart of France ended, like its predecessors, in disappointment and ruin. It was to defray the heavy expenses of the war that the Parliament of 1380 renewed a grant made three years before, to be raised by means of a poll-tax on every person in the realm. The tax brought under contribution a class which had hitherto escaped, men such as the laborer, the village smith, the village tiler; it goaded into action precisely the class which was already seething with discontent, and its exaction set England on fire from sea to sea. As spring went on, quaint rimes passed through the country, and served as summons to the revolt, which soon extended from the eastern and midland counties over all England south of the Thames. "John Ball," ran one, "greeteth you all, and doth for to understand

he hath rung your bell. Now right and might, will and skill, God speed every dele." "Help truth," ran another, "and truth shall help you! Now reigneth pride in price, and covetise is counted wise, and lechery withouten shame, and gluttony withouten blame. Envy reigneth with treason, and sloth is take in great season. God do bote, for now is tyme!" We recognize Ball's hand in the yet more stirring missives of "Jack the Miller" and "Jack the Carter." "Jack Miller asketh help to turn his mill aright. He hath grounden small, small; the King's Son of Heaven he shall pay for all. Look thy mill go aright with the four sailes, and the post stand with steadfastness. With right and with might, with skill and with will; let might help right, and skill go before will, and right before might, so goeth our mill aright." "Jack Carter," ran the companion missive, "prays you all that ye make a good end of that ye have begun, and do well, and aye better and better; for at the even men heareth the day." "Falseness and guile," sang Jack Trewman; "have reigned too long, and truth hath been set under a lock, and falseness and guile reigneth in every stock. No man may come truth to, but if he sing 'si dederō.' True love is away that was so good, and clerks for wealth work them woe. God do bote, for now is tyme." In the rude jingle of these lines began for England the literature of political controversy; they are the first predecessors of the pamphlets of Milton and of Burke. Rough as they are, they express clearly enough the mingled passions which met in the revolt of the peasants: their longing for a right rule, for plain and simple justice; their scorn of the immorality of the nobles and the infamy of the court; their resentment at the perversion of the law to the cause of oppression. The revolt spread like wildfire over the country; Norfolk and Suffolk, Cambridge and Hertfordshire rose in arms; from Sussex and Surrey the insurrection extended as far as

57. *dele*, bit or way. 62. *sloth is take*, etc., sloth is enjoyed in good time. 63. *God do bote*, may God amend affairs. 85. *stock*, tree-trunk. Here it means "place," but if, unless. 86. *si dederō*, "if I should give myself."

Devon. But the actual outbreak began in Kent, where a tiler killed a tax-collector in vengeance for an outrage on his daughter. The county rose in arms. Canterbury, where "the whole town was of their mind," threw open its gates to the insurgents, who plundered the Archbishop's palace and dragged John Ball from its prison, while a hundred thousand Kentish men gathered round Wat Tyler of Essex and John Hales of Malling. In the eastern counties the levy of the poll-tax had already gathered crowds of peasants together, armed with clubs, rusty swords, and bows, and the royal commissioners sent to repress the tumult were driven from the field. While the Essex men marched upon London on one side of the river, the Kentish men marched on the other. Their grievance was mainly political, for villeinage was unknown in Kent; but as they poured on to Blackheath, every lawyer who fell into their hands was put to death; "not till all these were killed would the land enjoy its old freedom again," the peasants shouted as they fired the houses of the stewards and flung the records of the manor-courts into the flames. The whole population joined them as they marched along, while the nobles were paralyzed with fear. The young King—he was but a boy of fifteen—addressed them from a boat on the river; but the refusal of his Council under the guidance of Archbishop Sudbury to allow him to land kindled the peasants to fury, and with cries of "Treason" the great mass rushed on London. Its gates were flung open by the poorer artisans within the city, and the stately palace of John of Gaunt at the Savoy, the new inn of the lawyers at the Temple, the houses of the foreign merchants, were soon in a blaze. But the insurgents, as they proudly boasted, were "seekers of truth and justice, not thieves or robbers," and a plunderer found carrying off a silver vessel from

the sack of the Savoy was flung with his spoil into the flames. The general terror was shown ludicrously enough on the following day, when a daring band of peasants, under Tyler himself, forced their way into the Tower, and taking the panic-stricken knights of the royal household in rough horseplay by the beard, promised to be their equals and good comrades in the time to come. But the horseplay changed into dreadful earnest when they found the King had escaped their grasp, and when Archbishop Sudbury and the Prior of St. John were discovered in the chapel; the primate was dragged from his sanctuary and beheaded, and the same vengeance was wreaked on the Treasurer and the Chief Commissioner for the levy of the hated poll-tax. Meanwhile the King had ridden from the Tower to meet the mass of the Essex men, who had encamped without the city at Mile-End, while the men of Hertfordshire and St. Albans occupied Highbury. "I am your King and Lord, good people," the boy began with a fearlessness which marked his bearing throughout the crisis; "what will ye?" "We will that you free us forever," shouted the peasants, "us and our lands; and that we be never named nor held for serfs." "I grant it," replied Richard; and he bade them go home, pledging himself at once to issue charters of freedom and amnesty. A shout of joy welcomed the promise. Throughout the day more than thirty clerks were busied writing letters of pardon and emancipation, and with these the mass of the Essex and Hertfordshire men withdrew quietly to their homes. It was with such a charter that William Grindecobbe returned to St. Albans, and breaking at the head of the burghers into the abbey precincts, summoned the abbot to deliver up the charters which bound the town in bondage to his house. But a more striking proof of servitude remained in the millstones, which after a long suit at law had been adjudged to the abbey, and placed within its cloister as a triumphant witness that no townsman might grind corn within the domain of the abbey save at

42. *John of Gaunt*, Duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III and uncle of Richard II. 43. *new inn*, etc. The Inns of Court in London are law clubs and law schools. The Temple was once the lodge of the Knights Templars, but it came into possession of the students of the common law in 1346.

the abbot's will. Bursting into the cloister the burghers now tore the millstones from the floor, and broke them into small pieces, "like blessed bread in church," so that each might have something to show of the day when their freedom was won again.

Many of the Kentish men dispersed at the news of the King's pledge to the men of Essex, but thirty thousand men still surrounded Wat Tyler when Richard by a mere chance encountered him the next morning at Smithfield. Hot words passed between his train and the peasant leader, who advanced to confer with the King; and a threat from Tyler brought on a brief struggle in which the Mayor of London, William Walworth, struck him with his dagger to the ground. "Kill, kill," shouted the crowd, "they have slain our captain." "What need ye, my masters?" cried the boy-king, as he rode boldly to the front, "I am your Captain and your King! Follow me." The hopes of the peasants centered in the young sovereign; one aim of their rising had been to free him from the evil counselors who, as they believed, abused his youth, and they now followed him with a touching loyalty and trust till he entered the Tower. His mother welcomed him with tears of joy. "Rejoice and praise God," the boy answered, "for I have recovered today my heritage which was lost, and the realm of England." But he was compelled to give the same pledge of freedom as at Mile-End, and it was only after receiving his letters of pardon and emancipation that the Kentish men dispersed to their homes. The revolt, indeed, was far from being at an end. South of the Thames it spread as far as Devonshire; there were outbreaks in the north; the eastern counties were in one wild turmoil of revolt. A body of peasants occupied St. Albans. A maddened crowd forced the gates of St. Edmundsbury and wrested from the trembling monks pledges for the confirmation of the liberties of the town. John the Litster, a dyer of Norwich, headed a mass of peasants, under the

title of King of the Commons, and compelled the nobles he captured to act as his meat-tasters and to serve him on their knees during his repast. But the withdrawal of the peasant armies with their letters of emancipation gave courage to the nobles. The warlike Bishop of Norwich fell lance in hand on Litster's camp, and scattered the peasants of Norfolk at the first shock: while the King, with an army of 40,000 men, spread terror by the ruthlessness of his executions as he marched in triumph through Kent and Essex. At Waltham he was met by the display of his own recent charters and a protest from the Essex men that "they were so far as freedom went the peers of their lords." But they were to learn the worth of a king's word. "Villeins you were," answered Richard, "and villeins you are. In bondage you shall abide, and that not your old bondage, but a worse!" But the stubborn resistance which he met showed the temper of the people. The villagers of Billericay threw themselves into the woods and fought two hard fights before they were reduced to submission. It was only by threats of death that verdicts of guilty could be wrung from the Essex jurors when the leaders of the revolt were brought before them. Grindecobbe was offered his life if he would persuade his followers at St. Albans to restore the charters they had wrung from the monks. He turned bravely to his fellow-townsmen and bade them take no thought for his trouble. "If I die," he said, "I shall die for the cause of the freedom we have won, counting myself happy to end my life by such a martyrdom. Do then today as you would have done had I been killed yesterday." But the stubborn will of the conquered was met by as stubborn a will in their conquerors. Through the summer and autumn seven thousand men are said to have perished on the gallows or the field. The royal council indeed showed its sense of the danger of a mere policy of resistance by sub-

52. Litster, dyer.

56. meat-tasters. In medieval times certain nobles used to taste the king's food to prevent his being poisoned.

mitting the question of enfranchisement to the Parliament which assembled on the suppression of the revolt, with words which suggested a compromise. "If you desire to enfranchise and set at liberty the said serfs," ran the royal message, "by your common assent, as the King has been informed that some of you desire, he will consent to your prayer." But no thoughts of compromise influenced the landowners in their reply. The King's grant and letters, the Parliament answered with perfect truth, were legally null and void; their serfs were their goods, and the King could not take their goods from them but by their own consent. "And this consent," they ended, "we have never given and never will give, were we all to die in one day." (1874)

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823-1893)

NOTE

Francis Parkman, like Green, was hampered by poor health, but he managed to travel widely over the scenes of early American history, and had means sufficient to keep him from want. As the son of a Unitarian minister in Boston, Parkman was deeply imbued both with the religious tradition of the Puritans and with their pioneer spirit. At the door of his grandparents' home in Medford stood a fairly large tract of primeval forest, and during his sophomore year at Harvard there came to him the vision of the contest which had taken place here a century before between the French and the English for Canada. When he graduated from Harvard College in 1844, he determined to visit the West in search of aboriginal Indian and early American frontier life. The trip took him out over the Oregon trail to the Rocky Mountains, and he saw the fading wonder, danger, and beauty of American frontier conditions. When he returned home, he determined to write the history of that era which he had visualized in the forest near Middlesex Fells. In spite of ill health he accomplished his purpose in a history of about eight sections, the last of which was completed in 1892, a year before his death.

Parkman's idea of historical writing was stated by him in the preface to *Pioneers of France in the New World*. "Faithfulness to the truth of history involves far more than a research, however patient and scrupulous, into special facts. Such facts may be detailed with the most minute exactness, and yet the narrative, taken as a whole, may be unmeaning and untrue. The narrator must seek to imbue himself with the life and spirit of the time. He must study events in their bearings, near and remote; in the character, habits,

and manners of those who took part in them. He must himself be, as it were, a sharer or a spectator of the action he describes." In using this method Parkman emphasized the natural environment in which his scene was laid, the life of the Indians as well as that of the French and English frontiersmen, and the conflict between aboriginal simplicity and civilized sophistication. On the whole his achievement is more closely allied to that of Green than to that of Gibbon, for he presents us with a series of beautiful panoramas of an historical period, as well as with a fascinating narrative, whose significance Parkman felt rather than analyzed. These characteristics are clearly shown in *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* (published in 1851), Parkman's earliest historical work. From it we have chosen the episode in which Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas, determined, after the surrender of Canada in 1760 by the French to the English, to restore the French to power, and to recover for his people all their former hunting grounds by a concerted blow at all the English frontier posts. His own part of the campaign was to be the capture of the frontier post of Detroit, then commanded by Major Gladwyn.

FROM THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

CHAPTER X DETROIT

To the credulity of mankind each great calamity has its dire prognostics. Signs and portents in the heavens, the vision of an Indian bow, and the figure of a scalp imprinted on the disk of the moon warned the New England Puritans of impending war. The apparitions passed away, and Philip of Mount Hope burst from the forest with his Narragansett warriors. In October, 1762, thick clouds of inky blackness gathered above the fort and settlement of Detroit. The river darkened beneath the awful shadows, and the forest was wrapped in double gloom. Drops of rain began to fall, of strong, sulphurous odor, and so deeply colored that the people, it is said, collected and used them for the purpose of writing. A prominent literary and philosophical journal seeks to explain this strange

28. **Philip.** King Philip, chief of the Wampanoag Indians, made war on the New England colonists 1675-1676. Cf. Mrs. Rowlandson's *Narrative* (page 829).

phenomenon on some principle of physical science; but the simple Canadians held a different faith. Throughout the winter the shower of black rain was the foremost topic of their fireside talks, and dreary forebodings of evil disturbed the breast of many a timorous matron.

La Motte Cadillac was the founder of Detroit. In the year 1701 he planted the little military colony, which time has transmuted into a thriving American city. At an earlier date some feeble efforts had been made to secure the possession of this important pass; and when La Hontan visited the lakes, a small post, called Fort St. Joseph, was standing near the present site of Fort Gratiot. At about this time the wandering Jesuits made frequent sojourns upon the borders of the Detroit, and baptized the savage children whom they found there.

Fort St. Joseph was abandoned in the year 1688. The establishment of Cadillac was destined to a better fate, and soon rose to distinguished importance among the western outposts of Canada. Indeed, the site was formed by nature for prosperity; and a bad government and a thriftless people could not prevent the increase of the colony. At the close of the French war, as Major Rogers tells us, the place contained twenty-five hundred inhabitants. The center of the settlement was the fortified town, currently called the Fort, to distinguish it from the straggling dwellings along the river banks. It stood on the western margin of the river, covering a small part of the ground now occupied by the city of Detroit, and contained about a hundred houses, compactly pressed together, and surrounded by a palisade. Both above and below the fort the banks of the stream were lined on both sides with small Canadian dwellings, extending at various intervals for nearly eight miles. Each had its garden and its orchard, and each was inclosed by a fence of rounded pickets. To the soldier or the trader, fresh from the harsh scenery and am-

bushed perils of the surrounding wilds, the secluded settlement was as welcome as an oasis in the desert.

The Canadian is usually a happy man. Life sits lightly upon him; he laughs at its hardships, and soon forgets its sorrows. A lover of roving and adventure, of the frolic and the dance, he is little troubled with thoughts of the past or the future, and little plagued with avarice or ambition. At Detroit all his propensities found ample scope. Aloof from the world, the simple colonists shared none of its pleasures and excitements, and were free from many of its cares. Nor were luxuries wanting which civilization might have envied them. The forest teemed with game, the marshes with wild fowl, and the rivers with fish. The apples and pears of the old Canadian orchards are even to this day held in esteem. The poorer inhabitants made wine from the fruit of the wild grape, which grew profusely in the woods, while the wealthier class procured a better quality from Montreal, in exchange for the canoe loads of furs which they sent down with every year. Here, as elsewhere in Canada, the long winter was a season of social enjoyment; and when, in summer and autumn, the traders and *voyageurs*, the *coureurs des bois* and half-breeds, gathered from the distant forests of the northwest, the whole settlement was alive with frolic gayety, with dancing and feasting, drinking, gaming, and carousing.

Within the limits of the settlement were three large Indian villages. On the western shore, a little below the fort, were the lodges of the Pottawattamies; nearly opposite, on the eastern side, was the village of the Wyandots; and on the same side, two miles higher up, Pontiac's band of Ottawas had fixed their abode. The settlers had always maintained the best terms with their savage neighbors. In truth, there was much congeniality between the red man and the Canadian. Their harmony was seldom broken; and among the

15. La Hontan, a French baron who explored Canada in the late seventeenth century.

85. *voyageurs*, exploring trappers and hunters. *coureurs des bois*, rangers of the forest.

woods and wilds of the northern lakes roamed many a lawless half-breed, the mongrel offspring of intermarriages between the colonists of Detroit and the Indian squaws.

We have already seen how, in an evil hour for the Canadians, a party of British troops took possession of Detroit, toward the close of the year 1760. The British garrison, consisting partly of regulars and partly of provincial rangers, was now quartered in a well-built range of barracks within the town or fort. The latter, as already mentioned, contained about a hundred small houses. Its form was nearly square, and the palisade which surrounded it was about twenty-five feet high. At each corner was a wooden bastion, and a blockhouse was erected over each gateway. The houses were small, chiefly built of wood, and roofed with bark or a thatch of straw. The streets also were extremely narrow, though a wide passageway, known as the *chemin du ronde*, surrounded the town between the houses and the palisade. Besides the barracks, the only public buildings were a council-house and a rude little church. The garrison consisted of a hundred and twenty soldiers, with about forty fur-traders and *engagés*; but the latter, as well as the peaceful Canadian inhabitants of the place, could little be trusted, in the event of an Indian outbreak. Two small armed schooners, the *Beaver* and the *Gladwyn*, lay anchored in the stream, and several light pieces of artillery were mounted in the bastions. Such was Detroit—a place whose defenses could have opposed no resistance to a civilized enemy; and yet, situated as it was, far removed from the hope of speedy succor, it could rely, in the terrible struggles that awaited it, only upon its own slight strength and feeble resources.

Standing on the water bastion of Detroit, the landscape that presented itself might well remain impressed through life upon the memory. The river, about half a mile wide, almost

washed the foot of the stockade; and either bank was lined with the white Canadian cottages. The joyous sparkling of the bright blue water; the green luxuriance of the woods; the white dwellings, looking out from the foliage; and in the distance, the Indian wigwams curling their smoke against the sky—all were mingled in one great scene of wild and rural beauty.

Pontiac, the Satan of this forest paradise, was accustomed to spend the early part of the summer upon a small island at the opening of the Lake St. Clair, hidden from view by the high woods that covered the intervening Isle au Cochon. "The king and lord of all this country," as Rogers calls him, lived in no royal state. His cabin was a small, oven-shaped structure of bark and rushes. Here he dwelt with his squaws and children; and here, doubtless, he might often have been seen, carelessly reclining his naked form on a rush mat or a bearskin, like any ordinary warrior. We may fancy the current of his thoughts, the uncurbed passions swelling in his powerful soul, as he revolved the treacheries which, to his savage mind, seemed fair and honorable. At one moment his fierce heart would burn with the anticipation of vengeance on the detested English; at another, he would meditate how he best might turn the approaching tumults to the furtherance of his own ambitious schemes. Yet we may believe that Pontiac was not a stranger to the high emotion of the patriot hero, the champion not merely of his nation's rights, but of the very existence of his race. He did not dream how desperate a game he was about to play. He hourly flattered himself with the futile hope of aid from France. In his ignorance he thought that the British colonies must give way before the rush of his savage warriors; when, in truth, all the combined tribes of the forest might have chafed in vain rage against the rock-like strength of the Anglo-Saxon.

25. *chemin du ronde*, circuit road. 32. *engagés*, employees, or men enlisted for military purposes.

70. Rogers, Robert (1727-1800), an American officer, who served with distinction in the French and Indian War, and who wrote an account of the siege of Detroit.

Looking across an intervening arm of the river, Pontiac could see on its eastern bank the numerous lodges of his Ottawa tribesmen, half hidden among the ragged growth of trees and bushes. On the afternoon of the fifth of May a Canadian woman, the wife of St. Aubin, one of the principal settlers, crossed over from the western side, and visited the Ottawa village, to obtain from the Indians a supply of maple sugar and venison. She was surprised at finding several of the warriors engaged in filing off the muzzles of their guns, so as to reduce them, stock and all, to the length of about a yard. Returning home in the evening, she mentioned what she had seen to several of her neighbors. Upon this, one of them, the blacksmith of the village, remarked that many of the Indians had lately visited his shop, and attempted to borrow files and saws for a purpose which they would not explain. These circumstances excited the suspicion of the experienced Canadians. Doubtless there were many in the settlement who might, had they chosen, have revealed the plot; but it is no less certain that the more numerous and respectable class in the little community had too deep an interest in the preservation of peace to countenance the designs of Pontiac. M. Gouin, an old and wealthy settler, went to the commandant and conjured him to stand upon his guard; but Gladwyn, a man of fearless temper, gave no heed to the friendly advice.

In the Pottawattamie village lived an Ojibwa girl, who, if there be truth in tradition, could boast a larger share of beauty than is common in the wigwam. She had attracted the eye of Gladwyn. He had formed a connection with her, and she had become much attached to him. On the afternoon of the sixth, Catharine—for so the officers called her—came to the fort, and repaired to Gladwyn's quarters, bringing with her a pair of elk-skin moccasins, ornamented with porcupine work, which he had requested her to make. There was

6. May, 1763.

something unusual in her look and manner. Her face was sad and downcast. She said little, and soon left the room; but the sentinel at the door saw her still lingering at the street corner, though the hour for closing the gates was nearly come. At length she attracted the notice of Gladwyn himself; and calling her to him, he pressed her to declare what was weighing upon her mind. Still she remained for a long time silent, and it was only after much urgency and many promises not to betray her that she revealed her momentous secret.

Tomorrow, she said, Pontiac will come to the fort with sixty of his chiefs. Each will be armed with a gun, cut short, and hidden under his blanket. Pontiac will demand to hold a council; and after he has delivered his speech, he will offer a peace-belt of wampum, holding it in a reversed position. This will be the signal of attack. The chiefs will spring up and fire upon the officers, and the Indians in the street will fall upon the garrison. Every Englishman will be killed, but not the scalp of a single Frenchman will be touched.

Gladwyn was an officer of signal courage and address. He thanked his faithful mistress, and promising a rich reward, told her to go back to her village, that no suspicion might be kindled against her. Then, calling his subordinates together, he imparted what he had heard. The defenses of the place were feeble and extensive, and the garrison by far too weak to repel a general assault. The force of the Indians at this time is variously estimated at from six hundred to two thousand; and the commandant greatly feared that some wild impulse might precipitate their plan, and that they would storm the fort before the morning. Every preparation was made to meet the sudden emergency. Half the garrison were ordered under arms, and all the officers prepared to spend the night upon the ramparts.

75. *wampum*, shells used by the Indians as money. They were strung like beads, and were frequently made into belts for ceremonial purposes.

"It rained all day," writes the chronicler, "but cleared up toward evening, and there was a very fair sunset." Perhaps it was such a one as even now, when all else is changed, may still be seen at times from the eastern shore of the Detroit. A canopy of clouds is spread across the sky, drawn up from the horizon like a curtain, as if to reveal the glory of the west, where lies a transparent sea of liquid amber immeasurably deep. The sun has set; the last glimpse of his burning disk has vanished behind the forest; but where he sank, the sky glows like a conflagration, and still, from his retreat, he bathes heaven and earth with celestial coloring. The edges of the cloudy curtain are resplendent with gold, and its dark blue drapery is touched with blood-red stains by the floods of fiery radiance. The forests and the shores melt together in rich and shadowy purple, and the waters reflect the splendor of the heavens. Gazing on the gorgeous sublimity of earth and sky, man may forget his vexed and perturbed humanity. Goaded by passions, racked by vain desires, tossed on the tumultuous sea of earthly troubles, amid doubt and disappointment, pain and care, he awakens to new hope as he beholds the glory of declining day, and rises in serene strength to meet that majestic smile of God.

The light departed and the colors faded away. Only a dusky redness lingered in the west, and the darkening earth seemed her dull self again. Then night descended, heavy and black, on the fierce Indians and the sleepless English. From sunset till dawn an anxious watch was kept from the slender palisades of Detroit. The soldiers were still ignorant of the danger, and the sentinels did not know why their numbers were doubled, or why, with such unwonted vigilance, their officers visited their posts. Again and again Gladwyn mounted his wooden ramparts and looked forth into the gloom. There seemed nothing but repose and peace in the soft, moist air of the warm spring evening, with the piping of frogs along

the river bank, just roused from their torpor by the genial influence of May. But, at intervals, as the night wind swept across the bastion, it bore sounds of fearful portent to the ear, the sullen booming of the Indian drum and the wild chorus of quavering yells, as the warriors, around their distant campfires, danced the war-dance, in preparation for the morrow's work.

CHAPTER XI

THE TREACHERY OF PONTIAC

The night passed without alarm. The sun rose upon fresh fields and newly-budding woods, and scarcely had the morning mists dissolved, when the garrison could see a fleet of birch canoes crossing the river from the eastern shore, within range of cannon shot above the fort. Only two or three warriors appeared in each, but all moved slowly and seemed deeply laden. In truth, they were full of savages, lying flat on their faces, that their numbers might not excite the suspicion of the English.

At an early hour the open common behind the fort was thronged with squaws, children, and warriors, some naked, and others fantastically arrayed in their barbarous finery. All seemed restless and uneasy, moving hither and thither, in apparent preparation for a general game of ball. Many tall warriors, wrapped in their blankets, were seen stalking toward the fort, and casting malignant, furtive glances upward at the palisades. Then, with an air of assumed indifference, they would move toward the gate. They were all admitted; for Gladwyn, who in this instance, at least, showed some knowledge of Indian character, chose to convince his crafty foe that, though their plot was detected, their hostility was despised.

The whole garrison was ordered under arms. Sterling and the other English fur-traders closed their storehouses and armed their men, and all in cool confidence stood waiting the result.

Meanwhile, Pontiac, who had crossed with the canoes from the eastern shore, was approaching along the river road, at the head of sixty chiefs, all gravely marching in Indian file. A Canadian settler named Beaufait had been that morning to the fort. He was now returning homeward, and as he reached the bridge which led over the stream then called Parent's Creek, he saw the chiefs in the act of crossing from the farther bank. He stood aside to give them room. As the last Indian passed, Beaufait recognized him as an old friend and associate. The savage greeted him with the usual ejaculation, opened for an instant the folds of his blanket, disclosed the hidden gun, and, with an emphatic gesture toward the fort, indicated the ferocious purpose to which he meant to apply it.

At ten o'clock the great war-chief, with his treacherous followers, reached the fort, and the gateway was thronged with their savage faces. All were wrapped to the throat in colored blankets. Some were crested with hawk, eagle, or raven plumes; others had shaved their heads, leaving only the fluttering scalp-lock on the crown; while others, again, wore their long, black hair flowing loosely at their backs, or wildly hanging about their brows like a lion's mane. Their bold yet crafty features, their cheeks besmeared with ocher and vermilion, white lead and soot, their keen, deep-set eyes gleaming in their sockets, like those of rattlesnakes, gave them an aspect grim, uncouth, and horrible. For the most part they were tall, strong men, and all had a gait and bearing of peculiar stateliness.

As Pontiac entered, it is said that he started, and that a deep ejaculation half escaped from his broad chest. Well might his stoicism fail, for in a glance he read the ruin of his plot. On either hand, within the gateway stood ranks of soldiers and hedges of glittering steel. The swarthy, half-wild *engagés* of the fur-traders, armed to the teeth, stood in groups at the street corners, and the measured tap of a drum fell ominously

on the ear. Soon regaining his composure, Pontiac strode forward into the narrow street, and his chiefs filed after him in silence, while the scared faces of women and children looked out from the windows as they passed. Their rigid muscles betrayed no sign of emotion; yet, looking closely, one might have seen their small eyes glance from side to side with restless scrutiny.

Traversing the entire width of the little town, they reached the door of the council-house, a large building standing near the margin of the river. Entering, they saw Gladwyn, with several of his officers, seated in readiness to receive them, and the observant chiefs did not fail to remark that every Englishman wore a sword at his side, and a pair of pistols in his belt. The conspirators eyed each other with uneasy glances. "Why," demanded Pontiac, "do I see so many of my father's young men standing in the street with their guns?" Gladwyn replied through his interpreter, La Butte, that he had ordered the soldiers under arms for the sake of exercise and discipline. With much delay and many signs of distrust, the chiefs at length sat down on the mats prepared for them; and after the customary pause, Pontiac rose to speak. Holding in his hand the wampum belt which was to have given the fatal signal, he addressed the commandant, professing strong attachment to the English, and declaring, in Indian phrase, that he had come to smoke the pipe of peace, and brighten the chain of friendship. The officers watched him keenly as he uttered these hollow words, fearing lest, though conscious that his designs were suspected, he might still attempt to accomplish them. And once, it is said, he raised the wampum belt as if about to give the signal of attack. But at that instant Gladwyn signed slightly with his hand. The sudden clash of arms sounded from the passage without, and a drum rolling the charge filled the council-room with its stunning din. At this, Pontiac stood like one confounded. Some writers will have it that Gladwyn, rising from his seat, drew

the chief's blanket aside, exposed the hidden gun, and sternly rebuked him for his treachery. But the commandant wished only to prevent the consummation of the plot, without bringing on an open rupture. His own letters affirm that he and his officers remained seated as before. Pontiac, seeing his unruffled brow and his calm eye fixed steadfastly upon him, knew not what to think, and soon sat down in amazement and perplexity. Another pause ensued, and Gladwyn commenced a brief reply. He assured the chiefs that friendship and protection should be extended toward them as long as they continued to deserve it, but threatened ample vengeance for the first act of aggression. The council then broke up; but, before leaving the room, Pontiac told the officers that he would return in a few days, with his squaws and children, for he wished that they should all shake hands with their fathers, the English. To this new piece of treachery Gladwyn deigned no reply. The gates of the fort, which had been closed during the conference, were again flung open, and the baffled savages were suffered to depart, rejoiced, no doubt, to breathe once more the free air of the open fields.

Gladwyn has been censured, and perhaps with justice, for not detaining the chiefs as hostages for the good conduct of their followers. An entrapped wolf meets no quarter from the huntsman; and a savage, caught in his treachery, has no claim to forbearance. Perhaps the commandant feared lest, should he arrest the chiefs when gathered at a public council, and guiltless

as yet of open violence, the act might be interpreted as cowardly and dishonorable. He was ignorant, moreover, of the true nature of the plot. In his view the whole affair was one of those impulsive outbreaks so common among Indians, and he trusted that, could an immediate rupture be averted, the threatening clouds would soon blow over.

Here, and elsewhere, the conduct of Pontiac is marked with the blackest treachery; and one cannot but lament that a nature so brave, so commanding, so magnanimous, should be stained with the odious vice of cowards and traitors. He could govern, with almost despotic sway, a race unruly as the winds. In generous thought and deed, he rivaled the heroes of ancient story, and craft and cunning might well seem alien to a mind like his. Yet Pontiac was a thorough savage, and in him stand forth, in strongest light and shadow, the native faults and virtues of the Indian race. All children, says Sir Walter Scott, are naturally liars; and truth and honor are developments of later education. Barbarism is to civilization what childhood is to maturity, and all savages, whatever may be their country, their color, or their lineage, are prone to treachery and deceit. The barbarous ancestors of our own frank and manly race are no less obnoxious to the charge than those of the cat-like Bengalee; for in this childhood of society, brave-men and cowards are treacherous alike.

The Indian differs widely from the European in his notion of military virtue. In his view artifice is wisdom, and he honors the skill that can circumvent, no less than the valor that can subdue, an adversary. The object of war, he argues, is to destroy the enemy. To accomplish this end, all means are honorable; and it is folly, not bravery, to incur a needless risk. Had Pontiac ordered his followers to storm the palisades of Detroit, not one of them would have obeyed him. They might, indeed, after their strange superstition, have revered him as a madman; but,

29. to depart. Extract from a MS Letter—Major Gladwyn to Sir J. Amherst (Detroit, May 14, 1763). "Sir: On the first instant, Pontiac, the Chief of the Ottawa Nation, came here with about fifty of his men (forty, Pontiac MS) and told me that in a few days, when the rest of his nation came in, he intended to pay me a formal visit. The 7th he came, but I was luckily informed, the night before, that he was coming with an intention to surprise us; upon which I took such precautions that when they entered the fort (though they were, by the best accounts, about three hundred, and armed with knives, tomahawks, and a great many with guns cut short, and hid under their blankets), they were so much surprised to see our disposition that they would scarcely sit down to council. However, in about half an hour, they saw their designs were discovered; they sat down, and Pontiac made a speech which I answered calmly, and without intimating my suspicion of their intentions, and after receiving some trifling presents, they went away to their camp." [Parkman's note.]

from that hour, his fame as a war-chief would have sunk forever.

Balked in his treachery, the great chief withdrew to his village, enraged and mortified, yet still resolved to persevere. That Gladwyn had suffered him to escape was to his mind an ample proof either of cowardice or ignorance. The latter supposition seemed the more
 10 probable, and he resolved to visit the English once more, and convince them, if possible, that their suspicions against him were unfounded. Early on the following morning he repaired to the fort with three of his chiefs, bearing in his hand the sacred calumet, or pipe of peace, the bowl carved in stone, and the stem adorned with feathers. Offering it to the commandant, he addressed
 20 him and his officers to the following effect: "My fathers, evil birds have sung lies in your ear. We that stand before you are friends of the English. We love them as our brothers, and, to prove our love, we have come this day to smoke the pipe of peace." At his departure he gave the pipe to Major Campbell, second in command, as a further pledge of his sincerity.

That afternoon, the better to cover his designs, Pontiac called the young men of all the tribes to a game of ball, which took place, with great noise and shouting, on the neighboring fields. At nightfall the garrison were startled by a burst of loud, shrill yells. The drums beat to arms, and the troops were ordered to their posts; but the alarm was caused only by the victors in the
 30 ball play, who were announcing their success by these discordant outcries. Meanwhile, Pontiac was in the Pottawattamie village, consulting with the chiefs of that tribe, and with the Wyandots, by what means they might compass the ruin of the English.

Early on the following morning, Monday, the ninth of May, the French inhabitants went in procession to the
 50 principal church of the settlement, which stood near the river bank, about half a mile above the fort. Having heard Mass, they all returned before eleven o'clock, without discovering any

signs that the Indians meditated an act of hostility. Scarcely, however, had they done so, when the common behind the fort was once more thronged with Indians of all the four tribes; and Pontiac, advancing from among the
 60 multitude, approached the gate. It was closed and barred against him. Pontiac shouted to the sentinels, and demanded why he was refused admittance. Gladwyn himself replied that the great chief might enter, if he chose, but that the crowd he had brought with him must remain outside. Pontiac rejoined that he wished all his warriors to enjoy the fragrance of the friendly
 70 calumet. Gladwyn's answer was more concise than courteous, and imported that he would have none of his rabble in the fort. Thus repulsed, Pontiac threw off the mask which he had worn so long. With a grin of hate and rage he turned abruptly from the gate, and strode toward his followers, who, in great multitudes, lay flat upon the ground, just beyond reach of gunshot.
 80 At his approach they all leaped up and ran off, "yelping," in the words of an eyewitness, "like so many devils."

Looking out from the loopholes, the garrison could see them running in a body toward the house of an old English woman, who lived, with her family, on a distant part of the common. They beat down the doors and rushed tumultuously in. A moment more and the
 90 mournful scalp yell told the fate of the wretched inmates. Another large body ran, with loud yells, to the river bank and, leaping into their canoes, paddled with all speed to the Isle au Cochon. Here dwelt an Englishman, named Fisher, formerly a sergeant of the regulars.

They soon dragged him from the hiding-place where he had sought refuge,
 100 murdered him on the spot, took his scalp, and made great rejoicings over this miserable trophy of brutal malice. On the following day, several Canadians crossed over to the island to inter the body, which they accomplished, as they thought, very effectually. Tradition, however, relates, as undoubted truth,

that when, a few days after, some of the party returned to the spot, they beheld the pale hands of the dead man thrust above the ground, in an attitude of eager entreaty. Having once more covered the refractory members with earth, they departed, in great wonder and awe; but what was their amazement when, on returning a second time, they saw the hands protruding as before. At this they repaired in horror to the priest, who hastened to the spot, sprinkled the grave with holy water, and performed over it the neglected rites of burial. Thenceforth, says the tradition, the corpse of the murdered soldier slept in peace.

Pontiac had borne no part in the wolfish deed of his followers. When he saw his plan defeated, he turned toward the shore, and no man durst approach him, for he was terrible in his rage. Pushing a canoe from the bank, he urged it, with vigorous strokes, against the current, toward the Ottawa village, on the farther side. As he drew near, he shouted to the inmates. None remained in the lodges but women, children, and old men, who all came flocking out at the sound of his imperious voice. Pointing across the water, he ordered that all should prepare to move the camp to the western shore, that the river might no longer interpose a barrier between his followers and the English. The squaws labored with eager alacrity to obey him. Provisions, utensils, weapons, and even the bark covering to the lodges, were carried to the shore; and before evening all was ready for embarkation. Meantime, the warriors had come dropping in from their bloody work, until, at nightfall, nearly all had returned. Then Pontiac, hideous in his war-paint, leaped into the central area of the village. Brandishing his tomahawk, and stamping on the ground, he recounted his former exploits, and denounced vengeance on the English. The Indians flocked about him. Warrior after warrior caught the fierce contagion, and soon the ring was filled with dancers, circling round and round with frantic gesture, and startling

the distant garrison with unearthly yells.

The war-dance over, the work of embarkation was commenced, and long before morning the transfer was complete. The whole Ottawa population crossed the river, and pitched their wigwams on the western side, just above the mouth of the little stream then known as Parent's Creek, but since named Bloody Run, from the scenes of terror which it witnessed.

During the evening fresh tidings of disaster reached the fort. A Canadian named Desnoyers came down the river in a birch canoe and, landing at the water gate, brought news that two English officers, Sir Robert Davers and Captain Robertson, had been waylaid and murdered by the Indians, above Lake St. Clair. The Canadian declared, moreover, that Pontiac had just been joined by a formidable band of Ojibwas, from the Bay of Saginaw. These were a peculiarly ferocious horde, and their wretched descendants still retain the character.

Every Englishman in the fort, whether trader or soldier, was now ordered under arms. No man lay down to sleep, and Gladwyn himself walked the ramparts throughout the night.

All was quiet till the approach of dawn. But as the first dim redness tinged the east, and fields and woods grew visible in the morning twilight, suddenly the war whoop rose on every side at once. As wolves assail the wounded bison, howling their gathering cries across the wintry prairie, so the fierce Indians, pealing their terrific yells, came bounding naked to the assault. The men hastened to their posts. And truly it was time, for not the Ottawas

74. **murdered.** Extract from an anonymous letter—Detroit, July 9, 1763. "You have long ago heard of our pleasant situation, but the storm is blown over. Was it not very agreeable to hear every day of their cutting, carving, boiling, and eating our companions? To see every day dead bodies floating down the river, mangled and disfigured? But Britons, you know, never shrink; we always appeared gay, to spite the rascals. They boiled and eat Sir Robert Davers; and we are informed by Mr. Pauly, who escaped the other day from one of the stations surprised at the breaking out of the war, and commanded by himself, that he had seen an Indian have the skin of Captain Robertson's arm for a tobacco pouch!" [Parkman's note.]

alone, but the whole barbarian swarm, Wyandots, Pottawattamies, and Ojibwas, were upon them, and bullets rapped hard and fast against the palisades. The soldiers looked from the loopholes, thinking to see their assailants gathering for a rush against the feeble barrier. But, though their clamors filled the air, and their guns blazed thick and hot, yet very few were visible. Some were ensconced behind barns and fences, some skulked among bushes, and some lay flat in hollows of the ground; while those who could find no shelter were leaping about with the agility of monkeys, to dodge the shot of the fort. Each had filled his mouth with bullets, for the convenience of loading, and each was charging and firing without suspending these agile gymnastics for a moment. There was one low hill, at no great distance from the fort, behind which countless black heads of Indians alternately appeared and vanished, while, all along the ridge, their guns emitted incessant white puffs of smoke. Every loophole was a target for their bullets; but the fire was returned with steadiness, and not without effect. The Canadian *engagés* of the fur-traders retorted the Indian war-whoops with outcries not less discordant, while the British and provincials paid back the clamor of the enemy with musket and rifle balls. Within half gunshot of the palisade was a cluster of outbuildings, behind which a host of Indians found shelter. A cannon was brought to bear upon them, loaded with red-hot spikes. They were soon wrapped in flames, upon which the disconcerted savages broke away in a body, and ran off yelping, followed by a shout of laughter from the soldiers.

For six hours the attack was unabated; but as the day advanced, the assailants grew weary of their futile efforts. Their fire slackened, their clamors died away, and the garrison was left once more in peace, though from time to time a solitary shot or lonely whoop still showed the presence of some lingering savage, loath to be

31. *retorted*, hurled back.

balked of his revenge. Among the garrison, only five men had been wounded, while the cautious enemy had suffered but trifling loss.

Gladwyn was still convinced that the whole affair was but a sudden ebullition, which would soon subside; and being, moreover, in great want of provision, he resolved to open negotiations with the Indians, under cover of which he might obtain the necessary supplies. The interpreter, La Butte, who, like most of his countrymen, might be said to hold a neutral position between the English and the Indians, was dispatched to the camp of Pontiac to demand the reasons of his conduct, and declare that the commandant was ready to redress any real grievance of which he might complain. Two old Canadians of Detroit, Chapeton and Godefroy, earnest to forward the negotiation, offered to accompany him. The gates were opened for their departure, and many other inhabitants of the place took this opportunity of leaving it, alleging as their motive that they did not wish to see the approaching slaughter of the English.

Reaching the Indian camp, the three ambassadors were received by Pontiac with great apparent kindness. La Butte delivered his message, and the two Canadians labored to dissuade the chief, for his own good and for theirs, from pursuing his hostile purposes. Pontiac stood listening, armed with the true impenetrability of an Indian. At every proposal he uttered an ejaculation of assent, partly from a strange notion of courtesy peculiar to his race, and partly from the deep dissimulation which seems native to their blood. Yet with all this seeming acquiescence, the heart of the savage was unmoved as a rock. The Canadians were completely deceived. Leaving Chapeton and Godefroy to continue the conference and push the fancied advantage, La Butte hastened back to the fort. He reported the happy issue of his mission and added that peace might readily be had by making the Indians a few presents, for which they are always rapaciously

eager. When, however, he returned to the Indian camp, he found, to his chagrin, that his companions had made no progress in the negotiation. Though still professing a strong desire for peace, Pontiac had evaded every definite proposal. At La Butte's appearance all the chiefs withdrew to consult among themselves. They returned after a short debate, and Pontiac declared that, out of their earnest desire for firm and lasting peace, they wished to hold council with their English fathers themselves. With this view, they were expressly desirous that Major Campbell, second in command, should visit their camp. This veteran officer, from his just, upright, and manly character, had gained the confidence of the Indians. To the Canadians the proposal seemed a natural one, and returning to the fort, they laid it before the commandant. Gladwyn suspected treachery, but Major Campbell urgently asked permission to comply with the request of Pontiac. He felt, he said, no fear of the Indians, with whom he had always maintained the most friendly terms. Gladwyn, with some hesitation, acceded, and Campbell left the fort, accompanied by a junior officer, Lieutenant M'Dougal, and attended by La Butte and several other Canadians.

In the meantime M. Gouin, anxious to learn what was passing, had entered the Indian camp, and, moving from lodge to lodge, soon saw and heard enough to convince him that the two British officers were advancing into the lion's jaws. He hastened to dispatch two messengers to warn them of the peril. The party had scarcely left the gate when they were met by these men, breathless with running; but the warning came too late. Once embarked on the embassy, the officers would not be diverted from it; and passing up the river road, they approached the little wooden bridge that led over Parent's Creek. Crossing this bridge, and ascending a rising ground beyond, they saw before them the widespread camp of the Ottawas. A dark multitude gathered along its outskirts, and no

sooner did they recognize the red uniform of the officers than they all raised at once a horrible outcry of whoops and howlings. Indeed, they seemed disposed to give the ambassadors the reception usually accorded to captives taken in war; for the women seized sticks, stones, and clubs, and ran toward Campbell and his companion, as if to make them pass the cruel ordeal of running the gantlet. Pontiac came forward, and his voice allayed the tumult. He shook the officers by the hand, and, turning, led the way through the camp. It was a confused assemblage of huts, chiefly of a conical or half-spherical shape, and constructed of a slender framework covered with rush mats or sheets of birch bark. Many of the graceful birch canoes, used by the Indians of the upper lakes, were lying here and there among paddles, fish-spears, and blackened kettles slung above the embers of the fires. The camp was full of lean, wolfish dogs, who, roused by the clamor of their owners, kept up a discordant baying as the strangers passed. Pontiac paused before the entrance of a large lodge, and, entering, pointed to several mats placed on the ground, at the side opposite the opening. Here, obedient to his signal, the two officers sat down. Instantly the lodge was thronged with savages. Some—and these were for the most part chiefs or old men—seated themselves on the ground before the strangers, while the remaining space was filled by a dense crowd, crouching or standing erect, and peering over each other's shoulders. At

65. *running the gantlet.* When a war party returned with prisoners, the whole population of the village turned out to receive them, armed with sticks, clubs, or even deadlier weapons. The captive was ordered to run to a given point, usually some conspicuous lodge, or a post driven into the ground, while his tormentors, ranging themselves in two rows, inflicted on him a merciless flagellation, which only ceased when he had reached the goal. Among the Iroquois, prisoners were led through the whole confederacy, undergoing this martyrdom at every village, and seldom escaping without the loss of a hand, a finger, or an eye. Sometimes the sufferer was made to dance and sing, for the better entertainment of the crowd.

The story of General Stark is well known. Being captured, in his youth, by the Indians, and told to run the gantlet, he instantly knocked down the nearest warrior, snatched a club from his hands, and wielded it with such good will that no one dared approach him, and he reached the goal scot free, while his more timorous companion was nearly beaten to death. [Parkman's note.]

their first entrance Pontiac had spoken a few words. A pause then ensued, broken at length by Campbell, who from his seat addressed the Indians in a short speech. It was heard in perfect silence, and no reply was made. For a full hour the unfortunate officers saw before them the same concourse of dark, inscrutable faces, bending an unwavering gaze upon them. Some were passing out, and others coming in to supply their places, and indulge their curiosity by a sight of the Englishmen. At length Major Campbell, conscious, no doubt, of the danger in which he was placed, resolved fully to ascertain his true position, and, rising to his feet, declared his intention of returning to the fort. Pon-

tiac made a sign that he should resume his seat. "My father," he said, "will sleep tonight in the lodges of his red children." The gray-haired soldier and his companion were betrayed into the hands of their enemies.

Many of the Indians were eager to kill the captives on the spot, but Pontiac would not carry his treachery so far. He protected them from injury and insult, and conducted them to the house of M. Meloche, near Parent's Creek, where good quarters were assigned them, and as much liberty allowed as was consistent with safe custody. The peril of their situation was diminished by the circumstance that two Indians, who, several days before, had been detained at the fort for some slight offense, still remained prisoners in the power of the commandant.

Late in the evening La Butte, the interpreter, returned to the fort. His face wore a sad and downcast look, which sufficiently expressed the melancholy tidings that he brought. On hearing his account, some of the officers suspected, though probably without ground, that he was privy to the detention of the two ambassadors; and La Butte, feeling himself an object of distrust, lingered about the streets, sullen and silent, like the Indians among whom his rough life had been spent.

(1851)

24. **enemies.** Lieutenant M'Dougal soon escaped, but Major Campbell was murdered. 52. **spent.** Pontiac continued the siege of Detroit all summer, but on September 3 a schooner from Niagara brought reinforcements, provisions, and ammunition to the fort. With the approach of winter the Indians withdrew. By 1765, the conspiracy had been stamped out completely.

14ff. Extract from a MS letter—Sir J. Amherst to Major Gladwyn (New York, 22d June, 1763): The precautions you took when the perfidious villains came to pay you a visit were indeed very wisely concerted; and I approve entirely of the steps you have since taken for the defense of the place, which, I hope, will have enabled you to keep the savages at bay until the reinforcement which Major Wilkins writes me he has sent you, arrives with you.

"I most sincerely grieve for the unfortunate fate of Sir Robert Davers, Lieut. Robertson, and the rest of the poor people who have fallen into the hands of the merciless villains. I trust you did not know of the murder of those gentlemen when Pontiac came with a pipe of peace, for if you had, you certainly would have put him, and every Indian in your power, to death. Such retaliation is the only way of treating such miscreants.

"I cannot but approve of your having permitted Captain Campbell and Lieut. MacDougal to go to the Indians, as you have no other method to procure provisions, by which means you may have been enabled to preserve the garrison; for no other inducement should have prevailed on you to allow those gentlemen to entrust themselves with the savages. I am nevertheless not without my fears for them, and were it not that you have two Indians in your hands, in lieu of those gentlemen, I should give them over for lost.

"I shall add no more at present; Capt. Dalzell will inform you of the steps taken for reinforcing you; and you may be assured—the utmost expedition will be used for collecting such a force as may be sufficient for bringing ample vengeance on the treacherous and bloody villains who have so perfidiously attacked their benefactors." [Parkman's note.]

BIBLIOGRAPHY

General References

The chief schools of English historical thought are best exemplified by the historians themselves. For the history of vivid narrative where facts and events are emphasized, Macaulay is best, and his conception of history may be found both in his essay entitled "History" and in the introduction to his *History of England*. The classical and philosophic school is best exemplified by Gibbon, who explains his idea of history in his *Autobiography* and in the opening section of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman*

Empire. Social history is best exemplified by Green, who has expressed his purpose in the introduction and opening section of *A Short History of the English People*. Last of all, and allied with the philosophical type of history, is the work of Carlyle, who explains his conception of history as the essence of innumerable biographies both in his essays entitled "Biography" and "History" and in *The French Revolution*. Carlyle revivifies history and seeks for the inner significance of every fact. There are many variants of these schools, but these are the chief types.

List of Historical Writers

General Note. The following selective bibliography of English and American historical writers represents history as a type of literature. Consequently, we must consider the chronological growth of the type. We should note that on one side history touches the more abstract sciences of government, economics, and philosophy, while on the other it becomes biography.

A. ENGLISH

1. Chronicles and first-hand accounts told in the beginning from the objective, impersonal point of view, usually by contemporaries, and later from the personal point of view.

The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle (tenth century), translated by J. A. Giles. Burt, London, 1914. Also translated by J. Ingram. Dent, London, 1913.

Bede (673-735), *The Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation*, translated from the Latin by J. A. Giles. Temple Classics, Dent, London, 1903.

Holinshed, Raphael (d. 1580), *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, 1570.

Skipping to modern times—and few examples of this type exist before 1914—the following titles suggest not memoirs, but attempts of individuals responsible for important events in history to explain what happened.

Churchill, Rt. Hon. Winston S. (1874-), *The World Crisis, 1911-1915*, 2 vols. Scribner, New York, 1923. The First Lord of the British Admiralty, 1911-1915, relates the history of the British Admiralty and of the Navy during this period.

French, Field-Marshal Viscount of Ypres (1859-), 1914. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1919. The commander-in-chief of the British Expeditionary Force gives its history from August, 1914 to December, 1915.

Sir Douglas Haig's *Dispatches, December, 1915-April, 1919*, edited by Lt. Col. J. H. Boraston, 2 vols. London, 1919. The official dispatches to the British War Office of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Forces who succeeded Lord French.

Jellicoe, Admiral Viscount (1852-), *The Grand Fleet, 1914-1916*. Doran, New York, 1919. *The Crisis of The Naval War*. Doran, New York, 1921. The Admiral in command of the British Grand Fleet, 1914-1916, relates its history during these years.

2. Histories told first by participants, then by scholars. At first the relation of the story predominates, but in the eighteenth century, philosophy and a new scholarly technique led both to narrowing the field to be investigated by the individual, and to diversifying the

attitude of the historian toward his material. Finally, there is an attempt to synthesize an era, by means of either a group of specialists working under an editor, or a single man who superficially absorbs the general principles at work in the realm of history.

Bryce, James, (1838-1922), *The Holy Roman Empire*. Macmillan, London and New York, 1904.

Buckle, Henry T. (1821-1862), *History of Civilization in England, France, Spain, and Scotland*, 3 vols. London, 1866.

Cambridge Modern History, 13 vols. Macmillan, London and New York, 1902-1912. *Cambridge Medieval History*, 4 vols. so far. Macmillan, New York, 1911-1923. One extreme of historical writing is the composite history covering a wide field, and written in parts by specialists under a general editor. It is an attempt to obtain sweeping results plus meticulous scholarship. Lord Acton (1834-1902) was the projector of this type.

Carlyle, Thomas (1795-1881), *The French Revolution*, 2 vols. London, 1887. *Essays Critical and Miscellaneous*, 3 vols. Dent, London, 1915.

Edward, Earl of Clarendon (1608-1674), *The History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England*, 8 vols. Oxford, 1826.

Freeman, Edward A. (1823-1892), *The History of the Norman Conquest*, 6 vols. Oxford, 1869.

Froude, James A. (1818-1894), *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*, 12 vols. New York, 1874. *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, 3 vols. New York, London, 1872.

Gardiner, S. R. (1829-1902), *History of England from the Accession of James I through the Protectorate (1656)*, 18 vols. London, 1883-1903.

Gibbon, Edward (1737-1794), *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, 7 vols. Methuen, London, 1896-1900.

Green, John R. (1837-1883), *A Short History of the English People*, revised, 4 vols. London, 1894.

Grote, George (1794-1871), *A History of Greece*, 10 vols. London, 1888.

Hallam, Henry (1777-1859), *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, 3 vols. London, 1872.

Hume, David (1711-1776), *The History of England*, 5 vols. Oxford, 1825. The first English philosopher to use history as a proof of his philosophic theories.

Lecky, W. E. H. (1838-1903), *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, 8 vols. London, 1879-1890. *History of European Morals*, New Impression, 2 vols. Appleton, New York, 1920.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington (1800-1859),

A History of England from the Accession of James II, 10 vols. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1900. *Critical and Historical Essays*, 6 vols. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1890.

Symonds, John A. (1840-1893), *The Renaissance in Italy*, 7 vols. London, 1907.

Wells, H. G. (1866-), *The Outline of History, Being a Plain History of Life and Mankind*, 2 vols. Macmillan, New York, 1920. The other extreme of historical writing is the synthesis by one man of the accumulated knowledge of mankind in a sweeping view of the entire panorama. The significance of this work is that for the first time human history is represented in its true relation with natural history.

B. AMERICAN

1. Chronicles told from the objective, impersonal viewpoint, usually by contemporaries. In America they are more accurate than in England because America was colonized by people who were post-Renaissance individualists.

Bradford, William (1663-1752), *History of the Plymouth Plantation*. Scribner, New York, 1908.

Winthrop, John (1588-1647), *Journal or History of New England*, 2 vols. Scribner, New York, 1908.

2. Histories related by scholars who surveyed the entire field of American history, dominated by nineteenth-century scholarship without eighteenth-century rationalism. Recently each historian has specialized and philosophized in a narrower field, though the final tendencies noted in England and exemplified by the *Cambridge Histories* and the *Outline of History*, have not arrived in America.

Adams, James T. (1878-), *The Founding of New England*. Atlantic Monthly, Boston, 1921. *Revolutionary New England*. Atlantic Monthly, Boston, 1923.

Bancroft, George (1800-1891), *A History of the United States*, 6 vols. Appleton, New York, 1834-1874.

Channing, Edward (1856-), *A History of the United States*, to be in 8 vols. Macmillan, New York. Vols. I-VI, 1904-1925.

Fiske, John (1842-1901), *The Early Colonial Period of American History to 1789*, 10 vols. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1888-1899.

Mahan, Alfred T. (1840-1914), *The Influence of Sea Power on History*. Little, Brown, Boston, 1890.

McMaster, John B. (1852-), *A History of the People of the United States*, 8 vols. Appleton, New York, 1895-1921.

Motley, John L. (1814-1877), *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, 3 vols. London, 1855. *History of the United Netherlands*, 4 vols. London, 1860-1867.

Palfrey, John G. (1796-1881), *A History of New England*, 5 vols. Boston, 1858.

Parkman, Francis (1823-1893), *France and England in North America*, 7 parts, 9 vols. Little, Brown, Boston, 1865-1892.

Prescott, William H. (1796-1859), *The Reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V and Philip II, The Conquest of Mexico and Peru*, 16 vols. Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1874.

Rhodes, James F. (1848-), *A History of the United States 1850-1877*, 8 vols. Macmillan, New York, 1892-1906. Volumes VII-VIII carry the story down to 1896, and a supplementary volume goes through the Roosevelt Administration.

Roosevelt, Theodore (1858-1919), *The Winning of the West*, 4 vols. Putnam, New York, 1889-1896.

Taylor, H. O. (1856-), *The Mediæval Mind*, second edition, 2 vols. Macmillan, New York, 1914. *Thought and Expression in the Sixteenth Century*, 2 vols. Macmillan, New York, 1920.

CHAPTER VIII

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AN INTRODUCTION

I. WHAT IS BIOGRAPHY?

Biography means the recording of life, and we may say that every manifestation of life which has left a record is biography. The crude pictures scratched upon cave walls by primitive man, Stonehenge, the telescope, the steam-engine, the American Revolution, the naval campaigns of Nelson, the scientific discoveries of Newton, are all a part of biography, though on a different scale and in a different medium from Boswell's *Life of Johnson* or Strachey's *Queen Victoria*. In all of them men have traced their reactions toward life and have left a record of their efforts or impressions. Nor should we, with the usual pride of the human race, think that biography is a record only of human life. The rings of wood which mark the age of trees reveal to us a record of life which amazes us by its length and its order. The layers of rock which compose the surface of this planet tell us of ages previous to its habitation by man, when there was no land, and when all life was marine. If we look beyond this planet, we can, by means of chemistry and astronomy, discover in the universe certain biographical statements. On some planets there exist conditions similar to those which on this planet make life possible. We also learn that in the universal cycle the conditions which make our planet inhabitable are changing, even as they have changed on other planets, and that at the appointed time the biographical record on our planet will cease. In the face of such evidence what human biographer must not frequently voice the cry of the Psalmist, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

Yet the answer of ages of human experience to that cry has been swift and unanimous. Though most of us make inquiries

about life other than that which concerns purely human affairs, we tend to agree with Pope:

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan:
The proper study of mankind is man.

Biography, therefore, has had its meaning restricted to a record of human life, and more specifically to records of individual lives, revealing their reactions to environment, and their thoughts as they pass through those experiences which all human beings have undergone, and are now undergoing.

Curiosity is the underlying motive for our interest in biography, and we must confess that for most of us it is uncritical. We do not half appreciate a good biography, because we do not realize the difficulties attendant on obtaining a true record. Every personality is a combination of what he really is and what he aspires to be, but rarely either he, or his contemporaries, or subsequent generations succeed in separating one element of the combination from the other. Often biography shows us that an individual has initiated a course of action because he did not know himself as he was, but only as he wanted to be. Only a few great souls have known themselves as they really were, and have revealed to the world their true natures.

Biography then is an art which can attain only relative success. If a writer is telling the story of his own life, he may deliberately construct a fiction; or even if he tries to be honest, he cannot prevent the intrusion of some element of imagination. If the story be a biography, it inevitably suffers from some lack of understanding, such as the brain of another person would introduce in viewing objectively another life without having mastered its secrets, and all the unrecorded experiences which made the life in question what it was. Only a close friend,

a Boswell, or one gifted with well-nigh supernatural insight, can write an even approximately just and sympathetic biography.

Yet imperfect as it is, biography has fascinated readers from the time when it was first written. It is a witness of the basic sameness, yet amazing variety, of life in all ages and all places. We are curious to know how such a man acted under certain conditions. Moreover, it is strange to find that men of a different age and environment held views of life which are substantially our own and which we often understand far better than those of many of our own contemporaries. Life is amazing both in its unity and its variety.

It is the attempt to record and explain life in terms of individual experience which has made biography at once so fascinating and so enduring, the interest and durability depending upon the understanding which the individual has obtained of the eternal truths of life and his ability to set them down in writing. The human cry for understanding has been lifted up continually, as when the young Solomon saw God in a dream, and in answer to the question, "Ask what I shall give thee" answered, ". . . O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David, my father; and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. . . . Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?" Any reader of biography may learn eventually to understand in part not only individual character, but the evolution of human thought and achievement from earliest history, and what in human experience has stood the test of time. If he attains thereby a clearer view of life, if he learns "to see life steadily, and see it whole," he will be grateful for the realm of literary biography as a treasure house of past human experience from which he may enrich his own.

II. THE DEVELOPMENT OF BIOGRAPHY IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

The development of biographic and autobiographic writing has paralleled closely the development of human thought and civiliza-

tion. When first employed, the art of writing, like education, was restricted to the governing and priestly castes. The common individual did not matter. Therefore the first evidences of biography appear in old chronicles as sketches of kings and princes. Later these sketches were developed into independent biographies, though not such as we have today. The ancient chronicler made no psychological study of his subject, but related a group of deeds and mentioned certain striking qualities. Cause and effect or the logical development of a character meant nothing to him. We learn, therefore, little or nothing of the motivating causes of any life through biography previous to the seventeenth century, while great autobiographies previous to that time are few. Yet for three centuries previous to the seventeenth century the forces of the Renaissance were at work turning man from an objective worship of form, authority, and caste to a subjective consideration of himself as an individual. Scholasticism taught only authorized material by authorized persons; humanism taught the dignity and worth of the individual man, and his ability to apprehend the meaning of life. Consequently, during the Renaissance, not only individuals but whole classes of people began to become acquainted with themselves, and then to form independent judgments upon subjects in life about which they had previously never dared to surmise. A new sense of the value of life in terms of the individual, creeping from Italy and France in the fifteenth century to England in the sixteenth, at length shook all Europe intellectually and emotionally. But men were so busy in living that few set down their experiences biographically until the seventeenth century. In both England and America the earliest biographical manifestations of the seventeenth century occurred in the form of diaries, kept either purely for private pleasure or with the hope of future publication. The *Diary* (1660-1669) of Samuel Pepys, secretary of the Navy, is the outstanding example for the period in England, and perhaps for every period, while Mrs. Rowlandson's *Narrative* of her captivity by the Indians (1676) is, we believe, the best example of the period in America. As it happens, each work exemplifies a main

stage in the development of biography, for Pepys set down daily what had occurred, while Mrs. Rowlandson set down the experiences of her captivity some time afterwards, and therefore got an external unity of perspective which Pepys lacks. The chief unity of his *Diary* is the unity of his character, revealing itself in his emotional and mental reactions to life.

Just as the seventeenth century is distinguished for the production of the greatest English diary, so is the eighteenth century distinguished for the production of the greatest English biography. We have already noted that biographies vary in interest proportionately to the personal acquaintance of the writer with his subject and his ability to record that acquaintance. If friendship existed, the narrative has at least vivid touches, or at most deep understanding and insight. If the writer did not know his subject personally, he can make good his loss only by a detailed study of abundant and revealing literary remains or the accounts of those who knew personally the subject of the biography. The latter method can be successful only when the writer has keen and sensitive insight and a feeling for cause and effect which enable him to create an intimate knowledge of a human being from recorded evidence rather than from actual contact. Such biographical technique belongs to the nineteenth rather than to the eighteenth century, and we shall study it later. The chief eighteenth-century biographies owe their literary permanence to the fact that the writer knew his subject personally and over a long period of time. Boswell, for example, was Johnson's friend for over twenty years. But Boswell was no ordinary biographer. By nature he was endowed with a fixed determination to penetrate the inmost privacy of anyone in whom he was interested, especially of the great, and he had an unusual ability to detect greatness. Before he met Johnson, he was determined to become his friend, and from the first he set down conversations, kept letters, noted what others knew, until, when he composed the biography, he had not merely his personal recollections of the man, but a mass of the most intimate and illuminating biographical material. The result is unique, for we are

enabled through print to see Dr. Johnson live practically day by day, surrounded by his friends in eighteenth-century London.

Other eighteenth-century biographies approach Boswell's *Johnson* in merit, but it overshadows them all. The biography whose materials have been gleaned at second hand is apt to interest us, if at all, only by the outstanding character or achievement of its subject, unless the writer has unusual biographical intuition. Far more interesting is the biography which is written from personal contact, for there one finds characterization and life. But even more interesting in the record of eighteenth-century life are the autobiographies, memoirs, and letters, both English and American, of Gibbon, Franklin, Wesley, Lady Montague, Lord Chesterfield, Samuel Sewall, and Cotton Mather. Consciously or unconsciously these people have revealed to us enough of themselves to make their lives significant and interesting.

The nineteenth century offers the richest field for the study of both biography and autobiography. The diversification of life and endeavor which was produced first by the Industrial Revolution, second by the colonial expansion of the British Empire, and third by the revelations of science, made life much richer and more varied than it had ever been before. A series of diaries, memoirs, and biographies reveal the conservative court from the time of the late Georges through the early years of Victoria; and that conservatism is gloriously buttressed with biographies on literary or ecclesiastical figures of the age—often saintly, cold, and reserved, viewing life only through a transforming veil. The exploration, conquest, and defense group yields such treasures as the *Journals* of Livingston and Stanley, and Southey's *Life of Nelson*, while in the literary and artistic realm we must record Ruskin's *Praeterita*, Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Byron's *Journals and Letters*, and the reminiscences and letters of the Carlyles. Science is represented by Huxley's *Autobiography*, the journals of his researches, and Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle*. Not only is there a wealth of material, but a corresponding diversity of treatment. In addition to the mere narrative of achievement, we now find successful psychological

studies, or investigations of the effect of his times upon a man. Sometimes the subject sinks into the time, as in Guadella's *Second Empire*, sometimes it rises above the time, as in Strachey's *Queen Victoria*. The wealth of material available for nineteenth-century biographies, when acted upon by the mental attitude developed by scientific investigation, has produced a power of analysis and synthesis, as well as a sense of contrast, hitherto unknown in the type.*

In America a peculiar development of biography may be observed in the personal records of immigrants who have found a new life on our shores. The pioneer is beautifully recorded by John Muir in *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth*; the settler in our cities is revealed in Jacob Riis's *The Making of an American*, and Mary Antin's *The Promised Land*; the scientist in Pupin's *From Immigrant to Inventor*; the capitalist in Andrew Carnegie's *Autobiography*; the teacher and the journalist in Ludwig Lewisohn's *Upstream* and in Edward Bok's *The Americanization of Edward Bok*. Illogically, perhaps, we include here Booker T. Washington's *Up from Slavery*. In one sense all Americans who have written are immigrants, from Bradford, Winthrop, and

Mrs. Rowlandson, to Pupin, and no more interesting or inspiring record of American achievement exists than these American autobiographies. It is here that America has made its greatest contribution to the type rather than in biography itself, although such a monumental work as Nicolay and Hay's *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, the biographical sketches of Gamaliel Bradford, and the various biographies by Thayer command respect.

Biography is not the usual reading of youth, unless it be some record of heroism such as Captain Scott's *Last Antarctic Expedition*. Youth prefers, and justly prefers, the products of the imagination. But men learn by experience that while life is not as certain types of imaginative fiction would have us believe, yet in compensation the realities are often more stirring than what has been imagined. Consequently biography has a sure grip upon the attention of mature minds, and as long as men are interested in human life, so long will they be interested in its personal record.

The selections included here run from the personal daily record of Pepys and the remembered experience of Mrs. Rowlandson, Boswell, and Trelawny, through the scientific autobiographical sketch of Huxley, to the brilliant, humorous, and analytical biography of Queen Victoria by Strachey.

* An interesting comment on modern biography, especially on the work of Strachey, is contained in "Satan Among the Biographers," by Samuel McChord Crothers (page 1078).

CHAPTER VIII

SELECTIONS

A NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY AND RESTORATION OF MRS. MARY ROWLANDSON

NOTE

This early account of the captivity of an American colonist among the Indians bears the following title page:

"The Sovereignty and Goodness of God, Together with the Faithfulness of His Promises Displayed;

"Being a Narrative of the Captivity and Restauration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, commended by her, to all that desires to know the Lord's doings to, and dealings with her, Especially to her dear children and Relations.

"The Second Addition corrected and amended Written by Her own Hand for Her private use, and now made Publick at the earnest desire of some Friends, and for the Benefit of the Afflicted.

"Deut. 32. 39. See now that I, even I am he, and there is no God with me. I kill and I make alive, I wound and I heal. Neither is there any can deliver out of my hand.

"Cambridge, Printed by Samuel Green 1682."

The Indian war of 1675-1676, known as King Philip's War from the Indian chief who led the Indian tribes of Massachusetts and Rhode Island against the English colonists, kept the frontier settlements in great alarm. Early in January, 1676, scouts warned the colonists of Lancaster, Massachusetts, that an attack on their village would occur about February 10, and the Rev. Joseph Rowlandson went to the settlements about the Bay to ask for aid. Before he returned with the aid, the attack took place, on February 10, 1676, and many of the villagers were killed. For purposes of defense the village had been divided into four or five garrisons, and at the first alarm everyone retired to that fortified stockade, or blockhouse, which his garrison was to defend. The Rowlandson garrison unfortunately had not completed their blockhouse, and it was burned.

What happened at the time and thereafter is described by Mr. Rowlandson's wife, Mary, who was carried away by the Indians, although she was wounded, together with her six-year-old daughter Sarah, who was mortally wounded. Mrs. Rowlandson's anguish was increased by the knowledge that her son Joseph and her other daughter Mary were being carried away to separate Indian villages, and during her captivity she gradually lost touch with them. After the death of her little daughter Mrs. Rowlandson was carried west through Massachusetts to the Connecticut river, then north into Vermont, and back again to Princeton, five miles south of Lancaster, where she was ransomed about May 2, 1676. Her son and her daughter were restored to her later.

This example of Puritan biography is closely allied in style and thought with Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, for faith in God is indissolubly interwoven with the horrible suffering undergone by Mary Rowlandson. The narrative is simple and effective, and is filled with spiritual emotion and power.

The text is based upon a facsimile of the reprint of the 1682 edition, Cambridge, Mass., made in 1903 at Lancaster, Mass. by John Wilson for the University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

[SELECTIONS]

On the tenth of February, 1675, came the Indians with great numbers upon Lancaster. Their first coming was about sunrising; hearing the noise of some guns, we looked out; several houses were burning, and the smoke ascending to heaven. There were five persons taken in one house, the father and the mother and a sucking child they knocked on the head; the other two they took and carried away alive. There were two others, who being out of their garrison upon some occasion were set upon; one was knocked on the head, the other escaped. Another there was who running along was shot and wounded, and fell down; he begged of them his life, promising them money (as they told me), but they would not hearken to him but knocked him in head, and stripped him naked, and split open his bowels. Another, seeing many of the Indians about his barn, ventured and went out, but was quickly shot down. There were three others belonging to the same garrison who were killed; the Indians getting up upon the roof of the barn, had advantage to shoot down upon them over their fortification. Thus these murderous wretches went on, burning, and destroying before them.

At length they came and beset our own house, and quickly it was the dolefullest day that ever mine eyes saw.

1. 1675. 1675 old style; 1676 new style. 34. house, blockhouse.

The house stood upon the edge of a hill; some of the Indians got behind the hill, others into the barn, and others behind anything that could shelter them; from all which places they shot against the house, so that the bullets seemed to fly like hail; and quickly they wounded one man among us, then another, and then a third. About two hours (accord-
 10 ing to my observation, in that amazing time) they had been about the house before they prevailed to fire it (which they did with flax and hemp, which they brought out of the barn, and there being no defense about the house, only two flankers at two opposite corners and one of them not finished) they fired it once and one ventured out and quenched it, but they quickly fired it
 20 again, and that took. Now is the dreadful hour come that I have often heard of (in time of war, as it was the case of others), but now mine eyes see it. Some in our house were fighting for their lives, others wallowing in their blood, the house on fire over our heads, and the bloody heathen ready to knock us on the head if we stirred out. Now might we hear mothers and children crying
 30 out for themselves, and one another, "Lord, what shall we do?" Then I took my children (and one of my sisters, hers) to go forth and leave the house. But as soon as we came to the door and appeared, the Indians shot so thick that the bullets rattled against the house, as if one had taken an handful of stones and threw them, so that we were fain to give back. We had six
 40 stout dogs belonging to our garrison, but none of them would stir, though another time, if any Indian had come to the door, they were ready to fly upon him and tear him down. The Lord hereby would make us the more to acknowledge his hand, and to see that our help is always in him. But out we

16. *flankers*, lateral projecting fortifications or bastions at the corners of the house, which enabled the defenders to enfilade their own walls. 32. *children*. Mrs. Rowlandson had at the time three children: Joseph, who was about fifteen years old; Mary, about eleven; and Sarah, about six. Sarah was mortally wounded during the attack, and died nine days later. Joseph and Mary were carried away by the Indians, and were separated from their mother, but after many vicissitudes were restored to her as the story tells.

must go, the fire increasing, and coming along behind us, roaring, and the Indians gaping before us with their
 50 guns, spears, and hatchets to devour us. No sooner were we out of the house, but my brother-in-law (being before wounded, in defending the house, in or near the throat) fell down dead, whereat the Indians scornfully shouted, and hallowed, and were presently upon him, stripping off his clothes; the bullets
 60 flying thick, one went through my side, and the same (as would seem) through the bowels and hand of my dear child in my arms. One of my elder sister's children, named William, had then his leg broken, which the Indians perceiv-
 70 ing, they knocked him on head. Thus were we butchered by those merciless heathen, standing amazed, with the blood running down to our heels. My eldest sister being yet in the house, and seeing those woeful sights, the infidels
 80 haling mothers one way, and children another, and some wallowing in their blood; and her elder son telling her that her son William was dead, and myself was wounded, she said, "And, Lord, let me die with them"; which was no sooner said, but she was struck with a bullet, and fell down dead over the threshold. I hope she is reaping the fruit of her good
 90 labors, being faithful to the service of God in her place. In her younger years she lay under much trouble upon spiritual accounts, till it pleased God to make that precious Scripture take hold of her heart, 2 Cor. xii. 9, "And he said unto me, My Grace is sufficient for thee." More than twenty years after, I have heard her tell how sweet and comfort-
 100 able that place was to her. But to return: The Indians laid hold of us, pulling me one way and the children another, and said, "Come go along with us." I told them they would kill me. They answered, if I were willing to go along with them they would not hurt me.

Oh, the doleful sight that now was to behold at this house! "Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he has made in the earth." Of thirty-seven persons who were in this one

house none escaped either present death or a bitter captivity, save only one, who might say as he, Job i, 15, "And I only am escaped alone to tell the news." There were twelve killed, some shot, some stabbed with their spears, some knocked down with their hatchets. When we are in prosperity, O the little that we think of such dreadful sights, and to see our dear friends and relations lie bleeding out their heart-blood upon the ground. There was one who was chopped into the head with a hatchet, and stripped naked, and yet was crawling up and down. It is a solemn sight to see so many Christians lying in their blood, some here, and some there, like a company of sheep torn by wolves, all of them stripped naked by a company of hell-hounds, roaring, singing, ranting, and insulting, as if they would have torn our very hearts out; yet the Lord by his Almighty power preserved a number of us from death, for there were twenty-four of us taken alive and carried captive.

I had often before this said that if the Indians should come, I should choose rather to be killed by them than taken alive, but when it came to the trial my mind changed; their glittering weapons so daunted my spirit that I chose rather to go along with those (as I may say) ravenous beasts than that moment to end my days; and that I may the better declare what happened to me during that grievous captivity, I shall particularly speak of the several removes we had up and down the wilderness.

THE FIRST REMOVE

Now away we must go with those barbarous creatures, with our bodies wounded and bleeding, and our hearts no less than our bodies. About a mile we went that night, up upon a hill within sight of the town, where they intended to lodge. There was hard by a vacant house (deserted by the Eng-

lish before, for fear of the Indians). I asked them whether I might not lodge in the house that night; to which they answered, "What! will you love English men still?" This was the dolefullest night that ever my eyes saw. Oh, the roaring, and singing, and dancing, and yelling of those black creatures in the night, which made the place a lively resemblance of hell. And as miserable was the waste that was there made of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, calves, lambs, roasting pigs, and fowl (which they had plundered in the Town), some roasting, some lying and burning, and some boiling to feed our merciless enemies; who were joyful enough though we were disconsolate. To add to the dolefulness of the former day and the dismalness of the present night, my thoughts ran upon my losses and sad bereaved condition. All was gone, my husband gone (at least separated from me, he being in the Bay, and to add to my grief, the Indians told me they would kill him as he came homeward), my children gone, my relations and friends gone, our house and home and all our comforts within door, and without, all was gone (except my life), and I knew not but the next moment that might go too. There remained nothing to me but one poor wounded babe, and it seemed at present worse than death that it was in such a pitiful condition, bespeaking compassion, and I had no refreshing for it, nor suitable things to revive it. Little do many think what is the savageness and brutishness of this barbarous enemy, aye even those that seem to profess more than others among them, when the English have fallen into their hands.

Those seven that were killed at Lancaster the summer before upon a Sabbath day, and the one that was afterwards killed upon a week-day, were slain and mangled in a barbarous manner, by one-eyed John, and Marl-

38. **removes.** The Indians moved twenty times during the captivity of Mrs. Rowlandson, remaining varying lengths of time at each encampment.

72. **in the Bay.** Mr. Rowlandson had gone to Boston or the vicinity—known as the Bay—to fetch help against the expected attack. 81. **babe.** See note on line 32, page 830. 91. **Lancaster.** This was a previous Indian raid. 96. **one-eyed John,** a well-known Indian sachem who was hanged in Boston in 1676 for his raids upon the colonists.

borough's Praying Indians, which Captain Mosely brought to Boston, as the Indians told me.

THE SECOND REMOVE

But now, the next morning, I must turn my back upon the town, and travel with them into the vast and desolate wilderness, I knew not whither. It is not my tongue or pen can express the sorrows of my heart, and bitterness of my spirit, that I had at this departure; but God was with me, in a wonderful manner, carrying me along, and bearing up my spirit, that it did not quite fail. One of the Indians carried my poor wounded babe upon a horse; it went moaning all along, "I shall die, I shall die." I went on foot after it, with sorrow that cannot be expressed. At length I took it off the horse, and carried it in my arms till my strength failed, and I fell down with it. Then they set me upon a horse with my wounded child in my lap, and there being no furniture upon the horse's back, as we were going down a steep hill we both fell over the horse's head, at which they like inhumane creatures laughed, and rejoiced to see it, though I thought we should there have ended our days, as overcome with so many difficulties. But the Lord renewed my strength still, and carried me along, that I might see more of his power; yea, so much that I could never have thought of, had I not experienced it.

After this it quickly began to snow, and when night came on, they stopped. And now down I must sit in the snow by a little fire, and a few boughs behind me, with my sick child in my lap, and calling much for water, being now (through the wound) fallen into a violent fever. My own wound also growing so stiff that I could scarce sit down or rise up; yet so it must be that I must

sit all this cold winter night upon the cold snowy ground, with my sick child in my arms, looking that every hour would be the last of its life; and having no Christian friend near me, either to comfort or help me. Oh, I may see the wonderful power of God, that my spirit did not utterly sink under my affliction; still the Lord upheld me with his gracious and merciful spirit, and we were both alive to see the light of the next morning.

THE THIRD REMOVE

The morning being come, they prepared to go on their way. One of the Indians got up upon a horse, and they set me up behind him, with my poor sick babe in my lap. A very wearisome and tedious day I had of it; what with my own wound, and my child's being so exceeding sick and in a lamentable condition with her wound. It may be easily judged what a poor feeble condition we were in, there being not the least crumb of refreshing that came within either of our mouths, from Wednesday night to Saturday night, except only a little cold water. This day in the afternoon, about an hour by sun, we came to the place where they intended, viz., an Indian town, called Wenimesset, northward of Quabaug. When we were come, O the number of pagans (now merciless enemies) that there came about me, that I may say as David, Psal. xxvii. 13, "I had fainted, unless I had believed," etc. The next day was the Sabbath. I then remembered how careless I had been of God's holy time, how many Sabbaths I had lost and mispent, and how evilly I had walked in God's sight; which lay so close unto my spirit that it was easier for me to see how righteous it was with God to cut off the thread of my life, and cast me out of his presence forever. Yet the Lord still showed mercy to me, and upheld me; and as he wounded me with

1. *Marlborough's Praying Indians*. There was, at Marlborough, Massachusetts, a settlement of Indians who had been converted to Christianity. In August, 1675, Captain Mosely, in reprisal for Indian hostilities, sent fifteen of these Indians to Boston under guard, although their complicity in the massacres was not established. 24. *furniture*, saddle or blanket.

75. *Wenimesset*, on the Ware River, near New Braintree, Massachusetts. 76. *Quabaug*, Brookfield, Massachusetts. 81. *etc.*, "to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." 82. *Sabbath*, February 13, 1676.

one hand, so he healed me with the other. This day there came to me one Robert Pepper (a man belonging to Roxbury) who was taken in Captain Beers his fight, and had been now a considerable time with the Indians; and up with them almost as far as Albany, to see King Philip, as he told me, and was now very lately come into these
 10 parts. Hearing, I say, that I was in this Indian town, he obtained leave to come and see me. He told me he himself was wounded in the leg at Captain Beers his fight; and was not able some time to go, but as they carried him, and as he took oaken leaves and laid to his wound, and through the blessing of God he was able to travel again. Then I took oaken leaves and laid to my side,
 20 and with the blessing of God it cured me also; yet before the cure was wrought I may say, as it is in Psal. xxxviii. 5, 6, "My wounds stink and are corrupt, I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly, I go mourning all the day long." I sat much alone with a poor wounded child in my lap, which moaned night and day, having nothing to revive the body, or cheer the spirits of her, but instead of that,
 30 sometimes one Indian would come and tell me one hour, that "Your master will knock your child in the head," and then a second, and then a third, "Your master will quickly knock your child in the head."

This was the comfort I had from them, miserable comforters are ye all, as he said. Thus nine days I sat upon my knees, with my babe in my lap, till my
 40 flesh was raw again; my child being even ready to depart this sorrowful world, they bade me carry it out to another wigwam (I suppose because they would not be troubled with such spectacles). Whither I went with a very heavy heart, and down I sat with the

picture of death in my lap. About two hours in the night, my sweet babe like a lamb departed this life, on Feb. 18, 1675; it being about six years and
 50 five months old. It was nine days, from the first wounding, in this miserable condition, without any refreshing of one nature or other, except a little cold water. I cannot but take notice how at another time I could not bear to be in the room where any dead person was, but now the case is changed; I must and could lie down by my dead babe, side by side all the night after.
 60 I have thought since of the wonderful goodness of God to me, in preserving me in the use of my reason and senses, in that distressed time, that I did not use wicked and violent means to end my own miserable life. In the morning, when they understood that my child was dead, they sent for me home to my master's wigwam; (by my master in this writing must be understood Quan-
 70 opin, who was a sagamore, and married King Philip's wife's sister; not that he first took me, but I was sold to him by another Narraganset Indian, who took me when first I came out of the garrison). I went to take up my dead child in my arms to carry it with me, but they bid me let it alone; there was no resisting, but go I must and leave it. When I had been at my master's wigwam, I
 80 took the first opportunity I could get to go look after my dead child. When I came I asked them what they had done with it; then they told me it was upon the hill. Then they went and showed me where it was, where I saw the ground was newly digged, and there they told me they had buried it. There I left that child in this wilderness, and must commit it, and myself also in this
 90 wilderness-condition, to Him who is above all. God having taken away this dear child, I went to see my daughter Mary, who was at this same Indian town, at a wigwam not very far off, though we had little liberty or opportunity to see one another. She was about ten years old, and taken from the

4. **Captain Beers his fight.** (*His* here stands for the possessive, i.e., 's.) On September 4, 1675, Captain Beers was hurrying to the relief of Northfield, Mass., which was being besieged by the Indians, when he was ambushed and slain with most of his men. The remainder fled to Captain Mosely near by, who, with sixty men, fought off the Indians. 8. **King Philip**, chief of the Wampanoags, who organized the Indian War against the colonists in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, 1675-1676. 15. **go**, walk, travel. 37. **he**, meaning Job. See Job xvi, 2.

71. **sagamore**, tribal chief. 94. **Mary**. See note on linc 32, page 830.

door at first by a Praying Indian and afterwards sold for a gun. When I came in sight, she would fall a-weeping; at which they were provoked, and would not let me come near her, but bade me be gone; which was a heart-cutting word to me. I had one child dead, another in the wilderness, I knew not where; the third they would not let me come near to. "Me," as he said, "have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin also; all these things are against me." I could not sit still in this condition, but kept walking from one place to another. And as I was going along, my heart was even overwhelmed with the thoughts of my condition, and that I should have children, and a nation which I knew not ruled over them. Whereupon I earnestly entreated the Lord that he would consider my low estate, and show me a token for good and, if it were his blessed will, some sign and hope of some relief. And indeed quickly the Lord answered, in some measure, my poor prayers; for as I was going up and down mourning and lamenting my condition, my son came to me, and asked me how I did; I had not seen him before, since the destruction of the town, and I knew not where he was, till I was informed by himself that he was amongst a smaller parcel of Indians, whose place was about six miles off; with tears in his eyes he asked me whether his sister Sarah was dead; and told me he had seen his sister Mary; and prayed me that I would not be troubled in reference to himself. The occasion of his coming to see me at this time was this: There was, as I said, about six miles from us, a small plantation of Indians, where it seems he had been during his captivity; and at this time there were some forces of the Indians gathered out of our company, and some also from them (among whom was my son's master) to go to as-

sault and burn Medfield. In this time of the absence of his master, his dame brought him to see me. I took this to be some gracious answer to my earnest and unfeigned desire. The next day, viz., to this, the Indians returned from Medfield, all the company, for those that belonged to the other small company came through the town that now we were at. But before they came to us, oh! the outrageous roaring and whooping that there was. They began their din about a mile before they came to us. By their noise and whooping they signified how many they had destroyed (which was at that time twenty-three). Those that were with us at home were gathered together as soon as they heard the whooping, and every time that the other went over their number, these at home gave a shout, that the very earth rung again. And thus they continued till those that had been upon the expedition were come up to the Sagamore's wigwam; and then, oh, the hideous insulting and triumphing that there was over some Englishmen's scalps that they had taken (as their manner is) and brought with them. I cannot but take notice of the wonderful mercy of God to me in those afflictions, in sending me a Bible. One of the Indians that came from Medfield fight had brought some plunder, came to me, and asked me if I would have a Bible, he had got one in his basket. I was glad of it, and asked him whether he thought the Indians would let me read. He answered, yes. So I took the Bible, and in that melancholy time it came into my mind to read first the 28 Chap. of Deut., which I did, and when I had read it my dark heart wrought on this manner, that there was no mercy for me, that the blessings were gone, and the curses come in their room, and that I had lost my opportunity. But the Lord helped me still to go on reading till I came to Chap. 30, the seven first verses, where I found there was mercy promised again if we would return to 100

1. **Praying Indian.** Mrs. Rowlandson evidently thought he was a convert, like Marlborough's Indians. See note on line 1, page 832. 10. **Me,** etc., the lament of Jacob when his sons wished to take Benjamin into Egypt (Genesis xlii, 36). 29. **son.** See note on line 32, page 830.

50. **Medfield,** a Massachusetts settlement about thirty miles southeast of Lancaster. The assault took place on February 21.

him by repentance; and though we were scattered from one end of the earth to the other, yet the Lord would gather us together, and turn all those curses upon our enemies. I do not desire to live to forget this Scripture, and what comfort it was to me.

Now the Indians began to talk of removing from this place, some one way, and some another. There were now besides myself nine English captives in this place (all of them children except one woman). I got an opportunity to go and take my leave of them; they being to go one way, and I another, I asked them whether they were earnest with God for deliverance; they told me they did as they were able, and it was some comfort to me that the Lord stirred up children to look to him. The woman, viz., Goodwife Joslin, told me she should never see me again, and that she could find in her heart to run away; I wished her not to run away by any means, for we were near thirty miles from any English town, and she very big with child, and had but one week to reckon; and another child in her arms, two years old, and bad rivers there were to go over, and we were feeble, with our poor and coarse entertainment. I had my Bible with me; I pulled it out, and asked her whether she would read. We opened the Bible and lighted on Psal. xxvii, in which Psalm we especially took notice of that, ver. ult., "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord."

[About May 2, 1676, the Indians made their twentieth encampment, during the captivity of Mrs. Rowlandson, on Wachusett Lake, five miles south of Lancaster. Negotiations for ransoming the prisoners were undertaken between the Council of the Bay and the Indians. We take up the narrative where the Indians are discussing the ransom.]

21. **Goodwife Joslin.** She was knocked on the head by the Indians, and her baby as well. Both were then burned in a bonfire. The Indians told the other captive children that they would suffer the same fate if they attempted to escape. 37. **ver. ult.,** last verse.

But to return again to my going home, where we may see a remarkable change of Providence: At first they were all against it, except my husband would come for me; but afterwards they assented to it, and seemed much to rejoice in it; some asked me to send them some bread, others some tobacco, others shaking me by the hand, offering me a hood and scarf to ride in; not one moving hand or tongue against it. Thus hath the Lord answered my poor desire, and the many earnest requests of others put up unto God for me. In my travels an Indian came to me, and told me, if I were willing, he and his squaw would run away, and go home along with me. I told him, no; I was not willing to run away, but desired to wait God's time, that I might go home quietly, and without fear. And now God hath granted me my desire. O the wonderful power of God that I have seen, and the experience that I have had. I have been in the midst of those roaring lions, and savage bears, that feared neither God, nor man, nor the devil, by night and day, alone and in company; sleeping all sorts together, and yet not one of them ever offered me the least abuse of unchastity to me, in word or action. Though some are ready to say, I speak it for my own credit; but I speak it in the presence of God, and to his glory. God's power is as great now and as sufficient to save as when he preserved Daniel in the lion's den; or the three children in the fiery furnace. I may well say as his Psal. cvii, 12, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever." Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy, especially that I should come away in the midst of so many hundreds of enemies quietly and peaceably, and not a dog moving his tongue. So I took my leave of them, and in coming along my heart melted into tears, more than all the while I was with them, and I was almost swallowed up with the thoughts that ever I should go home again.

42. **they,** the Indians.

About the sun going down, Mr. Hoar, and myself, and the two Indians came to Lancaster, and a solemn sight it was to me. There had I lived many comfortable years amongst my relations and neighbors, and now not one Christian to be seen, nor one house left standing.

We went on to a farmhouse that was
 10 yet standing, where we lay all night; and a comfortable lodging we had, though nothing but straw to lie on. The Lord preserved us in safety that night, and raised us up again in the morning, and carried us along, that before noon we came to Concord. Now was I full of joy, and yet not without sorrow; joy to see such a lovely sight,
 20 so many Christians together, and some of them my neighbors. There I met with my brother, and my brother-in-law, who asked me if I knew where his wife was. Poor heart! he had helped to bury her, and knew it not; she being shot down by the house was partly burned. So that those who were at Boston at the desolation of the town, and came back afterward, and buried the dead, did not know her. Yet I
 30 was not without sorrow, to think how many were looking and longing, and my own children amongst the rest, to enjoy that deliverance that I had now received, and I did not know whether ever I should see them again. Being recruited with food and raiment we went to Boston that day, where I met with my dear husband, but the thoughts of our dear children, one being dead,
 40 and the others we could not tell where, abated our comfort each to other. I was not before so much hemmed in with the merciless and cruel heathen, but now as much with pitiful, tender-hearted, and compassionate Christians. In that poor, and distressed, and beggarly condition I was received in, I was kindly entertained in several houses. So much love I received from several
 50 (some of whom I knew, and others I knew not) that I am not capable to

declare it. But the Lord knows them all by name. The Lord reward them seven-fold into their bosoms of his spirituals, for their temporals. The twenty pounds, the price of my redemption, was raised by some Boston gentlemen, and Mrs. Usher, whose bounty and religious charity I would not forget to make mention of. Then
 60 Mr. Thomas Shepard of Charlestown received us into his house, where we continued eleven weeks; and a father and mother they were to us. And many more tender-hearted friends we met with in that place. We were now in the midst of love, yet not without much and frequent heaviness of heart for our poor children, and other relations, who were still in affliction. The
 70 week following, after my coming in, the Governor and Council sent forth to the Indians again; and that not without success; for they brought in my sister, and Goodwife Kettle. Their not knowing where our children were was a sore trial to us still, and yet we were not without secret hopes that we should see them again. That which was dead
 80 lay heavier upon my spirit than those which were alive and amongst the heathen; thinking how it suffered with its wounds, and I was no way able to relieve it; and how it was buried by the heathen in the wilderness from among all Christians. We were hurried up and down in our thoughts; sometime we should hear a report that they were gone this way, and sometimes that;
 90 and that they were come in, in this place or that. We kept inquiring and listening to hear concerning them, but no certain news as yet. About this time the Council had ordered a day of public thanksgiving; though I thought I had still cause of mourning, and being unsettled in our minds, we thought we would ride toward the eastward, to see if we could hear anything concerning our children. And as we were riding
 100 along (God is the wise disposer of all things) between Ipswich and Rowly we

1. Mr. Hoar, John Hoar, of Concord, who arranged for Mrs. Rowlandson's ransom.

53. The Lord, etc., "may the Lord reward them seven-fold in their bosoms with his spiritual gifts for their earthly gifts to us." 95. thanksgiving, June 29, 1676.

met with Mr. William Hubbard, who told us that our son Joseph was come in to Major Waldren's, and another with him, which was my sister's son. I asked him how he knew it. He said the Major himself told him so. So along we went till we came to Newbury; and their minister being absent, they desired my husband to preach the thanks-
 10 giving for them; but he was not willing to stay there that night, but would go over to Salisbury, to hear further, and come again in the morning; which he did, and preached there that day. At night, when he had done, one came and told him that his daughter was come in at Providence. Here was mercy on both hands. Now hath God fulfilled that precious Scripture which was such
 20 a comfort to me in my distressed condition. When my heart was ready to sink into the earth (my children being gone I could not tell whither) and my knees trembled under me, and I was walking through the valley of the shadow of death, then the Lord brought, and now has fulfilled that reviving word unto me: "Thus saith the Lord, Refrain thy voice from weeping, and
 30 thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy." Now we were between them, the one on the east, and the other on the west. Our son being nearest, we went to him first, to Portsmouth, where we met with him, and with the Major also; who told us he had done what he could, but could not redeem
 40 him under seven pounds; which the good people thereabouts were pleased to pay. The Lord reward the Major, and all the rest, though unknown to me, for their labor of love. My sister's son was redeemed for four pounds, which the Council gave order for the payment of. Having now received one of our children, we hastened toward the other; going back through Newbury, my
 50 husband preached there on the Sabbath day; for which they rewarded him many fold.

On Monday we came to Charlestown, where we heard that the Governor of Rhode Island had sent over for our daughter, to take care of her, being now within his jurisdiction; which should not pass without our acknowledgments. But she being nearer Rehoboth than Rhode Island, Mr. Newman went over, and took care of her, and brought her
 60 to his own house. And the goodness of God was admirable to us in our low estate, in that he raised up passionate friends on every side to us, when we had nothing to recompense any for their love. The Indians were now gone that way, that it was apprehended dangerous to go to her. But the carts which carried provision to the English army, being
 70 guarded, brought her with them to Dorchester, where we received her safe. Blessed be the Lord for it, for great is his power, and he can do whatsoever seemeth him good. Her coming in was after this manner: She was traveling one day with the Indians, with her basket at her back; the company of
 80 Indians were got before her, and gone out of sight, all except one squaw; she followed the squaw till night, and then both of them lay down, having nothing over them but the heavens, and under them but the earth. Thus she traveled three days together, not knowing whither she was going; having nothing to eat or drink but water and green
 90 hirtle-berries. At last they came into Providence, where she was kindly entertained by several of that town. The Indians often said that I should never have her under twenty pounds. But now the Lord hath brought her in upon free-cost, and given her to me the second time. The Lord make us a blessing, indeed, each to others. Now have I seen that Scripture also fulfilled, Deut. xxx, 4, 7. "If any of thine be
 100 driven out to the outmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee. And the Lord thy God will put all these curses upon thine

59. *Rehoboth*, a village in the southeast corner of Massachusetts about ten miles north of Fall River. 64. *passionate*, warm. 88. *hirtle-berries*, blue-berries.

3. *Major Waldren*, who lived in Dover, New Hampshire. 28. *Thus saith*, etc., Jeremiah xxxi, 19.

enemies, and on them which hate thee, which persecuted thee." Thus hath the Lord brought me and mine out of that horrible pit, and hath set us in the midst of tender-hearted and compassionate Christians. It is the desire of my soul that we may walk worthy of the mercies received, and which we are receiving.

10 Our family being now gathered together (those of us that were living), the South Church in Boston hired an house for us. Then we removed from Mr. Shepard's, those cordial friends, and went to Boston, where we continued about three-quarters of a year. Still the Lord went along with us, and provided graciously for us. I thought it somewhat strange to set up house-
20 keeping with bare walls; but as Solomon says, "Money answers all things," and that we had through the benevolence of Christian friends, some in this town, and some in that, and others; and some from England, that in a little time we might look, and see the house furnished with love. The Lord hath been exceeding good to us in our low estate, in that when we had neither house nor home,
30 nor other necessities, the Lord so moved the hearts of these and those toward us that we wanted neither food nor raiment for ourselves or ours, Proverbs xviii, 24. "There is a Friend which sticketh closer than a brother." And how many such friends have we found, and now living amongst? And truly such a friend have we found him to be unto us, in whose house we lived; viz.,
40 Mr. James Whitcomb, a friend unto us near hand, and afar off.

I can remember the time when I used to sleep quietly without workings in my thoughts, whole nights together, but now it is other ways with me. When all are fast about me, and no eye open, but His who ever waketh, my thoughts are upon things past, upon the awful dispensation of the Lord toward us;
50 upon his wonderful power and might, in carrying of us through so many difficulties, in returning us in safety,

and suffering none to hurt us. I remember in the night season, how the other day I was in the midst of thousands of enemies, and nothing but death before me. It is then hard work to persuade myself that ever I should be satisfied with bread again. But now we are fed with the finest of the wheat,
60 and, as I may say, with honey out of the rock. Instead of the husk, we have the fatted calf. The thoughts of these things in the particulars of them, and of the love and goodness of God toward us, make it true of me what David said of himself, Psal. vi, 5, "I watered my couch with my tears." Oh! the wonderful power of God that mine eyes have seen, affording matter enough for my
70 thoughts to run in, that when others are sleeping mine eyes are weeping.

I have seen the extreme vanity of this world: One hour I have been in health, and wealth, wanting nothing; but the next hour in sickness, and wounds, and death, having nothing but sorrow and affliction.

Before I knew what affliction meant, I was ready sometimes to wish for it.
80 When I lived in prosperity, having the comforts of the world about me, my relations by me, my heart cheerful, and taking little care for anything, and yet seeing many, whom I preferred before myself, under many trials and afflictions, in sickness, weakness, poverty, losses, crosses, and cares of the world, I should be sometimes jealous
90 least I should have my portion in this life, and that Scripture would come to my mind, Heb. xii, 6, "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." But now I see the Lord had his time to scourge and chasten me. The portion of some is to have their afflictions by drops, now one drop and then another; but the dregs of the cup, the wine of

58. **that ever**, etc., "that I should ever have my hunger satisfied with bread again," i. e., get bread.
60-63. **with the finest . . . calf**, alluding both to the promises of God to the Children of Israel that the Promised Land should flow with milk and honey (Joshua v, 6) and to the story of the Prodigal Son (Luke xv, 11-32). 67. **I watered**, etc. Really it is Psalm vi, 6.
73. **I have**, etc. Cf. Ecclesiastes i, 14. 89. **I should**, etc. I was sometimes anxious lest I should have all my happiness on earth.

astonishment, like a sweeping rain that leaveth no food, did the Lord prepare to be my portion. Affliction I wanted, and affliction I had, full measure (I thought) pressed down and running over; yet I see, when God calls a person to anything, and through never so many difficulties, yet he is fully able to carry them through and make them see, and say they have been gainers thereby. And I hope I can say in some measure, as David did, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." The Lord hath showed me the vanity of these outward things. That they are the vanity of vanities, and vexation of spirit; that they are but a shadow, a blast, a bubble, and things of no continuance. That we must rely on God himself, and our whole dependence must be upon him. If trouble from smaller matters begin to arise in me, I have something at hand to check myself with, and say, why am I troubled? It was but the other day that if I had had the world, I would have given it for my freedom, or to have been a servant to a Christian. I have learned to look beyond present and smaller troubles, and to be quieted under them, as Moses said, Exod. xiv, 13, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."

(1682)

SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703)

NOTE

For Samuel Pepys, Secretary of the Navy or, more properly, of the Admiralty, under Charles II, life had a wondrous fascination. By birth he came from an old and respectable middle-class family, but after his graduation from Magdalene College, Cambridge (1653) and his early marriage with Elizabeth St. Michel, the daughter of a Frenchman who came to England in the retinue of Henrietta Maria, the queen of Charles I, Pepys had to make his living by his own wits. His cousin, Sir Edward Montague, General at sea during the Commonwealth and Earl of Sandwich and Admiral of the fleet during the early Restoration, provided him with various positions, culminating in the office of Clerk of the Acts, or Registrar of the Admiralty. Inasmuch as the office made Pepys of equal authority with the Commissioners of the Navy, it opened to him opportunities for social and financial advance-

ment, both of which he craved. Throughout the *Diary* we watch his steady advance. But Pepys is interesting chiefly as the revealer of his inner heart. Always a hard worker in spite of the desire to play, he observed and sensed every phase of the multifarious London life during the Restoration, and though his foibles are many, beneath them may be discerned clearly the abiding English traits whose development we have observed hitherto.

The present selection from the *Diary* culminates in the coronation of Charles II. Pepys was living in the Navy Office, and his daily routine included an early morning inspection of workmen who were putting his house in order, office work, naval inspections, visits to high naval authorities—chiefly the Earl of Sandwich, who is spoken of as "My Lord"—and then recreation in shape of strolling around London from the Court to the market, buying clothing and food, going to the theater, playing or singing either at home or in the houses of friends, visiting the taverns, and finally home, writing the *Diary*, and to bed. Pepys wrote the *Diary* in shorthand, and the informality of the style is apparent. The present transcription is that of Wheatley, published in 1893.

FROM HIS DIARY

ENTRIES FOR APRIL 1-24, 1661

April 1st, 1661. This day my waiting at the Privy Seal comes in again. Up early among my workmen. So to the office, and went home to dinner with Sir W. Batten, and after that to the Goat Tavern by Charing Cross to meet Dr. Castle, where he and I drank a pint of wine and talked about Privy Seal business. Then to the Privy Seal Office and there found Mr. Moore, but no business yet. Then to Whitefriars, and there saw part of *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, which I never saw before, but do not like it. So to my father, and there finding a discontent between my

34. *Privy Seal*. Pepys was deputy for the Earl of Sandwich as a clerk of the Privy Seal. 35. *among my workmen*. Pepys was having a new staircase built in his apartment or house in the Navy building. He delighted in overseeing the men, and as Mrs. Pepys despised the dirt she stayed elsewhere until the changes were completed. 37. *Sir W. Batten*, one of the Commissioners of the Admiralty on the Board of which Pepys was clerk. Pepys came into daily contact with him and with Sir William Penn, another Commissioner and father of the founder of Pennsylvania. Pepys often calls them the Sir Williams, and his opinion of them as men was frequently not high. 39. *Dr. Castle*, another clerk of the Privy Seal. 43. *Whitefriars*, a London theater between Fleet Street and the north bank of the Thames River. 44. *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, a comedy by John Fletcher, originally licensed for production in 1624.

father and mother about the maid (which my father likes and my mother dislikes), I stayed till ten at night, persuading my mother to understand herself, and that in some high words, which I was sorry for, but she is grown, poor woman, very froward. So leaving them in the same discontent I went away home, it being a brave moonshine, and to bed.

2nd. Among my workmen early and then along with my wife and Pall to my father's by coach, there to have them lie awhile till my house be done. I found my mother alone weeping upon my last night's quarrel and so left her, and took my wife to Charing Cross and there left her to see her mother, who is not well. So I into St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at Pelemele, the first time that ever I saw the sport. Then to my Lord's, where I dined with my Lady, and after we had dined, in comes my Lord and Ned Pickering hungry, and there was not a bit of meat left in the house, the servants having ate up all, at which my Lord was very angry, and at last got something dressed. Then to the Privy Seal, and signed some things, and so to Whitefriars, and saw *The Little Thief*, which is a very merry and pretty play, and the little boy do very well. Then to my father's, where I found my mother and my wife in very good mood, and so left them and went home. Then to the Dolphin to Sir W. Batten and Penn, and other company, among others Mr. Delabar; where strange how these men, who at other times are all wise men, do now, in their drink, betwit and reproach one another with their former conditions, and their actions as in public concerns, till I was ashamed to see it. But parted all friends at twelve at night after drinking a great deal of wine. So home and alone to bed.

12. **Pall**, Paulina, the sister of Mr. Pepys. 21. **Pelemele**, a sport of French royalty brought to England by Charles II, at the Restoration. It seems to have been like a simplified form of croquet. 22. **my Lord**, Sir Edward Montague, later created Earl of Sandwich. 31. **The Little Thief**, *The Night Walker* or *The Little Thief*, a comedy by John Fletcher and James Shirley, first acted at the court of Charles I in 1633. 38. **Penn**, Sir William. See note on Sir William Batten (page 839, line 37). 41. **betwit**, censure.

3rd. Up among my workmen, my head aching all day from last night's debauch. To the office all the morning, and at noon dined with Sir W. Batten and Penn, who would have me drink two good drafts of sack today, to cure me of my last night's disease, which I thought strange, but I think find it true. Then home with my workmen all the afternoon, at night into the garden to play on my flageolet, it being moonshine, where I stayed a good while, and so home and to bed. I hear that the Dutch have sent the King a great present of money, which we think will stop the match with Portugal; and judge this to be the reason that our so great haste in sending the two ships to the East Indies is also stayed.

4th. To my workmen, then to my Lord's, and there dined with Mr. Shepley. After dinner I went in to my Lord and there we had a great deal of music, and then came my cousin Tom Pepys and there did accept of the security which we gave him for his £1000 that we borrow of him, and so the money to be paid next week. Then to the Privy Seal, and so with Mr. Moore to my father's, where some friends did sup there and we with them, and late went home, leaving my wife still there. So to bed.

5th. Up among my workmen and so to the office, and then to Sir William Penn's, with the other Sir William, and Sir John Lawson to dinner, and after that with them to Mr. Lucy's, a merchant, where much good company, and there drank a great deal of wine, and in discourse fell to talk of the weight of people, which did occasion some wagers, and where among others I won half a piece to be spent. Then home, and at night to Sir W. Batten's, and there very merry with a good barrel of oysters, and this is the present life I lead. Home and to bed.

6th. Up among my workmen, then to Whitehall, and there at Privy Seal and elsewhere did business, and among other things met with Mr. Townsend,

63. **match with Portugal**. Charles II married Catherine of Braganza (of the royal house of Portugal) in 1661. 74. **borrow**, probably for the Navy, which had a hard time to keep in funds.

who told of his mistake the other day, to put both his legs through one of the knees of his breeches, and went so all day. Then with Mr. Creed and Moore to the Leg in the Palace to dinner, which I gave them, and after dinner I saw the girl of the house, being very pretty, go into a chamber, and I went in after her and kissed her. Then
 10 by water Creed and I to Salisbury Court, and there saw *Love's Quarrel* acted the first time, but I do not like the design nor words. So calling at my father's, where they and my wife well, and so home to bed.

7th. (Lord's day.) All the morning at home making up my accounts (God forgive me!), to give up to my Lord this afternoon. Then about eleven
 20 o'clock out of doors toward Westminster and put in at Paul's, where I saw our minister, Mr. Mills, preaching before my Lord Mayor. So to Whitehall, and there I met with Dr. Fuller of Twickenham, newly come from Ireland; and took him to my Lord's, where he and I dined; and he did give my Lord and me a good account of the condition of
 30 Ireland, and how it came to pass, through the joining of the Fanatics and the Presbyterians, that the latter and the former are in their declaration put together under the names of Fanatics. After dinner my Lord and I and Mr. Shepley did look over our accounts, and settle matters of money between us; and my Lord did tell me much of his mind about getting money, and other things of his family, etc. Then to my
 40 father's, where I found Mr. Hunt and his wife at supper with my father and mother and my wife, where after supper I left them and so home, and then I went to Sir W. Batten's and resolved of a journey tomorrow to Chatham, and so home and to bed.

5. the Leg, an inn in King Street. 11. *Love's Quarrel*, a play unknown to us. 21. *Paul's*, St. Paul's Cathedral. 23. *Whitehall*, the London palace of Charles II, located near the north bank of the Thames River and St. James's Park. 30. *Fanatics*, extreme Puritans, who were called Fifth Monarchy Men because they believed that the Protectorate of Cromwell would usher in the millennium, and that it was therefore the fifth and final monarchy promised by the Bible according to certain interpretations. The allusion here is to the banding in Ireland of the Presbyterians and Fifth Monarchists. After 1660 the latter sect died out. 45. *Chatham*, an arsenal and refitting station of the Navy, south of London, at the mouth of the Medway.

8th. Up early, my Lady Batten knocking at her door that comes into one of my chambers. I did give directions to my people and workmen, and
 50 so about eight o'clock we took barge at the Tower, Sir William Batten and his Lady, Mrs. Turner, Mr. Fowler, and I. A very pleasant passage, and so to Gravesend, where we dined, and from thence a coach took them and me, and Mr. Fowler with some others came from Rochester to meet us on horseback. At Rochester, where alight at Mr. Alcock's, and there drank, and had
 60 good sport, with his bringing out so many sorts of cheese. Then to the Hill House at Chatham, where I never was before, and I found a pretty pleasant house, and am pleased with the arms that hang up there. Here we supped very merry, and late to bed; Sir William telling me that old Edgeborough, his predecessor, did die and walk in my chamber did make me somewhat afraid,
 70 but not so much as, for mirth's sake, I did seem. So to bed, in the Treasurer's chamber.

9th. And lay and slept well till three in the morning, and then waking, and by the light of the moon I saw my pillow (which overnight I flung from me) stand upright, but, not bethinking myself what it might be, I was a little
 80 afraid, but sleep overcame all, and so lay till nigh morning, at which time I had a candle brought me, and a good fire made, and in general it was a great pleasure all the time I stayed here to see how I am respected and honored by all people; and I find that I begin to know now how to receive so much
 90 reverence, which, at the beginning, I could not tell how to do. Sir William and I by coach to the dock, and there viewed all the storehouses, and the old goods that are this day to be sold, which was great pleasure to me, and so back again by coach home, where we had a good dinner, and, among other strangers that came, there was

49. *chambers*. The Navy Office was a large building with outbuildings in which many of the officials connected with the Navy had apartments or houses. 55. *Gravesend*, a naval station twenty miles down the Thames River from London. 59. *Mr. Alcock*, a school friend of Pepys's. 65. *arms*, coat-of-arms.

Mr. Hempson and his wife, a pretty woman, and speaks Latin; Mr. Allen and two daughters of his, both very tall, and the youngest very handsome, so much as I could not forbear to love her exceedingly, having, among other things, the best hand that ever I saw. After dinner we went to fit books and things (Tom Hater being this morning come 10 to us) for the sale, by an inch of candle, and very good sport we and the ladies that stood by had, to see the people bid. Among other things sold there was all the State's arms, which Sir W. Batten bought; intending to set up some of the images in his garden, and the rest to burn on the Coronation night. The sale being done, the ladies and I, and Captain Pett, and Mr. Castle took 20 barge, and down we went to see the *Sovereign*, which we did, taking great pleasure therein, singing all the way, and, among other pleasure, I took my Lady, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Hempson, and the two Mrs. Allens into the lanthorn, and I went in and kissed them, demanding it as a fee due to a principal officer, withal which we were exceeding merry, and drank some bottles of wine, 30 and neat's tongue, etc. Then back again home, and so supped, and, after much mirth, to bed.

10th. In the morning to see the Dock-houses. First, Mr. Pett's, the builder, and there was very kindly received, and among other things he did offer my Lady Batten a parrot, the best I ever saw, that knew Mingo so soon as it saw him, having been bred formerly in the 40 house with them; but for talking and singing I never heard the like. My Lady did accept of it. Then to see Commissioner Pett's house, he and his family being absent, and here I wondered how my Lady Batten walked up and down with envious looks to see how neat and rich everything is (and indeed both the house and garden is most handsome), saying that she would get 50 it, for it belonged formerly to the Surveyor of the Navy. Then on board

the *Prince*, now in the dock, and indeed it has one and no more rich cabins for carved work, but no gold in her. After that, back home, and there ate a little dinner. Then to Rochester, and there saw the Cathedral, which is now fitting for use, and the organ then a-tuning. Then away thence, observing the great 60 doors of the church, which they say were covered with the skins of the Danes, and also had much mirth at a tomb on which was "Come, sweet Jesu," and I read, "Come, sweet Mall," etc., at which Captain Pett and I had good laughter. So to the Salutation Tavern, where Mr. Alcock and many of the town came and entertained us with wine and oysters and other things, and hither came Sir John Minnes to us, who is come today 70 from London to see the *Henry*, in which he intends to ride as Vice-Admiral in the narrow seas all this summer. Here much mirth, but I was a little troubled to stay too long, because of going to Hempson's, which afterwards we did, and found it in all things a most pretty house, and rarely furnished, only it had a most ill access on all sides to it, which is the greatest fault that I think 80 can be in a house. Here we had, for my sake, two fiddles, the one a bass viol, on which he that played, played well some lyra lessons, but both together made the worst music that ever I heard. We had a fine collation, but I took little pleasure in that, for the illness of the music, and for the intentness of my mind upon Mrs. Rebecca Allen. After we had done eating, the ladies 90 went to dance, and among the men we had, I was forced to dance, too; and did make an ugly shift. Mrs. R. Allen danced very well, and seems the best-humored woman that ever I saw. About nine o'clock Sir William and my Lady went home, and we continued dancing an hour or two, and so broke up very pleasant and merry, and so walked home, I leading Mrs. Rebecca, who 100

61. *skins of the Danes*, a tradition related of more than one English Cathedral that the doors were covered with the skins of Danish warriors. 64. *Mall*, Moll. Mary. 73. *the narrow seas*, the English Channel and the Irish Sea. 84. *lyra*, a bass viol tuned and played like a lute.

8. *fit*, prepare. 26. *lanthorn*, probably the small glassed-in cabin directly under the poop. 30. *neat's*, beef. 38. *Mingo*, the black servant of Sir William Batten.

seemed, I know not why, in that and other things, to be desirous of my favors and would in all things show me respects. Going home, she would needs have me sing, and I did pretty well, and was highly esteemed by them. So to Captain Allen's (where we were last night, and heard him play on the harpsichon, and I find him to be a perfect
 10 good musician), and there, having no mind to leave Mrs. Rebecca, what with talk and singing (her, the father, and I), Mrs. Turner and I stayed there till two o'clock in the morning and was most exceeding merry, and I had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often. . . .

11th. At two o'clock, with very great mirth, we went to our lodging and to bed, and lay till seven and then called up by Sir W. Batten; so I arose, and we did some business, and then came Captain Allen, and he and I withdrew, and sang a song or two, and among other took great pleasure in "Goe and bee hanged, that's good-by." The young ladies came, too, and so I did again please myself with Mrs. Rebecca; and about nine o'clock, after
 50 we had breakfasted, we set forth for London, and indeed I was a little troubled to part with Mrs. Rebecca, for which God forgive me. Thus we went away through Rochester, calling and taking leave of Mr. Alcock at the door, Captain Cuttance going with us. We baited at Dartford, and thence to London, but of all the journeys that ever I made this was the merriest, and I
 40 was in a strange mood of mirth. Among other things I got my Lady to let her maid, Mrs. Anne, to ride all the way on horseback, and she rides exceeding well; and so I called her my clerk, that she went to wait upon me. I met two little schoolboys going with pitchers of ale to their schoolmaster to break up against Easter, and I did drink of some of one of them and give him
 50 twopence. By and by we came to two

little girls keeping cows, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her ask my blessing; and telling her that I was her godfather, she asked me innocently whether I was not Ned Wooding, and I said that I was, so she kneeled down and very simply called, "Pray, godfather, pray to God to bless me," which made us very merry, and I gave her twopence. In several places
 60 I asked women whether they would sell me their children, but they denied me all, but said they would give me one to keep for them, if I would. Mrs. Anne and I rode under the man that hangs upon Shooter's Hill, and a filthy sight it was to see how his flesh is shrunk to his bones. So home, and I found all well, and a good deal of work done since I went. I sent to see how my wife
 70 do, who is well, and my brother John come from Cambridge. To Sir W. Batten's and there supped, and very merry with the young ladies. So to bed very sleepy for last night's work, concluding that it is the pleasantest journey in all respects that ever I had in my life.

12th. Up among my workmen and about seven o'clock comes my wife to see me, and my brother John with her,
 80 who I am glad to see, but I sent them away because of going to the office, and there dined with Sir W. Batten, all fish dinner, it being Good Friday. Then home and looking over my workmen, and then into the City, and saw in what forwardness all things are for the Coronation, which will be very magnificent. Then back again home, and to my chamber, to set down in my
 90 diary all my late journey, which I do with great pleasure; and while I am now writing, comes one with a ticket to invite me to Captain Robert Blake's burial, for whose death I am very sorry, and do much wonder at it, he being a little while since a very likely man to live as any I knew. Since my going out of town, there is one Alexander Rosse taken and sent to the Counter by 100

8. *harpsichon*, harpsichord, the seventeenth-century predecessor of the piano. 37. *baited*, fed and watered the horses on the road. 45. *that*, etc., because she escorted me. 47. *to break up against Easter*, to disperse before Easter vacation.

65. *man that hangs*. Highwaymen were left hanging on the gallows until their bones fell to the ground. 66. *Shooter's Hill*, near Woolwich. 93. *ticket*, card, notice. 100. *Counter*, a London prison.

Sir Thomas Allen for counterfeiting my hand to a ticket, and we this day at the office have given order to Mr. Smith to prosecute him. To bed.

13th. To Whitehall by water from Tower Wharf, where we could not pass the ordinary way, because they were mending of the great stone steps against the Coronation. With Sir W. Penn, then
10 to my Lord's, and thence with Captain Cuttance and Captain Clark to drink our morning draft together, and before we could get back again my Lord was gone out. So to Whitehall again and met with my Lord above with the Duke; and after a little talk with him, I went to the Banquet-House, and there saw the King heal, the first time that ever I
20 saw him do it; which he did with great gravity, and it seemed to me to be an ugly office and a simple one. That done, to my Lord's and dined there, and so by water with Parson Turner toward London, and upon my telling him of Mr. Moore to be a fit man to do his business with Bishop Wren, about which he was going, he went back out of my boat into another to Whitehall, and so I forward home and there by
30 and by took coach with Sir W. Penn and Captain Terme and went to the burial of Captain Robert Blake, at Wapping, and there had each of us a ring, but it being dirty, we could not go to church with them, but with our coach we returned home, and there stayed a little, and then he and I alone to the Dolphin (Sir W. Batten being this day gone with his wife to Walthamstow to keep
40 Easter), and there had a supper by ourselves, we both being very hungry, and staying there late drinking, I became very sleepy, and so we went home and I to bed.

14th. (Easter. Lord's day.) In the morning toward my father's, and by the way heard Mr. Jacob, at Ludgate, upon these words, "Christ loved you, and therefore let us love one another,"

17. saw the King heal. The kings of England were supposed to have the power of healing scrofula, which was called the King's Evil. 21. simple, foolish. 32. Wapping, a suburb of London two miles down the Thames River from London Bridge. It is part of the Port of London, and is a center for sailors. 33. ring, given in memory of the deceased. 34. dirty, bad weather.

and made a lazy sermon, like a Presbyterian. Then to my father's and dined there, and Dr. Fairbrother (lately come to town) with us. After dinner I went to the Temple and there heard Dr. Griffith, a good sermon for the day; so with Mr. Moore (whom I met there) to my Lord's, and there he showed me a copy of my Lord Chancellor's patent for Earl, and I read the preamble, which is very short, modest, and good.
60 Here my Lord saw us and spoke to me about getting Mr. Moore to come and govern his house while he goes to sea, which I promised him to do, and did afterwards speak to Mr. Moore, and he is willing. Then hearing that Mr. Barnwell was come, with some of my Lord's little children, yesterday to town, to see the Coronation, I went and found them at the Goat, at Charing
70 Cross, and there I went and drank with them a good while, whom I found in very good health, and very merry. Then to my father's, and after supper seemed willing to go home, and my wife seeming to be so, too, I went away in a discontent, but she, poor wretch, followed me as far in the rain and dark as Fleet Bridge to fetch me back again, and so I did. . . .

15th. From my father's. It being a very foul morning for the King and Lords to go to Windsor. I went to the office and there met Mr. Coventry and Sir Robert Slingsby, but did no business, but only appoint to go to Deptford together tomorrow. Mr. Coventry being gone, and I having at home laid up £200 which I had brought this morning home from Alderman Blackwell's, I went home with Sir R. Slingsby, and dined with him and had a very good dinner. His lady seems a good woman, and very desirous they were to hear this noon by the post how the election has gone at Newcastle, wherein he is con-

50. like a Presbyterian. The Presbyterian sect had been influential during the Commonwealth, and was consequently out of favor during the Restoration. 58. my Lord Chancellor's patent for Earl. The Lord Chancellor of England issued patents (documents conferring privilege or title) in the king's name. The present patent created Pepys's chief, Sir Edward Montague, Earl of Sandwich. For the actual ceremony see page 848, lines 38 ff. The Lord Chancellor at this time was the Earl of Clarendon.

cerned, but the letters are not come yet. To my Uncle Wight's, and after a little stay with them he and I to Mr. Rawlinson's, and there stayed all the afternoon, it being very foul, and had a little talk with him what good I might make of these ships that go to Portugal by venturing some money by them, and he will give me an answer to it shortly. 10 So home and sent for the barber, and after that to bed.

16th. So soon as word was brought me that Mr. Coventry was come with the barge to the Tower, I sent to him, and found him reading of the Psalms in shorthand (which he is now busy about), and had good sport about the long marks that are made there for sentences of divinity, which he is never like to make use of. Here he and I sat till the 20 Comptroller came, and then we put off for Deptford, where we went on board the King's pleasure-boat that Commissioner Pett is making, and indeed it will be a most pretty thing. From thence to Commissioner Pett's lodging, and there had a good breakfast, and in came the two Sir Wms. from Walthamstow, and so we sat down and did a 30 great deal of public business about the fitting of the fleet that is now going out. That done we went to the Globe and there had a good dinner, and by and by took barge again and so home. By the way they would have me sing, which I did to Mr. Coventry, who went up to Sir William Batten's, and there we stayed and talked a good while, and then broke up and I home

40 17th. By land, and saw the arches, which are now almost done, and are very fine, and I saw the picture of the ships and other things this morning, set up before the East India House, which are well done. So to the office, and that being done, I went to dinner with Sir W. Batten, and then home to my workmen, and saw them go on with

great content to me. Then comes Mr. Allen, of Chatham, and I took him to the Mitre, and there did drink with him. . . . His daughters are to come to town tomorrow, but I know not whether I shall see them or no. That done I went to the Dolphin by appointment and there I met Sir Wms. both and Mr. Castle, and did eat a barrel of oysters and two lobsters, which I did give them, and were very merry. Here we had great talk of Mr. Warren's being 60 knighted by the King, and Sir W. B. seemed to be very much incensed against him.

18th. Up with my workmen, and then, about nine o'clock, took horse with both the Sir Williams, for Walthamstow, and there we found my Lady and her daughters all; and a pleasant day it was, and all things else, but that my Lady was in a bad mood, 70 which we were troubled at, and had she been noble she would not have been so with her servants, when we came thither, and this Sir W. Penn took notice of, as well as I. After dinner we all went to the Church Stile, and there ate and drank, and I was as merry as I could counterfeit myself to be. Then, it raining hard, we left Sir W. Batten, and we two returned and called at Mr. 80 ———, and drank some brave wine there, and then homeward again, and in our way met with two country fellows upon one horse, which I did, without much ado, give the way to, but Sir Wm. Penn would not, but struck them, and they him, and so passed away, but they, giving him some high words, he went back again and struck them off their horse in a simple fury, and with- 90 out much honor, in my mind, and so came away. Home, and I sat with him a good while talking, and then home and to bed.

19th. Among my workmen and then to the office, and after that dined with Sir W. Batten, and then home, where Sir W. Warren came, and I took him and Mr. Shepley and Moore with me to the Mitre, and there I cleared with 100 Warren for the deals I bought lately for my Lord of him, and he went away

13. Mr. Coventry, secretary to the Duke of York.
28. the two Sir Wms. See note on line 37, page 839.
40. arches, erected by the City of London for the coronation. 44. East India House, the London office of the East India Company which controlled England's trade with India. Clive (page 791) was one of their employees in India, and Charles Lamb (page 927) was a clerk in the home office.

and we stayed afterwards a good while and talked, it being so foul that I could not go to Whitehall to see the Knights of the Bath made today, which do trouble me mightily. So home, and having stayed awhile till Will came in (with whom I was vexed for staying abroad), he comes, and then I went by water to my father's and then after supper to bed. . . .

20th. Here comes my boy to tell me that the Duke of York had sent for all the principal officers, etc., to come to him today. So I went by water to Mr. Coventry's, and there stayed and talked a good while with him till all the rest came. We went up and saw the Duke dress himself, and in his night habit he is a very plain man. Then he sent us to his closet, where we saw, among other things, two very fine chests, covered with gold and Indian varnish, given him by the East India Company of Holland. The Duke comes; and after he had told us that the fleet was designed for Algiers (which was kept from us till now), we did advise about many things as to the fitting of the fleet, and so went away. And from thence to the Privy Seal, where little to do; and after that to my Lord's, where Sir W. Penn came to me and dined with my Lord. After dinner he and others that dined there went away; and then my Lord looked upon his pages' and footmen's liveries which are come home today, and will be handsome, though not gaudy. Then with my Lady and my Lady Wright to Whitehall and in the Banqueting-House saw the King create my Lord Chancellor and several others, earls, and Mr. Crew and several others, barons; the first being led up by heralds and five old earls to the King, and there the patent is read, and the King puts on his vest, and sword, and coronet, and gives him the patent. And then he kisseth the King's hand and rises and stands covered before the King. And the same for the barons, only he is led up by three of the old

barons. And they are girt with swords before they go to the King. That being done (which was very pleasant to see their habits), I carried my Lady back, and I found my Lord angry, for that his page had let my Lord's new beaver be changed for an old hat; then I went away, and with Mr. Creed to the Exchange, and bought some things, as gloves, and bandstrings, etc. So back to the Cockpit, and there, by the favor of one Mr. Bowman, he and I got in, and there saw the King and Duke of York and his Duchess (which is a plain woman, and like her mother, my Lady Chancellor). And so saw *The Humorous Lieutenant* acted before the King, but not very well done. But my pleasure was great to see the manner of it, and so many great beauties, but above all Mrs. Palmer, with whom the King do discover a great deal of familiarity. So Mr. Creed and I (the play being done) went to Mrs. Harper's, and there sat and drank, it being about twelve at night. The ways being now so dirty, and stopped up with the rails which are this day set up in the streets, I would not go home, but went with him to his lodging at Mr. Ware's and there lay all night.

21st. (Lord's day). In the morning we were troubled to hear it rain as it did, because of the great show tomorrow. After I was ready I walked to my father's and there found the late maid to be gone and another come by my mother's choice, which my father do not like, and so great difference there will be between my father and mother about it. Here dined Dr. Thomas Pepys and Dr. Fayrebrother; and all our talk about tomorrow's show, and our trouble that it is like to be a wet day. After dinner comes in my cousin Snow and his wife, and I think stay there till the show be over. Then I went home, and all the way is so thronged with people to see the triumphal arches that I could hardly pass for them. So home, people being at church, and I got home unseen, and so

3. **Knights of the Bath**, an honorary order of knighthood conferred by the English kings. 6. **Will**, Pepys's houseboy.

58. **beaver**, hat. 61. **bandstrings**, strings that were used to hold lace collars or ruffs in place. 67. **The Humorous Lieutenant**, "The Humorous Lieutenant," by Beaumont and Fletcher.

up to my chamber, and set down these last five or six days' diaries. My mind a little troubled about my workmen which, being foreigners, are like to be troubled by a couple of lazy rogues that worked with me the other day, that are citizens, and so my work will be hindered, but I must prevent it if I can.

10 22nd. The King's going from the Tower to Whitehall. Up early, and made myself as fine as I could, and put on my velvet coat, the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago. And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady, and his two daughters and his son and wife, and Sir W. Penn and his son and I went to Mr. Young's, the flag-maker, in Cornhill; and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well. In which it is impossible to relate the glory of this day, expressed in the clothes of them that rid, and their horses and horse-clothes, among others, my Lord Sandwich's. Embroidery and diamonds were ordinary among them. The Knights of the Bath was a brave sight of itself; and their esquires, among which Mr. Armiger was an esquire to one of the knights. Remarkable were the two men that represent the two Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine. The Bishops came next after Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monk rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a most rich embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadlow, the vintner at the Devil in Fleet Street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young, comely men, in white doublets. There followed the Vice-Chamberlain, Sir G.

3. **my workmen being foreigners**, that is, men living outside of London. 34. **The Bishops came next**, etc. They had been expelled from the House of Lords by the Puritan Parliament of 1641. They were restored by the Restoration Parliament of 1661. 38. **My Lord Monk**, a Puritan general in command of the Army of the Commonwealth in Scotland at the time of Oliver Cromwell's death, in 1658. Monk secured the election of a new parliament, which voted for the return of Charles II. Monk became Duke of Albemarle.

Carteret, a company of men all like Turks; but I know not yet what they are for. The streets all graveled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made brave show, and the ladies out of the windows, one of which over against us I took notice of and spoke of her, which made good sport among us. So glorious was the show with gold and silver that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome with it. Both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as they saw us at the window. The show being ended, Mr. Young did give us a dinner, at which we very merry, and pleased above imagination at what we had seen. Sir W. Batten going home, he and I called, and drank some mum, and laid our wager about my Lady Faulconbridge's name, which he says not to be Mary, and so I won above twenty shillings. So home, where Will and the boy stayed, and saw the show upon Tower Hill, and Jane at T. Pepys's, The. Turner, and my wife at Charles Glassecocke's in Fleet Street. In the evening by water to Whitehall to my Lord's and there I spoke with my Lord. He talked with me about his suit, which was made in France, and cost him £200 and very rich it is with embroidery. I lay with Mr. Shepley.

CORONATION DAY

23rd. About four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the Surveyor, with some company he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favor of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the north end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King came in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the

66. **mum**, an ale brewed from wheat. 72. **Jane**, Pepys's maidservant, who is sister to Will, the houseboy. **T. Pepys**, cousin to Samuel Pepys, and a furniture maker by trade. 73. **The. Turner**, Theophila Turner, daughter of a friend of the Pepyses. 83. **Surveyor**. Sir John Denham was at this time Surveyor-General of the Works, i.e., Inspector General of whatever military, naval, or public works came under the jurisdiction of the crown. 86. **his man**, "his" stands for the possessive "s." 87. **Abbey**, Westminster, where the English kings are crowned.

middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is, a chair) and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and Prebends of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their parliament robes, which
 10 was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke, and the King with a scepter (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and mond before him, and the crown, too. The King in his robes bareheaded, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the choir at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of
 20 the Coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout began, and he came forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop; and his Lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown) and
 30 Bishops came, and kneeled before him. And three times the King at Arms went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed that if anyone could show any reason why Charles Stuart should not be King of England that now he should come and speak. And a general pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and medals flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of
 40 silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the music; and indeed, it was lost to everybody. . . . I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rails, and 10,000 people with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way. Into
 50 the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon

another full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I stayed walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King
 60 came in with his crown on, and his scepter in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight; and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. 70
 And many fine ceremonies there were of the heralds leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, were these three Lords, Northumberland, and Suffolk, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on
 80 horseback, and staying so till dinner-time, and at last to bring up [Dymock] the King's Champion, all in armor on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a herald proclaims that "If any dare deny Charles Stuart to be lawful king of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him." And with these words, the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his
 90 going up toward the King's table. At last when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others

64. *Cinque Ports*, originally five important ports on the coasts of Kent and Sussex which obtained special privileges in return for special sea service and defense. 73. *my Lord of Albemarle's*, etc. Monk, who was made Duke of Albemarle at the coronation, was given the post of honor of tasting the king's food to be sure that there was no poison in it. In medieval times the office of the king's tasters of food and wine was important. 78. *Duke of Ormond . . . courses*. The Duke of Ormond was Lord High Steward of England, and as such rode into the hall before each course of the Coronation banquet. 83. *target*, shield.

6. *Prebends*, clergy in the chapter of a cathedral who are supported by its tithes or income. 13. *mond*, the orb. 31. *King at Arms*, the chief heraldic officer of England.

at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lords' table I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give him four rabbits and a pullet, and so I got it, and Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall ate it, as everybody else did what they could get. I took a
 10 great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all, the twenty-four violins. About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife and there met with a pretty lady (Mrs. Frankleyn, a Doctor's wife, a friend of Mr. Bowyer's), and kissed them both, and by and by took them down to Mr. Bowyer's. And strange
 20 it is to think that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightning as I have not seen it do for some years; which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things. I observed little disorder in all
 30 this, but only the King's footmen had got hold of the canopy, and would keep it from the Barons of the Cinque Ports, which they endeavored to force from them again, but could not do it till my Lord Duke of Albemarle caused it to be put into Sir R. Pye's hand till tomorrow to be decided. At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here
 40 we stayed upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fireworks, but they were not performed tonight; only the City had a light like a glory round about it, with bonfires. At last I went to King Street, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home tonight, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so after
 50 drinking a pot of ale along at Mrs. Harper's I returned to Mr. Bowyer's and after a little stay more I took my

wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I professed the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's tonight) to Axeyard, in which, at the further end, there were three great bonfires, and a great many gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees,
 60 kneeling upon a fagot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another, which we thought a strange frolic; but these gallants continued thus a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple. At last I sent my wife and her bedfellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the
 70 wine-cellar to the King) to his house, and there with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay spewing; and I went to my Lord's pretty well. But no sooner abed with Mr. Shepley but my head began to hum, . . . and if ever I was foxed, it
 80 was now, which I cannot say yet, because I fell asleep, and slept till morning. . . . Thus did the day end with joy everywhere; and blessed be God, I have not heard of any mischance to anybody through it all, but only to Sergeant Glynne, whose horse fell upon him yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue
 90 at such a time as this; he being now one of the King's sergeants, and rode in the cavalcade with Maynard, to whom people wish the same fortune. There was also this night, in King Street, a woman had her eye put out by a boy's flinging a firebrand into the coach. Now, after all this, I can say that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut
 100

55. *Axeyard*, where the Navy Office was situated. 80. *foxed*, intoxicated. 87. *Sergeant Glynne*. This lawyer and judge was unpopular because in 1660 he had shifted from the side of the Commonwealth to that of the King, and had procured for himself knighthood and the post of attorney, or sergeant, to the King. 93. *Maynard*, a lawyer with acumen similar to that of Sergeant Glynne.

40. *leads*, flat roof; so-called because covered with plates of lead.

my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and show, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

24th. Waked in the morning, with my head in a sad taking through the last night's drink, which I am very sorry for; so rose, and went out with Mr. Creed to drink our morning draft, which he did give me in chocolate to settle my stomach. And after that, I to my wife, who lay with Mrs. Frankleyn at the next door to Mrs. Hunt's, and they were ready, and so I took them up in a coach, and carried the ladies to Paul's, and there set her down, and so my wife and I home, and I to the office. That being done my wife and I went to dinner to Sir W. Batten, and all our talk about the happy conclusion of these last solemnities. After dinner home, and advised with my wife about ordering things in my house, and then she went away to my father's to lie, and I stayed with my workmen, who do please me very well with their work. At night set myself to write down these three days' diary, and, while I am about it, I hear the noise of the chambers, and other things of the fireworks, which are now playing upon the Thames before the King; and I wish myself with them, being sorry not to see them. So to bed.

29. chambers, small cannon.

(1661)

JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795)

NOTE

No stranger friendship is known to us than that of Johnson and Boswell. Boswell, the son of a Scotch laird, always on the hunt for great men whom he might lionize, spent much of his life in exploring the recesses of the lives and characters of such outstanding personalities as he could get at. But his curiosity and vanity were counterbalanced by an infallible ability to understand and record clearly the significant actions of his subjects; and though he himself amounted to little, he made his friends stand out in literature as if they were before us in the flesh. Johnson, his chief subject, and the literary arbiter of the middle-eighteenth century, combined with the inherent common sense and healthy code of morals of the English a classical and philosophical training. He incarnates for us the reserved good sense of his generation, which often became ridiculous through its rigid logic and lack of imagination, but which in general successfully kept the middle

of the road. Today, though we discount many of Johnson's literary judgments, we still admire his sound and tenacious scholarship much, but the man most of all.

It is to Boswell that we owe the immeasurable debt of preserving for us in his daily life the Johnson who ruled literary London. In this respect *The Life of Johnson* has no equal in English literature. Moreover, in the development of biography as a type it occupies a most significant place, for it is halfway between a subjective diary and an objective biography. Boswell kept notebooks of his conversations with Johnson, but he rewrote them as a narrative in the perspective of later years. On the other hand, Boswell is not an objective biographer. He knew his subject personally, and took part in many of the scenes which he relates. Boswell, therefore, stands midway between Pepys and Strachey.

The extract given here reveals the quintessence of Boswell's social and literary method. Dr. Johnson was a conservative, respectable Tory; John Wilkes a liberal, radical, and free-living Whig, who, though a member of Parliament, had been imprisoned for criticizing the King and his ministers. Moreover, his moral life was decidedly not of that pattern which eighteenth-century Englishmen approved. But he was brilliant, fascinating, and humorous. Boswell became interested in him as soon as Wilkes attained notoriety by his term of confinement in the Tower. An acquaintanceship was struck up by Boswell, which endured many years. With the impudent curiosity for which he was noted Boswell wondered what would happen if Johnson and Wilkes came together under the same roof, and with the ingenuity of an impressario he arranged for a dinner at which both were to be present, characteristically shoving the burden of responsibility off on Edward and Charles Dilly, his booksellers, at whose house the dinner was to be held.

FROM THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784)

HOW DR. JOHNSON AND MR. WILKES
DINED TOGETHER, MAY 15, 1776

I am now to record a very curious incident in Dr. Johnson's life, which fell under my own observation; of which *pars magna fui*, and which I am persuaded will, with the liberal-minded, be much to his credit.

My desire of being acquainted with celebrated men of every description had made me, much about the same time, obtain an introduction to Dr. Samuel Johnson and to John Wilkes, Esq. Two men more different could

37. *pars magna fui*, "a great part I was," i.e., in which I played a large part (*Aeneid* II, 5).

perhaps not be selected out of all mankind. They had even attacked one another with some asperity in their writings; yet I lived in habits of friendship with both. I could fully relish the excellence of each; for I have ever delighted in that intellectual chemistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person.

10 Sir John Pringle, "mine own friend and my father's friend," between whom and Dr. Johnson I in vain wished to establish an acquaintance, as I respected and lived in intimacy with both of them, observed to me once, very ingeniously, "It is not in friendship as in mathematics, where two things, each equal to a third, are equal between themselves. You agree with Johnson 20 as a middle quality, and you agree with me as a middle quality; but Johnson and I should not agree." Sir John was not sufficiently flexible; so I desisted; knowing, indeed, that the repulsion was equally strong on the part of Johnson; who, I know not from what cause, unless his being a Scotchman, had formed a very erroneous opinion of Sir John. But I conceived an irresistible wish, if possible, to bring 30 Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes together. How to manage it was a nice and difficult matter.

My worthy booksellers and friends, Messieurs Dilly in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men than at any other, except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had invited me to 40 meet Mr. Wilkes and some more gentlemen, on Wednesday, May 15. "Pray," said I, "let us have Dr. Johnson."—"What, with Mr. Wilkes? Not for the world," said Mr. Edward Dilly; "Dr. Johnson would never forgive me."—"Come," said I, "if you'll let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well." DILLY. "Nay, if you will take it upon you, I am sure

I shall be very happy to see them both here." 50

Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" 60 he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes, sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch." I therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus: "Mr. Dilly, sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honor to dine with him on 70 Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland." JOHNSON. "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him—" BOSWELL. "Provided, sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have is agreeable to you." JOHNSON. "What do you mean, sir? What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a 80 gentleman what company he is to have at his table?" BOSWELL. "I beg your pardon, sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his *patriotic friends* with him." JOHNSON. "Well, sir, and what then? What care I for his *patriotic friends*? Poh!" BOSWELL. "I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes 90 there." JOHNSON. "And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to me, sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally." BOSWELL. "Pray, forgive me, sir; I

10. Sir John Pringle (1707-1782), a Scotch physician who was Boswell's godfather. 27. Scotchman. Dr. Johnson made fun of the Scotch on all occasions, much to the Scotch Boswell's discomfort. 35. Poultry, a district east of Cheapside where poultry was sold in medieval and Elizabethan times. 39. Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1790), the famous eighteenth-century English painter.

64. Jack Ketch, a public executioner, who died in 1686. His successors inherited his name in popular slang. 86. *patriotic friends*. Those Whigs who were most violently opposed to the autocracy of George III and his minister, Lord North, styled themselves patriots. Johnson was a staunch Tory and disliked them heartily.

meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes, for me." Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed.

Upon the much-expected Wednesday I called on him about half an hour before dinner, as I often did when we were to dine out together, to see that he was ready in time, and to accompany him. I found him buffeting his books, as upon a former occasion, covered with dust, and making no preparation for going abroad. "How is this, sir?" said I. "Don't you recollect that you are to dine at Mr. Dilly's?" JOHNSON. "Sir, I did not think of going to Dilly's; it went out of my head. I have ordered dinner at home with Mrs. Williams." BOSWELL. "But, my dear sir, you know you were engaged to Mr. Dilly, and I told him so. He will expect you, and will be much disappointed if you don't come." JOHNSON. "You must talk to Mrs. Williams about this."

Here was a sad dilemma. I feared that what I was so confident I had secured would yet be frustrated. He had accustomed himself to show Mrs. Williams such a degree of humane attention as frequently imposed some restraint upon him; and I knew that if she should be obstinate, he would not stir. I hastened downstairs to the blind lady's room, and told her I was in great uneasiness, for Dr. Johnson had engaged to me to dine this day at Mr. Dilly's, but that he had told me he had forgotten his engagement, and had ordered dinner at home. "Yes, sir," said she, pretty peevishly, "Dr. Johnson is to dine at home."—"Madam," said I, "his respect for you is such that I know he will not leave you, unless you absolutely desire it. But as you have so much of his company, I hope you will be good enough to forego it for a day, as Mr. Dilly is a very worthy man, has frequently had agreeable parties at his

house for Dr. Johnson, and will be vexed if the Doctor neglects him today. And then, madam, be pleased to consider my situation: I carried the message, and I assured Mr. Dilly that Dr. Johnson was to come; and no doubt he has made a dinner, and invited a company, and boasted of the honor he expected to have. I shall be quite disgraced if the Doctor is not there." She gradually softened to my solicitations, which were certainly as earnest as most entreaties to ladies upon any occasion, and was graciously pleased to empower me to tell Dr. Johnson that, all things considered, she thought he should certainly go. I flew back to him, still in dust, and careless of what should be the event, "indifferent in his choice to go or stay"; but as soon as I had announced to him Mrs. Williams's consent, he roared, "Frank, a clean shirt," and was very soon dressed. When I had him fairly seated in a hackney coach with me, I exulted as much as a fortune-hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise with him to set out for Gretna Green.

When we entered Mr. Dilly's drawing-room, he found himself in the midst of a company he did not know. I kept myself snug and silent, watching how he would conduct himself. I observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly, "Who is that gentleman, sir?"—"Mr. Arthur Lee."—JOHNSON. "Too, too, too" (under his breath), which was one of his habitual mutterings. Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a *patriot*, but an *American*. He was afterwards minister from the United States at the court of Madrid. "And who is the gentleman in lace?"—"Mr. Wilkes, sir." This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to restrain

19. Mrs. Williams, a friend of Mrs. Johnson's, who had stayed at the Johnson home when her eyes were operated on for cataracts. She eventually became blind, and, after Mrs. Johnson's death, stayed in Johnson's home as a dependent. Every evening he drank tea with her, and it was a signal favor to be invited by Johnson to attend.

71. Frank, Johnson's negro servant, Francis. 76. Gretna Green, a small village in Scotland, just over the English border, where runaway matches from England were made, because of the easy Scotch marriage laws. 84. Arthur Lee (1740-1792), an American lawyer who practiced in London, 1770-1776, and was English agent for the Massachusetts Colony, 1770-1775, first as assistant to Benjamin Franklin, and after 1775 as his successor. He helped negotiate the treaty between France and the United States in 1778, and went to Spain as the American diplomatic representative. He was recalled in 1779.

himself and, taking up a book, sat down upon a window-seat and read, or at least kept his eye upon it intently for some time, till he composed himself. His feelings, I dare say, were awkward enough. But he no doubt recollected his having rated me for supposing that he could be at all disconcerted by any company, and he, therefore, resolutely
 10 set himself to behave quite as an easy man of the world, who could adapt himself at once to the disposition and manners of those whom he might chance to meet.

The cheering sound of "Dinner is upon the table" dissolved his reverie, and we *all* sat down without any symptom of ill humor. There were present, beside Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Arthur Lee,
 20 who was an old companion of mine when he studied physic at Edinburgh, Mr. (now Sir John) Miller, Dr. Lettsom, and Mr. Slater, the druggist. Mr. Wilkes placed himself next to Dr. Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness that he gained upon him insensibly. No man ate more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate.
 30 Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, sir—It is better here—A little of the brown—Some fat, sir—A little of the stuffing—Some gravy—Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange—or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest."—"Sir, sir, I am obliged to you, sir," cried
 40 Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of "surly virtue," but, in a short while, of complacency.

Foote being mentioned, Johnson said, "He is not a good mimic." One of the company added, "A merry Andrew, a buffoon." JOHNSON. "But he has wit, too, and is not deficient in ideas, or in fertility and variety of imagery, and
 50 not empty of reading; he has knowledge enough to fill up his part. One species

of wit he has in an eminent degree, that of escape. You drive him into a corner with both hands; but he's gone, sir, when you think you have got him—like an animal that jumps over your head. Then he has a great range for wit; he never lets truth stand between him and a jest, and he is sometimes
 60 restraints from which Foote is free." WILKES. "Garrick's wit is more like Lord Chesterfield's." JOHNSON. "The first time I was in company with Foote was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the
 70 dog was so very comical that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back upon my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, sir, he was irresistible. He upon one occasion experienced, in an extraordinary degree, the efficacy of his powers of entertaining. Amongst the many and various modes which he tried of getting money, he became a partner with a small-beer
 80 brewer, and he was to have a share of the profits for procuring customers amongst his numerous acquaintance. Fitzherbert was one who took his small-beer; but it was so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it. They were at some loss how to notify their resolution, being afraid of offending their master, who they knew liked
 90 Foote much as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favorite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small-beer no longer. On that day Foote happened

42. *surly virtue*, from Johnson's "London, a Poem," v. 145. [Boswell's note.] 44. *Foote*, Samuel (1720-1777), a popular comedian and dramatist.

60. *Garrick*, David (1719-1779), a former pupil of Johnson's and the greatest English actor of the eighteenth century. 63. *Lord Chesterfield* (1694-1773), an English earl who was both a statesman and an author. His manners were elegant, his ethics cynical and revolting. 65. *Fitzherbert*, William, a friend of Johnson's. 75. *irresistible*. Foote told me that Johnson said of him, "For loud obstreperous broad-faced mirth I know not his equal." [Boswell's note.] 80. *small-beer*, weak beer.

to dine at Fitzherbert's, and this boy served at table; he was so delighted with Foote's stories, and merriment, and grimace that when he went downstairs, he told them, "This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small-beer."

Somebody observed that Garrick could not have done this. WILKES.
 10 "Garrick would have made the small-beer still smaller. He is now leaving the stage; but he will play *Scrub* all his life." I knew that Johnson would let nobody attack Garrick but himself, as Garrick said to me, and I had heard him praise his liberality; so, to bring out his commendation of his celebrated pupil, I said, loudly, "I have heard Garrick is liberal." JOHNSON. "Yes,
 20 sir, I know that Garrick has given away more money than any man in England that I am acquainted with, and that not from ostentatious views. Garrick was very poor when he began life; so when he came to have money, he probably was very unskillful in giving away, and saved when he should not. But Garrick began to be liberal as soon as he could; and I am of opinion, the
 30 reputation of avarice which he has had has been very lucky for him, and prevented his having many enemies. You despise a man for avarice, but do not hate him. Garrick might have been much better attacked for living with more splendor than is suitable to a player; if they had had the wit to have assaulted him in that quarter, they might have galled him more. But they
 40 have kept clamoring about his avarice, which has rescued him from much obloquy and envy."

Talking of the great difficulty of obtaining authentic information for biography, Johnson told us, "When I was a young fellow I wanted to write the *Life of Dryden*, and in order to get materials, I applied to the only two persons then alive who had seen him;
 50 these were old Swinney and old Cibber.

12. *Scrub*, a country servant in *The Beaux' Stratagem*, by Farquhar (1707). 50. *Swinney*, Owen M'Swinney, a former manager of Drury Lane, who died in 1754. *Cibber*, Colley (1671-1757), a popular actor and dramatist of the early eighteenth century. The *Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber* (1740) is his autobiography.

Swinney's information was no more than this, that 'at Will's coffee-house Dryden had a particular chair for himself, which was set by the fire in winter, and was then called his winter-chair; and that it was carried out for him to the balcony in summer, and was then called his summer-chair.' Cibber could tell no more but that he remembered him 'a
 60 decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes at Will's.' You are to consider that Cibber was then at a great distance from Dryden, had perhaps one leg only in the room, and durst not draw in the other." BOSWELL. "Yet Cibber was a man of observation?" JOHNSON. "I think not." BOSWELL. "You will allow his *Apology* to be well done." JOHNSON. "Very well done, to be sure, sir. That book is a striking proof of
 70 the justice of Pope's remark:

Each might his several province well
 command,
 Would all but stoop to what they under-
 stand."

BOSWELL. "And his plays are good." JOHNSON. "Yes, but that was his trade; *l'esprit du corps*; he had been all his life among players and play-writers. I wondered that he had so little to say in conversation, for he had kept the
 80 best company, and learned all that can be got by the ear. He abused Pindar to me, and then showed me an ode of his own, with an absurd couplet, making a linnet soar on an eagle's wing. I told him that when the ancients made a simile they always made it like something real."

Mr. Wilkes remarked that "among all the bold flights of Shakespeare's imagination the boldest was making
 90 Birnam wood march to Dunsinane; creating a wood where there never was a shrub; a wood in Scotland! ha! ha! ha!" And he also observed that "the clannish

81. *Pindar* (522-422 B.C.), a Greek lyric poet, famous for the triumphal odes which he composed for victors in the athletic contests of the Greeks. 82. *showed me*, etc. Johnson had alluded to this episode in a conversation with Boswell at the Mitre Tavern, June 25, 1763. Pindar created superb word pictures, but Cibber's imitations were bombast.

slavery of the Highlands of Scotland was the single exception to Milton's remark of 'the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty,' being worshiped in all hilly countries."—"When I was at Inverary," said he, "on a visit to my old friend Archibald, Duke of Argyle, his dependents congratulated me on being such a favorite of his Grace. I said, 10 'It is then, gentlemen, truly lucky for me; for if I had displeased the Duke, and he had wished it, there is not a Campbell among you but would have been ready to bring John Wilkes's head to him in a charger. It would have been only

Off with his head! so much for Aylesbury."

I was then member for Aylesbury."

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes talked 20 of the contested passage in Horace's *Art of Poetry*, *Difficile est proprie communia dicere*. Mr. Wilkes, according to my note, gave the interpretation thus: "It is difficult to speak with propriety of common things; as, if a poet had to speak of Queen Caroline drinking tea, he must endeavor to avoid the vulgarity of cups and saucers." But upon reading my note he tells me 30 that he meant to say that "the word *communia*, being a Roman law term signifies here things *communis juris*, that is to say, what have never yet been treated by anybody; and this appears clearly from what followed,

—————Tuque

Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque
primus.

You will easier make a tragedy out of 40 the *Iliad* than on any subject not handled before." JOHNSON. "He means that it is difficult to appropriate to particular persons qualities which are common to all mankind, as Homer has done."

13. Campbell. The Duke of Argyll was and still is head of the Campbell Clan. 18. member for Aylesbury. Wilkes was elected from Aylesbury as Member of Parliament in 1757 and 1761. 23. note. Boswell frequently made notes of Johnson's conversations.

WILKES. "We have no City Poet now; that is an office which has gone into disuse. The last was *Elkanah Settle*. There is something in names 50 which one cannot help feeling. Now *Elkanah Settle* sounds so queer, who can expect much from that name? We should have no hesitation to give it for John Dryden, in preference to *Elkanah Settle*, from the names only, without knowing their different merits." JOHNSON. "I suppose, sir, *Settle* did as well for aldermen in his time as *John Home* could do now. Where did *Beckford* and *Trecothick* learn English?" 60

Mr. Arthur Lee mentioned some Scotch who had taken possession of a barren part of America, and wondered why they should choose it. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, all barrenness is comparative. The Scotch would not know it to be barren." BOSWELL. "Come, come, he is flattering the English. You have now been in Scotland, sir, and say if you did not see meat and drink enough 70 there." JOHNSON. "Why yes, sir; meat and drink enough to give the inhabitants sufficient strength to run away from home." All these quick and lively sallies were said sportively, quite in jest, and with a smile, which showed that he meant only wit. Upon this topic he and Mr. Wilkes could perfectly assimilate; here was a bond of union between them, and I was 80 conscious that as both of them had visited *Caledonia*, both were fully satisfied of the strange narrow ignorance of those who imagine that it is a land of famine. But they amused themselves with persevering in the old jokes. When I claimed a superiority for Scotland over England in one respect, that no man can be arrested there for a debt merely because another swears it against 90

54. *Elkanah Settle* (1648-1723), a poet and dramatist of only average attainments, who became City Poet of London in 1691, through political influence, and finally, when an old man, became a pensioner in Charterhouse, where he died. 58. *John Home* (1772-1808), a Scotch dramatic poet of only average attainments. 59. *Beckford* and *Trecothick*. William Beckford (1709-1770) was Alderman of London, and twice Lord Mayor (1762, 1769). He was a supporter of John Wilkes. Trecothick was another London Alderman. Johnson is retorting to Wilkes's criticism of Settle by reminding him that some of his own followers rose from very modest beginnings. 82. *Caledonia*, Scotland.

him, but there must first be the judgment of a court of law ascertaining its justice, and that a seizure of the person, before judgment is obtained, can take place only if his creditor should swear that he is about to fly from the country, or, as it is technically expressed, *in meditatione fugae*. WILKES. "That, I should think, may be safely sworn of all the Scotch nation." JOHNSON [to Mr. Wilkes]. "You must know, sir, I lately took my friend Boswell, and showed him genuine civilized life in an English provincial town. I turned him loose at Litchfield, my native city, that he might see for once real civility; for you know he lives among savages in Scotland, and among rakes in London." WILKES. "Except when he is with grave, sober, decent people, like you and me." JOHNSON [smiling]. "And we ashamed of him."

They were quite frank and easy. Johnson told the story of his asking Mrs. Macaulay to allow her footman to sit down with them, to prove the ridiculousness of the arguments for the equality of mankind; and he said to me afterwards, with a nod of satisfaction, "You saw Mr. Wilkes acquiesced." Wilkes talked with all imaginable freedom of the ludicrous title given to the Attorney-General, *Diabolus Regis*; adding, "I have reason to know something about that officer, for I was prosecuted for a libel." Johnson, who many people would have supposed must have been furiously angry at hearing this talked of so lightly, said not a word. He was now, *indeed*, "a good-humored fellow."

After dinner we had an accession of Mrs. Knowles, the Quaker lady, well known for her various talents and of Mr. Alderman Lee. Amidst some patriotic groans, somebody (I think the

Alderman) said, "Poor old England is lost," JOHNSON. "Sir, it is not so much to be lamented that old England is lost, as that the Scotch have found it." WILKES. "Had Lord Bute governed Scotland only, I should not have taken the trouble to write his eulogy, and dedicate *Mortimer* to him."

Mr. Wilkes held a candle to show a fine print of a beautiful female figure which hung in the room, and pointed out the elegant contour of the bosom with the finger of an arch-connoisseur. He afterwards in a conversation with me waggishly insisted that all the time Johnson showed visible signs of a fervent admiration of the corresponding charms of the fair Quaker.

This record, though by no means so perfect as I could wish, will serve to give a notion of a very curious interview, which was not only pleasing at the time, but had the agreeable and benignant effect of reconciling any animosity, and sweetening any acidity, which, in the various bustle of political contest, had been produced in the minds of two men, who though widely different, had so many things in common—classical learning, modern literature, wit and humor, and ready repartee—that it would have been much to be regretted if they had been forever at a distance from each other.

Mr. Burke gave me much credit for this successful *negotiation*; and pleasantly said that there was "nothing equal to it in the whole history of the *Corps Diplomatique*."

I attended Dr. Johnson home, and had the satisfaction to hear him tell Mrs. Williams how much he had been pleased with Mr. Wilkes's company, and what an agreeable day he had passed. (1791)

25. Mrs. Macaulay. Mrs. Catherine Macaulay (1731-1791) was a radical, a politician, and a writer, activities which Johnson considered as not among those suitable for women. 33. *Diabolus Regis*, the King's Devil, instead of the true title, *Attornatus Regis*. 36. *libel*, referring to No. 45 of the *North-Briton*, published by Wilkes, in which he criticized the speech of George III in opening Parliament, 1763. 44. *various talents*. On April 15, 1778, Dr. Johnson had dinner with Mrs. Knowles and she argued very persuasively for equal rights for men and women.

48. *Str.*, etc. It would not become me to expatiate on this strong and pointed remark, in which a great deal of meaning is condensed. [Boswell's note.] 51. *Lord Bute*. At the beginning of the reign of George III, Lord Bute, the Prime Minister, was intensely unpopular, both because he was Scotch and because his relations with the Queen Mother were suspected. Wilkes found the opening scene of a play by Ben Jonson on the love affair of Earl Mortimer with the mother of Edward III, and dedicated it to Lord Bute. 81. *Mr. Burke*, Edmund Burke (1729-1797), the brilliant British statesman who was at this time defending the American Colonies before Parliament.

EDWARD J. TRELAWNY (1792-1881)

NOTE

The following memoir reveals many of the moods which we have hitherto been tracing. A group of English—emigrants part by choice and part by social necessity—gathered at Pisa in the winter of 1821. The emigrants by choice were former officers in both services: Captain Roberts of the Navy, Lieutenant E. E. Williams of both the Navy and the Army, with his family, and Captain Trelawny of the Navy, a romantic wanderer such as Byron would have liked to be. The emigrants by social necessity were the poet Shelley and his family, and the poet Byron. The Shelleys lived simply; Byron with great ostentation. During the summer of 1822 the Williamses, the Shelleys, Byron, and Trelawny settled at Lerici, upon the Gulf of Spezzia, near Leghorn, where they lived a semi-aquatic life. Two sail-boats were built, one for Shelley, and one for Byron. The tragedy of Shelley's death was recounted by Trelawny years afterwards in the *Recollections*. The fate that overtook the poet was strange. Though hitherto unlured by the sea, he finally fulfilled the national tradition of seafaring, perished while on the sea, and received a burial similar to that of the Viking seamen from whom the English sprang, combined with rites used over the warriors fallen in the Trojan War.

SELECTIONS FROM

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON

CHAPTER X

THE LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY

First our pleasures die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too.

SHELLEY.

The following morning I told Byron our plan. Without any suggestion from me he eagerly volunteered to join us, and asked me to get a yacht built for him, and to look out for a house as near the sea as possible. I allowed some days to pass before I took any steps, in order to see if his wayward mind would change. As he grew more urgent I wrote to an old naval friend,

2. plan. On the preceding day Trelawny and Shelley had boarded an American clipper at Leghorn. Shelley was so entranced with her beauty and with the romance of the sea that he wished to spend the rest of the summer on the Gulf of Spezzia and asked Trelawny to get Byron to join the party.

Captain Roberts, then staying at Genoa, a man peculiarly fitted to execute the order, and requested him to send plans and estimates of an open boat for Shelley, and a large decked one for Byron. Shortly after, Williams and I rode along the coast to the Gulf of Spezzia. Shelley had no pride or vanity to provide for, yet we had the greatest difficulty in finding any house in which the humblest civilized family could exist.

On the shores of this superb bay, only surpassed in its natural beauty and capability by that of Naples, so effectually has tyranny paralyzed the energies and enterprise of man that the only indication of human habitation was a few most miserable fishing villages scattered along the margin of the bay. Near its center, between the villages of Sant' Arenzo and Lerici, we came upon a lonely and abandoned building called the Villa Magni, though it looked more like a boat- or bathing-house than a place to live in. It consisted of a terrace, or ground-floor, unpaved, and used for storing boat-gear and fishing-tackle, and of a single story over it divided into a hall, or saloon, and four small rooms which had once been whitewashed; there was one chimney for cooking. This place we thought the Shelleys might put up with for the summer. The only good thing about it was a veranda facing the sea, and almost over it. So we sought the owner and made arrangements, dependent on Shelley's approval, for taking it for six months. As to finding a palazzo grand enough for a *Milordo Inglese*, within a reasonable distance of the bay, it was out of the question.

Williams returned to Pisa; I rode on to Genoa, and settled with Captain Roberts about building the boats. He had already, with his usual activity, obtained permission to build them in the government dockyards, and had his plans and estimates made out. I need hardly say that though the Captain was a great arithmetician, this estimate, like all the estimates as to time and cost that were ever made, was a mere delusion,

49. *Milordo Inglese*, "my English Lord," as the Italians called Byron.

which made Byron wroth, but did not ruffle Shelley's serenity.

On returning to Pisa I found the two poets going through the same routine of habits they had adopted before my departure; the one getting out of bed after noon, dawdling about until two or three, following the same road on horseback, stopping at the same *podere*, firing his pop-guns, and retracing his steps at the same slow pace—his frugal dinner followed by his accustomed visit to an Italian family, and then—the midnight lamp, and the immortal verses.

The other was up at six or seven, reading Plato, Sophocles, or Spinoza, with the accompaniment of a hunch of dry bread; then he joined Williams in a sail on the Arno, in a flat-bottomed skiff, book in hand, and from thence he went to the pine-forest, or some out-of-the-way place. When the birds went to roost he returned home, and talked and read until midnight. The monotony of this life was only broken at long intervals by the arrival of some old acquaintances of Byron's: Rogers, Hobhouse, Moore, Scott—not Sir Walter—and these visits were brief. John Murray, the publisher, sent out new books, and wrote amusing gossiping letters, as did Tom Moore and others. These we were generally allowed to read, or hear read, Byron archly observing, "My private and confidential letters are better known than any of my published works."

Shelley's boyish eagerness to possess the new toy, from which he anticipated never-failing pleasure in gliding over the azure seas, under the cloudless skies of an Italian summer, was pleasant to behold. His comrade Williams was inspired by the same spirit. We used to draw plans on the sands of the Arno of the exact dimen-

sions of the boat, dividing her into compartments (the forepart was decked for stowage), and then, squatting down within the lines, I marked off the imaginary cabin. With a real chart of the Mediterranean spread out before them, and with faces as grave and anxious as those of Columbus and his companions, they held councils as to the islands to be visited, coasts explored, courses steered, the amount of armament, stores, water and provisions which would be necessary. Then we would narrate instances of the daring of the old navigators, as when Diaz discovered the Cape of Good Hope in 1446, with two vessels each of fifty tons burden; or when Drake went round the world, one of his craft being only thirty tons; and of the extraordinary runs and enterprises accomplished in open boats of equal or less tonnage than the one we were building, from the earliest times to those of Commodore Bligh. Byron, with the smile of a Mephistophiles, standing by, asked me the amount of salvage we, the salvors, should be entitled to in the probable event of our picking up and towing Shelley's water-logged craft into port.

As the world spun round, the sandy plains of Pisa became too hot to be agreeable, and the Shelleys, longing for the sea breezes, departed to their new abode. Byron could not muster energy enough to break through his dawdling habits, so he lingered on under the fair plea of seeing the Leigh Hunts settled in his ground-floor, which was prepared for them. I rode on to Genoa to hasten the completion and dispatch of the long-promised boat-flotilla. I found Captain Roberts had nearly finished Shelley's boat. Williams had brought with him, on leaving England, the section of a boat as a model to build from, designed

9. *podere*, inn. 10. *firing his pop-guns*. Byron used to ride horseback to some country inn, where he would dismount, practice with his pistols, and return to his lodgings in Pisa. 16. *Plato* (427-347 B.C.), a Greek philosopher and author. *Sophocles* (496-406 B.C.), an Athenian tragic dramatist. *Spinoza* (1632-1677), Baruch, a Dutch Jewish philosopher. 19. *Arno*, an Italian river on which both Florence and Pisa are situated. 27. *Rogers* (1763-1855), Samuel, an English poet. *Hobhouse* (? -1855), John Cam, Baron Broughton de Gyfford, Byron's bosom friend. 28. *Moore* (1779-1852), Thomas, an Irish poet and humorist. *Scott*, Alexander, a British traveler.

69. *Bligh*, Rear-Admiral William Bligh (1754-1817), who cruised much in the South Sea Islands, fought under Nelson at Copenhagen (1801), and became Governor of New South Wales (1805). 83. *Leigh Hunt*, an English essayist and journalist. Between 1819 and 1821 his financial affairs became greatly embarrassed, and he accepted an invitation from Shelley to come to Pisa and start a new quarterly review of liberal views with the aid of Byron and himself. The Hunts arrived at Pisa July 1, 1822. 89. *boat*. The *Don Juan*, as it was called, had a mainmast forward, and a small juremast near the stern.

by a naval officer, and the two friends had so often sat contemplating this toy, believing it to be a marvel of nautical architecture, that nothing would satisfy them but that their craft should be built exactly on the same lines. Roberts and the builder at Genoa, not approving, protested against it. You might as well have attempted to persuade a young man after a season of boating, or hunting, that he was not a thorough seaman and sportsman; or a youngster flushed with honors from a university that he was not the wisest of men. Williams was on ordinary occasions as humble-minded as Shelley, but having been two or three years in the navy, and then in the cavalry, he thought there was no vanity in his believing that he was as good a judge of a boat or horse as any man. In these small conceits we are all fools at the beginning of life, until time, with his sledge hammer, has let the daylight into our brain-boxes; so the boat was built according to his cherished model. When it was finished, it took two tons of iron ballast to bring her down to her bearings, and then she was very crank in a breeze, though not deficient in beam. She was fast, strongly built, and Torbay rigged. I dispatched her under charge of two steady seamen, and a smart sailor lad, aged eighteen, named Charles Vivian. Shelley sent back the two sailors and only retained the boy; they told me, on their return to Genoa, that they had been out in a rough night, that she was a ticklish boat to manage, but had sailed and worked well, and with two good seamen she would do very well; and that they had cautioned the gentlemen accordingly. I shortly after received the following letter from Shelley:

Lerici, May 16, 1822

MY DEAR TRELAWNY:

The *Don Juan* is arrived, and nothing can exceed the admiration she has excited; for we must suppose the name to have been given her during the equivocation of sex which her godfather suffered in the harem.

31. *Torbay*, a Devonshire port. 50. *equivocation*. In Canto I of Byron's *Don Juan*, the hero is sold as a slave for a harem, and is there clad as a girl.

Williams declares her to be perfect, and I participate in his enthusiasm, inasmuch as would be decent in a landsman. We have been out now several days, although we have sought in vain for an opportunity of trying her against the feluccas or other large craft in the bay; she passes the small ones as a comet might pass the dullest planet of the heavens. When do you expect to be here in the *Bolivar*? If Roberts's £50 grow into a £500, and his ten days into months, I suppose I may expect that I am considerably in your debt, and that you will not be round here until the middle of the summer. I hope that I shall be mistaken in the last of these conclusions; as to the former, whatever may be the result, I have little reason and less inclination to complain of my bargain. I wish you could express from me to Roberts how excessively I am obliged to him for the time and trouble he has expended for my advantage, and which I wish could be as easily repaid as the money which I owe him, and which I wait your orders for remitting.

I have only heard from Lord Byron once, and solely upon that subject. Tita is with me, and I suppose will go with you in the schooner to Leghorn. We are very impatient to see you, and although we cannot hope that you will stay long on your first visit, we count upon you for the latter part of the summer, as soon as the novelty of Leghorn is blunted. Mary desires her best regards to you, and unites with me in a sincere wish to renew an intimacy from which we have already experienced so much pleasure

Believe me, my dear Trelawny,

Your very sincere friend,

P. B. SHELLEY.

Lerici, June 18, 1822

MY DEAR TRELAWNY:

I have written to Guelhard to pay you 154 Tuscan crowns, the amount of the balance against me according to Roberts's calculation, which I keep for your satisfaction, deducting sixty, which I paid the *aubergiste* at Pisa, in all 214. We saw you about eight miles in the offing this morning; but the

57. *feluccas*, lateen-rigged vessels of the Mediterranean. 61. *Bolivar*, Byron's boat. 78. *Tita*, Byron's Venetian servant. 99. *aubergiste*, innkeeper.

abatement of the breeze leaves us little hope that you can have made Leghorn this evening. Pray write us a full, true, and particular account of your proceedings, etc.—how Lord Byron likes the vessel; what are your arrangements and intentions for the summer; and when we may expect to see you or him in this region again; and especially whether there is any news of Hunt.

10 Roberts and Williams are very busy in refitting the *Don Juan*; they seem determined that she shall enter Leghorn in style. I am no great judge of these matters; but am excessively obliged to the former, and delighted that the latter should find amusement, like the sparrow, in educating the cuckoo's young.

You, of course, enter into society at Leghorn. Should you meet with any scientific 20 person, capable of preparing the *Prussic Acid*, or *essential oil of bitter almonds*, I should regard it as a great kindness if you could procure me a small quantity. It requires the greatest caution in preparation, and ought to be highly concentrated; I would give any price for this medicine; you remember we talked of it the other night, and we both expressed a wish to possess it; my wish was serious, and sprung from the 30 desire of avoiding needless suffering. I need not tell you I have no intention of suicide at present, but I confess it would be a comfort to me to hold in my possession that golden key to the chamber of perpetual rest. The *Prussic Acid* is used in medicine in infinitely minute doses; but that preparation is weak, and has not the concentration necessary to medicine all ills infallibly. A single drop, even less, is a dose, and it acts 40 by paralysis.

I am curious to hear of this publication about Lord Byron and the Pisa circle. I hope it will not annoy him; as to me I am supremely indifferent. If you have not shown the letter I sent you, don't, until Hunt's arrival, when we shall certainly meet.

Your very sincere friend,
P. B. SHELLEY.

50 Mary is better, though still excessively weak.

41. **publication.** Wherever Byron went the wildest rumors arose, and frequently his actions justified them. The allusion here is probably to a pamphlet dealing with the wounding of the dragoon described on page 863.

Not long after, I followed in Byron's boat, the *Bolivar* schooner. There was no fault to find with her; Roberts and the builder had fashioned her after their own fancy, and she was both fast and safe. I manned her with five able seamen, four Genoese and one Englishman. I put into the Gulf of Spezzia, and found Shelley in ecstasy with his boat, and Williams as touchy about her reputation as if she had been his wife. They were hardly ever out of her, and talked of the Mediterranean as a lake too confined and tranquil to exhibit her sea-going excellence. They longed to be on the broad Atlantic, scudding under bare poles in a heavy sou'wester, with plenty of sea room. I went out for a sail in Shelley's boat to see how they 70 would manage her. It was great fun to witness Williams teaching the poet how to steer, and other points of seamanship. As usual, Shelley had a book in hand, saying he could read and steer at the same time, as one was mental, the other mechanical.

"Luff!" said Williams.

Shelley put the helm the wrong way. Williams corrected him.

"Do you see those two white objects ahead? keep them in a line; the wind is heading us." Then, turning to me, he said: "Lend me a hand to haul in the main-sheet, and I will show you how close she can lay to the wind to work off a lee-shore."

"No," I answered, "I am a passenger, and won't touch a rope."

"Luff," said Williams, as the boat was yawing about. "Shelley, you can't steer, you have got her in the wind's eye; give me the tiller, and you attend the main-sheet. Ready about!" said Williams. "Helms down—let go the fore-sheet—see how she spins round on her heel—is not she a beauty? Now, Shelley, let go the main-sheet, and boy, haul aft the jib-sheet!"

The main-sheet was jammed, and the 100 boat unmanageable, or as sailors express it, in irons; when the two had cleared it, Shelley's hat was knocked

78. **Luff**, "sail closer to the wind." 91. **yawing**, zig-zagging.

overboard, and he would probably have followed, if I had not held him. He was so uncommonly awkward that when they had things shipshape, Williams, somewhat scandalized at the lubberly maneuver, blew up the poet for his neglect and inattention to orders. Shelley was, however, so happy and in such high glee, and the nautical terms so tickled his fancy, that he even put his beloved Plato in his pocket, and gave his mind up to fun and frolic.

"You will do no good with Shelley," I said, "until you heave his books and papers overboard; shear the wisps of hair that hang over his eyes; and plunge his arms up to the elbows in a tar-bucket. And you, captain, will have no authority until you douse your frock coat and cavalry boots. You see I am stripped for a swim, so please, whilst I am on board, to keep within swimming distance of the land."

The boy was quick and handy, and used to boats. Williams was not as deficient as I anticipated, but over-anxious and wanted practice, which alone makes a man prompt in emergency. Shelley was intent on catching images from the ever-changing sea and sky; he heeded not the boat. On my suggesting the addition to their crew of a Genoese sailor accustomed to the coast—such as I had on board the *Bolivar*—Williams, thinking I undervalued his efficiency as a seaman, was scandalized—"as if we three seasoned salts were not enough to manage an open boat, when lubberly sloops and cutters of fifty or sixty tons were worked by as few men on the rough seas and iron-bound coast of Scotland!"

"Yes," I answered, "but what a difference between those sea-lions and you and our water-poet! A decked cutter besides, or even a frigate, is easier handled in a gale or squall, and out-and-out safer to be on board of than an open boat. If we had been in a squall today with the main-sheet jammed, and the tiller put starboard instead of port, we should have had to swim for it."

19. douse, take off.

"Not I; I should have gone down with the rest of the pigs in the bottom of the boat," said Shelley, meaning the iron-pig ballast.

When I took my departure for Leghorn on board the *Bolivar*, they accompanied me out of the bay, and then we parted. I arrived at Leghorn the same night. I found my Lord *Inglese* had at last mustered sufficient energy to move from Pisa to Monte Nero, near Leghorn; I consoled with him on the change, for his new flimsy-built villa—not unlike the suburban verandaed cockney boxes on the Thames—was ten times hotter than the old palace he had left, with its cool marble halls, and arched and lofty floors that defied the sun. He was satisfied with his boat, but by no means with its cost; he took little interest in her, and I could not induce him to take a cruise; he always had some excuse. The first time he came on board, he said in answer to something I pointed out in the rigging:

"People think I must be a bit of a sailor from my writings. All the sea-terms I use are from authority, and they cost me time, toil, and trouble to look them out; but you will find me a land-lubber. I hardly know the stem from the stern, and don't know the name or use of a single rope or sail; I know the deep sea is blue, and not green, as that greenhorn Shakespeare always calls it."

This was literally true; in regard to Byron he neither knew nor cared to know, nor ever asked a question (except when writing) about sea terms or sea life.

Toward the end of June, 1822, the long-expected family of the Hunts arrived by sea from England.

Byron observed, "You will find Leigh Hunt a gentleman in dress and address."

I found him that, and something more; and with a quaint fancy and cultivated mind. He was in high spirits, and disposed to be pleased with others. His anticipated literary projects in conjunction with Byron and Shelley were a source of great pleasure to him—so was the land of beauty and song. He had come to it as to a new home, in

which as the immortal Robins would have said: "You will find no nuisance but the litter of the rose-leaves and the noise of the nightingales." The pleasure that surpassed all the rest was the anticipation of seeing speedily his friend Shelley. But, alas! all those things which seemed so certain—

Those juggling fiends

10 That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope—

so kept—and so broke—it with Leigh Hunt.

CHAPTER XI

What is life, what is death,
What are we? that when the ship sinks
We no longer may be.

SHELLEY.

Shelley, with his friend Williams, soon came in their boat, scudding into the harbor of Leghorn. They went with the Hunts to Pisa, and established them in Lord Byron's palace, Shelley having furnished a floor there for them. In a
20 few days Shelley returned to Leghorn, and found Williams eager to be off. We had a sail outside the port in the two boats. Shelley was in a mournful mood; his mind depressed by a recent interview with Byron.

Byron, at first, had been more eager than Shelley for Leigh Hunt's arrival in Italy to edit and contribute to the proposed new *Review*, and so continued
30 until his English correspondents had worked on his fears. They did not oppose, for they knew his temper too well, but artfully insinuated that he was jeopardizing his fame and fortune, etc., etc., etc. Shelley found Byron so irritable, so shuffling and equivocating, whilst talking with him on the fulfillment of his promise with regard to Leigh Hunt, that, but for imperiling
40 Hunt's prospects, Shelley's intercourse with Byron would then have abruptly terminated; it was doomed to be their last meeting.

1. Robins, probably George Henry Robins, a well-known auctioneer of the day.

On Saturday, the 6th, Williams wrote the following letter to his wife at the Villa Magni.

I have just left the quay, my dearest girl, and the wind blows right across to Spezzia, which adds to the vexation I feel at being unable to leave this place. For my own part, I should have been with you in all probability
50 on Wednesday evening, but I have been kept day after day, waiting for Shelley's definitive arrangements with Lord B. relative to poor Hunt, whom, in my opinion, he has treated vilely. A letter from Mary, of the most gloomy kind, reached S. yesterday, and this mood of hers aggravated my uneasiness to see you; for I am proud, dear girl, beyond words to express, in the conviction, that
60 wherever we may be together you could be cheerful and contented.

Would I could take the present gale by the wings and reach you tonight; hard as it blows, I would venture across for *such* a reward. However, tomorrow something decisive shall take place; and if I am detained, I shall depart in a felucca, and leave the boat to be brought round in company with Trelawny in the *Bolivar*. He talks of
70 visiting Spezzia again in a few days. I am tired to death of waiting—this is our longest separation, and seems a year to me. Absence alone is enough to make me anxious, and indeed, unhappy; but I think if I had left you in our own house in solitude, I should feel it less than I do now.—What can I do? Poor S. desires that I should return to you, but I know secretly wishes me not to leave him in the lurch. He, too, by his manner,
80 is as anxious to see you almost as I could be, but the interests of poor H. keep him here—in fact, with Lord B. it appears they cannot do anything—who actually said as much as that he did not wish (?) his name to be attached to the work, and of course to theirs.

In Lord Byron's family all is confusion—the cutthroats he is so desirous to have about him have involved him in a second row; and although the present banishment of
90 Gambas from Tuscany is attributed to the first affair of the dragoon, the continued disturbances among his and their servants is, I am sure, the principal cause for its being

91. Gambas, Byron's hosts. Their exile is explained a few lines further on.

carried into immediate effect. Four days (commencing from the day of our arrival in Leghorn) were only given them to find another retreat; and as Lord B. considers this a personal, though tacit, attack upon himself, he chooses to follow their fortunes in another country. Genoa was first selected—of that government they could have no hope—Geneva was then proposed, and this proved as bad, if not worse. Lucca is now the choice, and Trelawny was dispatched last night to feel their way with the governor, to whom he carried letters. All this time Hunt is shuffled off from day to day, and now, Heaven knows when or how it will end.

Lord B.'s reception of Mrs. H. was—as S. tells me—most shameful. She came into his house sick and exhausted, and he scarcely deigned to notice her; was silent, and scarcely bowed. This conduct cut H. to the soul; but the way in which he received our friend Roberts, at Dunn's door, shall be described when we meet—it must be acted. How I long to see you; I had written *when*, but I will make no promises, for I, too, well know how distressing it is to both of us to break them. Tuesday evening at furthest, unless kept by the weather, I will say, "Oh, Jane! how fervently I press you and our little ones to my heart."

Adieu!—Take body and soul; for you are at once my heaven and earth—that is all I ask of both.

E. ELK. W——.

S. is at Pisa, and will write tonight to me.

The last entry in Williams's journal is dated July 4, 1822, Leghorn.

Processions of priests and *religiosi* have been, for several days past, praying for rain; but the gods are either angry, or nature too powerful.

The affair of the dragoon alluded to in Williams's latter, as connected with the Gambas, was this: As Byron and his companions were returning to Pisa on horseback, the road being blocked up by the party—a sergeant-major on duty in their rear trotted his horse through the cavalcade. One of the awkward literary squad—a resolute bore, but timid rider—was nearly spilled

from his nag shying. To divert the jeers from his own bad riding, he appealed pathetically to Byron, saying: "Shall we endure this man's insolence?"

Byron said: "No, we will bring him to an account"; and instantly galloped after the dragoon into Pisa, his party following. The guard at the gate turned out with drawn swords, but could not stop them. Some of the servants of Byron and the Gambas were idling on the steps of his palace; getting a glimpse of the row, one of them armed himself with a stable-fork, rushed at the dragoon as he passed Byron's palace, and wounded him severely in the side. This scene was acted in broad daylight on the Lung' Arno, the most public place in the city, scores of people looking on! yet the police, with their host of spies and backed by the power of a despotic government, could never ascertain who struck the blow.

Not liking to meddle with the poet, they imprisoned two of his servants, and exiled the family of Count Gamba. Byron chose to follow them. Such is the hatred of the Italians to their rulers and all who have authority over them that the blind beggars at the corners of the streets—no others are permitted to beg in Tuscany—hearing that the English were without arms, sidled up to some of them, adroitly putting into their hands formidable stilettos, which they had concealed in the sleeves of their ragged gaberdines.

Shelley wrote me the following note about the dragoon.

MY DEAR T.:

Gamba is with me, and we are drawing up a paper demanded of us by the police. Mary tells me that you have an account from Lord Byron of the affair, and we wish to see it before ours is concluded. The man is severely wounded in the side, and his life is supposed to be in danger from the weapon having grazed the liver. It were as well if you could come here, as we shall decide on no statement without you.

Ever yours truly,

SHELLEY.

Mrs. Shelley, writing an account of the row, says:

Madame G. and I happened to be in the carriage, ten paces behind, and saw the whole. Taaffe kept at a safe distance during the fray, but fearing the consequence, he wrote such a report that Lord Byron quarrelled with him; and what between insolence and abject humility he has kept himself in hot water, when, in fact, he had nothing to fear.

On Monday, July 8, 1822, I went with Shelley to his bankers, and then to a store. It was past one p.m. when we went on board our respective boats—Shelley and Williams to return to their home in the Gulf of Spezzia; I in the *Bolivar* to accompany them into the offing. When we were under way, the guard-boat boarded us to overhual our papers. I had not got my port clearance, the captain of the port having refused to give it to the mate, as I had often gone out without. The officer of the Health Office consequently threatened me with forty days' quarantine. It was hopeless to think of detaining my friends. Williams had been for days fretting and fuming to be off; they had no time to spare, it was past two o'clock, and there was very little wind.

Suddenly and reluctantly I reanchored, furling my sails, and with a ship's glass watched the progress of my friend's boat. My Genoese mate observed: "They should have sailed this morning at three or four a.m., instead of three p.m. They are standing too much in shore; the current will set them there." I said: "They will soon have the land breeze."

"Maybe," continued the mate, "she will soon have too much breeze; that gaff topsail is foolish in a boat with no deck and no sailor on board." Then pointing to the S.W., "Look at those black lines and the dirty rags hanging on them out of the sky—they are a warning; look at the smoke on the water; the devil is brewing mischief."

There was a sea-fog in which Shelley's boat was soon after enveloped, and we saw nothing more of her.

Although the sun was obscured by mists, it was oppressively sultry. There was not a breath of air in the harbor. The heaviness of the atmosphere and an unwonted stillness benumbed my senses. I went down into the cabin and sank into a slumber. I was roused up by a noise overhead and went on deck. The men were getting up a chain cable to let go another anchor. There was a general stir amongst the shipping; shifting berths, getting down yards and masts, veering out cables, hauling in of hawsers, letting go anchors, hailing from the ships and quays, boats sculling rapidly to and fro. It was almost dark, although only half-past six o'clock. The sea was of the color, and looked as solid and smooth, as a sheet of lead, and covered with an oily scum. Gusts of wind swept over without ruffling it, and big drops of rain fell on its surface, rebounding, as if they could not penetrate it. There was a commotion in the air, made up of many threatening sounds, coming upon us from the sea. Fishing-craft and coasting-vessels under bare poles rushed by us in shoals, running foul of the ships in the harbor. As yet the din and hubbub was that made by men, but their shrill pipings were suddenly silenced by the crashing voice of a thunder squall that burst right over our heads. For some time no other sounds were to be heard than the thunder, wind, and rain. When the fury of the storm, which did not last for more than twenty minutes, had abated, and the horizon was in some degree cleared, I looked to seaward anxiously, in the hope of descrying Shelley's boat, amongst the many small craft scattered about. I watched every speck that loomed on the horizon, thinking that they would have borne up on their return to the port, as all the other boats that had gone out in the same direction had done.

I sent our Genoese mate on board some of the returning craft to make inquiries, but they all professed not to have seen the English boat. So re-

5. Taaffe, an Irish friend of the Shelleys in Pisa.
44. gaff topsail, a triangular sail sprung between the mainsail and the topmast.

morselessly are the quarantine laws enforced in Italy that, when at sea, if you render assistance to a vessel in distress, or rescue a drowning stranger, on returning to port you are condemned to a long and rigorous quarantine of fourteen or more days. The consequence is, should one vessel see another in peril, or even run it down by accident, she hastens on her course, and by general accord not a word is said or reported on the subject. But to resume my tale. I did not leave the *Bolivar* until dark. During the night it was gusty and showery, and the lightning flashed along the coast; at daylight I returned on board, and resumed my examination of the crews of the various boats which had returned to the port during the night. They either knew nothing, or would say nothing. My Genoese, with the quick eye of a sailor, pointed out, on board a fishing-boat, an English-made oar, that he thought he had seen in Shelley's boat, but the entire crew swore by all the saints in the calendar that this was not so. Another day was passed in horrid suspense. On the morning of the third day I rode to Pisa. Byron had returned to the Lanfranchi Palace. I hoped to find a letter from the Villa Magni; there was none. I told my fears to Hunt, and then went upstairs to Byron. When I told him, his lip quivered, and his voice faltered as he questioned me. I sent a courier to Leghorn to dispatch the *Bolivar*, to cruise along the coast, whilst I mounted my horse and rode in the same direction. I also dispatched a courier along the coast to go as far as Nice. On my arrival at Via Reggio I heard that a punt, a water-keg, and some bottles had been found on the beach. These things I recognized as having been in Shelley's boat when he left Leghorn. Nothing more was found for seven or eight days, during which time of painful suspense I patrolled the coast with the coast-guard, stimulating them to keep a good lookout by the promise of a reward. It was not until

many days after this that my worst fears were confirmed. Two bodies were found on the shore—one near Via Reggio, which I went and examined. The face and hands, and parts of the body not protected by the dress, were fleshless. The tall slight figure, the jacket, the volume of Sophocles in one pocket, and Keats's poems in the other, doubled back, as if the reader, in the act of reading, had hastily thrust it away, were all too familiar to me to leave a doubt on my mind that this mutilated corpse was any other than Shelley's. The other body was washed on shore three miles distant from Shelley's, near the tower of Migliarino, at the Bocca Lericcio. I went there at once. This corpse was much more mutilated; it had no other covering than the shreds of a shirt, and that partly drawn over the head, as if the wearer had been in the act of taking it off; a black silk handkerchief, tied sailor-fashion around the neck; socks, and one boot, indicating also that he had attempted to strip. The flesh, sinews, and muscles hung about in rags, like the shirt, exposing the ribs and bones. I had brought with me from Shelley's house a boot of Williams's, and this exactly matched the one the corpse had on. That, and the handkerchief, satisfied me that it was the body of Shelley's comrade. Williams was the only one of the three who could swim, and it is probable he was the last survivor. It is likewise possible, as he had a watch and money, and was better dressed than the others, that his body might have been plundered when found. Shelley always declared that in case of wreck he would vanish instantly, and not imperil valuable lives by permitting others to aid in saving his, which he looked upon as valueless. It was not until three weeks after the wreck of the boat that a third body was found—four miles from the other two. This I concluded to be that of the sailor boy, Charles Vivian, although it was a mere skeleton, and impossible to be identified. It was buried in the sand, above the reach of the waves. I mounted my

43. **punt**, a narrow flat-bottomed boat, usually square at the ends.

horse, and rode to the Gulf of Spezzia, put up my horse, and walked until I caught sight of the lone house on the seashore in which Shelley and Williams had dwelt, and where their widows still lived. Hitherto in my frequent visits—in the absence of direct evidence to the contrary—I had buoyed up their spirits by maintaining that it was not impos-
 10 sible but that the friends still lived; now I had to extinguish the last hope of these forlorn women. I had ridden fast, to prevent any ruder messenger from bursting in upon them. As I stood on the threshold of their house, the bearer, or rather confirmer, of news which would rack every fiber of their quivering frames to the utmost, I paused, and, looking at the sea, my memory reverted
 20 to our joyous parting only a few days before.

The two families, then, had all been in the veranda, overhanging a sea so clear and calm that every star was reflected on the water, as if it had been a mirror; the young mothers singing some merry tune, with the accompaniment of a guitar. Shelley's shrill laugh—I heard it still—rang in my ears, with
 30 Williams's friendly hail, the general *buona notte* of all the joyous party, and the earnest entreaty to me to return as soon as possible, and not to forget the commissions they had severally given me. I was in a small boat beneath them, slowly rowing myself on board the *Bolivar*, at anchor in the bay, loath to part from what I verily believed to have been at that time the most united, and
 40 happiest, set of human beings in the whole world. And now by the blow of an idle puff of wind the scene was changed. Such is human happiness.

My reverie was broken by a shriek from the nurse Caterina, as, crossing the hall, she saw me in the doorway. After asking her a few questions, I went up the stairs, and, unannounced, entered the room. I neither spoke, nor
 50 did they question me. Mrs. Shelley's large gray eyes were fixed on my face. I turned away. Unable to bear this

horrid silence, with a convulsive effort she exclaimed:

"Is there no hope?"

I did not answer, but left the room, and sent the servant with the children to them. The next day I prevailed on them to return with me to Pisa. The misery of that night and the journey of the
 60 next day, and of many days and nights that followed, I can neither describe nor forget. It was ultimately determined by those most interested that Shelley's remains should be removed from where they lay, and conveyed to Rome, to be interred near the bodies of his child and of his friend Keats, with a suitable monument, and that Williams's
 70 remains should be taken to England. To do this, in their then far advanced state of decomposition, and to obviate the obstacles offered by the quarantine laws, the ancient custom of burning and reducing the body to ashes was suggested. I wrote to our minister at
 Florence, Dawkins, on the subject, and solicited his friendly intercession with the Lucchese and Florentine govern-
 80 ments, that I might be furnished with authority to accomplish our purpose.

The following was his answer:

DEAR SIR:

An order was sent yesterday from hence to the Governor of Via Reggio, to deliver up the remains of Mr. Shelley to you, or any person empowered by you to receive them.

I said they were to be removed to Leghorn for interment, but that need not bind you.
 90 If they go by sea, the governor will give you the papers necessary to insure their admittance elsewhere. If they travel by land, they must be accompanied by a guard as far as the frontier—a precaution always taken to prevent the possibility of infection. Quicklime has been thrown into the graves, as is usual in similar cases.

With respect to the removal of the other

79. **Lucchese and Florentine governments.** In the first half of the nineteenth century Italy was composed of a number of small states partly under the dominance of Austria, partly under that of France. The Lucchese States (so-called from Lucca, the principal town) were on the west coast of Italy, north of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany or Tuscan States, whose capital was Florence.

corpse, I can tell you nothing till I hear from Florence. I applied for the order as soon as I received your letter, and I expect an answer to my letter by tomorrow's post.

I am very sensible of Lord Byron's kindness, and should have called upon him when I passed through Pisa, had he been anybody but Lord Byron. Do not mention trouble; I am here to take as much as my countrymen think proper to give me; and all I ask in return is fair play and good humor, which I am sure I shall always find in the S. S. S.

Believe me, dear sir,

Yours very faithfully,

W. DAWKINS.

Such were his subsequent influence and energy that he ultimately overcame all the obstacles and repugnance of the Italians to sanction such an unprecedented proceeding in their territories.

CHAPTER XII

All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves, must fade and perish;
Such is our rude mortal lot,
Love itself would, did they not.

SHELLEY.

I got a furnace made at Leghorn, of iron-bars and strong sheet-iron, supported on a stand, and laid in a stock of fuel, and such things as were said to be used by Shelley's much loved Hellenes on their funeral pyres.

On August 13, 1822, I went on board the *Bolivar*, with an English acquaintance, having written to Byron and Hunt to say I would send them word when everything was ready, as they wished to be present. I had previously engaged two large feluccas, with drags and tackling, to go before, and endeavor to find the place where Shelley's boat had foundered; the captain of one of the feluccas having asserted that he was out in the fatal squall, and had seen Shelley's boat go down off Via Reggio, with all sail set. With light and fitful breezes we were eleven hours reaching our destination—the tower of Migliarino, at the

Bocca Lericcio, in the Tuscan States. There was a village there, and about two miles from that place Williams was buried. So I anchored, landed, called on the officer in command, a major, and told him my object in coming, of which he was already apprised by his own government. He assured me I should have every aid from him. As it was too late in the day to commence operations, we went to the only inn in the place, and I wrote to Byron to be with us next day at noon. The major sent my letter to Pisa by a dragoon, and made arrangements for the next day. In the morning he was with us early, and gave me a note from Byron, to say he would join us as near noon as he could. At ten we went on board the commandant's boat, with a squad of soldiers in working dresses, armed with mattocks and spades, an officer of the quarantine service, and some of his crew. They had their peculiar tools, so fashioned as to do their work without coming into personal contact with things that might be infectious—long-handled tongs, nippers, poles with iron hooks and spikes, and divers others that gave one a lively idea of the implements of torture devised by the holy inquisitors. Thus freighted, we started, my own boat following with the furnace, and the things I had brought from Leghorn. We pulled along the shore for some distance, and landed at a line of strong posts and railings which projected into the sea—forming the boundary dividing the Tuscan and Lucchese States. We walked along the shore to the grave, where Byron and Hunt soon joined us; they, too, had an officer and soldiers from the tower of Migliarino, an officer of the Health Office, and some dismounted dragoons, so we were surrounded by soldiers, but they kept the ground clear, and readily lent their aid. There was a considerable gathering of spectators from the neighborhood, and many ladies richly dressed were amongst them. The spot where the body lay was marked by the gnarled root of a pine tree.

A rude hut, built of young pine-tree

stems, and wattled with their branches, to keep the sun and rain out, and thatched with reeds, stood on the beach to shelter the look-out man on duty. A few yards from this was the grave, which we commenced opening—the Gulf of Spezzia and Leghorn at equal distances of twenty-two miles from us. As to fuel, I might have saved myself the trouble of bringing any, for there was an ample supply of broken spars and planks cast on the shore from wrecks, besides the fallen and decaying timber in a stunted pine forest close at hand. The soldiers collected fuel whilst I erected the furnace, and then the men of the Health Office set to work, shoveling away the sand which covered the body, while we gathered round, watching anxiously. The first indication of their having found the body was the appearance of the end of a black silk handkerchief—I grubbed this out with a stick, for we were not allowed to touch anything with our hands—then some shreds of linen were met with, and a boot with the bone of the leg and the foot in it. On the removal of a layer of brushwood, all that now remained of my lost friend was exposed—a shapeless mass of bones and flesh. The limbs separated from the trunk on being touched.

“Is that a human body?” exclaimed Byron; “why it’s more like the carcass of a sheep, or any other animal, than a man; this is a satire on our pride and folly.”

I pointed to the letters E. E. W. on the black silk handkerchief.

Byron looking on, muttered, “The entrails of a worm hold together longer than the potter’s clay, of which man is made. Hold! let me see the jaw,” he added, as they were removing the skull; “I can recognize anyone by the teeth with whom I have talked. I always watch the lips and mouth; they tell what the tongue and eyes try to conceal.”

I had a boot of Williams’s with me; it exactly corresponded with the one found in the grave. The remains were removed piecemeal into the furnace.

“Don’t repeat this with me,” said Byron; “let my carcass rot where it falls.”

The funeral pyre was now ready; I applied the fire, and the materials being dry and resinous the pine-wood burned furiously, and drove us back. It was hot enough before, there was no breath of air, and the loose sand scorched our feet. As soon as the flames became clear, and allowed us to approach, we threw frankincense and salt into the furnace, and poured a flask of wine and oil over the body. The Greek oration was omitted, for we had lost our Hellenic bard. It was now so insufferably hot that the officers and soldiers were all seeking shade.

“Let us try the strength of these waters that drowned our friends,” said Byron, with his usual audacity. “How far out do you think they were when their boat sank?”

“If you don’t wish to be put into the furnace, you had better not try; you are not in condition.”

He stripped, and went into the water, and so did I and my companion. Before we got a mile out, Byron was sick, and persuaded to return to the shore. My companion, too, was seized with cramp, and reached the land by my aid. At four o’clock the funeral pyre burned low, and when we uncovered the furnace nothing remained in it but dark-colored ashes, with fragments of the larger bones. Poles were now put under the red-hot furnace, and it was gradually cooled in the sea. I gathered together the human ashes, and placed them in a small oak-box, bearing an inscription on a brass plate, screwed it down, and placed it in Byron’s carriage. He returned with Hunt to Pisa, promising to be with us on the following day at Via Reggio. I returned with my party in the same way we came, and supped and slept at the inn. On the following morning we went on board the same boats, with the same things and party, and rowed down the little river near Via Reggio to the sea, pulled along the coast toward Massa, then landed, and began our preparations as before.

Three white wands had been stuck in

66. our Hellenic bard, Shelley; so-called from his interest in Greek poetry.

the sand to mark the poet's grave, but as they were at some distance from each other, we had to cut a trench thirty yards in length, in the line of the sticks, to ascertain the exact spot, and it was nearly an hour before we came upon the grave.

In the meantime Byron and Leigh Hunt arrived in the carriage, attended by soldiers, and the Health Officer, as before. The lonely and grand scenery that surrounded us so exactly harmonized with Shelley's genius that I could imagine his spirit soaring over us. The sea, with the islands of Gorgona, Capraji, and Elba, was before us; old battlemented watch-towers stretched along the coast, backed by the marble-crested Apennines glistening in the sun, picturesque from their diversified outlines, and not a human dwelling was in sight. As I thought of the delight Shelley felt in such scenes of loneliness and grandeur whilst living, I felt we were no better than a herd of wolves or a pack of wild dogs, in tearing out his battered and naked body from the pure yellow sand that lay so lightly over it, to drag him back to the light of day; but the dead have no voice, nor had I power to check the sacrilege—the work went on silently in the deep and unresisting sand, not a word was spoken, for the Italians have a touch of sentiment, and their feelings are easily excited into sympathy. Even Byron was silent and thoughtful. We were startled and drawn together by a dull hollow sound that followed the blow of a mattock; the iron had struck a skull, and the body was soon uncovered. Lime had been strewn on it; this, or decomposition, had the effect of staining it of a dark and ghastly indigo color. Byron asked me to preserve the skull for him; but remembering that he had formerly used one as a drinking-cup, I was determined Shelley's should not be so profaned. The limbs did not separate from the trunk, as in the case of Williams's body, so that the corpse was removed entire into the furnace. I had taken the precaution of having more and larger pieces of timber, in con-

sequence of my experience of the day before of the difficulty of consuming a corpse in the open air with our apparatus. After the fire was well kindled we repeated the ceremony of the previous day; and more wine was poured over Shelley's dead body than he had consumed during his life. This with the oil and salt made the yellow flames glisten and quiver. The heat from the sun and fire was so intense that the atmosphere was tremulous and wavy. The corpse fell open and the heart was laid bare. The frontal bone of the skull where it had been struck with the mattock, fell off; and, as the back of the head rested on the red-hot bottom bars of the furnace, the brains literally seethed, bubbled, and boiled as in a caldron, for a very long time.

Byron could not face this scene; he withdrew to the beach and swam off to the *Bolivar*. Leigh Hunt remained in the carriage. The fire was so fierce as to produce a white heat on the iron, and to reduce its contents to gray ashes. The only portions that were not consumed were some fragments of bones, the jaw, and the skull, but what surprised us all was that the heart remained entire. In snatching this relic from the fiery furnace, my hand was severely burned; and had anyone seen me do the act I should have been put into quarantine.

After cooling the iron machine in the sea, I collected the human ashes and placed them in a box, which I took on board the *Bolivar*. Byron and Hunt retraced their steps to their home, and the officers and soldiers returned to their quarters. I liberally rewarded the men for the admirable manner in which they behaved during the two days they had been with us.

As I undertook and executed this novel ceremony, I have been thus tediously minute in describing it.

Byron's idle talk during the exhumation of Williams's remains did not proceed from want of feeling, but from his anxiety to conceal what he felt from others. When confined to his bed and racked by spasms, which threatened his

life, I have heard him talk in a much more unorthodox fashion, the instant he could muster breath to banter. He had been taught during his town-life that any exhibition of sympathy or feeling was maudlin and unmanly, and that the appearance of daring and indifference denoted blood and high breeding.

(1858)

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825-1895)

NOTE

Although a mere sketch, the autobiography of Huxley is significant for the scientific attitude which it exhibits toward life. Before the nineteenth century, Englishmen had regarded life as an adventure first in the flesh, second in the imagination, and third in the spirit. The early Anglo-Saxons fought for a physical existence; upon the basis of their conquests the Elizabethans fought for a new world empire; and in turn upon the basis of their conquests Englishmen of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries fought for freedom of the spirit both in philosophy and in religion. The most recent battle with life was that of the nineteenth-century scientists who sought the truth through a scientific investigation of life. Huxley was the polemist of the new school and from 1860 to 1895 fought its battle and won almost single-handed. "To learn what is true in order to do what is right is the summing up of the whole duty of man, for all who are not able to satisfy their mental hunger with the east wind of authority." Such is one of his many statements of the object of man's existence. He seeks facts, underlying truths, eternal laws, and without any embellishment of style lays them before the reader. For Huxley, the fact itself is very impressive, not its emotional periphery. Consequently, he is the standard-bearer for the group who seek to understand life and nature through an arduous, exact, and unbiased scrutiny of the natural phenomena in which we live and move and have our being.

FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

[A SKETCH]

And when I consider, in one view, the many things . . . which I have upon my hands, I feel the burlesque of being employed in this manner at my time of life. But, in another view, and taking in all circumstances, these things, as trifling as they may appear, no less than things of greater importance, seem to be put upon me to do.—*Bishop Butler** to the *Duchess of Somerset*.

The "many things" to which the
10 Duchess's correspondent here refers are

**Butler* (1692-1752), Joseph, Bishop of Durham, a distinguished theologian and philosopher.

the repairs and improvements of the episcopal seat at Auckland. I doubt if the great apologist, greater in nothing than in the simple dignity of his character, would have considered the writing an account of himself as a thing which could be put upon him to do whatever circumstances might be taken in. But the good bishop lived in an age when a man might write books and yet be permitted to keep his private existence to himself; in the pre-Boswellian epoch, when the germ of the photographer lay in the womb of the distant future, and the interviewer who pervades our age was an unforeseen, indeed unimaginable, birth of time.

At present the most convinced believer in the aphorism *Bene qui latuit, bene vixit* is not always able to act up 30 to it. An importunate person informs him that his portrait is about to be published and will be accompanied by a biography which the importunate person proposes to write. The sufferer knows what that means; either he undertakes to revise the "biography" or he does not. In the former case he makes himself responsible; in the latter he allows the publication of a mass of 40 more or less fulsome inaccuracies for which he will be held responsible by those who are familiar with the prevalent art of self-advertisement. On the whole, it may be better to get over the "burlesque of being employed in this manner" and do the thing himself.

It was by reflections of this kind that, some years ago, I was led to write and permit the publication of the subjoined 50 sketch.

I was born about eight o'clock in the morning on the 4th of May, 1825, at Ealing, which was, at that time, as quiet a little country village as could be found within a half-a-dozen miles of Hyde Park Corner. Now it is a suburb of London with, I believe, 30,000 inhabitants. My father was one of the masters in a large semi-public school, 60 which at one time had a high reputa-

29. *Bene*, etc., "he who has kept himself well concealed has lived well" (Ovid, *Tristia*, III, 4, 25).

tion. I am not aware that any portents preceded my arrival in this world, but, in my childhood, I remember hearing a traditional account of the manner in which I lost the chance of an endowment of great practical value. The windows of my mother's room were open, in consequence of the unusual warmth of the weather. For the same reason, probably, a neighboring beehive had swarmed, and the new colony, pitching on the window-sill, was making its way into the room when the horrified nurse shut down the sash. If that well-meaning woman had only abstained from her ill-timed interference, the swarm might have settled on my lips, and I should have been endowed with that mellifluous eloquence which, in this country, leads far more surely than worth, capacity, or honest work, to the highest places in Church and State. But the opportunity was lost, and I have been obliged to content myself through life with saying what I mean in the plainest of plain language, than which, I suppose, there is no habit more ruinous to a man's prospects of advancement.

Why I was christened Thomas Henry I do not know; but it is a curious chance that my parents should have fixed for my usual denomination upon the name of that particular Apostle with whom I have always felt most sympathy. Physically and mentally I am the son of my mother so completely—even down to peculiar movements of the hands, which made their appearance in me as I reached the age she had when I noticed them—that I can hardly find any trace of my father in myself, except an inborn faculty for drawing, which unfortunately, in my case, has never been cultivated, a hot temper, and that amount of tenacity of purpose which unfriendly observers sometimes call obstinacy.

My mother was a slender brunette, of an emotional and energetic temperament, and possessed of the most piercing black eyes I ever saw in a woman's

head. With no more education than other women of the middle classes in her day, she had an excellent mental capacity. Her most distinguishing characteristic, however, was rapidity of thought. If one ventured to suggest she had not taken much time to arrive at any conclusion, she would say, "I cannot help it, things flash across me." That peculiarity has been passed on to me in full strength; it has often stood me in good stead; it has sometimes played me sad tricks; and it has always been a danger. But, after all, if my time were to come over again, there is nothing I would less willingly part with than my inheritance of mother wit.

I have next to nothing to say about my childhood. In later years my mother, looking at me almost reproachfully, would sometimes say, "Ah! you were such a pretty boy!" whence I had no difficulty in concluding that I had not fulfilled my early promise in the matter of looks. In fact, I have a distinct recollection of certain curls of which I was vain, and of a conviction that I closely resembled that handsome, courtly gentleman, Sir Herbert Oakley, who was vicar of our parish, and who was as a god to us country folk, because he was occasionally visited by the then Prince George of Cambridge. I remember turning my pinafore wrong side forward in order to represent a surplice, and preaching to my mother's maids in the kitchen as nearly as possible in Sir Herbert's manner one Sunday morning when the rest of the family were at church. That is the earliest indication I can call to mind of the strong clerical affinities which my friend Mr. Herbert Spencer has always ascribed to me, though I fancy they have for the most part remained in a latent state.

My regular school training was of the briefest, perhaps fortunately, for though my way of life has made me

17-18. *swarm . . . lips*. Greek mythology relates this story about many poets, such as Pindar, upon whose infant lips bees were said to have deposited honey.

85. *Prince George of Cambridge*, a grandson of George III, and Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. 95. *Herbert Spencer* (1820-1903), an English philosopher and friend of Huxley's who expounded evolution.

acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men, from the highest to the lowest, I deliberately affirm that the society I fell into at school was the worst I have ever known. We boys were average lads, with much the same inherent capacity for good and evil as any others; but the people who were set over us cared about as much for our intellectual and moral welfare as if they were baby-farmers. We were left to the operation of the struggle for existence among ourselves, and bullying was the least of the ill practices current among us. Almost the only cheerful reminiscence in connection with the place which arises in my mind is that of a battle I had with one of my classmates, who had bullied me until I could stand it no longer. I was a very slight lad, but there was a wild-cat element in me which, when roused, made up for lack of weight, and I licked my adversary effectually. However, one of my first experiences of the extremely rough-and-ready nature of justice, as exhibited by the course of things in general, arose out of the fact that I—the victor—had a black eye, while he—the vanquished—had none, so that I got into disgrace and he did not. We made it up, and thereafter I was unmolested. One of the greatest shocks I ever received in my life was to be told a dozen years afterwards by the groom who brought me my horse in a stable-yard in Sydney that he was my quondam antagonist. He had a long story of family misfortune to account for his position, but at that time it was necessary to deal very cautiously with mysterious strangers in New South Wales, and on inquiry I found that the unfortunate young man had not only been “sent out,” but had undergone more than one colonial conviction.

As I grew older, my great desire was to be a mechanical engineer, but the fates were against this and, while very young, I commenced the study of medicine under a medical brother-in-law. But, though the Institute of Mechanical Engineers would certainly not own me,

I am not sure that I have not all along been a sort of mechanical engineer *in partibus infidelium*. I am now occasionally horrified to think how very little I ever knew or cared about medicine as the art of healing. The only part of my professional course which really and deeply interested me was physiology, which is the mechanical engineering of living machines; and, notwithstanding that natural science has been my proper business, I am afraid there is very little of the genuine naturalist in me. I never collected anything, and species work was always a burden to me; what I cared for was the architectural and engineering part of the business, the working out of the wonderful unity of plan in the thousands and thousands of diverse living constructions, and the modifications of similar apparatuses to serve diverse ends. The extraordinary attraction I felt toward the study of the intricacies of living structure nearly proved fatal to me at the outset. I was a mere boy—I think between thirteen and fourteen years of age—when I was taken by some older student friends of mine to the first *post-mortem* examination I ever attended. All my life I have been most unfortunately sensitive to the disagreeables which attend anatomical pursuits, but on this occasion my curiosity overpowered all other feelings, and I spent two or three hours in gratifying it. I did not cut myself, and none of the ordinary symptoms of dissection-poison supervened, but poisoned I was somehow, and I remember sinking into a strange state of apathy. By way of a last chance, I was sent to the care of some good, kind people, friends of my father's, who lived in a farmhouse in the heart of Warwickshire. I remember staggering from my bed to the window on the bright spring morning after my arrival, and throwing open the casement. Life seemed to come back on the wings of the breeze, and to this day the faint odor of wood-smoke, like that which floated across the farmyard in

56. *in partibus infidelium*, “in the realm of the unbelievers.”

the early morning, is as good to me as the "sweet south upon a bed of violets." I soon recovered, but for years I suffered from occasional paroxysms of internal pain, and from that time my constant friend, hypochondriacal dyspepsia, commenced his half century of co-tenancy of my fleshly tabernacle.

Looking back on my *Lehrjahre*, I am sorry to say that I do not think that any account of my doings as a student would tend to edification. In fact, I should distinctly warn ingenuous youth to avoid imitating my example. I worked extremely hard when it pleased me, and when it did not—which was a very frequent case—I was extremely idle (unless making caricatures of one's pastors and masters is to be called a branch of industry), or else wasted my energies in wrong directions. I read everything I could lay hands upon, including novels, and took up all sorts of pursuits, to drop them again quite as speedily. No doubt it was very largely my own fault, but the only instruction from which I ever obtained the proper effect of education was that which I received from Mr. Wharton Jones, who was the lecturer on physiology at the Charing Cross School of Medicine. The extent and precision of his knowledge impressed me greatly, and the severe exactness of his method of lecturing was quite to my taste. I do not know that I have ever felt so much respect for anybody as a teacher before or since. I worked hard to obtain his approbation, and he was extremely kind and helpful to the youngster who, I am afraid, took up more of his time than he had any right to do. It was he who suggested the publication of my first scientific paper—a very little one—in the *Medical Gazette* of 1845, and most kindly corrected the literary faults which abounded in it, short as it was; for at that time, and for many years afterwards, I detested the trouble of writing, and would take no pains over it.

It was in the early spring of 1846

that, having finished my obligatory medical studies and passed the first M. D. examination at the London University—though I was still too young to qualify at the College of Surgeons—I was talking to a fellow-student (the present eminent physician, Sir Joseph Fayrer), and wondering what I should do to meet the imperative necessity for earning my own bread, when my friend suggested that I should write to Sir William Burnett, at that time Director-General for the *Medical Gazette* of the Navy, for an appointment. I thought this rather a strong thing to do, as Sir William was personally unknown to me, but my cheery friend would not listen to my scruples, so I went to my lodgings and wrote the best letter I could devise. A few days afterwards I received the usual official circular acknowledgment, but at the bottom there was written an instruction to call at Somerset House on such a day. I thought that looked like business, so at the appointed time I called and sent in my card, while I waited in Sir William's anteroom. He was a tall, shrewd-looking old gentleman, with a broad Scotch accent—and I think I see him now as he entered with my card in his hand. The first thing he did was to return it, with the frugal reminder that I should probably find it useful on some other occasion. The second was to ask whether I was an Irishman. I suppose the air of modesty about my appeal must have struck him. I satisfied the Director-General that I was English to the backbone, and he made some inquiries as to my student career, finally desiring me to hold myself ready for examination. Having passed this, I was in Her Majesty's Service, and entered on the books of Nelson's old ship, the *Victory*, for duty at Haslar Hospital, about a couple of months after I made my applica-
tion.

My official chief at Haslar was a very remarkable person, the late Sir John Richardson, an excellent natur-

9. *Lehrjahre*, school years, apprenticeship to one's profession.

76. *Somerset House*, a government office building on the Strand, London.

alist, and far-famed as an indomitable Arctic traveler. He was a silent, reserved man, outside the circle of his family and intimates; and, having a full share of youthful vanity, I was extremely disgusted to find that "Old John," as we irreverent youngsters called him, took not the slightest notice of my worshipful self either the first
 10 time I attended him, as it was my duty to do, or for some weeks afterwards. I am afraid to think of the lengths to which my tongue may have run on the subject of the churlishness of the chief, who was, in truth, one of the kindest-hearted and most considerate of men. But one day, as I was crossing the hospital square, Sir John stopped me, and heaped coals of fire on my head by telling
 20 me that he had tried to get me one of the resident appointments, much coveted by the assistant surgeons, but that the Admiralty had put in another man. "However," said he, "I mean to keep you here till I can get you something you will like," and turned upon his heel without waiting for the thanks I stammered out. That explained how
 30 it was I had not been packed off to the West Coast of Africa like some of my juniors, and why, eventually, I remained, all together, seven months at Haslar.

After a long interval, during which "Old John" ignored my existence almost as completely as before, he stopped me again as we met in a casual way, and describing the service on which the *Rattlesnake* was likely to be employed,
 40 said that Captain Owen Stanley, who was to command the ship, had asked him to recommend an assistant surgeon who knew something of science; would I like that? Of course I jumped at the offer. "Very well, I give you leave; go to London at once and see Captain Stanley." I went, saw my future commander, who was very civil to me, and promised to ask that I should be ap-
 50 pointed to his ship, as in due time I was. It is a singular thing that, during the few months of my stay at Haslar, I had among my messmates two future Directors-General of the Medical Serv-

ice of the Navy (Sir Alexander Armstrong and Sir John Watt-Reid), with the present President of the College of Physicians and my kindest of doctors, Sir Andrew Clark.

Life on board Her Majesty's ship in those days was a very different affair from what it is now, and ours was exceptionally rough, as we were often many months without receiving letters or seeing any civilized people but ourselves. In exchange we had the interest of being about the last voyagers, I suppose, to whom it could be possible to meet with people who knew nothing of firearms—as we did on the south
 70 coast of New Guinea—and of making acquaintance with a variety of interesting savage and semi-civilized people. But, apart from experience of this kind and the opportunities offered for scientific work, to me, personally, the cruise was extremely valuable. It was good for me to live under sharp discipline; to be down on the realities of existence by living on bare necessities; to find
 80 out how extremely well worth living life seemed to be when one woke up from a night's rest on a soft plank, with the sky for canopy and cocoa and weevilily biscuit the sole prospect for breakfast; and, more especially, to learn to work for the sake of what I got for myself out of it, even if it all went to the bottom and I along with it. My
 90 brother officers were as good fellows as sailors ought to be and generally are, but, naturally, they neither knew nor cared anything about my pursuits, nor understood why I should be so zealous in pursuit of the objects which my friends, the middies, christened "Buffons," after the title conspicuous on a volume of the *Suites à Buffon*, which stood on my shelf in the chart
 100 room.

During the four years of our absence, I sent home communication after communication to the "Linnean Society,"

98. *Suites à Buffon*, supplementary volumes to Buffon's *Natural History* (1749-1804). Buffon (1707-1788) was a famous French naturalist. 103. *Linnean Society*, a scientific society for research in zoology and botany, founded in 1788, and named for Linnaeus (1707-1778), a Swedish botanist.

with the same result as that obtained by Noah when he sent the raven out of his ark. Tired at last of hearing nothing about them, I determined to do or die, and in 1849 I drew up a more elaborate paper and forwarded it to the Royal Society. This was my dove, if I had only known it. But owing to the movements of the ship, I heard nothing of that either until my return to England in the latter end of the year 1850, when I found that it was printed and published, and that a huge packet of separate copies awaited me. When I hear some of my young friends complain of want of sympathy and encouragement, I am inclined to think that my naval life was not the least valuable part of my education.

Three years after my return were occupied by a battle between my scientific friends on the one hand and the Admiralty on the other, as to whether the latter ought, or ought not, to act up to the spirit of a pledge they had given to encourage officers who had done scientific work by contributing to the expense of publishing mine. At last the Admiralty, getting tired, I suppose, cut short the discussion by ordering me to join a ship, which thing I declined to do, and as Rastignac, in the *Père Goriot*, says to Paris, I said to London "*à nous deux*." I desired to obtain a Professorship of either Physiology or Comparative Anatomy, and as vacancies occurred I applied, but in vain. My friend, Professor Tyndall, and I were candidates at the same time, he for the Chair of Physics and I for that of Natural History in the University of Toronto, which, fortunately, as it turned out, would not look at either of us. I say fortunately, not from any lack of respect for Toronto, but because I soon made up my mind that London was the place for me, and hence I have steadily declined the inducements to leave it, which have at various times been offered. At last, in 1854, on the

translation of my warm friend Edward Forbes, to Edinburgh, Sir Henry de la Beche, the Director-General of the Geological Survey, offered me the post Forbes vacated of Paleontologist and Lecturer on Natural History. I refused the former point blank, and accepted the latter only provisionally, telling Sir Henry that I did not care for fossils, and that I should give up Natural History as soon as I could get a physiological post. But I held the office for thirty-one years, and a large part of my work has been paleontological.

At that time I disliked public speaking, and had a firm conviction that I should break down every time I opened my mouth. I believe I had every fault a speaker could have (except talking at random or indulging in rhetoric), when I spoke to the first important audience I ever addressed, on a Friday evening at the Royal Institution, in 1852. Yet, I must confess to having been guilty, *malgré moi*, of as much public speaking as most of my contemporaries, and for the last ten years it ceased to be so much of a bugbear to me. I used to pity myself for having to go through this training, but I am now more disposed to compassionate the unfortunate audiences, especially my ever-friendly hearers at the Royal Institution, who were the subjects of my oratorical experiments.

The last thing that it would be proper for me to do would be to speak of the work of my life, or to say at the end of the day whether I think I have earned my wages or not. Men are said to be partial judges of themselves. Young men may be; I doubt if old men are. Life seems terribly foreshortened as they look back, and the mountain they set themselves to climb in youth turns out to be a mere spur of immeasurably higher ranges when, by failing breath, they reach the top. But if I may speak of the objects I have had more or less definitely in view since I began the ascent of my hillock, they are briefly these: To promote the increase of nat-

6. Royal Society, the leading British scientific society. It was founded in 1660. 33. *à nous deux*, "the conflict is between us," the last speech of Rastignac to Paris in Balzac's *Le Père Goriot*.

51. translation, transfer. 75. *malgré moi*, "in spite of myself."

ural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off.

It is with this intent that I have subordinated any reasonable, or unreasonable, ambition for scientific fame which I may have permitted myself to entertain to other ends; to the popularization of science; to the development and organization of scientific education; to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution; and to untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism, which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science.

In striving for the attainment of these objects I have been but one among many, and I shall be well content to be remembered, or even not remembered, as such. Circumstances, among which I am proud to reckon the devoted kindness of many friends, have led to my occupation of various prominent positions, among which the Presidency of the Royal Society is the highest. It would be mock modesty on my part, with these and other scientific honors which have been bestowed upon me, to pretend that I have not succeeded in the career which I have followed, rather because I was driven into it than of my own free will; but I am afraid I should not count even these things as marks of success if I could not hope that I had somewhat helped that movement of opinion which has been called the New Reformation. (1893)

48. **New Reformation.** Huxley's career after his return to England in 1850 falls into three periods: 1850-1859 research; 1860-1869 champion of the theory of evolution; 1870-1895 acknowledged leader of biological science in England. See also headnote, page 1043.

LYTTON STRACHEY (1880-)

NOTE

This is a biography in which personalities reveal the life of an era. It is remarkably successful in catching those shades of changing opinion for which mankind is notable. Strachey's contribution to the new school of biography has been clearly set forth by Dr. Crothers's essay "Satan Among the Biographers" (page 1078). The selection from Strachey given here is that which depicts the life of Queen Victoria between 1859 and 1881, and the influence upon it of Gladstone and Disraeli. Gladstone, leader of the Liberal party, and four times Prime Minister (1869-1874, 1880-1885, 1886, 1892-1894), interested himself chiefly with reforms at home which centered in alterations of Parliament, the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the institution of national free elementary schools, and the principle of home rule for Ireland; Disraeli, leader of the Conservative party, and twice Prime Minister (1868, 1874-1880) interested himself chiefly with a foreign policy of imperialism which centered in the purchase and completion of the Suez Canal (1875), the placing of India under the British Government with Queen Victoria as Empress of India (1877), and the defeat of Russia's aims for aggrandizement at the Congress of Berlin (1880), after the Russo-Turkish War. Victoria lived for England. It was not given to her, perhaps, to grasp the manifold activities of the age which bears her name, but she understood, practiced herself, and demanded that her people practice, the solid virtues inherent in a clean and happy home, and in a strong and honorable government. Tennyson paid her a true and beautiful tribute in his dedication to her of the first Laureate Edition (1851) of his poems, in which he represents future Englishmen as saying:

"Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

QUEEN VICTORIA

CHAPTER VIII

MR. GLADSTONE AND LORD BEACONSFIELD

I

Lord Palmerston's laugh—a queer metallic "Ha! ha! ha!" with reverberations in it from the days of Pitt and the

50. **Lord Palmerston** (1784-1865). For half a century he served in the British government in the Conservative party. His chief interest was in foreign affairs, where his brusque independence and many indiscretions made him most offensive to Queen Victoria and her consort, Prince Albert. 52. **Pitt**, William Pitt, the younger (1759-1806); Prime Minister 1783-1801, 1804-1806.

Congress of Vienna—was heard no more in Piccadilly; Lord John Russell dwindled into senility; Lord Derby tottered from the stage. A new scene opened; and new protagonists—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli—struggled together in the limelight. Victoria, from her post of vantage, watched these developments with that passionate and personal interest which she invariably imported into politics. Her prepossessions were of an unexpected kind. Mr. Gladstone had been the disciple of her revered Peel, and had won the approval of Albert; Mr. Disraeli had hounded Sir Robert to his fall with hideous virulence, and the Prince had pronounced that he “had not one single element of a gentleman in his composition.” Yet she regarded Mr. Gladstone with a distrust and dislike which steadily deepened, while upon his rival she lavished an abundance of confidence, esteem, and affection such as Lord Melbourne himself had hardly known.

Her attitude toward the Tory Minister had suddenly changed when she found that he alone among public men had divined her feelings at Albert's death. Of the others she might have said “they pity me and not my grief”; but Mr. Disraeli had understood; and all his condolences had taken the form of reverential eulogies of the departed. The Queen declared that he was “the only person who appreciated the Prince.” She began to show him special favor; gave him and his wife two of the coveted seats in St. George's Chapel at the Prince of Wales's wedding, and invited him to stay a night at Windsor.

1. **Congress of Vienna** (1815), the congress which reordered Europe at the end of the Napoleonic era, and established a balance of power which was effective until 1870. 2. **Lord John Russell** (1792-1878), Liberal Prime Minister 1846-1852 and 1865-1866. Gladstone succeeded him as party leader. 3. **Lord Derby** (1799-1869), member of the Conservative party and Prime Minister 1852, 1858, and 1866-1868. Disraeli succeeded him as party leader. 4. **Peel**, Sir Robert (1788-1850), leader of the Conservative party before Lord Derby, and Prime Minister 1841-1846. Victoria had not liked him at first. Mr. Gladstone had first been a Conservative, but soon became a Liberal. 24. **Lord Melbourne** (1779-1848), Liberal Prime Minister 1834 and 1835-1841. As the Queen's first Prime Minister he had considerable influence in the formation of her political attitude, and she adopted toward him and his admonitions a filial respect.

When the grant for the Albert Memorial came before the House of Commons, Disraeli, as leader of the Opposition, eloquently supported the project. He was rewarded by a copy of the Prince's speeches, bound in white morocco, with an inscription in the royal hand. In his letter of thanks he “ventured to touch upon a sacred theme,” and, in a strain which reëchoed with masterly fidelity the sentiments of his correspondent, dwelt at length upon the absolute perfection of Albert. “The Prince,” he said, “is the only person whom Mr. Disraeli has ever known who realized the Ideal. None with whom he is acquainted have ever approached it. There was in him an union of the manly grace and sublime simplicity, of chivalry with the intellectual splendor of the Attic Academe. The only character in English history that would, in some respects, draw near to him is Sir Philip Sidney; the same high tone, the same universal accomplishments, the same blended tenderness and vigor, the same rare combination of romantic energy and classic repose.” As for his own acquaintance with the Prince, it had been, he said, “one of the most satisfactory incidents of his life; full of refined and beautiful memories, and exercising, as he hopes, over his remaining existence, a soothing and exalting influence.” Victoria was much affected by “the depth and delicacy of these touches,” and henceforward Disraeli's place in her affections was assured. When, in 1866, the Conservatives came into office, Disraeli's position as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House necessarily brought him into a closer relation with the Sovereign. Two years later Lord Derby resigned, and Victoria, with intense delight and peculiar graciousness, welcomed Disraeli as her First Minister.

But only for nine agitated months did he remain in power. The Ministry,

43. **Albert Memorial**, erected in memory of Queen Victoria's husband, the Prince Consort Albert (1819-1861). Parliament voted £50,000 toward its erection. 63. **Attic Academe**, the Academy which Plato (427-347 B.C.) founded in Athens for the study of philosophy. 65. **Sir Philip Sidney** (1554-1586), an English statesman, soldier, and writer of poetry and romance.

in a minority in the Commons, was swept out of existence by a general election. Yet by the end of that short period the ties which bound together the Queen and her Premier had grown far stronger than ever before; the relationship between them was now no longer merely that between a grateful mistress and a devoted servant; they were friends. His official letters, in which the personal element had always been perceptible, developed into racy records of political news and social gossip, written, as Lord Clarendon said, "in his best novel style." Victoria was delighted; she had never, she declared, had such letters in her life, and had never before known *everything*. In return she sent him, when the spring came, several bunches of flowers, picked by her own hands. He dispatched to her a set of his novels, for which, she said, she was "most grateful, and which she values much." She herself had lately published her *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*, and it was observed that the Prime Minister, in conversing with Her Majesty at this period, constantly used the words "we authors, ma'am." Upon political questions she was his staunch supporter. "Really there never was such conduct as that of the Opposition," she wrote. And when the Government was defeated in the House she was "really shocked at the way in which the House of Commons go on; they really bring discredit on Constitutional Government." She dreaded the prospect of a change; she feared that if the Liberals insisted upon disestablishing the Irish church, her Coronation Oath might stand in the way. But a change there had to be, and Victoria vainly tried to console herself for the loss of her favorite Minister by bestowing a peerage upon Mrs. Disraeli.

Mr. Gladstone was in his shirt-sleeves at Hawarden, cutting down a tree, when the royal message was brought to him. "Very significant," he remarked, when

he had read the letter; and went on cutting down his tree. His secret thoughts on the occasion were more explicit, and were committed to his diary. "The Almighty," he wrote, "seems to sustain and spare me for some purpose of his own, deeply unworthy as I know myself to be. Glory be to his name."

The Queen, however, did not share her new Minister's view of the Almighty's intentions. She could not believe that there was any divine purpose to be detected in the program of sweeping changes which Mr. Gladstone was determined to carry out. But what could she do? Mr. Gladstone, with his demonic energy and his powerful majority in the House of Commons, was irresistible; and for five years (1869-1874) Victoria found herself condemned to live in an agitating atmosphere of interminable reform—reform in the Irish church and the Irish land system, reform in education, reform in parliamentary elections, reform in the organization of the Army and the Navy, reform in the administration of justice. She disapproved, she struggled, she grew very angry; she felt that if Albert had been living things would never have happened so; but her protests and her complaints were alike unavailing. The mere effort of grappling with the mass of documents which poured in upon her in an ever-growing flood was terribly exhausting. When the draft of the lengthy and intricate Irish Church Bill came before her, accompanied by an explanatory letter from Mr. Gladstone covering a dozen closely-written quarto pages, she almost despaired. She turned from the Bill to the explanation, and from the explanation back again to the Bill, and she could not decide which was the most confusing. But she had to do her

75. **Irish Church and the Irish land system.** As Ireland was preponderantly Catholic, it irritated the Irish to have the Episcopal churches in Ireland backed by the English financially and governmentally. Gladstone disestablished and disendowed the Episcopal Church in Ireland during his first ministry. The Irish land system presented a more difficult problem, and has not yet been solved satisfactorily. In Gladstone's day little was done by landlords for tenants, and the tenants had scarcely any rights. Gladstone improved conditions somewhat, but toward the end of his career his bills on Home Rule for Ireland were defeated.

14. Lord Clarendon (1800-1870), English Liberal, diplomat, and statesman. 49. Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone's country home in Staffordshire.

duty; she had not only to read, but to make notes. At last she handed the whole heap of papers to Mr. Martin, who happened to be staying at Osborne, and requested him to make a *précis* of them. When he had done so, her disapproval of the measure became more marked than ever; but, such was the strength of the Government, she actually found herself obliged to urge moderation upon the Opposition, lest worse should ensue.

In the midst of this crisis, when the future of the Irish church was hanging in the balance, Victoria's attention was drawn to another proposed reform. It was suggested that the sailors in the Navy should henceforward be allowed to wear beards. "Has Mr. Childers ascertained anything on the subject of the beards?" the Queen wrote anxiously to the First Lord of the Admiralty. On the whole, Her Majesty was in favor of the change. "Her own personal feeling," she wrote, "would be for the beards without the moustaches, as the latter have rather a soldierlike appearance; but then the object in view would not be obtained, viz., to prevent the necessity of shaving. Therefore it had better be as proposed, the entire beard, only it should be kept short and very clean." After thinking over the question for another week, the Queen wrote a final letter. She wished, she said, "to make one additional observation respecting the beards, viz., that on no account should moustaches be allowed without beards. That must be clearly understood."

Changes in the Navy might be tolerated; to lay hands upon the Army was a more serious matter. From time immemorial there had been a particularly close connection between the Army and the Crown; and Albert had devoted even more time and attention to the details of military business than to the processes of fresco-painting or the plan-

ning of sanitary cottages for the deserving poor. But now there was to be a great alteration: Mr. Gladstone's fiat had gone forth, and the Commander-in-Chief was to be removed from his direct dependence upon the Sovereign, and made subordinate to Parliament and the Secretary of State for War. Of all the liberal reforms this was the one which aroused the bitterest resentment in Victoria. She considered that the change was an attack upon her personal position—almost an attack upon the personal position of Albert. But she was helpless, and the Prime Minister had his way. When she heard that the dreadful man had yet another reform in contemplation—that he was about to abolish the purchase of military commissions—she could only feel that it was just what might have been expected. For a moment she hoped that the House of Lords would come to the rescue; the Peers opposed the change with unexpected vigor; but Mr. Gladstone, more conscious than ever of the support of the Almighty, was ready with an ingenious device. The purchase of commissions had been originally allowed by Royal Warrant; it should now be disallowed by the same agency. Victoria was faced by a curious dilemma: she abominated the abolition of purchase; but she was asked to abolish it by an exercise of sovereign power which was very much to her taste. She did not hesitate for long; and when the Cabinet, in a formal minute, advised her to sign the Warrant, she did so with a good grace.

Unacceptable as Mr. Gladstone's policy was, there was something else about him which was even more displeasing to Victoria. She disliked his personal demeanor toward herself. It was not that Mr. Gladstone, in his intercourse with her, was in any degree

3. **Martin**, Sir Theodore (1816-1909), the friend and biographer of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.
4. **Osborne**, the favorite English residence of the Queen, situated on the Isle of Wight. 5. **précis**, abstract, summary. 19. **Mr. Childers**, First Lord of the Admiralty (1868-1871).

68. **purchase of military commissions**. Though William III abolished this system, Queen Anne put it again in effect, and it remained until 1871. Under the system officers had to buy from their predecessors every step in their commissioned advancement. Consequently, poor men did not advance. 79. **Royal Warrant**. When George III abolished the practice of purchasing offices in certain governmental departments, he gave the crown discretion to continue the practice in the Army. Queen Victoria revoked the practice by royal warrant in 1871.

lacking in courtesy or respect. On the contrary, an extraordinary reverence impregnated his manner, both in his conversation and his correspondence with the Sovereign. Indeed, with that deep and passionate conservatism which, to the very end of his incredible career, gave such an unexpected coloring to his inexplicable character, Mr. Gladstone viewed Victoria through a haze of awe which was almost religious—as a sacrosanct embodiment of venerable traditions—a vital element in the British Constitution—a Queen by Act of Parliament. But unfortunately the lady did not appreciate the compliment. The well-known complaint—"He speaks to me as if I were a public meeting"—whether authentic or no—and the turn of the sentence is surely a little too epigrammatic to be genuinely Victorian—undoubtedly expresses the essential element of her antipathy. She had no objection to being considered as an institution; she was one, and she knew it. But she was a woman, too, and to be considered *only* as an institution—that was unbearable. And thus all Mr. Gladstone's zeal and devotion, his ceremonious phrases, his low bows, his punctilious correctitudes, were utterly wasted; and when, in the excess of his loyalty, he went further, and imputed to the object of his veneration, with obsequious blindness, the subtlety of intellect, the wide reading, the grave enthusiasm, which he himself possessed, the misunderstanding became complete. The discordance between the actual Victoria and this strange Divinity made in Mr. Gladstone's image produced disastrous results. Her discomfort and dislike turned at last into positive animosity, and, though her manners continued to be perfect, she never for a moment unbent; while he on his side was overcome with disappointment, perplexity, and mortification.

Yet his fidelity remained unshaken. When the Cabinet met, the Prime Minister, filled with his beatific vision, would open the proceedings by reading aloud the letters which he had received from the Queen upon the questions of

the hour. The assembly sat in absolute silence while, one after another, the royal missives, with their emphases, their ejaculations, and their grammatical peculiarities, boomed forth in all the deep solemnity of Mr. Gladstone's utterance. Not a single comment, of any kind, was ever hazarded; and, after a fitting pause, the Cabinet proceeded with the business of the day.

II

Little as Victoria appreciated her Prime Minister's attitude toward her, she found that it had its uses. The popular discontent at her uninterrupted seclusion had been gathering force for many years, and now burst out in a new and alarming shape. Republicanism was in the air. Radical opinion in England, stimulated by the fall of Napoleon III and the establishment of a republican government in France, suddenly grew more extreme than it ever had been since 1848. It also became for the first time almost respectable. Chartism had been entirely an affair of the lower classes; but now Members of Parliament, learned professors, and ladies of title openly avowed the most subversive views. The monarchy was attacked both in theory and in practice. And it was attacked at a vital point; it was declared to be too expensive. What benefits, it was asked, did the nation reap to counterbalance the enormous sums which were expended upon the Sovereign? Victoria's retirement gave an unpleasant handle to the argument. It was pointed out that the ceremonial functions of the Crown had virtually lapsed; and the awkward question remained whether any of the other functions which it did continue to perform were really worth £385,000 per annum. The royal balance-sheet was curiously examined. An anonymous pamphlet entitled "What does she do with it?"

77. 1848, the year of the overthrow of the French King, Louis Philippe, and the proclamation of the Second Republic. 78. **Chartism**, a movement among the workingmen (1832-1848) to obtain universal suffrage, the abolition of any property qualification for membership in Parliament, and other similar reforms. 90. **Victoria's retirement**. After Prince Albert's death (1861) Queen Victoria long remained in complete seclusion.

appeared, setting forth the financial position with malicious clarity. The Queen, it stated, was granted by the Civil List £60,000 a year for her private use; but the rest of her vast annuity was given, as the Act declared, to enable her "to defray the expenses of her royal household and to support the honor and dignity of the Crown." Now it was obvious that, since the death of the Prince, the expenditure for both these purposes must have been very considerably diminished, and it was difficult to resist the conclusion that a large sum of money was diverted annually from the uses for which it had been designed by Parliament, to swell the private fortune of Victoria. The precise amount of that private fortune it was impossible to discover; but there was reason to suppose that it was gigantic; perhaps it reached a total of five million pounds. The pamphlet protested against such a state of affairs, and its protests were repeated vigorously in newspapers and at public meetings. Though it is certain that the estimate of Victoria's riches was much exaggerated, it is equally certain that she was an exceedingly wealthy woman. She probably saved £20,000 a year from the Civil List, the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster were steadily increasing, she had inherited a considerable property from the Prince Consort, and she had been left, in 1852, an estate of half a million by Mr. John Neild, an eccentric miser. In these circumstances it was not surprising that when, in 1871, Parliament was asked to vote a dowry of £30,000 to the Princess Louise on her marriage with the eldest son of the Duke of Argyle, together with an annuity of £6000, there should have been a serious outcry.

4. **Civil List**, the budgeted appropriations conferred at the beginning of each reign by Parliament upon British sovereigns since the reign of William and Mary, 27. **Victoria's riches**. In 1889 it was officially stated that the Queen's total savings from the Civil List amounted to £824,025, but that out of this sum much had been spent on special entertainments to foreign visitors (Lee, 499). Taking into consideration the proceeds from the Duchy of Lancaster, which were more than £60,000 a year (Lee, 79), the savings of the Prince Consort, and Mr. Neild's legacy, it seems probable that, at the time of her death, Victoria's private fortune approached two million pounds. [Strachey's note.]

In order to conciliate public opinion, the Queen opened Parliament in person, and the vote was passed almost unanimously. But a few months later another demand was made: the Prince Arthur had come of age, and the nation was asked to grant him an annuity of £15,000. The outcry was redoubled. The newspapers were filled with angry articles; Bradlaugh thundered against "princely paupers" to one of the largest crowds that had ever been seen in Trafalgar Square; and Sir Charles Dilke expounded the case for a republic in a speech to his constituents at Newcastle. The Prince's annuity was ultimately sanctioned in the House of Commons by a large majority; but a minority of fifty members voted in favor of reducing the sum to £10,000.

Toward every aspect of this distasteful question Mr. Gladstone presented an iron front. He absolutely discountenanced the extreme section of his followers. He declared that the whole of the Queen's income was justly at her personal disposal, argued that to complain of royal savings was merely to encourage royal extravagance, and successfully convoyed through Parliament the unpopular annuities, which, he pointed out, were strictly in accordance with precedent. When, in 1872, Sir Charles Dilke once more returned to the charge in the House of Commons, introducing a motion for a full inquiry into the Queen's expenditure with a view to a root and branch reform of the Civil List, the Prime Minister brought all the resources of his powerful and ingenious eloquence to the support of the Crown. He was completely successful; and amid a scene of great disorder the motion was ignominiously dismissed. Victoria was relieved; but she grew no fonder of Mr. Gladstone.

It was perhaps the most miserable moment of her life. The Ministers, the press, the public, all conspired to

55. **Bradlaugh**, Charles (1833-1891), a free-thinker sent up to Parliament by Northampton in 1886 about whose admission to the House of Commons there was much disagreement and disorder. 58. **Trafalgar Square**, located at the juncture of Pall Mall and the Strand. **Sir Charles Dilke** (1843-1911), an ardent supporter of the radical wing of the Liberal party.

vex her, to blame her, to misinterpret her actions, to be unsympathetic and disrespectful in every way. She was "a cruelly misunderstood woman," she told Mr. Martin, complaining to him bitterly of the unjust attacks which were made upon her, and declaring that "the great worry and anxiety and hard work for ten years, alone, unaided, with increasing age and never very strong health" were breaking her down, and "almost drove her to despair." The situation was indeed deplorable. It seemed as if her whole existence had gone awry; as if an irremediable antagonism had grown up between the Queen and the nation. If Victoria had died in the early seventies, there can be little doubt that the voice of the world would have pronounced her a failure.

III

But she was reserved for a very different fate. The outburst of republicanism had been in fact the last flicker of an expiring cause. The liberal tide, which had been flowing steadily ever since the Reform Bill, reached its height with Mr. Gladstone's first administration; and toward the end of that administration the inevitable ebb began. The reaction, when it came, was sudden and complete. The General Election of 1874 changed the whole face of politics. Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals were routed; and the Tory party, for the first time for over forty years, attained an unquestioned supremacy in England. It was obvious that their surprising triumph was preëminently due to the skill and vigor of Disraeli. He returned to office, no longer the dubious commander of an insufficient host, but with drums beating and flags flying, a conquering hero. And as a conquering hero Victoria welcomed her new Prime Minister.

Then there followed six years of

excitement, of enchantment, of felicity, of glory, of romance. The amazing being, who now at last, at the age of seventy, after a lifetime of extraordinary struggles, had turned into reality the absurdest of his boyhood's dreams, knew well enough how to make his own, with absolute completeness, the heart of the Sovereign Lady whose servant, and whose master, he had so miraculously become. In women's hearts he had always read as in an open book. His whole career had turned upon those curious entities; and the more curious they were, the more intimately at home with them he seemed to be. But Lady Beaconsfield, with her cracked idolatry, and Mrs. Brydges-Williams, with her clogs, her corpulence, and her legacy, were gone; an even more remarkable phenomenon stood in their place. He surveyed what was before him with the eye of a past-master; and he was not for a moment at a loss. He realized everything—the interacting complexities of circumstance and character, the pride of place mingled so inextricably with personal arrogance, the superabundant emotionalism, the ingenuousness of outlook, the solid, the laborious respectability, shot through so incongruously by temperamental cravings for the colored and the strange, the singular intellectual limitations, and the mysteriously essential female elements impregnating every particle of the whole. A smile hovered over his impassive features, and he dubbed Victoria "the Faery." The name delighted him, for, with that epigrammatic ambiguity so dear to his heart, it precisely expressed his vision of the Queen. The Spenserian allusion was very pleasant—the elegant evocations of Gloriana; but there was more in it than that: there was the

26. **Reform Bill.** The Reform Bill of 1832, which substituted popular election in many boroughs for nomination by individual borough-holders, led the way to further reforms in Mr. Gladstone's first ministry (1868-1874), not only in the franchise, but in education, the Church, and the Army.

63. **Lady Beaconsfield.** Mrs. Disraeli (later Lady Beaconsfield) idolized her husband. Her social presence and her dress were eccentric. 64. **Mrs. Brydges-Williams,** a rather eccentric friend of the Disraelis, who left them a considerable fortune on her death, 1863. 65. **clogs,** stout shoes with very heavy soles. 85. **the Faery.** Spenser had dedicated to Queen Elizabeth his allegory of the chivalric virtues under the title of *The Faerie Queene*. She was also called *Gloriana*, the queen of Faerie, or fairyland. The extravagant, though sincere, adulation of the Elizabethan courtiers for their queen was adopted for Queen Victoria by Disraeli.

suggestion of a diminutive creature, endowed with magical—and mythical—properties, and a portentousness almost ridiculously out of keeping with the rest of her make-up. The Faery, he determined, should henceforward wave her wand for him alone. Detachment is always a rare quality, and rarest of all, perhaps, among politicians; but that veteran egotist possessed it in a supreme degree. Not only did he know what he had to do, not only did he do it; he was in the audience as well as on the stage; and he took in with the rich relish of a connoisseur every feature of the entertaining situation, every phase of the delicate drama, and every detail of his own consummate performance.

20 The smile hovered and vanished, and, bowing low with Oriental gravity and Oriental submissiveness, he set himself to his task. He had understood from the first that in dealing with the Faery the appropriate method of approach was the very antithesis of the Gladstonian; and such a method was naturally his. It was not his habit to harangue and exhort and expatiate in official conscientiousness; he liked to scatter flowers along the path of business, to compress a weighty argument into a happy phrase, to insinuate what was in his mind with an air of friendship and confidential courtesy. He was nothing if not personal; and he had perceived that personality was the key that opened the Faery's heart. Accordingly, he never for a moment allowed his intercourse with her to lose the personal tone; he invested all the transactions of State with the charms of familiar conversation; she was always the royal lady, the adored and revered mistress, he the devoted and respectful friend. When once the personal relation was firmly established, every difficulty disappeared. But to maintain that relation uninterruptedly in a smooth and even course a particular care was necessary; the bearings had to be most assiduously oiled. Nor was Disraeli in any doubt as to the nature of the lubricant. "You have heard me called

a flatterer," he said to Matthew Arnold, "and it is true. Everyone likes flattery; and when you come to royalty you should lay it on with a trowel." He practiced what he preached. His adulation was incessant, and he applied it in the very thickest slabs. "There is no honor and no reward," he declared, "that with him can ever equal the possession of your Majesty's kind thoughts. All his own thoughts and feelings and duties and affections are now concentrated in your Majesty, and he desires nothing more for his remaining years than to serve your Majesty, or, if that service ceases, 70 to live still on its memory as a period of his existence most interesting and fascinating." "In life," he told her, "one must have for one's thoughts a sacred depository, and Lord Beaconsfield ever presumes to seek that in his Sovereign Mistress." She was not only his own solitary support; she was the one prop of the State. "If your Majesty is ill," he wrote during a grave political crisis, "he is sure he will himself break 80 down. All, really, depends upon your Majesty." "He lives only for Her," he asseverated, "and works only for Her, and without Her all is lost." When her birthday came he produced an elaborate confection of hyperbolic compliment. "Today Lord Beaconsfield ought fitly, perhaps, to congratulate a powerful Sovereign on her imperial sway, the vastness of her Empire, and the success and strength of her fleets and armies. But he cannot, his mind is in another mood. He can only think of the strangeness of his destiny that it has come to pass that he should be the servant of one so great, and whose infinite kindness, the brightness of whose intelligence, and the firmness of whose will, have enabled him to undertake labors 100 to which he otherwise would be quite unequal, and supported him in all things by a condescending sympathy, which in the hour of difficulty alike charms and inspires. Upon the Sovereign of many lands and many hearts may an omnipotent Providence shed every blessing that the wise can desire and the

virtuous deserve!" In those expert hands the trowel seemed to assume the qualities of some lofty masonic symbol—to be the ornate and glittering vehicle of verities unrealized by the profane.

Such tributes were delightful, but they remained in the nebulous region of words, and Disraeli had determined to give his blandishments a more significant solidity. He deliberately encouraged those high views of her own position which had always been native to Victoria's mind and had been reënforced by the principles of Albert and the doctrines of Stockmar. He professed to a belief in a theory of the Constitution which gave the Sovereign a leading place in the councils of government; but his pronouncements upon the subject were indistinct; and when he emphatically declared that there ought to be "a real Throne," it was probably with the mental addition that that throne would be a very unreal one indeed whose occupant was unamenable to his cajoleries. But the vagueness of his language was in itself an added stimulant to Victoria. Skillfully confusing the woman and the Queen, he threw, with a grandiose gesture, the government of England at her feet, as if in doing so he were performing an act of personal homage. In his first audience after returning to power he assured her that "whatever she wished should be done." When the intricate Public Worship Regulation Bill was being discussed by the Cabinet, he told the Faery that his "only object" was "to further your Majesty's wishes in this matter." When he brought off his great *coup* over the Suez Canal, he used expressions which implied that the only gainer by the transaction was Victoria. "It is just settled," he wrote in triumph; "you have it, Madam . . . Four millions sterling! and almost

immediately. There was only one firm that could do it—Rothschilds. They behaved admirably; advanced the money at a low rate, and the entire interest of the Khedive is now yours, Madam." Nor did he limit himself to highly-spiced insinuations. Writing with all the authority of his office, he advised the Queen that she had the constitutional right to dismiss a Ministry which was supported by a large majority in the House of Commons; he even urged her to do so, if, in her opinion, "your Majesty's Government have from wilfulness, or even from weakness, deceived your Majesty." To the horror of Mr. Gladstone he not only kept the Queen informed as to the general course of business in the Cabinet, but revealed to her the part taken in its discussions by individual members of it. Lord Derby, the son of the late Prime Minister and Disraeli's Foreign Secretary, viewed these developments with grave mistrust. "Is there not," he ventured to write to his Chief, "just a risk of encouraging her in too large ideas of her personal power, and too great indifference to what the public expects? I only ask; it is for you to judge."

As for Victoria, she accepted everything—compliments, flatteries, Elizabethan prerogatives—without a single qualm. After the long gloom of her bereavement, after the chill of the Gladstonian discipline, she expanded to the rays of Disraeli's devotion like a flower in the sun. The change in her situation was indeed miraculous. No longer was she obliged to puzzle for hours over the complicated details of business, for now she had only to ask Mr. Disraeli for an explanation, and he would give it her in the most concise, in the most amusing, way. No longer was she worried by alarming novelties; no longer was she put out at finding herself treated, by a reverential gentleman in high collars, as if she were some embodied precedent, with a recondite knowledge of Greek. And her deliverer was surely the most fascinating of men. The strain of charlatanism, which had

15. **Stockmar**, Baron Christian Friedrich (1787-1863), who was physician to Leopold, King of Belgium, uncle of Queen Victoria. In 1838 he became physician and adviser to Prince Albert, and followed him to England when he married the Queen in 1840. Thereafter he was the chief unofficial adviser of the pair until 1857, when he retired to his home in Coburg. 42. **coup**, stroke. **Suez Canal**. In 1875 Disraeli had the government buy a controlling interest in the Suez Canal. It was the commencement of British control in Egypt.

unconsciously captivated her in Napoleon III, exercised the same enchanting effect in the case of Disraeli. Like a dram-drinker, whose ordinary life is passed in dull sobriety, her unsophisticated intelligence gulped down his rococo allurements with peculiar zest. She became intoxicated, entranced. Believing all that he told her of herself, she completely regained the self-confidence which had been slipping away from her throughout the dark period that followed Albert's death. She swelled with a new elation, while he, conjuring up before her wonderful Oriental visions, dazzled her eyes with an imperial grandeur of which she had only dimly dreamed. Under the compelling influence her very demeanor altered. Her short, stout figure, with its folds of black velvet, its muslin streamers, its heavy pearls at the heavy neck, assumed an almost menacing air. In her countenance, from which the charm of youth had long since vanished, and which had not yet been softened by age, the traces of grief, of disappointment, and of displeasure were still visible, but they were overlaid by looks of arrogance and sharp lines of peremptory hauteur. Only, when Mr. Disraeli appeared, the expression changed in an instant, and the forbidding visage became charged with smiles. For him she would do anything. Yielding to his encouragements, she began to emerge from her seclusion; she appeared in London in semi-state, at hospitals and concerts; she opened Parliament; she reviewed troops and distributed medals at Aldershot. But such public signs of favor were trivial in comparison with her private attentions. During his hours of audience she could hardly restrain her excitement and delight. "I can only describe my reception," he wrote to a friend on one occasion, "by telling you that I really thought she was going to embrace me. She was wreathed with smiles, and, as she tattled, glided about the room like a bird."

7. *rococo*, a florid style of decoration made of shell, beadwork, or flowers, popular in the eighteenth-century architecture and decoration. 41. *Aldershot*, a large military camp near London.

In his absence she talked of him perpetually, and there was a note of unusual vehemence in her solicitude for his health. "John Manners," Disraeli told Lady Bradford, "who has just come from Osborne, says that the Faery only talked of one subject, and that was her Primo. According to him it was her gracious opinion that the Government should make my health a Cabinet question. Dear John seemed quite surprised at what she said; but you are more used to these ebullitions." She often sent him presents; an illustrated album arrived for him regularly from Windsor on Christmas Day. But her most valued gifts were the bunches of spring flowers which, gathered by herself and her ladies in the woods at Osborne, marked in an especial manner the warmth and tenderness of her sentiments. Among these it was, he declared, the primroses that he loved the best. They were, he said, "the ambassadors of spring," "the gems and jewels of Nature." He liked them, he assured her, "so much better for their being wild; they seem an offering from the Fauns and Dryads of Osborne." "They show," he told her, "that your Majesty's scepter has touched the enchanted Isle." He sat at dinner with heaped-up bowls of them on every side, and told his guests that "they were all sent to me this morning by the Queen from Osborne, as she knows it is my favorite flower."

As time went on, and as it became clearer and clearer that the Faery's thralldom was complete, his protestations grew steadily more highly-colored and more unabashed. At last he ventured to import into his blandishments a strain of adoration that was almost avowedly romantic. In phrases of baroque convolution, he conveyed the message of his heart. The pressure of business, he wrote, had "so absorbed and exhausted him that toward the hour of post he has not had clearness of mind, and vigor of pen, adequate to convey his thoughts and facts to the

97. *baroque*, a grotesque and decadent type of Renaissance architecture.

most loved and illustrious being, who deigns to consider them." She sent him some primroses, and he replied that he could "truly say they are 'more precious than rubies,' coming, as they do, and at such a moment, from a Sovereign whom he adores." She sent him snowdrops, and his sentiment overflowed into poetry. "Yesterday eve," he wrote, "there appeared, in Whitehall Gardens, a delicate-looking case, with a royal superscription, which, when he opened, he thought, at first, that your Majesty had graciously bestowed upon him the stars of your Majesty's principal orders. And, indeed, he was so impressed with this graceful illusion that having a banquet, where there were many stars and ribbons, he could not resist the temptation, by placing some snowdrops on his heart, of showing that he, too, was decorated by a gracious Sovereign.

"Then, in the middle of the night, it occurred to him that it might all be an enchantment, and that, perhaps, it was a Faery gift and came from another monarch: Queen Titania, gathering flowers, with her Court, in a soft and sea-girt isle, and sending magic blossoms, which, they say, turn the heads of those who receive them."

A Faery gift! Did he smile as he wrote the words? Perhaps; and yet it would be rash to conclude that his fervid declarations were altogether without sincerity. Actor and spectator both, the two characters were so intimately blended together in that odd composition that they formed an inseparable unity, and it was impossible to say that one of them was less genuine than the other. With one element he could coldly appraise the Faery's intellectual capacity, note with some surprise that she could be on occasion "most interesting and amusing," and then continue his use of the trowel with an ironical solemnity; while, with the other, he could be overwhelmed by the

immemorial panoply of royalty, and, thrilling with the sense of his own strange elevation, dream himself into a gorgeous phantasy of crowns and powers and chivalric love. When he told Victoria that "during a somewhat romantic and imaginative life nothing has ever occurred to him so interesting as this confidential correspondence with one so exalted and so inspiring," was he not in earnest after all? When he wrote to a lady about the Court, "I love the Queen—perhaps the only person in this world left to me that I do love," was he not creating for himself an enchanted palace out of the *Arabian Nights*, full of melancholy and spangles, in which he actually believed? Victoria's state of mind was far more simple; untroubled by imaginative yearnings, she never lost herself in that nebulous region of the spirit where feeling and fancy grow confused. Her emotions, with all their intensity and all their exaggeration, retained the plain prosaic texture of everyday life. And it was fitting that her expression of them should be equally commonplace. She was, she told her Prime Minister, at the end of an official letter, "yours aff'ly, V. R. and I." In such a phrase the deep reality of her feeling is instantly manifest. The Faery's feet were on the solid earth; it was the *rusé* cynic who was in the air.

He had taught her, however, a lesson, which she had learned with alarming rapidity. A second Gloriana, did he call her? Very well, then, she would show that she deserved the compliment. Disquieting symptoms followed fast. In May, 1874, the Tsar, whose daughter had just been married to Victoria's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, was in London, and, by an unfortunate error, it had been arranged that his departure should not take place until two days after the date on which his royal hostess had previously decided to go to Balmoral. Her Majesty refused to modify her plans. It was pointed out to her

10. *Whitehall Gardens*, adjacent to the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street. 28. *Queen Titania*, Shakespeare's Queen of the fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

84. *rusé*, cunning. 100. *Balmoral*, a castle in the northeast of Scotland which Queen Victoria and her husband built for their summer home.

that the Tsar would certainly be offended, that the most serious consequences might follow; Lord Derby protested; Lord Salisbury, the Secretary of State for India, was much perturbed. But the Faery was unconcerned; she had settled to go to Balmoral on the 18th, and on the 18th she would go. At last Disraeli, exercising all his influence, induced her to agree to stay in London for two days more. "My head is still on my shoulders," he told Lady Bradford. "The great lady has absolutely postponed her departure! Everybody had failed, even the Prince of Wales; . . . and I have no doubt I am not in favor. I can't help it. Salisbury says I have saved an Afghan War, and Derby compliments me on my unrivalled triumph." But before very long, on another issue, the triumph was the Faery's. Disraeli, who had suddenly veered toward a new Imperialism, had thrown out the suggestion that the Queen of England ought to become the Empress of India. Victoria seized upon the idea with avidity, and, in season and out of season, pressed upon her Prime Minister the desirability of putting his proposal into practice. He demurred; but she was not to be balked; and in 1876, in spite of his own unwillingness and that of his entire Cabinet, he found himself obliged to add to the troubles of a stormy session by introducing a bill for the alteration of the Royal Title. His compliance, however, finally conquered the Faery's heart. The measure was angrily attacked in both Houses, and Victoria was deeply touched by the untiring energy with which Disraeli defended it. She was, she said, much grieved by "the worry and annoyance" to which he was subjected; she feared she was the cause of it; and she would never forget what she owed to "her kind, good, and considerate friend." At the same time her

wrath fell on the Opposition. Their conduct, she declared, was "extraordinary, incomprehensible, and mistaken," and, in an emphatic sentence which seemed to contradict both itself and all her former proceedings, she protested that she "would be glad if it were more generally known that it was *her* wish, as people *will* have it, that it has been *forced upon her*!" When the affair was successfully over, the imperial triumph was celebrated in a suitable manner. On the day of the Delhi Proclamation, the new Earl of Beaconsfield went to Windsor to dine with the new Empress of India. That night the Faery, usually so homely in her attire, appeared in a glittering panoply of enormous uncut jewels, which had been presented to her by the reigning Princes of her *Raj*. At the end of the meal the Prime Minister, breaking through the rules of etiquette, arose, and in a flowery oration proposed the health of the Queen-Empress. His audacity was well received, and his speech was rewarded by a smiling curtsy.

These were significant episodes; but a still more serious manifestation of Victoria's temper occurred in the following year, during the crowning crisis of Beaconsfield's life. His growing imperialism, his desire to magnify the power and prestige of England, his insistence upon a "spirited foreign policy," had brought him into collision with Russia; the terrible Eastern Question loomed up; and when war broke out between Russia and Turkey, the gravity of the situation became extreme. The Prime Minister's policy was fraught with difficulty and danger. Realizing perfectly the appalling implications of an Anglo-Russian war, he was yet prepared to face even that eventuality if he could obtain his ends by no other

18. **Afghan War.** Russia disapproved of English domination in northern India, as it weakened Russian influence in central Asia. Accordingly Russia encouraged the Northern Mountain Afghan tribes to resist the English advance, and the First Afghan War started in 1839. The British suffered at first several disastrous defeats, and some of the tribes which had formerly been subdued revolted.

62. **Delhi Proclamation.** At Delhi, on January 1, 1877, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India. 69. **Raj,** kingdom or rule. 86. **Eastern Question.** The problem of what to do with Turkey and the Balkan States, or how far to let Russia absorb them, faced the European Powers from 1850 on. At the conclusion of the Russo-Turkish War (1877-1878), victorious Russia was defeated diplomatically by Disraeli at the Congress of Berlin and limited as to territorial aggrandizement in the Balkans, in European Turkey, and in Asiatic Turkey.

method; but he believed that Russia in reality was still less desirous of a rupture, and that, if he played his game with sufficient boldness and adroitness, she would yield, when it came to the point, all that he required, without a blow. It was clear that the course he had marked out for himself was full of hazard, and demanded an extraordinary nerve; a single false step, and either himself, or England, might be plunged in disaster. But nerve he had never lacked; he began his diplomatic egg-dance with high assurance; and then he discovered that, besides the Russian Government, besides the Liberals and Mr. Gladstone, there were two additional sources of perilous embarrassment with which he would have to reckon. In the first place there was a strong party in the Cabinet, headed by Lord Derby, the Foreign Secretary, which was unwilling to take the risk of war; but his culminating anxiety was the Faery.

From the first her attitude was uncompromising. The old hatred of Russia, which had been engendered by the Crimean War, surged up again within her; she remembered Albert's prolonged animosity; she felt the prickings of her own greatness; and she flung herself into the turmoil with passionate heat. Her indignation with the Opposition—with anyone who ventured to sympathize with the Russians in their quarrel with the Turks—was unbounded. When anti-Turkish meetings were held in London, presided over by the Duke of Westminster and Lord Shaftesbury, and attended by Mr. Gladstone and other prominent Radicals, she considered that "the Attorney-General ought to be set at these men"; "it can't," she exclaimed, "be constitutional." Never in her life, not even in the crisis over the Ladies of

the Bedchamber, did she show herself a more furious partisan. But her displeasure was not reserved for the Radicals; the backsliding Conservatives equally felt its force. She was even discontented with Lord Beaconsfield himself. Failing entirely to appreciate the delicate complexity of his policy, she constantly assailed him with demands for vigorous action, interpreted each finesse as a sign of weakness, and was ready at every juncture to let slip the dogs of war. As the situation developed, her anxiety grew feverish. "The Queen," she wrote, "is feeling terribly anxious lest delay should cause us to be too late and lose our prestige forever! It worries her night and day." "The Faery," Beaconsfield told Lady Bradford, "writes every day and telegraphs every hour; this is almost literally the case." She raged loudly against the Russians. "And the language," she cried, "the insulting language—used by the Russians against us! It makes the Queen's blood boil!" "Oh," she wrote a little later, "if the Queen were a man, she would like to go and give those Russians, whose word one cannot believe, such a beating! We shall never be friends again till we have it out. This the Queen feels sure of."

The unfortunate Prime Minister, urged on to violence by Victoria on one side, had to deal, on the other, with a Foreign Secretary who was fundamentally opposed to any policy of active interference at all. Between the Queen and Lord Derby he held a harassed course. He gained, indeed, some slight satisfaction in playing off the one against the other—in stimulating Lord Derby with the Queen's missives, and in appeasing the Queen by repudiating Lord Derby's opinions; on one occasion he actually went so far as to compose, at Victoria's request, a letter bitterly attacking his colleague, which Her Majesty forthwith signed, and sent, without alteration, to the Foreign Secretary. But such devices only gave a temporary relief; and it soon became evident that Victoria's

47. **crisis over the Ladies of the Bedchamber.** It was customary for an in-coming Prime Minister to nominate certain ladies for the positions of Ladies of the Bedchamber to the Queen. In 1839, during a change of ministry, Queen Victoria refused to give up two of her outgoing Whig Ladies in favor of two incoming Tory ladies. To avoid a crisis the Whig Government under Lord Melbourne continued until the general election of 1841.

martial ardor was not to be sidetracked by hostilities against Lord Derby; hostilities against Russia were what she wanted, what she would, what she must, have. For now, casting aside the last relics of moderation, she began to attack her friend with a series of extraordinary threats. Not once, not twice, but many times she held over his head the formidable menace of her imminent abdication. "If England," she wrote to Beaconsfield, "is to kiss Russia's feet, she will not be a party to the humiliation of England and would lay down her crown," and she added that the Prime Minister might, if he thought fit, repeat her words to the Cabinet. "This delay," she ejaculated, "this uncertainty by which, abroad, we are losing our prestige and our position, while Russia is advancing and will be before Constantinople in no time! Then the Government will be fearfully blamed and the Queen so humiliated that she thinks she would abdicate at once. Be bold!" "She feels," she reiterated, "she cannot, as she before said, remain the Sovereign of a country that is letting itself down to kiss the feet of the great barbarians, the retarders of all liberty and civilization that exists." When the Russians advanced to the outskirts of Constantinople she fired off three letters in a day demanding war; and when she learned that the Cabinet had only decided to send the Fleet to Gallipoli she declared that "her first impulse" was "to lay down the thorny crown, which she feels little satisfaction in retaining if the position of this country is to remain as it is now." It is easy to imagine the agitating effect of such a correspondence upon Beaconsfield. This was no longer the Faery; it was a genie whom he had rashly called out of her bottle, and who was now intent upon showing her supernal power. More than once, perplexed, dispirited, shattered by illness, he had thoughts of withdrawing altogether from the game. One thing alone, he told Lady Bradford, with a wry smile, prevented him. "If I could only," he wrote, "face the scene which

would occur at headquarters if I resigned, I would do so at once."

He held on, however, to emerge victorious at last. The Queen was pacified; Lord Derby was replaced by Lord Salisbury; and at the Congress of Berlin *der alte Jude* carried all before him. He returned to England in triumph, and assured the delighted Victoria that she would very soon be, if she was not already, the "Dictatress of Europe."

But soon there was an unexpected reverse. At the General Election of 1880 the country, mistrustful of the forward policy of the Conservatives, and carried away by Mr. Gladstone's oratory, returned the Liberals to power. Victoria was horrified, but within a year she was to be yet more nearly hit. The grand romance had come to its conclusion. Lord Beaconsfield, worn out with age and maladies, but moving still, an assiduous mummy, from dinner-party to dinner-party, suddenly moved no longer. When she knew that the end was inevitable, she seemed, by a pathetic instinct, to divest herself of her royalty, and to shrink, with hushed gentleness, beside him, a woman and nothing more. "I send some Osborne primroses," she wrote to him with touching simplicity, "and I meant to pay you a little visit this week, but I thought it better you should be quite quiet and not speak. And I beg you will be very good and obey the doctors." She would see him, she said, "when we come back from Osborne, which won't be long." "Everyone is so distressed at your not being well," she added; and she was, "Ever yours very aff'ly, V.R.I." When the royal letter was given him, the strange old comedian, stretched on his bed of death, poised it in his hand, appeared to consider deeply, and then whispered to those about him, "This ought to be read to me by a Privy Councillor." (1921)

59. *der alte Jude*, the old Jew, as Disraeli was often called. 101. *Privy Councillor*, a member of the Privy Council, which is a small body of statesmen appointed to advise the crown. Disraeli jestingly spoke of the royal letter as deserving a ceremonial reading such as one of these gentlemen would provide.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Biography as a literary type has not been studied as thoroughly as other types. However, the four critical books listed below provide valuable material. The combined bibliographies in these four books include much of the best bibliographical material.

- Cross, Wilbur L., *An Outline of Biography from Plutarch to Strachey*. Holt, New York, 1924.
 Dunn, Waldo H., *English Biography* (in the Channels of English Literature Series). Dutton, New York, 1916.
 Lee, Sir Sidney, *The Principles of Biography* (the Leslie Stephen lecture, 1911). Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 1911.
 Ponsonby, Arthur, *English Diaries: A Review from the XVIIth to the XXth Century*. Methuen, Ltd., London, 1922.
 Thayer, William R., *The Art of Biography* (lectures at the University of Virginia on the Barbour Page Foundation).

List of Bibliographies

A. ENGLISH

1. Seventeenth Century
 Bunyan, John, *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*. Ginn, New York, 1910.
 Herbert, Edward, *Autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*. Walter Scott, London, 1888.
 Hyde, Edward, *Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon by Himself*. G. D. Boyle, Oxford, 1889.
 Pepys, Samuel, *Diary*, 2 vols. Everyman edition, London and New York, 1910.
 Swift, Jonathan, *Journal to Stella*. Bohn Library, Putnam, New York, 1901.
 Walton, Isaac, *Lives of Donne, Wotton, etc.*, 2 vols. Temple Classics, Dent, London, 1898.
2. Eighteenth Century
 Boswell, James, *Life of Dr. Johnson*, 2 vols. Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1904.
 Burney, Fanny, *The Diary of Fanny Burney*, 6 vols. Macmillan, New York, 1904-1905.
 Cibber, Colley, *Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber*. Everyman edition, London and New York, 1914.
 Gibbon, Edward, *Autobiography of Edward Gibbon*. Everyman edition, London and New York, 1907.
 Stanhope, Philip D., *Letters of Lord Chesterfield to His Son*. Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1904.
3. Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries
 Carlyle, Jane W., *Letters*, 2 vols. Scribner, New York, 1883.
 Carlyle, Thomas, *Reminiscences*. Scribner, New York, 1881.
Dictionary of National Biography, 66 vols. Macmillan, London, 1885 —

- English Men of Letters Series*, over 40 vols. Macmillan, London, c. 1878—
 Hudson, W. H., *Far Away and Long Ago*. Dutton, New York, 1918.
 Lockhart, John G., *Life of Scott*, 5 vols. Macmillan, New York, 1900.
 Mill, John S., *Autobiography*. Longmans, London and New York, 1908.
 Morley, John, *Gladstone*, 3 vols. Macmillan, New York, 1903.
 Ruskin, John, *Praeterita*. Estes, Boston, 1886-1887.
 Southey, Robert, *Life of Nelson*. Everyman edition, London and New York, 1908.
 Strachey, Lytton, *Queen Victoria*. Harcourt, Brace, New York, 1921.
 Trevelyan, George O., *Life of Macaulay*, 2 vols. Harper, New York, 1909.

B. AMERICAN

1. Seventeenth Century
 Sewall, Samuel, *Diary*, 3 vols., 1674-1729. Massachusetts Historical Collection, 5th series.
2. Eighteenth Century
 Franklin, Benjamin, *Autobiography*. Macmillan, New York, 1901.
 Woolman, John, *Diary*. Everyman edition, London and New York, 1910.
3. Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries
 Adams, Henry, *The Education of Henry Adams*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1918.
 Antin, Mary, *The Promised Land*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1912.
 Bok, Edward, *The Americanization of Edward Bok*. Scribner, New York, 1920.
 Burroughs, John, *My Boyhood*. Doubleday, Page, New York, 1922.
 Dana, R. H., *Two Years Before the Mast*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1911.
 Lewisohn, Ludwig, *Upstream*. Boni and Liveright, New York, 1922.
 Lowell, Amy, *Life of Keats*, 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1925.
 Muir, John, *Story of My Boyhood and Youth*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1913.
 Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, 10 vols. Century, New York, 1890.
 Parkman, Francis, *The Oregon Trail*. Little, Brown, Boston, 1901.
 Pupin, Michael I., *From Immigrant to Inventor*. Scribner, New York, 1923.
 Riis, Jacob, *The Making of an American*. Macmillan, New York, 1918.
 Thoreau, Henry D., *Walden*. Crowell, New York, 1910.
 Washington, Booker T., *Up From Slavery*. Doubleday, Page, New York, 1920.

CHAPTER IX

THE ESSAY

AN INTRODUCTION

I. WHY THE LITERATURE OF THOUGHT IS GENERALLY EXPRESSED IN PROSE

As has been suggested in earlier chapters, the development of literature follows the development of the race. Primitive peoples, like children, are controlled more by emotions than by reflections, more by their hearts than by their heads; they are spontaneous and intuitional rather than reflective and rational. Hence their literature is preponderantly emotional; it is largely narrative—epic, ballad, and romance—and is designed to stir the feelings of the audience rather than move them to reflection. Advancing civilization, however, throws upon man an increasing burden of thought. Education has been defined, indeed, as the process of gradually substituting rational for intuitional processes. This increasing emphasis on the intellectual is reflected in the later literature of any race of men. The literature of the emotions is by no means discarded; it tends to become, however, less elemental and primitive and less direct, and by its side there grows up a new literature, the literature of thought, the literature of rational beings, a literature which is on the whole illuminating rather than stirring, incandescent rather than warm. The gradual invasion of literature by self-conscious thought is shown in the introduction of prose as a method of expression. The ballad maker, aiming to stir the emotions with his story of the deeds of Douglas and Percy or of the sorrows of Barbara Allan, uses all the devices of rhythm, rime, and refrain, so that music is to him the handmaid of literature. But where the appeal is to the brain rather than to the heart, such devices would only serve to divert the thinker from his thought. Prose, indeed, became in the course of centuries so nearly the normal form of utterance that, in the early Vic-

torian period, Macaulay thought—incorrectly—that the glory of poetry as a form of literary art had departed forever. But prose attained its predominance very tardily; it came into its own only when the intellectual element over-topped the emotional. These facts account for the comparatively late appearance of the type of literature known as the essay, which did not appear until the sixteenth century and attained its fullest development very much later.

II. THE NATURE OF THE ESSAY

The word *essay* helps us very little in defining the type. It comes from the French *essai*, an attempt, trial, or *assay*, and refers probably more to the writer's attitude toward his task than to the task itself. In the three hundred odd years since the form became known to English literature the application of the term has become exceedingly loose. The essay must have meant to Bacon and his contemporaries both in England and in France a brief, compressed treatment in prose, reflective in manner, of some social, political, religious, or ethical subject of universal interest to thinking men and women. The word has come to be applied, however, to almost any brief piece of prose not primarily narrative. Pope even applied it to his *Essay on Criticism*, a poem in heroic couplets, but no one now thinks of the essay as being anything but a prose form. One of its original characteristics the essay seems to have retained. An essay may be very short and still be an essay; it must not, however, be too long or it will become a treatise, thesis, or monograph.

Essays may be divided roughly into three great groups: first, the personal or individual; second, the reflective or ideational; third, the purely informative. These divisions

are, of course, rough, and there is much overlapping. When an essayist sits down to write an essay, he does not select first the label under which his composition is to fall; instead, he allows his personality, mood, and material quite unconsciously to shape the form, and since he is not writing to specifications, he is quite indifferent to the purity of the type. Hence the personal essay may contain many general ideas or even cold information, and the reflective essay may contain much that is personal. Nevertheless, for purposes of analysis and study, these divisions are useful, and a careful examination of the essential characteristics of each group will result in a clearer conception of the literary type which we are here considering.

The personal and informal essay is sometimes thought of as merely rambling and inconsequential, characterized by chaotic shapelessness and lightness, with little or no substance—a variety of literary cream-puff—sweet and pleasing to the palate, but hardly suitable for a steady diet. It is true that some ephemeral essays may be thus characterized, but the best of them are certainly not of this type; if Lamb's essays contained as little as some people think they do, they could hardly have survived to give delight to later generations. The informal essay does possess a certain easiness of style, but it is far from chaotic. The informality comes from the personal element and from the racy narrative manner. The formal essay suggests evening clothes and a rostrum; the informal essay suggests a smoking-jacket and a warm nook by a crackling log-fire. The first is essentially an address or lecture; the second, a talk or gossip. It is very interesting to note that most creators of informal essays, Lamb, Hazlitt, and Stevenson, for example, were great talkers, and that many of the formal essayists, Arnold, Newman, and Huxley, for example, were noted lecturers.

The popularity of the informal essay, which to most readers seems more like "literature" than do the other types, comes largely from the characteristics which have been already suggested—its easy style and its personal manner. Narrative is easy to read; the informal essay, though not often pure narrative, is narrative-like. Further-

more, the personal elements which creep into the informal essay connect this type of literature with another favorite type, autobiography. Next to fiction, perhaps, people like biography; intensely interested in themselves, they are also inquisitive about the doings of other men. And since many informal essays are charged with the personality of their authors, we gain in reading them fascinating contacts with human souls. The informal essay is, therefore, the most intimate of prose types.

What subjects concern the informal essayist? Their name is legion. He may range from an interpretation of the profoundest problems of human life to a light and trivial bit of whimsicality as insubstantial and fleeting as a dream. He may seem to remain entirely within the range of personal experience, self-analysis, and confession, or he may interpret the commonplace in life or the customs of society. Not infrequently his essay, like a lyric, will be but the expression of a mood, lightly and skillfully entangled in words. Such an essay is Lamb's "Dream-Children," in which the mood is pathetic longing for the things that never were and never could be. This is, of course, very personal, as is also De Quincey's "Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow," filled with a mood of melancholy. Highly personal, too, though seemingly objective, is Stevenson's "Æs Triplex." Here Stevenson does not speak of himself directly, but the mood is that of a brave heart, and the brave heart is that of Robert Louis Stevenson. So, briefly, the essay of power—if we may borrow De Quincey's phrase for all emotional literature—is more moving than thought-provoking. It is often personal, but not narrowly individual; it is light but usually not trivial; and it may range over a wide area of human experiences, human emotions, and human ideals.

The second of the divisions of the essay, the reflective or ideational, is more formal and more definitely didactic than the first; here the reader is more concerned with the ideas themselves than with the author of them. In manner it need not be serious, but it tends to be more so than the informal essay. Its mood is that of the teacher who is explaining or even trying to convince. Its pressure upon the reader is heavier than

that of the first type; he must read with more attention and often with more challenge. The reflective essay defines, classifies, expounds, weighs, balances, appraises, and criticizes. It plays less lightly upon the surface. Its style is less narrative and more expository; the ideas, instead of floating, as they often seem to do in the informal essay, have their feet solidly on the ground. The reflective essay appeals, in brief, to our intellects primarily; as we follow the development of the author's explanation or argument, we think with him and try to understand his reasoning in terms of our own ideas. Sometimes we are simply receptive to what he tells us; ordinarily, however, he stimulates us to some reconstruction and modification of his opinions.

Like the informal essay, the reflective deals with a wide range of subjects. Sometimes it is philosophical or ethical; Emerson's essays are usually of this sort. Sometimes it treats of social problems, like marriage and divorce, or industrial ones, like capital and labor. Or it may deal with social manners, or with religion, government, or education. It covers also the field of art; it weighs man's work and passes judgment on his skill and on the merit of his product. In this field it may be content simply with definition, with drawing lines and marking clearly the boundaries between divisions. This is the function of Newman's "Literature" and Arnold Bennett's "Why a Classic Is a Classic." Or it may analyze a man's book, point out the merits and defects, and evaluate the whole in terms of an ideal or standard. Such an attempt is called criticism; where it is applied to a single book the result is a book-review. When the essayist tries to explain and appraise a man and his work, he often runs into that type of essay which is called biographical, a form which crosses with the pure biography. But whatever the subject, this type of essay tends to be instructional and didactic, to transfer to the reader the ideas and opinions rather than the sentiments and the emotions of the writer.

In the third division of the essay, the informational, the emphasis is upon fact, and the attitude of the reader is purely receptive, unless he may be sufficiently well informed to deny the truth of the author's

assertions. The personality of the writer disappears entirely. He may in some instances tell of his personal adventures and recount his experiences in gathering his data, but the reader's interest seldom swerves from the facts to the character of the man who presents them, and often the author has dropped so completely out of sight that the reader never gives him a thought. In the informational essay the author becomes, in effect, only the colorless agent to bring information to the reader; if he seasons his facts with an occasional dash of anecdote or personal reference, it is only because he realizes that dry facts, like dry food, go down better when flavored to taste.

Specification of the subject-matter of this type of essay seems almost needless. When Huxley explains the physical structure of the horse, or Thoreau tells of the habits of the woodchuck, or Ruskin points out the differences between two blades of grass, they are writing informational prose—with more intensity and color, to be sure, than this type usually possesses. Similarly, the explanation of a process—whether it is manufacturing or balloting—generalized descriptions, clarifications of any group of facts, fall within this third division of the essay. Between some of these plain, cold, factual essays and the warm, emotional expressions of the first group a wide difference exists.

III. THE HISTORY OF THE ESSAY IN ENGLAND

It is impossible here to give an adequate history of the development of the essay in England. It may be worth while, however, to outline rapidly the history of this type through various important periods since its first appearance during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Such a sketch will reveal that, in general, the essay, like other literary forms, tends to reflect the period in which it is produced.

The first essays which bear that title were not English but French. They were those of Michel de Montaigne (1533-1592), who published in 1580 two volumes of *Essais*, in which his treatment of life and art is characterized by an individuality hitherto unknown in similar kinds of writing. Hazlitt declares Montaigne to have been the first

"who had the courage to say as an author what he felt as a man." In this particular the English Bacon, whose first essays appeared in 1597, did not follow Montaigne. Bacon's essays, most notably his earlier ones, are cold, objective, formal. Montaigne's essays are charmingly discursive; Bacon's, on the other hand, are compressed and aphoristic. They cover a wide range of subject-matter, but on whatever topic Bacon chose to speak he exhibited the same authoritative, almost dogmatic, manner; and his chief rule of conduct as reflected in the essays seems to have been expediency, so that his essays have been referred to as the best known manual and guidebook for the worldly-wise man.

The essays of the seventeenth century, though not without personal traces, tend to be serious and heavy; the subjects are critical, ethical, and moral; and the style shows the influence of the classical learning of the writers. At the beginning of the following century, under the influence of Swift, Addison, and Steele, the essay became the instrument of social, religious, and political reform. Swift's method was to bludgeon men and women into recognition of their sins; Addison relied upon gentle raillery to make folly absurd; Steele was the most human and personal of the three. The various short-lived journals, *The Spectator*, *The Tatler*, and others, carried into the clubs and coffee-houses vivid pictures of social life and manners, and from their sparkling pages England gathered much pleasure and wisdom. The didactic comment on society continued at the end of the century in the essays of Johnson, Goldsmith, and others, who sought to reform their fellows much as Addison and Steele had done in an earlier generation.

The essayists of the early nineteenth cen-

tury reveal in their work the growing individualism of the period. Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, and Leigh Hunt wrote frankly about themselves and their friends, or chatted charmingly in their pages on a wide variety of themes. It was the period of confession, personal interests, and light gossip about society. With the passing of this talking group of essayists came the age of the major prophets, the Victorians, Carlyle, Newman, Ruskin, and Arnold, each diagnosing the diseases of the industrial era and thundering forth his remedy. In their essays there is no lightness and ease; they took themselves and their tasks seriously, damning the materialism and sordid interests of what they believed to be an ugly age, and preaching endlessly the spiritual values of truth, culture, and beauty. At the end of the century Stevenson revived the spirit of romance, which had been almost lost in the mid-Victorian paper-battles, and, though he, too, preached, his sermons were sugar-coated with a delightfully spontaneous and personal style, and there was nothing of the social and industrial propagandist about him. Dying in 1894, six years before Ruskin, he was really the last of the great essayists of the nineteenth century.

In the twentieth century the essay is an important literary type. Like other forms of literature, it shows a tendency to split up into many variations; we have personal, reflective, social, journalistic, critical, didactic, humorous essays. Some of the most prominent of living essayists are John Galsworthy, G. K. Chesterton, and E. V. Lucas, in England; Samuel McChord Crothers, Agnes Repplier, Stephen Leacock, Simeon Strunsky, and Christopher Morley in America. With the aid of their pens, and through the increasing agency of the popular magazine, all forms of the essay are enjoying a wide vogue.

CHAPTER IX

SELECTIONS

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)

NOTE

Sir Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans, one of the most amazing figures of the Elizabethan period, may be called the father of the English essay. He was a humanist and characteristically Renaissance in variety of interests, breadth of mind, and ceaseless activity. Though he strove for advancement under Elizabeth, most of the important dates in his life came during the reign of James I, who honored him with office after office, from King's Counsel, in 1604, to Lord High Chancellor, in 1618. Three years after his elevation to this last high office he was found guilty of receiving bribes and sentenced by the House of Lords to fine and imprisonment. No historian of English philosophy can ignore Bacon's theory of inductive reasoning; he was also one of the first of modern scientists. His essays were written as recreation, though he recognized their importance and was pleased with their popularity. Ten of them appeared in 1597; twenty-eight new ones came out in 1612; and in 1625 the final and complete edition of fifty-eight was issued. They reveal the outlook upon morality, politics, religion, and society of a cold, dispassionate man of intellect, who was an opportunist and a seeker after success and advancement. In style they vary; in general, however, the expression is extremely compact, so that each sentence reads like the topic of a paragraph or whole essay. This compression makes them as epigrammatic as the verses from the Book of Proverbs; and few writers lend themselves so readily to quotation. English literature has no richer manual of worldly wisdom than Bacon's compact volume of essays.

OF DEATH

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin, and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations there is sometimes mixture of vanity and of superstition. You shall read in some of the friars' books of mortification that a man should think with himself what the pain is if he have but his finger's end pressed or tortured; and thereby imagine what the pains of death are,

5. wages of sin. See Romans, vi, 23.

when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved; when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb; for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense. And by him that spake only as a philosopher, and natural man, it was well said, *Pompa mortis magis terret, quam mors ipsa*. Groans and convulsions, and a discolored face, and friends weeping, and blacks and obsequies, and the like, show death terrible. It is worthy the observing that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspir-eth to it; grief flieth to it; fear preoccupateth it; nay, we read, after Otho the emperor had slain himself, pity (which is the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. Nay, Seneca adds, niceness and satiety: *Cogita quamdiu eadem feceris; mori velle, non tantum fortis, aut miser, sed etiam fastidiosus potest*. A man would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over. It is less worthy to observe how little alteration in good spirits the approaches of death make; for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Augustus Caesar died in a compliment; *Livia, conjugii nostri memor, vive et*

24. *Pompa*, etc., "the trappings of death are more terrifying than death itself." This is possibly a reference to Seneca's *Epistles* (iii, 3, 14). 27. *blacks*, mourning clothes. 31. *mates*, checkmates. 38. *Otho*. Augustus Caesar (line 55), and Tiberius, Vespasian, Galba, and Septimius Severus (page 896) were also Roman emperors. Galba was killed in 69 A. D., while attempting to suppress a military uprising in favor of Otho. 44. *Cogita*, etc., "consider whether you would have done the same thing; he could will to die, not so much valiantly or miserably, but as elegantly as he could" (Seneca's *Epistles* x, 1, 6). 56. *Livia*, etc., "Livia, in memory of our life together, live and farewell" (Suetonius: *Augustus*, caput 99).

vale. Tiberius in dissimulation, as Tacitus saith of him, *Jam Tiberium vires et corpus, non dissimulatio, deserebant*; Vespasian in a jest, sitting upon the stool, *Ut puto Deus fio*; Galba with a sentence, *Feri, si ex re sit populi Romani*, holding forth his neck; Septimius Severus in dispatch, *Adeste, si quid mihi restat agendum*; and the like.

10 Certainly the Stoics bestowed too much cost upon death, and by their great preparations made it appear more fearful. Better, saith he, *qui finem vitæ extremum inter munera ponat naturæ*. It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like

20 one that is wounded in hot blood; who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolours of death; but, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis*, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy: *Extinctus amabitur idem*. (1612, 1625)

OF TRAVEL

30 Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor or grave servant, I allow well; so that he be such a one that hath the language, and hath been in the country before; whereby he may

2. *Jam*, etc., "already his strength and his powers, but not his capacity for dissimulation, were deserting Tiberius" (Tacitus: *Annales*, vi, 50). 5. *Ut*, etc., "I believe I'm becoming a god" (Suetonius: *Vespasian*, caput 23). 6. *Feri*, etc., "strike, if this may prove of advantage to the Roman people" (Tacitus: *Historiae*, i, 41). 8. *Adeste*, etc., "hasten, if there is anything more to be done by me" (*Dio Cassius*, LXXVI, 17). 10. *Stoics*, members of a school of philosophy founded by Zeno in the fourth century B. C. It was a part of their creed to keep themselves free from emotion and to submit willingly to death. 13. *qui*, etc., "he who places the end of his life among the gifts of nature" (Juvenal, *Satires*, x, 357). He refers to the poet Juvenal. 24. *Nunc*, etc., "now let thy servant depart"; the song of Simeon (Luke, ii, 29-32), used as a hymn or canticle. 29. *Extinctus*, etc., "though dead, he will ever be loved" (Horace: *Epistolæ*, ii, 1).

Of Travel. 37. *allow well*, approve of.

be able to tell them what things are 40
worthy to be seen in the country where they go, what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth; for else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little. It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they 50
omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries, therefore, be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are the courts of princes, especially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monas- 60
teries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns; and so the havens and harbors, antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; armories, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, burses, warehouses, exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; 70
comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go; after all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them; yet are they not to be 80
neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do: first, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth; then he must have such a servant, or tutor, as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card, or book, describing the country where he 90
traveleth, which will be a good key to

58. *consistories ecclesiastic*, church tribunals. 68. *burses*, bourses or exchanges. 89. *card*, map.

his inquiry; let him keep also a diary; let him not stay long in one city or town, more or less as the place deserveth, but not long; nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance; let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelth; let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favor in those things he desireth to see or know; thus he may abridge his travel with much profit. As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors; for so in traveling in one country he shall suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad, that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with the fame; for quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided; they are commonly for mistresses, healths, place, and words; and let a man beware how he keepeth company with cholerick and quarrelsome persons; for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveler returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath traveled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth; and let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers than forward to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country. (1625)

8. *adamant*, a lodestone, here represented figuratively as drawing new acquaintances.

OF YOUTH AND AGE

A man that is young in years may be old in hours if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely. Generally youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. For there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages. And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old; and imaginations stream into their minds, better and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years, as it was with Julius Caesar and Septimius Severus, of the latter of whom it is said, *Juventutem egit erroribus, imo furoribus, plenam!* And yet he was the ablest emperor almost of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth, as it is seen in Augustus Caesar, Cosmos, Duke of Florence, Gaston de Foix, and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business. For the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things, abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner.

Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles, which they have chanced upon, absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them, like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor

69. *Juventutem*, etc., "he spent a youth full of errors and even of mad acts" (Spartianus: *Vita Severi*). 88. *manage*, management, a figure from horseback riding. 94. *care not to*, do not take pains. 98. *unready*, headstrong.

turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both, for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors; and, lastly, good for extern accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity youth. But for the moral part perhaps youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain rabbin upon the text, "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams," inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream. And certainly the more a man drinketh of the world the more it intoxicateth; and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding than in the virtues of the will and affections. There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes; these are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned—such as was Hermogenes, the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtle, who afterwards waxed stupid. A second sort is of those that have some natural dispositions, which have better grace in youth than in age, such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech, which becomes youth well, but not age; so Tully saith of Hortensius, *Idem manebat, neque idem decebat*. The third is of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous more than tract of years can uphold; as was Scipio Africanus, of whom Livy saith in effect, *Ultima primis cedebant*.

(1612, 1625)

13. *extern*, external. 18. *rabbin*, Isaac Abrabanel (1437-1508). *Your young men*, etc. Joel, ii, 28. 32. *Hermogenes*, a Greek rhetorician of Tarsus who flourished in the second century. He lost his mind at twenty-five after having written several brilliant books. 40. *Tully*, Cicero, called Tully from his middle name, Tullius. *Hortensius*, a Roman orator. *Idem*, etc., "he continued the same, when it was no longer becoming." 46. *Ultima*, etc., "his end fell below his beginning," The quotation is from Ovid.

OF NEGOTIATING

It is generally better to deal by speech than by letter, and by the mediation of a third than by a man's self. Letters are good, when a man would draw an answer by letter back again; or when it may serve for a man's justification afterwards to produce his own letter; or where it may be danger to be interrupted, or heard by pieces. To deal in person is good, when a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors; or in tender cases, where a man's eye upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh may give him a direction how far to go; and generally, where a man will reserve to himself liberty, either to disavow or to expound. In choice of instruments, it is better to choose men of a plainer sort, that are like to do that that is committed to them, and to report back again faithfully the success, than those that are cunning to contrive out of other men's business somewhat to grace themselves, and will help the matter in report, for satisfaction sake. Use also such persons as effect the business wherein they are employed, for that quickeneth much; and such as are fit for the matter, as bold men for expostulation, fair-spoken men for persuasion, crafty men for inquiry and observation, froward and absurd men for business that doth not well bear out itself. Use also such as have been lucky, and prevailed before in things wherein you have employed them; for that breeds confidence, and they will strive to maintain their prescription.

It is better to sound a person with whom one deals, afar off, than to fall upon the point at first, except you mean to surprise him by some short question. It is better dealing with men in appetite, than with those that are where they would be. If a man deal with another upon conditions, the start or first performance is all; which a man cannot reasonably demand, except either the nature of the thing be such which must

58. *tender*, delicate. 73. *effect*, are interested in. 74. *quickeneth*, encourages. 85. *prescription*, reputation. 90. *in appetite*, eager to advance.

go before; or else a man can persuade the other party that he shall still need him in some other thing; or else that he be counted the honestest man. All practice is to discover, or to work. Men discover themselves in trust, in passion, at unawares; and of necessity, when they would have somewhat done, and cannot find an apt pretext. If you would work any man, you must either know his nature and fashions, and so lead him, or his ends, and so persuade him, or his weakness and disadvantages, and so awe him, or those that have interest in him, and so govern him. In dealing with cunning persons, we must ever consider their ends to interpret their speeches, and it is good to say little to them, and that which they least look for. In all negotiations of difficulty a man may not look to sow and reap at once, but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees. (1597, 1612, 1625)

OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and

above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: *Abeunt studia in mores!* Nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are *cymini sectores!* If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases; so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt. (1597, 1612, 1625)

4. All, etc., all negotiation has as its object to find out a man's character or purposes, or to get him to do something.

Of Studies. 29. expert men, men of experience. 46. admire, wonder at.

57. curiously, with great care. 65. flashy, flat; tasteless. 70. present wit, a ready, alert mind. In the lines following. wit, means intelligence or understanding. 77. Abeunt, etc., "studies develop into habits" (Ovid: *Heroides*, xv, 83). 82. stone and reins, the calculus (gall, kidney, or bladderstone) and the kidneys. 92. cymini sectores, splitters of cummin seeds; hair splitters.

SIR RICHARD STEELE (1671-1729)

NOTE

The Tatler (founded 1709) and *The Spectator* (founded 1711) were the literary instruments by which Joseph Addison and Sir Richard Steele tried to reform society in the days of Queen Anne. Their method was gentle railery distilled into short papers that sparkled with wit and vivid portraiture of London and country life. Both wrote simply and easily; Addison is the more sedate, Steele the more natural. Naturalness Thackeray declares to be Steele's great charm: "He wrote so quickly and carelessly that he was forced to make the reader his confidant, and had not the time to deceive him." His Irish heart, and his easy irresponsibility made him loved, while his friend Addison was only admired. The following essay from *The Tatler* (No. 181, June 6, 1710) is characteristic of Steele's amiable tenderness—and of his Micawberesque ability to shift responsibility and sober thought and turn at once from death to the bottle.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

*... *Dies, ni fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum, Semper honoratum, sic dii voluistis, habebo.* VERG. *Æn.* v. 49.

There are those among mankind who can enjoy no relish of their being except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think everything lost that passes unobserved; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modeling their life after such a manner as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or good will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the manes of their deceased friends; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with,

*The day has come, if I mistake not, which I shall hold always bitter, always memorable, if ye gods will it.

14. manes, spirits.

that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those, with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at the time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions, yet, with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant than possessed with a real understanding why nobody

was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the
 10 the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst
 20 all the wildness of her transport, which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken
 30 away by any future application. Hence it is that good nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defenses from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since ensnared me into ten thousand calamities; and from whence I can reap
 40 no advantage except it be, that, in such a humor as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softnesses of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which befell us in our distant youth than the passages of later days. For this reason it is that the companions of my strong and vigorous
 50 years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are what

we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstances of their
 60 departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widows on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men, who are
 70 cut off by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honor. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from
 80 whom they had the fortune to receive it, I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death of the first object
 90 my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel? O death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress can erase the dear
 100 image from my imagination. In the same week I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler? I still behold the smiling earth—A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant

knocked at my closet door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next, at Garraway's coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such a heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicsome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having today met a little before dinner, we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before. (1710)

5. **Garraway's coffee-house.** The London coffee-houses of Queen Anne's time were the popular meeting places of men of all ranks and occupations. They were also the centers at which the essays in *The Spectator* and *The Tatler* were read and discussed; accordingly they are referred to frequently in these papers.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719)

NOTE

Addison, like Steele, was a reformer of society. Thackeray, in his estimate of the essayist (page 1011), lists him among the humorists of the eighteenth century, and Macaulay says that he "laughed England out of her follies." He was more austere than Steele, and on the whole more painstaking in his writing; but what he sometimes lacked in spontaneity he made up in moral sincerity, and the essays of this "dear preacher without orders," as Thackeray calls him, did much to correct the vice and folly of the age. The early eighteenth-century essayists wrote under the name of an *eidolon*, or image; thus Addison and Steele appeared not under their own names but as the Spectator or the Tatler, and Swift, as Sir Isaac Bickerstaff. "The Vision of Mirza" was originally published as Spectator Paper No. 159 for Saturday, September 1, 1711. It differs from most of *The Spectator* papers in not being a humorous satire on contemporary life, but, like Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, an allegory or moral apologue on life, death, and eternity. "The Fine Lady's Journal" is a characteristic satire on the idle rich; it should be compared with other *Spectator* papers and with Pope's *The Rape of the Lock*.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

*—*Omnem quae nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam.*—Vergil.

When I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated, word for word, as follows:

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly

*The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light, hangs o'er thy eyes and blunts thy mortal sight, I will remove.

23. **Grand Cairo.** In the first *Spectator* paper Addison represents the Spectator as reporting his travels to Grand Cairo. The fiction of the translated manuscript appears frequently in literature, as for example, in Lamb's "Dissertation on Roast Pig" and Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*. Addison has attempted throughout the essay to retain the flavor of a translation and the solemn tone and mood which the apocalyptic subject demands. It would be well to compare Addison's vision with those of St. John in the Book of Revelation or with the visions in *Pilgrim's Progress*. 38. **Bagdad**, a city in Turkey which figures prominently in the *Arabian Nights' Tales*. 44. **man is**, etc., a familiar conception of life; cf. I Chronicles xxix, 15; Job viii, 9; xx, 8; Psalms lxxiii, 20; cii, 11; cxlv, 4; Ecclesiastes viii, 13, and Shakespeare's *The Tempest* iv, 1, 156-158, "We are such stuff as dreams are made on," etc.

airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

10 "I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which 20 I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 50

'this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken 60 arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multi- 70 tudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but 80 they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire. 90

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a 100

54. **bridge.** The representation of life as a bridge over which all must pass appears frequently in medieval woodcuts. 59. **threescore and ten,** the "psalmist's span" of life. "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away" (Psalm xc, 10).

9. **Genius,** one of the spirits of the air, frequently referred to in the *Arabian Nights' Tales* and other oriental literature.

deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up toward the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that
 10 glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they
 20 might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The Genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling
 30 upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants; and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the Genius, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The Genius being moved with compassion toward me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine
 40 eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of

mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and—whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate—I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of
 60 adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one-half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons
 70 dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away
 80 to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of
 90 islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the
 100 relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respec-

15. *scimitars*. The whole allusion is to war (scimitars) and disease (urinals, or physicians' test-tubes). 41. *in vain*. "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity" (Ecclesiastes i, 2).

94. *mansions*. "In my Father's house are many mansions" (John xiv, 2).

tive inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

(1711)

THE FINE LADY'S JOURNAL

*... *Modo vir, modo fœmina.* VERG.

The journal with which I presented my reader on Tuesday last has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the Rake's Journal, the Sot's Journal, . . . and among several others a very curious piece, entitled "The Journal of a Mohock." By these instances I find that the intention of my last Tuesday's paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifle and impertinence than in crimes and immoralities.

Offenses of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shows the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blamable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself *Clarinda*, is such a journalist as I require; she seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shown her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gayety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my correspondent.

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR:

You having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week's papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you enclosed. You must know, Mr. Spectator, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had several matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by a very pretty fellow. As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write upon the very day after your *Spectator* upon that subject.

Tuesday night. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

Wednesday. From eight till ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Ate a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, read *The Spectator*.

From eleven to one. At my toilet,

*Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman.

The Fine Lady's Journal. From *Spectator*, No. 322, for March 10, 1712. 27, on Tuesday last. Paper No. 317, for Tuesday, March 4, 1712, gives the diary for one week of "a sober citizen." Like *Clarinda's* diary, the record is filled with an account of trivial personal activities. The paper concludes with Addison's recommendation that every reader keep a journal for one week. 33. *Mohock*, a member of one of the gangs of young ruffians who, under the name of the Mohawks, committed outrages in Queen Anne's London.

tried a new head. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. *Mem.* I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. *Mem.* Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed, paid a
10 visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At Basset. *Mem.* Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

Thursday. From eleven at night to eight in the morning. Dreamed that I punted to Mr. Froth.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read
20 two acts in *Aurengzebe* a-bed.

From ten to eleven. . . . Tea-table. Read the playbills. Received a letter from Mr. Froth. *Mem.* Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. Fontange, the
tire-woman, her account of my Lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise shell comb. Sent Frank to know how my Lady Hectic rested
30 after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. Froth's opinion of Milton. His account of the Mohocks. His fancy for a pincushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady Faddle promises
40 me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve o'clock at night. Went to bed.

Friday. Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters. . . .

Ten o'clock. Stayed within all day, not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbons. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Shut myself up
50 in my chamber, practiced Lady Betty Modely's skuttle.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet-leaf in it. Eyes ached and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of *Aurengzebe*.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my
60 mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spiteley at home. Conversation: Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old Lady Loveday going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townley has red hair. *Mem.* Mrs. Spiteley whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr.
70 Froth; I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet, and called me Indamora.

Saturday. Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilet.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch
for half an hour before I could deter-
mine it. Fixed it above my left eye-
brow. 80

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. *Mem.* The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Mrs. Kitty called upon me to go to the opera, before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. 90
Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third

5. *Change*, exchange or market. *Cheapened*, bought; from the Old English *ceapian*, to price or bargain for. 13. *Basset*, a popular card game. 14. *set*, bet or gamble. 18. *punted*, played at cards. 20. *Aurengzebe*, a play by Dryden. 26. *tire-woman*, lady's maid. 27. *wash*, a face-wash. 41. *crimp*, an old card game.

52. *skuttle*, a mincing, fashionable walk. 74. *Indamora*, the heroine of *Aurengzebe*. 77. *patch*, a "beauty-mark" made of black courtplaster. 98. *Nicolini*, Cavalier Grimaldi, an Italian singer who did much to popularize opera in the age of Queen Anne; he first appeared in England in 1709 in *Pyrrhus and Demetrius* and is referred to repeatedly in the *Spectator* papers; see Nos. 5 and 13.

act. Mr. Froth cried out 'Ancora'. Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

Sunday. Indisposed.

Monday. Eight o'clock. Waked by Mrs. Kitty. *Aurengzebe* lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobs to the dumb man according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. *Mem.* The conjurer was within a letter of Mr. Froth's name, etc.

Upon looking back into this my journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the violet-leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it; and if Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a dream.

Your humble servant,
Clarinda.

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir Philip Sidney's sister, a lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought

of it is so very noble, that I dare say 50 my reader will pardon me the quotation.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

*Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast killed another,
Fair and learned and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.* (1712)

52. *Underneath*, etc. The epitaph is usually ascribed to William Browne (1591-1643)—sometimes to Ben Jonson (1573-1637). Addison leaves Clarinda and the reader to guess why he concludes with the tribute to the noble Elizabethan matron.

HENRY FIELDING (1707-1754)

NOTE

Henry Fielding is usually thought of as the greatest of eighteenth-century novelists, the creator of Tom Jones and of other really flesh-and-blood heroes. He was, however, a miscellaneous writer who produced plays, essays, and even poems, as well as novels. The following essay, even though it smacks of pedantry here and there, is characteristically sound and wholesome. Fielding's theory that literature should aim primarily to teach rather than to please is an opinion from which Coleridge, Keats, and other nineteenth-century writers dissented. With this essay should be compared Bacon's essay "Of Studies" (page 899).

ON TASTE IN THE CHOICE OF BOOKS

**At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros, et
Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque
Ne dicam stulte, mirati.*

MODERNIZED

In former times this tasteless, silly town
Too fondly praised †Tom D'Urfey and
Tom Brown.

The present age seems pretty well agreed in an opinion that the utmost scope and end of reading is amusement 60 only; and such, indeed, are now the fashionable books, that a reader can propose no more than mere entertain-

*But our ancestors praised the witticisms of Plautus and of numerous other writers, admiring them neither too tolerantly nor too stupidly.

†Tom D'Urfey and Tom Brown were minor miscellaneous writers in the early eighteenth century.

1. *Ancora*, encore (Italian); Mr. Froth was showing off. 12. *mobs*, mob-caps, frilled caps which tied beneath the chin. *the dumb man*, a popular fortune-teller of the time.

ment, and it is sometimes very well for him if he finds even this, in his studies.

Letters, however, were surely intended for a much more noble and profitable purpose than this. Writers are not, I presume, to be considered as mere jack-puddings, whose business it is only to excite laughter; this, indeed, may sometimes be intermixed and served up with graver matters, in order to titillate the palate, and to recommend wholesome food to the mind; and for this purpose it hath been used by many excellent authors: "For why," as Horace says, "should not anyone promulgate truth with a smile on his countenance?" Ridicule indeed, as he again intimates, is commonly a stronger and better method of attacking vice than the severer kind of satire.

When wit and humor are introduced for such good purposes, when the agreeable is blended with the useful, then is the writer said to have succeeded in every point. Pleasantry (as the ingenious author of *Clarissa* says of a story) should be made only the vehicle of instruction; and thus romances themselves, as well as epic poems, may become worthy the perusal of the greatest of men. But when no moral, no lesson, no instruction is conveyed to the reader, where the whole design of the composition is no more than to make us laugh, the writer comes very near to the character of a buffoon; and his admirers, if an old Latin proverb be true, deserve no great compliments to be paid to their wisdom.

After what I have here advanced I cannot fairly, I think, be represented as an enemy to laughter, or to all those kinds of writing that are apt to promote it. On the contrary, few men, I believe, do more admire the works of those great masters who have sent their satire (if I may use the expression) laughing into the world. Such are the great triumvirate, Lucian, Cervantes,

and Swift. These authors I shall ever hold in the highest degree of esteem; not indeed for that wit and humor alone which they all so eminently possessed, but because they all endeavored, with the utmost force of their wit and humor, to expose and extirpate those follies and vices which chiefly prevailed in their several countries. I would not be thought to confine wit and humor to these writers; Shakespeare, Molière, and some other authors have been blessed with the same talents, and have employed them to the same purposes. There are some, however, who, though not void of these talents, have made so wretched a use of them that, had the consecration of their labors been committed to the hands of the hangman, no good man would have regretted their loss; nor am I afraid to mention Rabelais, and Aristophanes himself, in this number. For, if I may speak my opinion freely of these two last writers, and of their works, their design appears to me very plainly to have been to ridicule all sobriety, modesty, decency, virtue, and religion, out of the world. Now, whoever reads over the five great writers first mentioned in this paragraph must either have a very bad head or a very bad heart if he doth not become both a wiser and a better man.

In the exercise of the mind, as well as in the exercise of the body, diversion is a secondary consideration, and designed only to make that agreeable which is at the same time useful, to such noble purposes as health and wisdom. But what should we say to a man who mounted his chamber-hobby, or fought with his own shadow, for his amusement only? how much more absurd and weak would he appear who swallowed poison because it was sweet?

How differently did Horace think of study from our modern readers!

Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum;

Condo et compono, quae mox depromere possim.

7. jack-puddings, clowns, buffoons. 17. Ridicule, etc. This was the method of Addison and of Steele. 26. *Clarissa*, Samuel Richardson's novel (1748). 37. Latin proverb, the one with which he begins the essay. 49-50. Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift, respectively, famous Greek, Spanish, and English satirists.

76. ridicule, etc. This is not the usual view of the Greek and French satirists.

"Truth and decency are my whole care and inquiry. In this study I am entirely occupied; these I am always laying up, and so disposing that I can at any time draw forth my stores for my immediate use." The whole epistle, indeed, from which I have paraphrased this passage, is a comment upon it, and affords many useful lessons of philosophy.

When we are employed in reading a great and good author, we ought to consider ourselves as searching after treasures, which, if well and regularly laid up in the mind, will be of use to us on sundry occasions in our lives. If a man, for instance, should be overloaded with prosperity or adversity (both of which cases are liable to happen to us), who is there so very wise, or so very foolish, that, if he was a master of Seneca and Plutarch, could not find great matter of comfort and utility from their doctrines? I mention these rather than Plato and Aristotle, as the works of the latter are not, I think, yet completely made English, and, consequently, are less within the reach of most of my countrymen.

But perhaps it may be asked, Will Seneca or Plutarch make us laugh? Perhaps not; but if you are not a fool, my worthy friend, which I can hardly with civility suspect, they will both (the latter especially) please you more than if they did. For my own part, I declare I have not read even Lucian himself with more delight than I have Plutarch; but surely it is astonishing that such scribblers as Tom Brown, Tom D'Urfey, and the wits of our age should find readers, while the writings of so excellent, so entertaining, and so voluminous an author as Plutarch remain in the world, and, as I apprehend, are very little known.

The truth I am afraid is that real taste is a quality with which human nature is very slenderly gifted. It is indeed so very rare, and so little known, that scarce two authors have agreed in their notions of it; and those who have endeavored to explain it to others seem to have succeeded only in showing us

that they know it not themselves. If I might be allowed to give my own sentiments, I should derive it from a nice harmony between the imagination and the judgment; and hence perhaps it is that so few have ever possessed this talent in any eminent degree. Neither of these will alone bestow it; nothing is indeed more common than to see men of very bright imaginations, and of very accurate learning (which can hardly be acquired without judgment), who are entirely devoid of taste; and Longinus, who of all men seems most exquisitely to have possessed it, will puzzle his reader very much if he should attempt to decide whether imagination or judgment shine the brighter in that inimitable critic.

But as for the bulk of mankind, they are clearly void of any degree of taste. It is a quality in which they advance very little beyond a state of infancy. The first thing a child is fond of in a book is a picture, the second is a story, and the third a jest. Here then is the true *Pons Asinorum*, which very few readers ever get over.

From what I have said it may perhaps be thought to appear that true taste is the real gift of nature only; and if so, some may ask to what purpose have I endeavored to show men that they are without a blessing which it is impossible for them to attain.

Now, though it is certain that to the highest consummation of taste, as well as of every other excellence, nature must lend much assistance, yet great is the power of art, almost of itself, or at best with only slender aids from nature; and, to say the truth, there are very few who have not in their minds some small seeds of taste. "All men," says Cicero, "have a sort of tacit sense of what is right or wrong in arts and sciences, even without the help of arts." This surely it is in the power of art very greatly to improve. That most men, therefore, proceed no farther than as I have above declared is owing either to

81. *Pons Asinorum*, the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid demonstrating that "the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another"; hence any stumbling-block for fools.

the want of any, or (which is perhaps yet worse) to an improper education.

I shall probably, therefore, in a future paper endeavor to lay down some rules by which all men may acquire at least some degree of taste. In the meanwhile I shall (according to the method observed in inoculation) recommend to my readers, as a preparative for their receiving my instructions, a total abstinence from all bad books. I do therefore most earnestly entreat all my young readers that they would cautiously avoid the perusal of any modern book till it hath first had the sanction of some wise and learned man; and the same caution I propose to all fathers, mothers, and guardians.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," is a quotation of St. Paul from Menander. *Evil books corrupt at once both our manners and our taste.*

(1743)

21. *Evil*, etc. I Corinthians xv, 33. Menander was a Greek comic dramatist.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774)

NOTE

Oliver Goldsmith, like Steele, was a genial, tender-hearted Irishman, even more gifted than the earlier essayist with a sense of humor that did much to make up for his utter irresponsibility and incapacity for managing his own affairs. Like so many of the eighteenth-century essayists he turned his hand with equal facility to all types of writing, quite justifying Dr. Johnson's Latin tribute which is inscribed on his cenotaph in Westminster Abbey: "There is almost no kind of composition which he did not touch, and nothing he touched which he did not adorn." His fame rests mainly on *The Deserted Village* (1770), a sentimental description of his native village of Lissoy, *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766), an idyllic novel, in which he idealizes his father, and *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773), a rollicking comedy based on a personal experience. His essays, like his other work, are streaked with his personality and his experiences. The two brisk and vivacious satires of Beau Tibbs given here are from a group of three which appeared in *The Citizen of the World*, an imaginary series of letters written by a hypothetical Chinese gentleman who describes English life and manners to a friend at home; the two are respectively Letters LIV and LV. The tarnished but gay gentleman herein described is the prototype of Dickens's Micawber, Mark Twain's Colonel Sellers, and a dozen other shabby-genteel pretenders to position and respectability.

BEAU TIBBS

Though naturally pensive, yet am I fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the center of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward; work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigor.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when, stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed. We now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward, he still went faster; but in vain. The person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment, so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Drybone," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "where have you been hiding yourself this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion: his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were

pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance. "Pshaw, pshaw, Will," cried the figure, "no more of that, if you love me; you know I hate flattery—on my soul I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many damned honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half, because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. 'Ned,' says he to me, 'Ned,' says he, 'I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night.' 'Poaching, my lord?' says I; 'faith, you have missed already, for I stayed at home, and let the girls poach for me. That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey—stand still, and, swoop, they fall into my mouth.'"

"Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow," cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity; "I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?"

"Improved!" replied the other; "you shall know—but let it go no farther—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with—my lord's word of honor for it. His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a *tête-à-tête* dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else."

"I fancy you forgot, sir," cried I;

"you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town."

"Did I say so?" replied he coolly. "To be sure, if I said so, it was so. Dined in town! Egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town; but I dined in the country, too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the by, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that: we were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogam's—an affected piece, but let it go no farther—a secret.—Well, there happened to be no *asafoetida* in the sauce to a turkey, upon which, says I, 'I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that'—But, dear Drybone, you are an honest creature; lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—but harkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you."

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. "His very dress," cries my friend, "is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day, you find him in rags; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction of whom he talks so familiarly he has scarce a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor; and while all the world perceive his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence; but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all; condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright the children into obedience."

BEAU TIBBS AT HOME

I am apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and, slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the topics preliminary to particular conversation. The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums, before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, "Blast me," cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the Park so thin in my life before! There's no company at all today; not a single face to be seen."

"No company!" interrupted I peevishly; "no company, where there is such a crowd? Why, man, there's too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?"

"Lord, my dear," returned he, with the utmost good humor, "you seem immensely chagrined; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Tripp, Bill Squash, the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being

ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife today; I must insist on't. I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of All-Night. A charming body of voice; but no more of that—she shall give us a song. You shall see my little girl, too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature! I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship, let it go no farther; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar. I'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm, and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street. At last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative, "Then," says he, "I shall show you one of the most charming in the world out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tiptop, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may visit me the oftener."

24. pocket-book, memorandum book. 34. the Park, probably Hyde Park, a fashionable resort in London. 48. Creolian, Creole.

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded, "Who's there?" My conductor answered that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady. "Good troth," replied she, in a peculiar dialect, "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer."

"My two shirts!" cried he in a tone that faltered with confusion; "what does the idiot mean?"

"I ken what I mean weel enough," replied the other; "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because—"

"Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations!" cried he; "go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag," continued he, turning to me, "to be forever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising, too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture, which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry unframed pictures which, he observed, were all his own drawing.

"What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it; it's my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a Countess offered me an hundred for its fellow. I refused her, for hang it! that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night at the gardens with the Countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And, indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your health in a bumper."

"Poor Jack!" cries he; "a dear, good-natured creature, I know he loves me. But I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us; something elegant and little will do—a turbot, an ortolan, a—"

"Or what do you think, my dear," interrupts the wife, "of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?"

"The very thing!" replies he; "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let us have the sauce his Grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life."

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase. The company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy; I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and, after having shown my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the servant a

57. *Grisoni*, a popular contemporary Florentine portrait-painter. *keeping*, harmony, a technical term in painting. 62. *mechanical*, like a common workman. 69. *the gardens*, probably Ranelagh Gardens, a fashionable pleasure resort. 71. *the horns*, the wind instruments in the orchestra. 81. *turbot*, *ortolan*. Both fish and bird were highly esteemed table delicacies, and, of course, quite beyond Beau Tibbs's pocketbook.

piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mr. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours. (1760)

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(1770-1850)

NOTE

The majority of writers have no inclination to describe their theory and craftsmanship. Wordsworth is an exception, as are also Edgar Allan Poe, who tells how he wrote "The Raven" (page 989), and Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote frequently on his art (cf. page 1059). Wordsworth may be called the dean of the poets of the Romantic Movement. This movement was the literary aspect of the general revolt about 1800 against artificiality and convention; some of its details were a reversion to medievalism, a shift of interest from city to country, an increased concern for the rights of the individual, and a new interest in verbal and metrical experimentation. Wordsworth described himself as "nature's priest," the intermediary between man and the spirit of nature. He was heart and soul a part of the new movement, not only in his poetry, but in his expression of the theories which he believed himself to be following. These theories of poetry are embodied in various poems and are expressed directly in the following famous preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* (1800). This epochal collection of poems appeared originally in 1798. It was the joint work of Wordsworth and Coleridge, who thus explains its origin in Chapter xiv of his *Biographia Literaria*.

"It was agreed that my endeavors should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic, yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world."

Coleridge contributed *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* to the collection; Wordsworth, a large number of his earlier poems. It is not apparent, however, that Coleridge had any part in the following essay; indeed in his *Biographia Literaria* (Chapters iv, xiv, xvii, xviii, xix, xxi) he attacked Wordsworth's theories sharply and ungraciously, with a resulting estrangement between the two men. Wordsworth's essay contains his oft-quoted definition of "all good poetry" as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" and "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge."

PREFACE TO THE "LYRICAL BALLADS"

It is supposed that by the act of writing in verse an author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which by the act of writing in verse an author, in the present day, makes to his reader; but I am certain it will appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness; they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope, therefore, the reader will not censure me if I attempt to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose; that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from the most dishonorable accusation which can be brought against an author, namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavoring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, which I proposed to myself in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain coloring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual way; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature; chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Low and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings; and from the necessary character of rural occupations are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men is adopted (purified indeed from what appears to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent and a far more philosophical language than that which is frequently

substituted for it by poets, who think that they are conferring honor upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation.

I cannot, however, be insensible of the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonorable to the writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend at the same time that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy *purpose*. Not that I mean to say I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but my habits of meditation have so formed my feelings, as that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*. If in this opinion I am mistaken I can have little right to the name of a poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; and though this be true, poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man, who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings. And as, by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensi-

bility, such habits of mind will be produced that, by observing blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the being to whom we address ourselves, if he be in a healthful state of association, must necessarily be in some degree en-
 10 lightened, and his affections ameliorated.

I have said that each of these poems has a purpose. I have also informed my reader what this purpose will be found principally to be; namely, to illustrate the manner in which our feelings and ideas are associated in a state of excitement. But, speaking in language somewhat more appropriate, it is to follow
 20 the fluxes and refluxes of the mind when agitated by the great and simple affections of our nature. This object I have endeavored in these short essays to attain by various means; by tracing the maternal passion through many of its more subtle windings, as in the poems of the "Idiot Boy" and the "Mad Mother"; by accompanying the last struggles of a human being, at the ap-
 30 proach of death, cleaving in solitude to life and society, as in the poem of the "Forsaken Indian"; by showing, as in the stanzas entitled "We Are Seven," the perplexity and obscurity which in childhood attend our notion of death, or rather our utter inability to admit that notion; or by displaying the strength of fraternal, or, to speak more philosophically, of moral attachment
 40 when early associated with the great and beautiful objects of nature, as in "The Brothers"; or, as in the incident of "Simon Lee," by placing my reader in the way of receiving from ordinary moral sensations another and more salutary impression than we are accustomed to receive from them. It has also been part of my general purpose to attempt to sketch characters under the
 50 influence of less impassioned feelings, as in "The Two April Mornings," "The Fountain," "The Old Man Traveling," "The Two Thieves," etc., characters of which the elements are simple, belong-

ing rather to nature than to manners, such as exist now, and will probably always exist, and which from their constitution may be distinctly and profitably contemplated. I will not abuse the indulgence of my reader by
 60 dwelling longer upon this subject; but it is proper that I should mention one other circumstance which distinguishes these poems from the popular poetry of the day; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling. My meaning will be rendered perfectly
 70 intelligible by referring my reader to the poems entitled "Poor Susan" and the "Childless Father," particularly to the last stanza of the latter poem.

I will not suffer a sense of false modesty to prevent me from asserting that I point my reader's attention to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! For
 80 the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know that one being is elevated above another in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared
 90 to me that to endeavor to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the
 100 mind, and unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly

gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by fantastic novels, sickly and stupid German tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse.—When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble effort with which I have endeavored to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonorable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and did I not further add to this impression a belief that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed, by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these poems, I shall request the reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their *style*, in order, among other reasons, that I may not be censured for not having performed what I never attempted. The reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes; and, I hope, are utterly rejected, as an ordinary device to elevate the style, and raise it above prose. I have proposed to myself to imitate, and, as far as is possible, to adopt the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but I have endeavored utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which writers in meter seem to lay claim to by prescription.

I have wished to keep my reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. I am, however, well aware that others who pursue a different track may interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, I only wish to prefer a different claim of my own. There will also be found in these pieces little of what is usually called poetic diction; I have taken as much pains to avoid it as others ordinarily take to produce it; this I have done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men, and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. I do not know how, without being culpably particular, I can give my reader a more exact notion of the style in which I wished these poems to be written than by informing him that I have at all times endeavored to look steadily at my subject; consequently, I hope that there is in these poems little falsehood of description, and that my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something I must have gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense; but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of meter, does not differ from that of prose; there is a numerous class of critics who, when they stumble upon

these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these pieces. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the meter, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. I have not space for much quotation; but, to illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt prose and metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire.
The birds in vain their amorous descant
join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier
men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain.
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

It will easily be perceived that the only part of this sonnet which is of any

value is the lines printed in italics; it is equally obvious that, except in the rime, and in the use of the single word "fruitless" for *fruitlessly*, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation I have shown that the language of prose may yet be well adapted to poetry; and I have previously asserted that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good prose. I will go further. I do not doubt that it may be safely affirmed that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between poetry and painting, and, accordingly, we call them sisters. But where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree; Poetry sheds no tears "such as angels weep" but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rime and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what I have been saying on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such poetry as I am recommending is,

80. **Poetry.** I here use the word "poetry" (though against my own judgment) as opposed to the word "prose" and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of poetry and prose, instead of the more philosophical one of poetry and matter of fact, or science. The only strict antithesis to prose is meter. Nor is this, in truth, a *strict* antithesis; because lines and passages of meter so naturally occur in writing prose that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable. [Wordsworth's note.] 82. **ichor**, in Greek mythology the fluid which took the place of blood in the veins of the gods.

as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and, if meter be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the poet speaks through the mouths of his characters. It cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments; for if the poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent reader, should the poet interweave any foreign splendor of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests. It is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with metaphors and figures, will have their due effect, if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the poems I now present to the reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and, as it is in itself of the highest importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labor is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, I would remind such persons that, whatever may be the language outwardly holden by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If

my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest poets both ancient and modern will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise, and when we censure. And our moral feelings influencing and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, I ask what is meant by the word "poet"? What is a poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? He is a man speaking to men; a man, it is true, endued with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves; whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But, whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest poet

to possess, there cannot be a doubt but that the language which it will suggest to him must, in liveliness and truth, fall far short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would
 10 wish to cherish of the character of a poet, it is obvious that, while he describes and imitates passions, his situation is altogether slavish and mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, nay, for short spaces of time, perhaps,
 20 to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle on which I have so much insisted, namely, that of selection; on this he will depend for removing what
 30 would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature. And the more industriously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words, which *his* fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do
 40 not object to the general spirit of these remarks that, as it is impossible for the poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who deems himself justified when he substitutes excellencies of another kind for those which are
 50 unattainable by him; and endeavors occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would

be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand; who talk of poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely
 60 about a *taste* for poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for rope-dancing, or Frontignac or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, hath said that poetry is the most philosophic of all writing; it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general, and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but
 70 carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives strength and divinity to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the biographer and historian and of their consequent utility are incalculably greater than those
 80 which are to be encountered by the poet who has an adequate notion of the dignity of his art. The poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a man. Except this one restriction, there is no
 90 object standing between the poet and the image of things; between this, and the biographer and historian there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere be-
 100 cause it is not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love. Further, it is an homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure,

63. Frontignac or Sherry, respectively, a French and a Spanish wine.

by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure. I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathize with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no
 10 general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The man of science, the chemist and mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the anatomist's knowledge is connect-
 20 ed, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and reacting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with
 30 certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which by habit become of the nature of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.
 40 To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting quali-
 50 ties of nature. And thus the poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature with affections

akin to those, which, through labor and length of time, the man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the poet and
 60 the man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and inalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes
 70 and loves it in his solitude. The poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. Emphatically may it be said of the poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, "that
 80 he looks before and after." He is the rock of defense of human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the poet binds to-
 90 gether by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favorite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowl-
 100 edge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labors of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general

indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.—It is not, then, to be supposed that anyone, who holds that sublime notion of poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavor to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

What I have thus far said applies to poetry in general; but especially to those parts of composition where the poet speaks through the mouths of his characters; and upon this point it appears to have such weight that I will conclude there are few persons of good sense who would not allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective, in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are colored by a diction of the poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual poet or belonging simply to poets in general, to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their compositions being in meter, it is expected will employ a particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language; but still it may be proper and necessary where

the poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring my reader to the description which I have before given of a poet. Among the qualities which I have enumerated as principally conducing to form a poet is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of what I have there said is that the poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them. The poet thinks and feels in the spirit of the passions of men. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be *proved* that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But poets do not write for poets alone, but for men. Unless therefore we are advocates for that admiration which depends upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the poet must descend from this supposed height, and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves.

To this it may be added that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or, which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground, and we know what we are to expect from him. Our feelings are the same with respect to meter; for, as it may be proper to remind the reader, the distinction of meter is regular and uniform, and not, like that which is produced by what is usually called poetic diction, arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case the reader is utterly at the mercy of the poet respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion; whereas, in the other the meter obeys certain laws, to which the poet and reader both willingly submit because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion but such as the concurring testimony of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which coexists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such answer as is included in what I have already said, I reply, in the first place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what confessedly constitutes the most valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse, the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature, from which I am at liberty to supply myself with endless combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why am I to be condemned, if to such description I have endeavored to superadd the charm, which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are unconvinced by what I have already said, it may be answered that a very small part of the pleasure

given by poetry depends upon the meter, and that it is injudicious to write in meter, unless it be accompanied with the other artificial distinctions of style with which meter is usually accompanied, and that, by such deviation, more will be lost from the shock which will thereby be given to the reader's associations than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying meter with certain appropriate colors of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly underrate the power of meter in itself, it might, perhaps, as far as relates to these poems, have been almost sufficient to observe that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a more naked and simple style than I have aimed at, which poems have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption that poems somewhat less naked and simple are capable of affording pleasure at the present day; and, what I wished chiefly to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of this belief.

But I might point out various causes why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words metrically arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as he who is sensible of the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The end of poetry is to produce excitement in coexistence with an overbalance of pleasure. Now, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind; ideas and feelings do not, in that state, succeed each other in accustomed order. But if the words by which this excitement is produced are in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion

55-56. *poetry . . . meter.* Wordsworth expresses here what is part of the theory of the writers of free verse; cf. the paragraph on free verse in the Introductory Essay to Chapter V (page 341).

of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true, and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of meter to divest language, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rime, than in prose. The meter of the old ballads is very artless; yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion; and, I hope if the poems referred to be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the reperusal of the distressful parts of *Clarissa Harlowe* or *The Gamester*. While Shakespeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure—an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement.—On the other hand (what it must be allowed will much more frequently happen), if the poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the reader to a height of desirable excitement, then (unless the poet's choice of his meter has been grossly injudicious)

in the feelings of pleasure which the reader has been accustomed to connect with meter in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect with that particular movement of meter, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a systematic defense of the theory upon which these poems are written, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the arts the object of accurate reflection; I mean the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not have been a useless employment to have applied this principle to the consideration of meter, and to have shown that meter is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to have pointed out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject, and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings. It takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated, till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the

35. *Clarissa Harlowe* or *The Gamester*, mid-eighteenth century novels by Samuel Richardson and Edward Moore respectively.

mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. Now, if Nature be thus cautious in preserving in a state of enjoyment a being thus employed, the poet ought to profit by the lesson thus held forth to him, and ought especially to take care that, whatever passions he communicates to his reader, those passions, if his reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an overbalance of pleasure. How the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously received from the works of rime or meter of the same or similar construction, and indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of meter, differing from it so widely—all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling which will always be found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the reader. I might, perhaps, include all which it is *necessary* to say upon this subject, by affirming what few persons will deny, that, of two descriptions either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once. We see that Pope, by the power of verse alone, has contrived to render the plainest common sense interesting, and even frequently to

invest it with the appearance of passion. In consequence of these convictions I related in meter the tale of "Goody Blake and Harry Gill," which is one of the rudest of this collection. I wished to draw attention to the truth that the power of the human imagination is sufficient to produce such changes even in our physical nature as might almost appear miraculous. The truth is an important one; the fact (for it is a *fact*) is a valuable illustration of it; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that it has been communicated to many hundreds of people who would never have heard of it, had it not been narrated as a ballad, and in a more impressive meter than is usual in ballads.

Having thus explained a few of the reasons why I have written in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavored to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and it is for this reason that I request the reader's permission to add a few words with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, sometimes from diseased impulses, I may have written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases, from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations

on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself; for his own feelings are his stay and support; and, if he sets them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind loses all confidence in itself, and becomes utterly debilitated. To this it may be added that the reader ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and, perhaps, in a much greater degree; for there can be no presumption in saying that it is not probable he will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above all, since he is so much less interested in the subject, he may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as I have detained my reader, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen.

I put my hat upon my head
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
Whose hat was in his hand.

Immediately under these lines I will place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the "Babes in the Wood."

These pretty babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town.

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, "the Strand," and "the town," connected with none but the

most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the meter, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the *matter* expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, This is a bad kind of poetry, or, This is not poetry, but, This wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can *lead* to anything interesting; the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

I have one request to make of my reader, which is, that in judging these poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, "I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but to such and such classes of people it will appear mean or ludicrous!" This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound, unadulterated judgment, is almost universal. I have therefore to request that the reader would abide independently by his own feelings, and that, if he finds himself affected, he would not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an Author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption that on other occasions where we have been displeased, he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and, further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us

to review what has displeased us, with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste; for an *accurate* taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an *acquired* talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced reader from judging for himself (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself), but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest that if poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that, in many cases, it necessarily will be so.

I know that nothing would have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially different from that which I have here endeavored to recommend; for the reader will say that he has been pleased by such composition; and what can I do more for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect that if I propose to furnish him with new friends, it is only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of poetry; and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an honorable bigotry for the objects which have long continued to please them; we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that particular way in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is a host of arguments in these feelings; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully,

as I am willing to allow, that, in order entirely to enjoy the poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But, would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, I might have removed many obstacles, and assisted my reader in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of my subject I have not altogether neglected; but it has been less my present aim to prove that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, than to offer reasons for presuming that, if the object which I have proposed to myself were adequately attained, a species of poetry would be produced which is genuine poetry; in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the poems, the reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I have proposed to myself; he will determine how far I have attained this object; and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining; and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the public.

(1800)

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)

NOTE

The individualism which is characteristic of the Romantic Movement in English literature crops out not only in the poetry of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries but also in the essays. Thus Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, and other essayists of the time colored to an unusual degree all of their observations and reflections on life with their own personal characteristics. They wrote about themselves and about each other with no embarrassment whatever. But since all felt profoundly and thought acutely, there is no more readable group of essays in English than those of the early nineteenth-

century romanticists. Of all these writers Lamb possessed the greatest quaintness and charm. He and his sister Mary kept house together in one of those rare and delightful companionships of which William and Dorothy Wordsworth provide another instance. Under the title *Essays of Elia* and *Last Essays of Elia* he collected a group of easy personal essays which possess a wide emotional range. They are characterized by quaintness, whimsicality, spiritual and intellectual penetration, vivacity that is sometimes rollicking, love of humanity and especially of children, and finally, the most touching pathos. This last quality appears in "Dream-Children," in which Lamb distills his sense of longing for the human relationships which never were his. This essay, like many others, is autobiographical—or partly so, for it is hard to say at what point fact ends and fancy begins. His "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading" should be compared with Bacon's essay "Of Studies" (page 899) and Fielding's "On Taste in the Choice of Books" (page 907). Lamb loved old wine, old books, old friends, and wore many a jacket threadbare that he might purchase some old Elizabethan folio. His "Old China" is an excellent illustration of his quaint method of merging fact, fancy, and philosophy of life; upon a foundation of his own experience and that of his sister Mary he has woven here a charming sermon on poverty, riches, and happiness. The first of the three essays is from *The Essays of Elia*; the other two are from *Last Essays of Elia*. Elia was the name of a friend of Lamb's brother which the essayist used as a nom de plume.

DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERIE

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out

10. *Norfolk*, identified with Blakesware in Hertfordshire, where Lamb's grandmother, Alice Field, was house-keeper. Cf. Lamb's "Blakesmoor." The first part of the essay is a prose lyric, describing this haunt of Lamb's childhood.

in wood upon the chimneypiece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it, too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if someone were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "That would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry, too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain;

but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm"; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Caesars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening, too, along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—

or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fishpond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L—, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens, too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain—and how in after life he became lame-footed, too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it

23. **Twelve Caesars**, the first twelve Roman emperors, whose busts were frequently used to decorate bookcases.

haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: “We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice called Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name”—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone forever. (1823)

23. Alice W—n, vaguely identified with Anne Simmons, whom Lamb may have courted; she actually did marry a man named Bartrum. 50. John L. (or James Elia). Bridget and James Elia were the names Lamb gave to his sister Mary and brother John.

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING

To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own. Lord Foppington in “*The Relapse*.”

An ingenious acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his Lordship that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some credit on this head, I must confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a *book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

In this catalogue of *books which are no books—biblia abiblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket-books, Draught Boards bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacs, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which “no gentleman's library should be without”; the Histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley's *Moral Philosophy*. With these exceptions I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these *things in books' clothing* perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the

66. Shaftesbury, Anthony Ashley Cooper, third earl of Shaftesbury (1671-1713), English philanthropist and writer. Most of the other proper names in this essay are those of English authors; the allusions to them reveal Lamb's wide and varied reading. 67. Jonathan Wild, the highwayman hero of Fielding's novel *Jonathan Wild the Great* (1743). 74. Pocket-books, memorandum books.

sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what "seem its leaves," to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged assortment of block-headed encyclopedias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of Russia, or Morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably reclothe my shivering folios—would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymund Lully to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kind of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of magazines, for instance, in full suit. The dishabille, or half-binding (with Russia backs ever) is *our* costume. A Shakespeare or a Milton (unless the first editions) it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them confers no distinction. The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's *Seasons*, again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn and dog's-eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves and worn-out appearance, nay, the very odor (beyond Russia), if we would not forget kind feelings in fastidiousness, of an old "Circulating Library" *Tom Jones* or *Vicar of Wakefield*! How they speak of the thousand thumbs that have turned over their pages with delight!—of the lone sempstress whom they may have cheered (milliner, or hard-working mantua-maker) after her long day's needle-toil, running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill-spared from sleep, to steep her cares, as in some Lethean cup, in spelling out their

enchanting contents! Who would have them a whit less soiled? What better condition could we desire to see them in?

In some respects the better a book is, the less it demands from binding. Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, and all that class of perpetually self-reproductive volumes—Great Nature's Stereotypes—we see them individually perish with less regret, because we know the copies of them to be "eterne." But where a book is at once both good and rare—where the individual is almost the species, and when *that* perishes—

We know not where is that Promethean torch

That can its light relumine—

such a book, for instance, as the *Life of the Duke of Newcastle*, by his Duchess—no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honor and keep safe such a jewel.

Not only rare volumes of this description, which seem hopeless ever to be reprinted, but old editions of writers, such as Sir Philip Sidney, Bishop Taylor, Milton in his prose works, Fuller—of whom we *have* reprints, yet the books themselves, though they go about, and are talked of here and there, we know, have not endenized themselves (not possibly ever will) in the national heart, so as to become stock books—it is good to possess these in durable and costly covers. I do not care for a First Folio of Shakespeare. I rather prefer the common editions of Rowe and Tonson, without notes, and with *plates*, which, being so execrably bad, serve as maps, or modest remembrancers, to the text, and, without pretending to any supposable emulation with it, are so much better than the Shakespeare gallery *engravings*, which *did*. I have a community of feeling with my countrymen about his plays, and I like those editions of him best which have been oftenest tumbled about and handled. On the contrary I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher but in folio. The octavo edi-

69. We know, etc., inaccurately quoted from Shakespeare's *Othello*, v, ii, 12-13.

tions are painful to look at. I have no sympathy with them. If they were as much read as the current editions of the other poet, I should prefer them in that shape to the older one. I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*. What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the newest fashion to modern censure? what hapless stationer could dream of Burton ever becoming popular? The wretched Malone could not do worse, when he bribed the sexton of Stratford church to let him whitewash the painted effigy of old Shakespeare, which stood there, in rude but lively fashion depicted, to the very color of the cheek, the eye, the eyebrow, hair, the very dress he used to wear—the only authentic testimony we had, however imperfect, of these curious parts and parcels of him. They covered him over with a coat of white paint. By—, if I had been a justice of peace for Warwickshire, I would have clapped both commentator and sexton fast in the stocks, for a pair of meddling sacrilegious varlets.

I think I see them at their work—these sapient trouble-tombs.

Shall I be thought fantastical, if I confess that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakespeare? It may be that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.

Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book.

In the five or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the *Fairy Queen* for a stopgap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes's sermons?

Milton almost requires a solemn

service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which who listens had need bring docile thoughts, and purged ears.

Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony the gentle Shakespeare enters. At such a season the *Tempest*, or his own *Winter's Tale*—

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud—to yourself, or (as it chances) to some single person listening. More than one—and it degenerates into an audience.

Books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over only. It will not do to read them out. I could never listen to even the better kind of modern novels without extreme irksomeness.

A newspaper, read out, is intolerable. In some of the bank offices it is the custom (to save so much individual time) for one of the clerks—who is the best scholar—to commence upon the *Times*, or the *Chronicle*, and recite its entire contents aloud *pro bono publico*. With every advantage of lungs and elocution, the effect is singularly vapid. In barbers' shops and public-houses a fellow will get up, and spell out a paragraph which he communicates as some discovery. Another follows with his selection. So the entire journal transpires at length by piecemeal. Seldom-readers are slow readers, and without this expedient, no one in the company would probably ever travel through the contents of a whole paper.

Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.

What an eternal time that gentleman in black, at Nando's, keeps the paper! I am sick of hearing the waiter bawling out incessantly, "the *Chronicle* is in hand, sir."

Coming in to an inn at night—having ordered your supper—what can be more delightful than to find lying in the window-seat, left there time out of mind by the carelessness of some former guest—two or three numbers of the old *Town and Country Magazine*, with its

76, *pro bono publico*, for the public benefit.

7. *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, a prose treatise by Robert Burton, an English essayist (1577-1640).
14. *Malone*, an Irish Shakespearean scholar (1741-1812). The whitewash was subsequently removed from Shakespeare's bust.

amusing *tête-à-tête* pictures—"The Royal Lover and Lady G——"; "The Melting Platonic and the Old Beau"—and such like antiquated scandal? Would you exchange it—at that time, and in that place—for a better book?

Poor Tobin, who latterly fell blind, did not regret it so much for the weightier kinds of reading—the *Paradise Lost*, or *Comus*, he could have read to him—but he missed the pleasure of skimming over with his own eye a magazine or a light pamphlet.

I should not care to be caught in the serious avenues of some cathedral alone and reading *Candide*.

I do not remember a more whimsical surprise than having been once detected—by a familiar damsel—reclining at my ease upon the grass, on Primrose Hill (her Cythera), reading—*Pamela*. There was nothing in the book to make a man seriously ashamed at the exposure; but as she seated herself down by me, and seemed determined to read in company, I could have wished it had been—any other book. We read on very sociably for a few pages; and, not finding the author much to her taste, she got up, and—went away. Gentle casuist, I leave it to thee to conjecture, whether the blush (for there was one between us) was the property of the nymph or the swain in this dilemma. From me you shall never get the secret.

I am not much a friend to out-of-doors reading. I cannot settle my spirits to it. I knew a Unitarian minister, who was generally to be seen upon Snow Hill (as yet Skinner's Street *was not*) between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, studying a volume of Lardner. I own this to have been a strain of abstraction beyond my reach. I used to admire how he sidled along, keeping clear of secular contacts. An illiterate encounter with a porter's knot, or a bread basket, would have quickly put to flight all the theology I am master of, and have left me worse than indifferent to the five points.

16. *Candide*, a philosophical story by Voltaire (written in 1759), in which the hero is characterized by cynical indifference. 43. *Lardner*, Nathaniel (1684-1768), an English divine and Biblical scholar.

There is a class of street-readers, whom I can never contemplate without affection—the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls—the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done. Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they "snatch a fearful joy." Martin B——, in this way, by daily fragments, got through two volumes of *Clarissa*, when the stall-keeper damped his laudable ambition by asking him (it was in his younger days) whether he meant to purchase the work. M. declares that under no circumstance in his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches. A quaint poetess of our day has moralized upon this subject in two very touching but homely stanzas.

I saw a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,
And read, as he'd devour it all;
Which when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call,
"You, sir, you never buy a book;
Therefore in one you shall not look."
The boy passed slowly on, and with a sigh
He wished he never had been taught to
read,
Then of the old churl's books he should
have had no need.

Of sufferings the poor have many,
Which never can the rich annoy.
I soon perceived another boy,
Who looked as if he had not any
Food, for that day at least—enjoy
The sight of cold meat in a tavern larder.
This boy's case, then thought I, is surely
harder.
Thus hungry, longing, thus without a
penny,
Beholding choice of dainty-dressed meat;
No wonder if he wish he ne'er had learned
to eat. (1833)

65. *Martin B—*, Martin Burney, a friend of Lamb's, who is mentioned several times in Lamb's essays and letters. 74. *poetess*, Lamb's sister Mary.

OLD CHINA

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture-gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference but by saying that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call
10 to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?—to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques that, under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any
20 element, in that world before perspective—a china teacup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals.
30

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on teacups—is stepping into a little
40 fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant,
50 and coextensive—so objects show, seen

through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson (which we are old-fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon), some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking
60 how favorable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to overshadow the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not
70 quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state"—so she was pleased to ramble on—"in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those
80 times!)—we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

"Do you remember the brown suit which you made to hang upon you till
90 all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday-night, when you set off
100 from Islington, fearing you should be

48. hays, a country dance. 49. couchant, and coextensive, reclining and of the same size.

57. *speciosa miracula*, brilliant wonders. 67. Bridget. Elia's cousin Bridget is Lamb's sister Mary. 95. Covent Garden, a section of London in which there was a famous playhouse.

too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedward) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating*,
 10 you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical—give you half the honest vanity with which you flaunted it about
 20 in that overworn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

30 “When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the ‘Lady Blanch’; when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now you have nothing
 40 to do but to walk into Colnaghi’s, and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?”

“Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter’s Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holiday—holidays and all other fun are gone now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day’s fare of savory cold lamb and salad—
 50 and how you would pry about at noon-

tide for some decent house, where we might go in and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a tablecloth—and wish for such another honest hostess as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea,
 60 when he went a-fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now—when we go out a day’s pleasuring, which is seldom, moreover, we *ride* part of the way, and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense—
 70 which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

“You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the *Battle of Hexham*, and the *Surrender of Calais*, and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in the *Children in the Wood*—when we squeezed out our shillings apiece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria? You used to say that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that

65. **Piscator.** He is the fisherman in Izaak Walton’s *The Complete Angler* (1653); his favorite inn was Trout Hall. 78-80. **Battle of Hexham, Surrender of Calais, Children in the Wood.** The first two plays are by George Colman the younger (1763-1836); the third is by Thomas Morton (1764-1838). 92-94. **Rosalind Illyria.** The references are to Shakespeare’s *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, respectively.

20. **corbeau**, a dark-green cloth. 33. **Lionardo**, Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), an Italian painter. The picture referred to is “Modesty and Vanity” and is the subject of a poem by Mary Lamb. 40. **Colnaghi**, a contemporary London art dealer.

the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you whether, as a woman, I met
 10 generally with less attention and accommodation than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in, indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient stair-cases, was bad enough—but there was still a law of civility to woman recognized to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome height-
 20 ened the snug seat and the play; afterwards! Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard, too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

“There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while
 30 they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at that makes what I call a treat—when two people, living together as we have done,
 40 now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologizes, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves, in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never *do* make much of ourselves. None but
 50 the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

“I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of

the year to make all meet—and much ado we used to have every thirty-first night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decreasing—but then—betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which
 60 you were never poor till now), we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with ‘lusty brimmers’ (as you used to quote it out of *hearty cheerful Mr. Cotton*, as you called him), we used to welcome in the ‘coming guest.’ Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us.”

Bridget is so sparing of her speech
 on most occasions that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor—hundred pounds a year. “It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my
 90 cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting
 100 power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is

74. *Mr. Cotton*, Charles (1630-1687), a miscellaneous writer who added a second part to Walton's *The Complete Angler*. The quotations are from his poem, “The New Year.”

supplementary youth, a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride where we formerly walked; live better and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return—could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a day—
 10 could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them—could the good old one-shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fireside, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient staircases, pushed about and
 20 squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theater down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever
 30 touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Cræsus had, or the great Jew R—is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half Madonna-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer-house.” (1833)

10. Bannister and Mrs. Bland, friends of the Lambs. 31. Jew R—, Nathan Meyer, Baron de Rothschild (1777-1836), a famous London banker. 35. bed-tester, a canopy over a four-poster bed.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830)

NOTE

The title of William Hazlitt's collected essays, *Table Talk* (1821-1822), is indicative of the type of essay in the volume. He belonged to a talking age, and like Coleridge and Lamb he was an excellent conversationalist. The outstanding personal characteristics which affected his writing are his pugnacity, his sympathetic understanding of men and women, and his love of nature and art. His father was a Unitarian minister, and Hazlitt was himself educated for the ministry.

His connection with a dissenting minority threw Hazlitt upon the defensive and gave to his character and work a certain acerbity and directness which estranged many of his friends. His love of a good fight, either as witness or participant, is reflected in his essays entitled “The Dissenters”—a tribute to his father's sturdy resistance—“The Fight,” and the famous open letter to Mr. Gifford, a publisher whose measure Hazlitt took in a piece of invective which outdoes in directness any other essay of the period. His love of art almost prompted him to become, like his brother, a painter. He finally took up the pen instead of the brush, but the influence of his training in painting appears in the vivid concreteness of many of his essays. His love of the out-of-doors was increased by the long country walks which he took with his father in England and during a sojourn in New England. Hazlitt is the best example in English literature of a writer who has deliberately developed his own art. At the time of his return from the Hackney Theological College, where he was presumably preparing for the ministry, he describes himself as “dumb, inarticulate, helpless, like a worm by the wayside, crushed, bleeding, lifeless” when “to convey the slightest conception of my meaning in words was the height of an almost hopeless ambition.” But, partly under the inspiration of Coleridge's pulpit eloquence—described in “On My First Acquaintance with Poets”—he grappled valiantly with the problems of composition, as he did indeed with all his problems, and became in time so lucid and polished a writer that he could boast proudly that he “never wrote a line that licked the dust.” When Stevenson came to “play the sedulous ape” to older essayists, it was Hazlitt who more than any other writer affected his style. Hazlitt's notable contributions to criticism—and particularly to Shakespearean criticism—are not represented in this chapter. Of the three familiar essays selected, “On Going a Journey” shows in its content his interest in nature, and in its style his felicity of expression and his trick of weaving quotations into his own work. The essay should be compared with Bacon's “Of Travel” (page 896) and Stevenson's “Walking Tours” (page 1050). The two reflective essays which follow are examples of Hazlitt's philosophical manner. They should be compared with Bacon's “Of Death” (page 895), and Stevenson's “Æs Triplex” (page 1055) and “Pulvis et Umbra.”

ON GOING A JOURNEY

One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to
 40 go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out-of-doors, Nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

The fields his study, Nature was his book.

45. The fields, etc., from a poem by Robert Bloomfield, “The Farmer's Boy.”

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticizing hedgerows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room, and fewer incumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet.

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation

May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired,

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange good things with and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sunburnt Indian plunges

headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sumless treasuries," burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. "Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!" I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me "very stuff o' the conscience." Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, as neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship," say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's, that he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time. So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation,

15. *a friend*, etc., from Cowper's "Retirement."
26. *May plume*, etc., from Milton's *Comus*. 33. *Tilbury*, a two-wheeled, uncovered carriage.

49. *sunken*, etc., from Shakespeare's *Henry V*, i, ii.
60. *Leave*, etc., from Gray's translation of the Norse *Descent of Odin*. 63. *very stuff*, etc., from Shakespeare's *Othello*, i, ii. 83. *Out upon*, etc., from Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, Part i, i, iii. 89. *Mr. Cobbett*, a political writer (1766-1835).

by fits and starts. "Let me have a companion of my way," says Sterne, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." It is beautifully said; but in my opinion this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only
 10 hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid; if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of Nature without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method on a journey in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then,
 20 and to examine and anatomize them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point
 30 with anyone for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a bean-field crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveler has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the color of a cloud which hits your fancy, but the effect
 40 of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill-humor. Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of
 50 accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you—these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly

communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company seems extravagance or affectation; and on
 60 the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it—otherwise the end is not answered—is a task to which few are competent. We must "give it an understanding, but no tongue." My old friend C—, however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and
 70 dale, a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. "He talked far above singing." If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have someone with me to admire the swelling theme; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear
 80 his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden. They had "that fine madness in them which our first poets had"; and if they could have been caught by some rare instrument, would have breathed such strains as the following:

Here be woods as green
 As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
 As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the
 fleet
 Face of the curled stream, with flowers as
 many
 90 As the young spring gives, and as choice as
 any;
 Here be all new delights, cool streams, and
 wells,
 Arbors o'ergrown with woodbine, caves
 and dells;
 Choose where thou wilt, while I sit by
 and sing,

66. *give it an understanding*, from *Hamlet*, i, ii.
 68. *old friend C—*, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 73. *He talked*, etc., from Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *Philaster*. 81. *All-Foxden*, in Somersetshire. Hazlitt's visit to the home of Wordsworth here and to that of Coleridge in the neighboring village of Nether-Stowey is described in his "On My First Acquaintance with Poets." *that fine madness*, from Drayton's poem, "Censure of Poets." 87. *Here be*, etc., from Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, i, iii.

Or gather rushes to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love—
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose
eyes

She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each
night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's
light,

10 To kiss her sweetest.

—*Faithful Shepherdess.*

Had I words and images at command
like these, I would attempt to wake
the thoughts that lie slumbering on
golden ridges in the evening clouds;
but at the sight of Nature my fancy,
poor as it is, droops and closes up its
leaves, like flowers at sunset. I can
make nothing out on the spot—I must
have time to collect myself.

20 In general, a good thing spoils out-
of-door prospects; it should be reserved
for table-talk. L— is for this
reason, I take it, the worst company
in the world out-of-doors; because he
is the best within. I grant there is one
subject on which it is pleasant to
talk on a journey; and that is, what
one shall have for supper when we
get to our inn at night. The open air
30 improves this sort of conversation or
friendly altercation, by setting a keener
edge on appetite. Every mile of the
road heightens the flavor of the viands
we expect at the end of it. How fine
it is to enter some old town, walled
and turreted, just at the approach of
nightfall, or to come to some straggling
village, with the lights streaming
through the surrounding gloom; and
40 then, after inquiring for the best
entertainment that the place affords,
to "take one's ease at one's inn"! These
eventful moments in our lives' history
are too precious, too full of solid,
heartfelt happiness, to be frittered
and dribbled away in imperfect
sympathy. I would have them all to

myself, and drain them to the last
drop; they will do to talk of or to
write about afterwards. What a deli-
cate speculation it is, after drinking
whole goblets of tea—

The cups that cheer, but not inebriate,

and letting the fumes ascend into the
brain, to sit considering what we shall
have for supper—eggs and a rasher, a
rabbit smothered in onions, or an
excellent veal cutlet! Sancho in such
a situation once fixed upon cow-heel;
and his choice, though he could not
help it, is not to be disparaged. Then,
in the intervals of pictured scenery
and Shandean contemplation, to catch
the preparation and the stir in the
kitchen—*Procul, O procul este profani!*
These hours are sacred to silence and
to musing, to be treasured up in the
memory, and to feed the source of
smiling thoughts hereafter. I would
not waste them in idle talk; or if I 70
must have the integrity of fancy
broken in upon, I would rather it were
by a stranger than a friend. A stranger
takes his hue and character from the
time and place; he is a part of the
furniture and costume of an inn. If
he is a Quaker or from the West Riding
of Yorkshire, so much the better. I
do not even try to sympathize with
him, and he breaks no squares. I 80
associate nothing with my traveling
companion but present objects and
passing events. In his ignorance of
me and my affairs I in a manner
forget myself. But a friend reminds
one of other things, rips up old griev-
ances, and destroys the abstraction of
the scene. He comes in ungraciously
between us and our imaginary charac-
ter. Something is dropped in the 90
course of conversation that gives a
hint of your profession and pursuits;
or from having someone with you that

53. *The cups*, etc., from Cowper's *The Task*.
58. *Sancho*, the squire in the burlesque romance of
Cervantes, *Don Quixote*. 63. *Shandean*, like Tristram
Shandy's father in Sterne's novel *Tristram Shandy*;
whimsical. 65. *Procul*, etc., "hence, O hence, ye
profane," a warning to the uninitiated (Vergil's *Aeneid*,
Book vi). 77. *from the West Riding of Yorkshire*,
that is, an uncouth provincial. 80. *breaks no squares*,
a reference to the regimental square, used as a symbol of
the hedges which surround men's personalities.

22. *L—*, Charles Lamb. 42. *take one's ease*,
etc., from Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, Part 1, 3, iii.

knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world; but your "unhoused, free condition is put into circumscription and confine." The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges—"lord of oneself, uncumbered with a name." Oh! it is great to shake off the tram-
 10 mels of the world and of public opinion—to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of Nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties—to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweetbreads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening—and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known
 20 by no other title than *the gentleman in the parlor!* One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves.
 30 We are no more those hackneyed commonplaces that we appear in the world; an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns—sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham Common, where I found out the proof
 40 that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas—at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at St. Neot's—I think it was—where I first met with Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons, into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumph-

antly—for a theory that I had, not for the admired artist—with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn, standing up in a boat between me and the twilight—at other times I might mention luxuriating in books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I remember sitting up half the night to read *Paul and Virginia*, which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater,
 60 after being drenched in the rain all day; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame d'Arblay's *Camilla*. It was on the tenth of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the *New Eloise*, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St. Preux describes his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura
 70 of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bonne bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birthday, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighborhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham; and on passing a certain point you come all at once
 80 upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheater, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with "green, upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks" below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time "glittered green with sunny showers," and a budding ash tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad
 90 I was to walk along the highroad that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poems! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large

4. *unhoused*, etc., from Shakespeare's *Othello*, I, ii. 7. *lord of oneself*, etc., from a poem of Dryden's "To My Honored Kinsman John Dryden." 44. *Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons*, plates made by the engraver Gribelin from Raphael's drawings, or cartoons, in Hampton Court palace. 48. *Westall*, an historical painter (1765-1836).

58. *Paul and Virginia*, Bernardin de St. Pierre's romance (French 1788; translated into English, 1796). 63. *Camilla*, a novel by Frances Burney (1796). 65. *New Eloise*, Rousseau's romance (1761). 72. *bonne bouche*, a delicacy. 83. *green upland*, etc., from Coleridge's "Ode on the Departing Year."

as Hope could make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

The beautiful is vanished, and returns not.

Still I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot; but I would return to it alone. What other self
10 could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they been broken and defaced! I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separates me from what I then was. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named.
20 Where is he now? Not only I myself have changed; the world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O silvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness as thou wert; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely!

There is hardly anything that shows
30 the short-sightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than traveling does. With change of place we change our ideas; nay, our opinions and feelings. We can by an effort indeed transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again; but we forget those that we have just left. It seems that we can think but of one place at a
40 time. The canvas of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other. We cannot enlarge our conceptions, we only shift our point of view. The landscape bares its bosom

to the enraptured eye, we take our fill of it, and seem as if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur. We pass on, and think no more of it; the horizon that shuts it from our sight also blots it from our memory like a dream. In traveling through a wild, barren country I can form no idea of a woody and cultivated one. It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it. In the country we forget the town, and in town we despise the country. "Beyond Hyde Park," says Sir Fopling Flutter, "all is a desert." All that part of the map that we do not see before us is a blank. The world in our conceit of it is not much bigger than a nutshell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county, kingdom to kingdom, lands to seas, making an image voluminous and vast; the mind can form no larger idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written on a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population known by the name of China to us? An inch of pasteboard on a wooden globe, of no more account than a China orange! Things near us are seen of the size of life; things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piecemeal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections we cannot, as it were, unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So, in coming to a place where we have formerly lived and with which we have intimate associations, everyone must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the

4. *Light of common day*. The phrase is from Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality"; the allusion is to Hazlitt's bitter disappointment at the failure of his hopes in the outcome of the French Revolution. 6. *The beautiful*, etc., from Coleridge's version of Schiller's *The Death of Wallenstein*, v. 1. 20. *I myself have changed*. Like Wordsworth, Coleridge became a conservative; Hazlitt remained a radical to the end. 27. *I will drink*, etc. Revelation xxi, 6.

59. *Sir Fopling Flutter*, the hero of a comedy by Etherege (1676).

spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression: we remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names, that we had not thought of for years; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten!

To return to the question I have quitted above.—I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in
10 company with a friend or a party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear a discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure
20 the first consideration always is where we shall go to; in taking a solitary ramble the question is what we shall meet with by the way. “The mind is its own place”; nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honors indifferently well to works of art and curiosity. I once took a party to Oxford with no mean *éclat*—showed them that seat
30 of the Muses at a distance,

With glistering spires and pinnacles
adorned,

descanted on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and cottages—was at home in the Bodleian; and at Blenheim quite superseded the powdered cicerone that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to commonplace beauties in matchless
40 pictures. As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind

16. *Stonehenge*, a circle of standing stones on Salisbury Plain in southern England. 23. *The mind*, etc., from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book I. 31. *With glistering spires*, etc., from *Paradise Lost*, Book III. 35. *Bodleian*, the library of Oxford University. 36. *Blenheim*, not on the battlefield but at the mansion built by a grateful nation in Oxfordshire for the Duke of Marlborough.

of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, this
50 relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen; there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any
60 single contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to all one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species by oneself, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support. Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was
70 peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears; nor did the mariners' hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbor, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over “the vine-covered hills and gay regions of
80 France,” erect and satisfied; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones. I was at no loss for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled; nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people!—There is undoubtedly a sensation in traveling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else; but it is
90 more pleasing at the time than lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and, like a dream or another state of existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an animated but a momentary hal-

77. *the vine-covered hills*, from William Roscoe's “Lines Written in 1788.” 87. *Bourbons*, the French royal family. The entire allusion is to the French Revolution.

lucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity; and to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must "jump" all our present comforts and connections. Our romantic and itinerant character is not to be domesticated. Dr. Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful, and, in one sense, instructive; but it appears to be cut out of our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable, individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves as well as our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings,

Out of my country and myself I go.

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them; but we can be said only to fulfill our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life in traveling abroad, if I could anywhere borrow another life to spend afterwards at home!

(1821-1822)

ON THE FEELING OF IMMORTALITY IN YOUTH

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us.

—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

No young man believes he shall ever die. It was a saying of my brother's, and a fine one. There is a feeling of eternity in youth, which makes us amends for everything. To be young is to be as one of the immortal gods. One half of time indeed is flown—the other half remains in store for us with all its countless treasures; for there is no line

drawn, and we see no limit to our hopes and wishes. We make the coming age our own.

The vast, the unbounded prospect lies before us.

Death, old age, are words without a meaning, that pass by us like the idle air which we regard not. Others may have undergone, or may still be liable to them—we "bear a charmed life," which laughs to scorn all such sickly fancies. As in setting out on a delightful journey, we strain our eager gaze forward—

Bidding the lovely scenes at distance hail,

and see no end to the landscape, new objects presenting themselves as we advance; so, in the commencement of life, we set no bounds to our inclinations, nor to the unrestricted opportunities of gratifying them. We have as yet found no obstacle, no disposition to flag; and it seems that we can go on so forever. We look round in a new world, full of life, and motion, and ceaseless progress; and feel in ourselves all the vigor and spirit to keep pace with it, and do not foresee from any present symptoms how we shall be left behind in the natural course of things, decline into old age, and drop into the grave. It is the simplicity, and as it were *abstractedness* of our feelings in youth, that (so to speak) identifies us with Nature, and (our experience being slight and our passions strong) deludes us into a belief of being immortal like it. Our short-lived connection with existence, we fondly flatter ourselves, is an indissoluble and lasting union—a honey-moon that knows neither coldness, jar, nor separation. As infants smile and sleep, we are rocked in the cradle of our wayward fancies, and lulled into security by the roar of the universe around us—we quaff the cup of life with eager haste without draining it, instead of which it

5. **Jump.** The word was borrowed from Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, v, vii; it means *chance* or *risk*.

45. **The vast**, etc., from Addison's *Cato*, v, i, 13. 50. **bear a charmed life**, from *Macbeth*, v, viii, 12. 55. **Bidding**, etc., from Collins's "Ode on the Passions."

only overflows the more—objects press around us, filling the mind with their magnitude and with the throng of desires that wait upon them, so that we have no room for the thoughts of death. From the plenitude of our being we cannot change all at once to dust and ashes, we cannot imagine “this sensible, warm motion, to become a kneaded clod”—we
 10 are too much dazzled by the brightness of the waking dream around us to look into the darkness of the tomb. We no more see our end than our beginning; the one is lost in oblivion and vacancy, as the other is hid from us by the crowd and hurry of approaching events. Or the grim shadow is seen lingering in the horizon, which we are doomed never to overtake, or whose last, faint glimmering
 20 outline touches upon heaven and translates us to the skies! Nor would the hold that life has taken of us permit us to detach our thoughts from the present objects and pursuits, even if we would. What is there more opposed to health, than sickness; to strength and beauty, than decay and dissolution; to the active search of knowledge, than mere oblivion? Or is there none of the usual
 30 advantage to bar the approach of Death, and mock his idle threats; Hope supplies their place, and draws a veil over the abrupt termination of all our cherished schemes. While the spirit of youth remains unimpaired, ere the “wine of life is drank up,” we are like people intoxicated or in a fever, who are hurried away by the violence of their own sensations; it is only as present
 40 objects begin to pall upon the sense, as we have been disappointed in our favorite pursuits, cut off from our closest ties, that passion loosens its hold upon the breast, that we by degrees become weaned from the world, and allow ourselves to contemplate, “as in a glass, darkly,” the possibility of parting with it for good. The example of others, the voice of experience, has
 50 no effect upon us whatever. Casualties we must avoid; the slow and deliberate

advances of age we can play at *hide-and-seek* with. We think ourselves too lusty and too nimble for that blear-eyed decrepit old gentleman to catch us. Like the foolish fat scullion, in *Sterne*, when she hears that Master Bobby is dead, our only reflection is, “So am not I!” The idea of death, instead of staggering our confidence, rather seems
 60 to strengthen and enhance our possession and our enjoyment of life. Others may fall around like leaves, or be mowed down like flowers by the scythe of Time; these are but tropes and figures to the unreflecting ears and overweening presumption of youth. It is not till we see the flowers of love, hope, and joy withering around us, and our own pleasures cut up by the roots, that we
 70 bring the moral home to ourselves, that we abate something of the wanton extravagance of our pretensions, or that the emptiness and dreariness of the prospect before us reconciles us to the stillness of the grave!

Life! thou strange thing, thou hast a power to feel

Thou art, and to perceive that others are.

Well might the poet begin his indignant invective against an art, whose
 80 professed object is its destruction, with this animated apostrophe to life. Life is indeed a strange gift, and its privileges are most miraculous. Nor is it singular that when the splendid boon is first granted us, our gratitude, our admiration, and our delight should prevent us from reflecting on our own nothingness, or from thinking it will ever be recalled. Our first and strongest impressions are
 90 taken from the mighty scene that is opened to us, and we very innocently transfer its durability as well as magnificence to ourselves. So newly found, we cannot make up our minds to parting with it yet and at least put off that consideration to an indefinite term. Like a clown at a fair we are full of amazement and rapture, and have no thoughts of going home, or that it will
 100

8. *this sensible*, etc., from Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, III. 1. 36. *wine of life*, etc., from *Macbeth*, II, III, 100. 46. *as in a glass, darkly*, I Corinthians, xiii, 12.

58. *So am not I*. From *Tristram Shandy*, Book v. 7. 77. *Life*, etc., from Fawcett's “Art of War,” a poem. 1794. [Hazlitt's note.]

soon be night. We know our existence only from external objects, and we measure it by them. We can never be satisfied with gazing; and Nature will still want us to look on and applaud. Otherwise, the sumptuous entertainment, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," to which they were invited, seems little better than mockery and a cruel insult. We do not go from a play till the scene is ended and the lights are ready to be extinguished. But the fair face of things still shines on; shall we be called away before the curtain falls, or ere we have scarce had a glimpse of what is going on? Like children, our step-mother Nature holds us up to see the raree-show of the universe; and then, as if life were a burden to support, lets us instantly down again. Yet in that short interval, what "brave sublunary things" does not the spectacle unfold; like a bubble, at one minute reflecting the universe, and the next, shook to air!—To see the golden sun and the azure sky, the outstretched ocean, to walk upon the green earth, and to be lord of a thousand creatures, to look down the giddy precipices or over the distant flowery vales, to see the world spread out under one's finger in a map, to bring the stars near, to view the smallest insects in a microscope, to read history, and witness the revolutions of empires and the succession of generations, to hear of the glory of Sidon and Tyre, of Babylon and Susa, as of a faded pageant, and to say all these were and are now nothing, to think that we exist in such a point of time, and in such a corner of space, to be at once spectators and a part of the moving scene, to watch the return of the seasons, of spring and autumn, to hear

The stock-dove plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustles to the sighing gale—

to traverse desert wilderness, to listen to the midnight choir, to visit lighted halls,

or plunge into the dungeon's gloom, or sit in crowded theaters and see life itself mocked, to feel heat and cold, pleasure and pain, right and wrong, truth and falsehood, to study the works of art and refine the sense of beauty to agony, to worship fame and to dream of immortality, to have read Shakespeare and belong to the same species as Sir Isaac Newton, to be and to do all this, and then in a moment to be nothing, to have it all snatched from one like a juggler's ball or a phantasmagoria; there is something revolting and incredible to sense in the transition, and no wonder that, aided by youth and warm blood, and the flush of enthusiasm, the mind contrives for a long time to reject it with disdain and loathing as a monstrous and improbable fiction, like a monkey on a house-top, that is loath, amidst its fine discoveries and specious antics, to be

57. *Sir Isaac Newton*. Lady Wortley Montague says, in one of her letters, that she "would much rather be a rich effendi, with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac Newton, with all his knowledge." This was not perhaps an impolitic choice, as she had a better chance of becoming one than the other, there being many rich effendis to one Sir Isaac Newton. The wish was not a very intellectual one. The same petulance of rank and sex breaks out everywhere in these *Letters*. She is constantly reducing the poets or philosophers who have the misfortune of her acquaintance, to the figure they might make at her ladyship's levee or toilet, not considering that the public mind does not sympathize with this process of a fastidious imagination. In the same spirit she declares of Pope and Swift, that "had it not been for the good nature of mankind, these two superior beings were entitled, by their birth and hereditary fortune, to be only a couple of link-boys." *Gulliver's Travels* and *The Rape of the Lock* go for nothing in this critical estimate, and the world raised the authors to the rank of superior beings, in spite of their disadvantage of birth and fortune, *out of pure good nature!* So again she says of Richardson, that he had never got beyond the servant's hall, and was utterly unfit to describe the manners of people of quality; till in the capricious workings of her vanity, she persuades herself that *Clarissa* is very like what she was at her age, and that Sir Thomas and Lady Grandison strongly resembled what she had heard of her mother and remembered of her father. It is one of the beauties and advantages of literature that it is the means of abstracting the mind from the narrowness of local and personal prejudices, and of enabling us to judge of truth and excellence by their inherent merits alone. Woe be to the pen that would undo this fine illusion (the only reality), and teach us to regulate our notions of genius and virtue by the circumstances in which they happen to be placed! You would not expect a person whom you saw in the servant's hall, or behind a counter, to write *Clarissa*; but after he had written the work, to *pre-judge* it from the situation of the writer is an unpardonable piece of injustice and folly. His merit could only be the greater from the contrast. If literature is an elegant accomplishment, which none but persons of birth and fashion should be allowed to excel in, or to exercise with advantage to the public, let them by all means take upon them the task of enlightening and refining mankind; if they decline this responsibility as too heavy for their shoulders, let those who do the drudgery in their stead, however inadequately, for want of their polite example, receive the meed that is their due, and not be treated as low pretenders who have encroached upon the provinces of their betters. Suppose Richardson to have been

7. *the feast*, etc., from Pope's *Satires* I, 128. 18. *raree-show*, a cheap show carried about in a box and exhibited on streets and at fairs. 37. *Susa*, the Royal Persian palace. 45. *plain*, complain.

tumbled headlong into the street, and crushed to atoms, the sport and laughter of the multitude!

The change, from the commencement to the close of life, appears like a fable, after it had taken place; how should we treat it otherwise than as a chimera before it has come to pass? There are some things that happened so long ago, 10 places or persons we have formerly seen, of which such dim traces remain, we hardly know whether it was sleeping or waking they occurred; they are like dreams within the dream of life, a mist, a film before the eye of memory, which, as we try to recall them more distinctly, elude our notice altogether. It is but natural that the lone interval that we

acquainted with the great man's steward, or valet, instead of the great man himself, I will venture to say that there was more difference between him who lived in an *ideal world*, and had the genius and felicity to open that world to others, and his friend the steward, than between the lackey and the mere lord, or between those who lived in different rooms of the same house, who dined on the same luxuries at different tables, who rode outside or inside of the same coach, and were proud of wearing or of bestowing the same tawdry livery. If the lord is distinguished from his valet by anything else, it is by education and talent, which he has in common with the author. But if the latter shows these in the highest degree, it is asked what are his pretensions? Not birth or fortune, for neither of these would enable him to write *Clarissa*. One man is born with a title and estate, another with genius. That is sufficient; and we have no right to question the genius for want of the *gentility*, unless the former ran in families, or could be bequeathed with a fortune, which is not the case. Were it so, the flowers of literature, like jewels and embroidery, would be confined to the fashionable circles; and there would be no pretenders to taste or elegance but those whose names were found in the court list. No one objects to Claude's landscapes as the work of a pastry-cook, or withholds from Raphael the epithet of *divine*, because his parents were not rich. This impertinence is confined to men of letters; the evidence of the senses baffles the envy and foppery of mankind. No quarter ought to be given to this *aristocratic* tone of criticism whenever it appears. People of quality are not contented with carrying all the external advantages for their own share, but would persuade you that all the intellectual ones are packed up in the same bundle. Lord Byron was a later instance of this double and unwarrantable style of pretension—*monstrum ingens, biforme*. He could not endure a lord who was not a wit, nor a poet who was not a lord. Nobody but himself answered to his own standard of perfection. Mr. Moore carries a proxy in his pocket from some noble persons to estimate literary merit by the same rule. Lady Mary calls Fielding names, but she afterwards makes atonement by doing justice to his frank, free, hearty nature, where he says "his spirits gave him raptures with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret, and his happy constitution made him forget everything when he was placed before a venison-pasty or over a flask of champagne." She does not want shrewdness and spirit when her petulance and conceit do not get the better of her, and she has done ample and merited execution on Lord Bolingbroke. She is, however, very angry at the freedoms taken with the Great; *smells a rat* in this indiscriminate scribbling, and the familiarity of writers with the reading public; and inspired by her Turkish costume, foretells a French and English revolution as the consequences of transferring the patronage of letters from the *quality* to the mob, and of supposing that ordinary writers or readers can have any notions in common with their superiors. [Hazlitt's note.]

thus look back upon should have appeared long and endless in prospect. 20 There are others so distinct and fresh they seem but of yesterday—their very vividness might be deemed a pledge of their permanence. Then, however far back our impressions may go, we find others still older (for our years are multiplied in youth), descriptions of scenes that we had read, and people before our time, Priam and the Trojan war; and even then, Nestor was old and dwelt delighted on his youth, and spoke 30 of the race of heroes that were no more—what wonder that, seeing this long line of being pictured in our minds, and reviving as it were in us, we should give ourselves involuntary credit for an indeterminate existence? In the cathedral at Peterborough there is a monument to Mary, Queen of Scots, at which I used to gaze when a boy, while the events of 40 the period, all that had happened since, passed in review before me. If all this mass of feeling and imagination could be crowded into a moment's compass, what might not the whole of life be supposed to contain? We are heirs of the past, we count on the future as our natural reversion. Besides, there are some of our early impressions so exquisitely tempered, it appears that they 50 must always last—nothing can add to or take away from their sweetness and purity—the first breath of spring, the hyacinth dipped in the dew, the mild luster of the evening-star, the rainbow after a storm—while we have the full enjoyment of these, we must be young; and what can ever alter us in this respect? Truth, friendship, love, books, are also proof against the canker of time; 60 and while we live but for them, we can never grow old. We take out a new lease of existence from the objects on which we set our affections, and become abstracted, impassive, immortal in them. We cannot conceive how certain sentiments should ever decay or grow cold in our breasts; and, consequently, to maintain them in their first youthful glow and vigor, the flame of life must 70 continue to burn as bright as ever, or rather, they are the fuel that feed the

sacred lamp, that kindle "the purple light of love," and spread a golden cloud around our heads! Again, we not only flourish and survive in our affections (in which we will not listen to the possibility of a change, any more than we foresee the wrinkles on the brow of a mistress), but we have a further guarantee against the thoughts of death in our favorite studies and pursuits and in their continual advance. Art we know is long; life, we feel, should be so, too. We see no end of the difficulties we have to encounter; perfection is slow of attainment, and we must have time to accomplish it in. Rubens complained that when he had just learned his art, he was snatched away from it. We trust we shall be more fortunate!

A wrinkle in an old head takes whole days to finish it properly; but to catch "the Raphael grace, the Guido air," no limit should be put to our endeavors. What a prospect for the future! What a task we have entered upon! and shall we be arrested in the middle of it? We do not reckon our time thus employed lost, or our pains thrown away, or our progress slow—we do not droop or grow tired, but "gain a new vigor at our endless task"—and shall Time grudge us the opportunity to finish what we have auspiciously begun, and have formed a sort of compact with Nature to achieve? The fame of the great names we look up to is also imperishable; and shall not we, who contemplate it with such intense yearnings, imbibe a portion of ethereal fire, the *divinae particula aurae*, which nothing can extinguish? I remember to have looked at a print of Rembrandt for hours together, without being conscious of the flight of time, trying to resolve it into its component parts, to connect its strong and sharp gradations, to learn the secret of its reflected lights, and found neither satiety nor pause in the prosecution of my studies. The print over which I was poring would last long enough; why

should the idea in my mind, which was finer, more impalpable, perish before it? At this I redoubled the ardor of my pursuit, and by the very subtlety and refinement of my inquiries seemed to bespeak for them an exemption from corruption and the rude grasp of Death.

Objects, on our first acquaintance with them, have that singleness and integrity of impression that it seems as if nothing could destroy or obliterate them, so firmly are they stamped and riveted on the brain. We repose on them with a sort of voluptuous indolence, in full faith and boundless confidence. We are absorbed in the present moment, or return to the same point—idling away a great deal of time in youth, thinking we have enough to spare. There is often a local feeling in the air, which is as fixed as if it were marble; we loiter in dim cloisters, losing ourselves in thought and in their glimmering arches; a winding road before us seems as long as the journey of life, and as full of events. Time and experience dissipate this illusion; and by reducing them to detail, circumscribe the limits of our expectations. It is only as the pageant of life passes by and the masks turn their backs upon us, that we see through the deception, or believe that the train will have an end. In many cases the slow progress and monotonous texture of our lives, before we mingle with the world and are embroiled in its affairs, has a tendency to aid the same feeling. We have a difficulty, when left to ourselves, and without the resource of books or some more lively pursuit, to "beguile the slow and creeping hours of time," and argue that if it moves on always at this tedious snail's-pace, it can never come to an end. We are willing to skip over certain portions of it that separate us from favorite objects, that irritate ourselves at the unnecessary delay. The young are prodigal of life from a superabundance of it; the old are tenacious on the same score, because they have little

1. the purple light of love, from Gray's *The Progress of Poesy*, i, 3, line 16. 16, 22, 42. Rubens. Raphael, Guido. Rembrandt, painters; Rubens was Flemish; Rembrandt, Dutch; Raphael and Guido, Italian. 39. *divinae particula aurae*, particles of divine air.

53. I redoubled, etc. Is it not this that frequently keeps artists alive so long, viz., the constant occupation of their minds with vivid images, with little of the wear and tear of the body? [Hazlitt's note.]

left, and cannot enjoy even what remains of it.

For my part, I set out in life with the French Revolution, and that event had considerable influence on my early feelings, as on those of others. Youth was then doubly such. It was the dawn of a new era, a new impulse had been given to men's minds, and the sun of Liberty rose upon the sun of Life in the same day, and both were proud to run their race together. Little did I dream, while my first hopes and wishes went hand in hand with those of the human race, that long before my eyes should close that dawn would be overcast, and set once more in the night of despotism—"total eclipse!" Happy that I did not. I felt for years, and during the best part of my existence, *heart-whole* in that cause, and triumphed in the triumphs over the enemies of man! At that time, while the fairest aspirations of the human mind seemed about to be realized, ere the image of man was defaced and his breast mangled in scorn, philosophy took a higher, poetry could afford a deeper, range. At that time to read *The Robbers* was indeed delicious, and to hear

From the dungeon of the tower time-rent,
That fearful voice, a famished father's cry,

could be borne only amidst the fullness of hope, the crash of the fall of the strongholds of power, and the exulting sounds of the march of human freedom. What feelings the death-scene in *Don Carlos* sent into the soul! In that headlong career of lofty enthusiasm, and the joyous opening of the prospects of the world and our own, the thought of death crossing it, smote doubly cold upon the mind; there was a stifling sense of oppression and confinement, an impatience of our present knowledge, a desire to grasp the whole of our existence in one strong embrace, to sound the mystery of life and death, and in order to put an end to the agony of doubt and dread, to burst through our prison-house, and confront the King of Terrors in his grisly palace! . . . As I was writing

28. *The Robbers*, Schiller's play, *Die Räuber*. 36. *Don Carlos*, a play by Schiller.

out this passage my miniature-picture when a child lay on the mantelpiece, and I took it out of the case to look at it. I could perceive few traces of myself in it; but there was the same placid brow, the dimpled mouth, the same timid, inquisitive glance as ever. But its careless smile did not seem to reproach me with having become recreant to the sentiments that were then sown in my mind, or with having written a sentence that could call up a blush in this image of ingenuous youth!

"That time is past with all its giddy raptures." Since the future was barred to my progress, I have turned for consolation to the past, gathering up the fragments of my early recollections, and putting them into a form that might live. It is thus, that when we find our personal and substantial identity vanishing from us, we strive to gain a reflected and substituted one in our thoughts; we do not like to perish wholly, and wish to bequeath our names at least to posterity. As long as we can keep alive our cherished thoughts and nearest interests in the minds of others, we do not appear to have retired altogether from the stage; we still occupy a place in the estimation of mankind, exercise a powerful influence over them, and it is only our bodies that are trampled into dust or dispersed to air. Our darling speculations still find favor and encouragement, and we make as good a figure in the eyes of our descendants, nay, perhaps, a better than we did in our lifetime. This is one point gained; the demands of our self-love are so far satisfied. Besides, if by the proofs of intellectual superiority we survive ourselves in this world, by exemplary virtue or unblemished faith, we are taught to insure an interest in another and a higher state of being, and to anticipate at the same time the applauses of men and angels.

Even from the tomb the voice of Nature
cries;

Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

65. *That time*, etc., inaccurately quoted from Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey," line 83, page 453. 100. *Even from*, etc., from Gray's "Elegy," lines 91-92, page 418.

As we advance in life, we acquire a keener sense of the value of time. Nothing else, indeed, seems of any consequence; and we become misers in this respect. We try to arrest its few last tottering steps, and to make it linger on the brink of the grave. We can never leave off wondering how that which has ever been should cease to be, and would still live on, that we may wonder at our own shadow, and when "all the life of life is flown," dwell on the retrospect of the past. This is accompanied by a mechanical tenaciousness of whatever we possess, by a distrust and a sense of fallacious hollowness in all we see. Instead of the full, pulpy feeling of youth, everything is flat and insipid. The world is a painted witch, that puts us off with false shows and tempting appearances. The ease, the jocund gayety, the unsuspecting security of youth are fled; nor can we, without flying in the face of common sense,

From the last dregs of life, hope to receive
What its first sprightly runnings could
not give.

If we can slip out of the world without notice or mischance, can tamper with bodily infirmity, and frame our minds to the becoming composure of *still-life*, before we sink into total insensibility, it is as much as we ought to expect. We do not in the regular course of nature die all at once; we have moldered away gradually long before; faculty after faculty, attachment after attachment, we are torn from ourselves piecemeal while living; year after year takes something from us; and death only consigns the last remnant of what we were to the grave. The revulsion is not so great, and a quiet *euthanasia* is a winding-up of the plot, that is not out of reason or nature.

That we should thus in a manner outlive ourselves, and dwindle imperceptibly into nothing, is not surprising, when even in our prime the strongest impressions leave so little traces of themselves behind, and the last object

is driven out by the succeeding one. How little effect is produced on us at any time by the books we have read, the scenes we have witnessed, the sufferings we have gone through! Think only of the variety of feelings we experience in reading an interesting romance, or being present at a fine play—what beauty, what sublimity, what soothing, what heartrending emotions! You would suppose these would last forever, or at least subdue the mind to a correspondent tone and harmony—while we turn over the page, while the scene is passing before us, it seems as if nothing could ever after shake our resolution, that "treason domestic, foreign levy, nothing could touch us farther!" The first splash of mud we get, on entering the street, the first pettifogging shopkeeper that cheats us out of twopence, and the whole vanishes clean out of our remembrance, and we become the idle prey of the most petty and annoying circumstances. The mind soars by an effort to the grand and lofty; it is at home in the groveling, the disagreeable, and the little. This happens in the height and heyday of our existence, when novelty gives a stronger impulse to the blood and takes a faster hold of the brain (I have known the impression on coming out of a gallery of pictures then last half a day)—as we grow old, we become more feeble and querulous, every object "reverbs its own hollowness," and both worlds are not enough to satisfy the peevish importunity and extravagant presumption of our desires! There are a few superior, happy beings, who are born with a temper exempt from every trifling annoyance. This spirit sits serene and smiling as in its native skies, and a divine harmony (whether heard or not) plays around them. This is to be at peace. Without this it is in vain to fly into deserts, or to build a hermitage on the top of rocks, if regret and ill-humor follow us there; and with this it is needless to make the experiment. The only true retirement is

25. From the last dregs, etc., inaccurately quoted from Dryden's *Aurengzebe*, IV, i.

67. treason domestic, quoted loosely from Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, III, ii.

that of the heart; the only true leisure is the repose of the passions. To such persons it makes little difference whether they are young or old; and they die as they have lived, with graceful resignation. (1821-1822)

ON THE FEAR OF DEATH

*"Our little life is rounded with a sleep."

Perhaps the best cure for the fear of death is to reflect that life has a beginning as well as an end. There was a time when we were not; this gives us no concern; why, then, should it trouble us that a time will come when we shall cease to be? I have no wish to have been alive a hundred years ago, or in the reign of Queen Anne; why should I regret and lay it so much to heart that I shall not be alive a hundred years hence, in the reign of I cannot tell whom?

When Bickerstaff wrote his essays, I knew nothing of the subjects of them; nay, much later, and but the other day, as it were, in the beginning of the reign of George III, when Goldsmith, Johnson, Burke, used to meet at the Globe, when Garrick was in his glory, and Reynolds was over head and ears with his portraits, and Sterne brought out the volumes of *Tristram Shandy* year by year, it was without consulting me; I had not the slightest intimation of what was going on; the debates in the House of Commons on the American War, or the firing at Bunker's Hill, disturbed not me; yet I thought this no evil—I neither ate, drank, nor was merry, yet I did not complain; I had not then looked out into this breathing world, yet I was well; and the world did quite as well without me as I did without it! Why then should I make all this outcry about parting with it, and being no worse off than I was before? There is nothing in the recollection that at a certain time we were

not come into the world, that "the gorge rises at"—why should we revolt at the idea that we must one day go out of it? To die is only to be as we were before we were born, yet no one feels any remorse, or regret, or repugnance, in contemplating this last idea. It is rather a relief and disburdening of the mind; it seems to have been holiday time with us then; we were not called to appear upon the stage of life, to wear robes or tatters, to laugh or cry, be hooted or applauded; we had lain *perdus* all this while, snug, out of harm's way, and had slept out our thousands of centuries without wanting to be waked up; at peace and free from care, in a long nonage, in a sleep deeper and calmer than that of infancy, wrapped in the softest and finest dust. And the worst that we dread is, after a short, fretful, feverish being—after vain hopes and idle fears, to sink to final repose again, and forget the troubled dream of life! Ye armed men, knights templars, that sleep in the stone aisles of that old Temple Church, where all is silent above, and where a deeper silence reigns below, not broken by the pealing organ, are ye not contented where ye lie? Or would you come out of your long homes to go to the Holy War? Or do ye complain that pain no longer visits you, that sickness has done its worst, that you have paid the last debt to nature, that you hear no more of the thickening phalanx of the foe or your lady's waning love, and that while this ball of earth rolls its eternal round, no sound shall ever pierce through to disturb your lasting repose, fixed as the marble over your tombs, breathless as the grave that holds you! And thou, oh! thou, to whom my heart turns, and will turn while it has feeling left, who didst love in vain, and whose first was thy last sigh, wilt not thou, too, rest in peace (or wilt thou cry to me complaining from thy clay-cold bed) when that sad heart is no longer sad, and that sorrow is dead which thou wert only called into the world to feel!

*From Shakespeare's *Tempest*, iv, i, 157-158. 20. Bickerstaff, Swift's pen-name. 25. Globe, a London coffee-house frequented by Dr. Johnson and his followers.

46. the gorge, etc., from *Hamlet*, v, i. 59. *perdus*, concealed.

It is certain that there is nothing in the idea of a preëxistent state that excites our longing like the prospect of a posthumous existence. We are satisfied to have begun life when we did; we have no ambition to have set out on our journey sooner; and feel that we have had quite enough to do to battle our way through since. We cannot say,

10 The wars we well remember of King
 Nine,
 Of old Assaracus and Inachus divine.

Neither have we any wish; we are contented to read of them in story, and to stand and gaze at the vast sea of time that separates us from them. It was early days then; the world was not *well-aided* enough for us; we have no inclination to have been up and stirring. We do not consider the six thousand years
 20 of the world before we were born as so much time lost to us; we are perfectly indifferent about the matter. We do not grieve and lament that we did not happen to be in time to see the grand mask and pageant of human life going on in all that period; though we are mortified at being obliged to quit our stand before the rest of the procession passes.

30 It may be suggested in explanation of this difference that we know from various records and traditions what happened in the time of Queen Anne, or even in the reigns of the Assyrian monarchs, but that we have no means of ascertaining what is to happen hereafter but by awaiting the event, and that our eagerness and curiosity are sharpened in proportion as we are in the dark about it. This is not at all the case;
 40 for at that rate we should be constantly wishing to make a voyage of discovery to Greenland or to the moon, neither of which we have, in general, the least desire to do. Neither, in truth, have we any particular solicitude to pry into the secrets of futurity but as a pretext for prolonging our own existence. It is not so much that we care to be alive a hundred or a thousand years hence,
 50 any more than to have been alive a hundred or a thousand years ago; but

the thing lies here, that we would all of us wish the present moment to last forever. We would be as we are, and would have the world remain just as it is, to please us.

The present eye catches the present object, to have and to hold while it may; and abhors, on any terms, to have it torn 60 from us, and nothing left in its room. It is the pang of parting, the unloosing our grasp, the breaking asunder some strong tie, the leaving some cherished purpose unfulfilled, that creates the repugnance to go, and "makes calamity of so long life" as it often is.

Oh, thou strong heart!
 There's such a covenant 'twixt the world
 and thee
 They're loath to break!

70

The love of life, then, is an habitual attachment, not an abstract principle. Simply *to be* does not "content man's natural desire"; we long to be in a certain time, place, and circumstance. We would much rather be now, "on this bank and shoal of time," than have our choice of any future period, than take a slice of fifty or sixty years out of the millennium, for instance. 80 This shows that our attachment is not confined either to *being* or to *well-being*, but that we have an inveterate prejudice in favor of our immediate existence, such as it is. The mountaineer will not leave his rock nor the savage his hut; neither are we willing to give up our present mode of life, with all its advantages and disadvantages, for any other that could be substituted for it. 90 No man would, I think, exchange his existence with any other man, however fortunate. We had as lief not be, as not be ourselves. There are some persons of that reach of soul that they would like to live two hundred and fifty years hence, to see to what height of empire America will have grown up in that period, or whether the English constitution will last so long. These 100

66. *makes calamity*, etc., from *Hamlet*, III, i. 68. Oh, thou, etc., from Webster's tragedy, *The White Devil*.

are points beyond me. But I confess I should like to live to see the downfall of the Bourbons. That is a vital question with me, and I shall like it the better, the sooner it happens!

No young man ever thinks he shall die. He may believe that others will, or assent to the doctrine that "all men are mortal" as an abstract proposition, but he is far enough from bringing it home to himself individually. Youth, buoyant activity, and animal spirits hold absolute antipathy with old age as well as with death; nor have we, in the heyday of life, any more than in the thoughtlessness of childhood, the remotest conception how

This sensible warm motion can become
A kneaded clod,

nor how sanguine, florid health and vigor shall "turn to withered, weak, and gray." Or if in a moment of idle speculation we indulge in this notion of the close of life as a theory, it is amazing at what a distance it seems—what a long, leisurely interval there is between—what a contrast its slow and solemn approach affords to our present gay dreams of existence! We eye the farthest verge of the horizon, and think what a way we shall have to look back upon ere we arrive at our journey's end; and without our in the least suspecting it, the mists are at our feet, and the shadows of age encompass us. The two divisions of our lives have melted into each other; the extreme points close and meet with none of that romantic interval stretching out between them that we had reckoned upon; and for the rich, melancholy, solemn hues of age, "the sear, the yellow leaf," the deepening shadows of an autumnal evening, we only feel a dank, cold mist encircling all objects, after the spirit of youth is fled. There is no inducement to look forward, and, what is worse, little interest in looking back to what

has become so trite and common. The pleasures of our existence have worn themselves out, are "gone into the wastes of time," or have turned their indifferent side to us; the pains by their repeated blows have worn us out, and have left us neither spirit nor inclination to encounter them again in retrospect. We do not want to rip up old grievances, nor to renew our youth like the phoenix, nor to live our lives twice over. Once is enough. As the tree falls, so let it lie. Shut up the book and close the account once for all!

It has been thought by some that life is like the exploring of a passage that grows narrower and darker the farther we advance, without a possibility of ever turning back, and where we are stifled for want of breath at last. For myself, I do not complain of the greater thickness of the atmosphere as I approach the narrow house. I felt it more, formerly, when the idea alone seemed to suppress a thousand rising hopes, and weighed upon the pulses of the blood. At present I rather feel a thinness and want of support, I stretch out my hand to some object and find none, I am too much in a world of abstraction; the naked map of life is spread out before me, and in the emptiness and desolation I see Death coming to meet me. In my youth I could not behold him for the crowd of objects and feelings, and Hope stood always between us, saying—"Never mind that old fellow!" If I had lived indeed, I should not care to die. But I do not like a contract of pleasure broken off unfulfilled, a marriage with joy unsummated, a promise of happiness rescinded. My public and private hopes have been left a ruin, or remain only to mock me. I would wish them to be reëdified. I should like to see some prospect of good to mankind, such as my life began with. I should like to leave some sterling work behind me. I should like to have some friendly

3. *Bourbons*, the royal family of France. Hazlitt was a staunch radical. 18. *This sensible*, etc., from Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, III, i. 42. *the sear, the yellow leaf*. From Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, v, iii.

71. *I felt*, etc. I remember once, in particular, having this feeling on reading Schiller's *Don Carlos*, where there is a description of death, in a degree that almost stifled me. [Hazlitt's note.]

hand to consign me to the grave. On these conditions I am ready, if not willing, to depart. I shall then write on my tomb, "GRATEFUL AND CONTENTED." But I have thought and suffered too much to be willing to have thought and suffered in vain. In looking back, it sometimes appears to me as if I had in a manner slept out my life in a dream or shadow on the side of the hill of knowledge, where I have fed on books, on thoughts, on pictures, and only heard in half-murmurs the trampling of busy feet, or the noises of the throng below. Waked out of this dim, twilight existence, I have felt a wish to descend to the world of realities, and join in the chase. But I fear too late, and that I had better return to my bookish chimeras and indolence once more!

It is not wonderful that the contemplation and fear of death become more familiar to us as we approach nearer to it; that life seems to ebb with the decay of blood and youthful spirits; and that as we find everything about us subject to chance and change, as our strength and beauty die, as our hopes and passions, our friends and our affections, leave us, we begin by degrees to feel ourselves mortal!

I have never seen death but once, and that was in an infant. It is years ago. The look was calm and placid, and the face was fair and firm. It was as if a waxen image had been laid out in the coffin, and strewed with innocent flowers. It was not like death, but more like an image of life! No breath moved the lips, no pulse stirred, no sight or sound would enter those eyes or ears more. While I looked at it, I saw no pain was there; it seemed to smile at the short pang of life which was over: but I could not bear the coffin-lid to be closed—it seemed to stifle me; and still as the nettles wave in a corner of the churchyard over his little grave, the welcome breeze helps to refresh me, and ease the tightness of my breast!

An ivory or marble image, like Chantrey's monument of the two chil-

dren, is contemplated with pure delight. Why do we not grieve and fret that the marble is not alive, or fancy that it has a shortness of breath? It never was alive; and it is the difficulty of making the transition from life to death, the struggle between the two in our imagination, that confounds their properties painfully together, and makes us conceive that the infant that is but just dead, still wants to breathe, to enjoy, and look about it, and is prevented by the icy hand of death, locking up its faculties and benumbing its senses; so that, if it could, it would complain of its own hard state. Perhaps religious considerations reconcile the mind to this change sooner than any others, by representing the spirit as fled to another sphere, and leaving the body behind it. So in reflecting on death generally, we mix up the idea of life with it, and thus make it the ghastly monster it is. We think, how we should feel, not how the dead feel.

Still from the tomb the voice of nature
cries;

Even in our ashes live their wonted
fires!

There is an admirable passage on this subject in Tucker's *Light of Nature Pursued*, which I shall transcribe, as by much the best illustration I can offer of it.

"The melancholy appearance of a lifeless body, the mansion provided for it to inhabit, dark, cold, close, and solitary, are shocking to the imagination; but it is to the imagination only, not the understanding; for whoever consults this faculty will see at first glance that there is nothing dismal in all these circumstances; if the corpse were kept wrapped up in a warm bed, with a roasting fire in the chamber, it would feel no comfortable warmth therefrom; were store of tapers lighted up as soon as day shuts in, it would see no objects to divert it; were it left at large it would have no liberty, nor if

79. Still from the tomb, etc., from Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." 82. Tucker, an English philosopher and moralist (1705-1774).

53. Chantrey, an English sculptor (1781-1841).

surrounded with company would be cheered thereby; neither are the distorted features expressions of pain, uneasiness, or distress. This everyone knows, and will readily allow upon being suggested, yet still cannot behold, nor even cast a thought upon those objects without shuddering; for knowing that a living person must suffer grievously under such appearances, they become habitually formidable to the mind, and strike a mechanical horror, which is increased by the customs of the world around us."

There is usually one pang added voluntarily and unnecessarily to the fear of death, by our affecting to compassionate the loss which others will have in us. If that were all, we might reasonably set our minds at rest. The pathetic exhortation on country tombstones, "Grieve not for me, my wife and children dear," etc., is for the most part speedily followed to the letter. We do not leave so great a void in society as we are inclined to imagine, partly to magnify our own importance, and partly to console ourselves by sympathy. Even in the same family the gap is not so great; the wound closes up sooner than we should expect. Nay, *our room* is not unfrequently thought better than *our company*. People walk along the streets the day after our deaths just as they did before, and the crowd is not diminished. While we were living, the world seemed in a manner to exist only for us, for our delight and amusement, because it contributed to them. But our hearts cease to beat, and it goes on as usual, and thinks no more about us than it did in our lifetime. The million are devoid of sentiment, and care as little for you or me as if we belonged to the moon. We live the week over in the Sunday's paper, or are decently interred in some obituary at the month's end! It is not surprising that we are forgotten so soon after we quit this mortal stage; we are scarcely noticed while we are on it. It is not merely that our names are not known in China—they have hardly been heard of in the next street. We are hand and glove

with the universe, and think the obligation is mutual. This is an evident fallacy. If this, however, does not trouble us now, it will not hereafter. A handful of dust can have no quarrel to pick with its neighbors, or complaint to make against Providence, and might well exclaim, if it had but an understanding and a tongue, "Go thy ways, old world, swing round in blue ether, voluble to every age; you and I shall no more jostle!"

It is amazing how soon the rich and titled, and even some of those who have wielded great political power, are forgotten.

A little rule, a little sway,
Is all the great and mighty have
Betwixt the cradle and the grave—

and, after its short date, they hardly leave a name behind them. "A great man's memory may, at the common rate, survive him half a year." His heirs and successors take his titles, his power, and his wealth—all that made him considerable or courted by others; and he has left nothing else behind him either to delight or benefit the world. Posterity are not by any means so disinterested as they are supposed to be. They give their gratitude and admiration only in return for benefits conferred. They cherish the memory of those to whom they are indebted for instruction and delight; and they cherish it just in proportion to the instruction and delight they are conscious they receive. The sentiment of admiration springs immediately from this ground, and cannot be otherwise than well founded.

The effeminate clinging to life as such, as a general or abstract idea, is the effect of a highly civilized and artificial state of society. Men formerly plunged into all the vicissitudes and dangers of war, or staked their all upon a single die, or some one passion, which if they could not have gratified, life

71. A little rule, etc., from John Dyer's "Grongar Hill," inaccurately quoted and with one line omitted.
75. A great man's memory, etc., inexactlly quoted from *Hamlet*, III, ii.

became a burden to them; now our strongest passion is to think, our chief amusement is to read new plays, new poems, new novels, and this we may do at our leisure, in perfect security, *ad infinitum*. If we look into the old histories and romances, before the *belles lettres* neutralized human affairs and reduced passion to a state of mental equivocation, we find the heroes and heroines not setting their lives "at a pin's fee," but rather courting opportunities of throwing them away in very wantonness of spirit. They raise their fondness for some favorite pursuit to its height, to a pitch of madness, and think no price too dear to pay for its full gratification. Everything else is dross. They go to death as to a bridal bed, and sacrifice themselves or others without remorse at the shrine of love, of honor, of religion, or any other prevailing feeling. Romeo runs his "sea-sick, weary bark upon the rocks" of death the instant he finds himself deprived of his Juliet, and she clasps his neck in their last agonies, and follows him to the same fatal shore. One strong idea takes possession of the mind and overrules every other; and even life itself, joyless without that, becomes an object of indifference or loathing. There is at least more of imagination in such a state of things, more vigor of feeling and promptitude to act, than in our lingering, languid, protracted attachment to life for its own poor sake. It is perhaps also better, as well as more heroic, to strike at some daring or darling object, and if we fail in that to take the consequences manfully, than to renew the lease of a tedious, spiritless, charmless existence, merely (as Pierre says) "to lose it afterwards in some vile brawl" for some worthless object. Was there not a spirit of martyrdom, as well as a spice of the reckless energy of barbarism, in this bold defiance of death? Had not religion something to do with it? the implicit belief in a future life, which rendered this of less value, and embodied something beyond it to

the imagination; so that the rough soldier, the infatuated lover, the valorous knight, etc., could afford to throw away the present venture, and take a leap into the arms of futurity, which the modern skeptic sinks back from, with all his boasted reason and vain philosophy, weaker than a woman! I cannot help thinking so myself; but I have endeavored to explain this point before, and will not enlarge farther on it here.

A life of action and danger moderates the dread of death. It not only gives us fortitude to bear pain, but teaches us at every step the precarious tenure on which we hold our present being. Sedentary and studious men are the most apprehensive on this score. Dr. Johnson was an instance in point. A few years seemed to him soon over, compared with those sweeping contemplations on time and infinity with which he had been used to pose himself. In the still life of a man of letters, there was no obvious reason for a change. He might sit in an armchair and pour out cups of tea to all eternity. Would it had been possible for him to do so! The most rational cure, after all, for the inordinate fear of death is to set a just value on life. If we merely wish to continue on the scene to indulge our headstrong humors and tormenting passions, we had better be gone at once; and if we only cherish a fondness for existence according to the good we derive from it, the pang at parting with it will not be very severe! (1821-1822)

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859)

NOTE

Thomas De Quincey was the most eccentric of the essayists of the early nineteenth century. He was a queer, shy man, dreamy and melancholy from boyhood. He shared with Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt the disposition to write about himself; of the four essayists he was probably the most autobiographical. But the "facts" which he gives about himself in *The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* and elsewhere are never more than half-facts; in all his work fact and fancy are woven together, and truth and poetry are mingled freely. A large proportion of De

43. *Pierre*, a character in Otway's Restoration play, *Venice Preserved*.

Quincey's writing is essentially lyrical. Although he used prose altogether as the medium of his expression, much of his prose differs from poetry only in the absence of meter. So "Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow" is a dream fantasy in which mood and biographical facts are caught in lyrical phrasing as melodious as organ tones. The capacity for condensing melancholy moods into prose form was not De Quincey's only power. He was a profound scholar with an immense breadth of knowledge and an ability to penetrate and analyze which sometimes descended to pedantry. With the American poet and storyteller, Edgar Allan Poe, De Quincey shared more than the distinction of belonging to the neurotic, drug-consuming school of writers. Like Poe, he was a combination of poet and scientist. Thus in his amazing piece of Shakespearean criticism, "On the Knocking at the Gate in *Macbeth*," he has produced an uncannily clever bit of psychological analysis, and in his penetrating classification of literature into that of knowledge and that of power he has created a definition which still guides critics. The following essays, therefore, illustrate two phases of De Quincey's genius, the work of the melancholy, dreamy writer of prose-lyrics, and that of the clear-minded critic clearing a sure pathway through the difficulties of abstract definition and classification. With his essay on literature should be compared that of Newman (page 984).

LITERATURE OF KNOWLEDGE AND LITERATURE OF POWER

What is it that we mean by *literature*? Popularly, and amongst the thoughtless, it is held to include everything that is printed in a book. Little logic is required to disturb *that* definition. The most thoughtless person is easily made aware that in the idea of *literature* one essential element is some relation to a general and common interest of man—
 10 so that what applies only to a local, or professional, or merely personal interest, even though presenting itself in the shape of a book, will not belong to literature. So far the definition is easily narrowed; and it is as easily expanded. For not only is much that takes a station in books not literature, but inversely, much that really is
 20 literature never reaches a station in books. The weekly sermons of Christendom, that vast pulpit literature which acts so extensively upon the popular mind—to warn, to uphold, to renew, to comfort, to alarm—does not attain the sanctuary of libraries in the ten-

thousandth part of its extent. The drama again—as, for instance, the finest part of Shakespeare's plays in England, and all leading Athenian plays in the noontide of the Attic
 30 stage—operated as a literature on the public mind, and were (according to the strictest letter of that term) *published* through the audiences that witnessed their representation some time before they were published as things to be read; and they were published in this scenical mode of publication with much more effect than they could have had as books during ages of costly copying
 40 or of costly printing.

Books, therefore, do not suggest an idea coextensive and interchangeable with the idea of literature; since much literature, scenic, forensic, or didactic (as from lecturers and public orators), may never come into books, and much that does come into books may connect itself with no literary interest. But a far more important correction, applica-
 50 ble to the common vague idea of literature, is to be sought not so much in a better definition of literature as in a sharper distinction of the two functions which it fulfills. In that great social organ which, collectively, we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices, that may blend and often do so, but capable, severally, of a severe insulation, and naturally
 60 fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is, first, the literature of *knowledge*, and secondly, the literature of *power*. The function of the first is to *teach*; the function of the second is to *move*; the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the *mere* discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always
 70 through affections of pleasure and sympathy. Remotely, it may travel toward an object seated in what Lord Bacon calls "dry light"; but proximately it does and must operate—else it ceases to be a literature of *power*—on and through that *humid* light which

74. *dry light*. The phrase appears in Plutarch's *Life of Romulus*, where Bacon may have found it.

clothes itself in the mists and glittering *iris* of human passions, desires, and genial emotions. Men have so little reflected on the higher functions of literature as to find it a paradox if one should describe it as a mean or subordinate purpose of books to give information. But this is a paradox only in the sense which makes it honorable to be paradoxical. Whenever we talk in ordinary language of seeking information or gaining knowledge, we understand the words as connected with something of absolute novelty. But it is the grandeur of all truth which *can* occupy a very high place in human interests that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of minds; it exists eternally by way of germ or latent principle in the lowest as in the highest, needing to be developed, but never to be planted. To be capable of transplantation is the immediate criterion of a truth that ranges on a lower scale.

Besides which, there is a rarer thing than truth—namely *power*, or deep sympathy with truth. What is the effect, for instance, upon society, of children? By the pity, by the tenderness, and by the peculiar modes of admiration which connect themselves with the helplessness, with the innocence, and with the simplicity of children, not only are the primal affections strengthened and continually renewed, but the qualities which are dearest in the sight of heaven—the frailty, for instance, which appeals to forbearance, the innocence which symbolizes the heavenly, and the simplicity which is most alien from the worldly—are kept up in perpetual remembrance, and their ideals are continually refreshed. A purpose of the same nature is answered by the higher literature, viz., the literature of power. What do you learn from *Paradise Lost*? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new, something that you did not know before, in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to

Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe is *power*—that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upward, a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth. All the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you further on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth; whereas the very *first* step in power is a flight—is an ascending movement into another element where earth is forgotten.

Were it not that human sensibilities are ventilated and continually called out into exercise by the great phenomena of infancy, or of real life as it moves through chance and change, or of literature as it recombines these elements in the mimicries of poetry, romance, etc., it is certain that, like any animal power or muscular energy falling into disuse, all such sensibilities would gradually droop and dwindle. It is in relation to these great *moral* capacities of man that the literature of power, as contradistinguished from that of knowledge, lives and has its field of action. It is concerned with what is highest in man; for the Scriptures themselves never condescended to deal by suggestion or coöperation with the mere discursive understanding. When speaking of man in his intellectual capacity, the Scriptures speak not of the understanding, but of "the understanding heart"—making the heart, i. e., the great *intuitive* (or non-discursive) organ, to be the interchangeable formula for man in his highest state of capacity for the infinite. Tragedy, romance, fairy tale, or epopee, all alike restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution, which else (left to the support of daily life in its realities) would languish for want of sufficient illustration.

63. *Jacob's ladder*. See Genesis xxviii, 12. 101. *epopee*, an epic poem.

What is meant, for instance, by *poetic justice*? It does not mean a justice that differs by its object from the ordinary justice of human jurisprudence, for then it must be confessedly a very bad kind of justice; but it means a justice that differs from common forensic justice by the degree in which it attains its object—a justice that is more omnipotent over its own ends, as dealing, not with the refractory elements of earthly life, but with the elements of its own creation, and with materials flexible to its own purest preconceptions. It is certain that, were it not for the literature of power, these ideals would often remain amongst us as mere arid notional forms; whereas, by the creative forces of man put forth in literature, they gain a vernal life of restoration, and germinate into vital activities. The commonest novel, by moving in alliance with human fears and hopes, with human instincts of wrong and right, sustains and quickens those affections. Calling them into action, it rescues them from torpor. And hence the preëminency over all authors that merely *teach*, of the meanest that *moves*, or that teaches, if at all, indirectly by moving. The very highest work that has ever existed in the literature of knowledge is but a provisional work—a book upon trial and sufferance, and *quamdiu bene se gesserit*. Let its teaching be even partially revised, let it be but expanded—nay, even let its teaching be but placed in a better order—and instantly it is superseded. Whereas the feeblest works in the literature of power, surviving at all, survive as finished and unalterable amongst men. For instance, the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton was a book *militant* on earth from the first. In all stages of its progress it would have to fight for its existence: first, as regards absolute truth; secondly, when that combat was over, as regards its form or mode of presenting the truth. And as soon as a Laplace, or anybody else, builds higher upon the foundations laid by

this book, effectually he throws it out of the sunshine into decay and darkness; by weapons won from this book he superannuates and destroys this book, so that soon the name of Newton remains as a mere *nominis umbra*, but his book, as a living power, has transmigrated into other forms. Now, on the contrary, the *Iliad*, the *Prometheus* of Aeschylus, the *Othello* or *King Lear*, the *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, and the *Paradise Lost*, are not militant, but triumphant forever, as long as the languages exist in which they speak or can be taught to speak. They never *can* transmigrate into new incarnations. To reproduce *these* in new forms, or variations, even if in some things they should be improved, would be to plagiarize. A good steam engine is properly superseded by a better. But one lovely pastoral valley is not superseded by another, nor a statue of Praxiteles by a statue of Michael Angelo. These things are separated not by imparity, but by disparity. They are not thought of as unequal under the same standard, but as different in *kind*, and, if otherwise equal, as equal under a different standard. Human works of immortal beauty and works of nature in one respect stand on the same footing: they never absolutely repeat each other, never approach so near as not to differ, and they differ not as better and worse, or simply by more and less—they differ by undecipherable and incommunicable differences, that cannot be caught by mimicries, that cannot be reflected in the mirror of copies, that cannot become ponderable in the scales of vulgar comparison. . . . At this hour, five hundred years since their creation, the tales of Chaucer, never equaled on this earth for their tenderness and for life of picturesqueness, are read familiarly by many in the charming language of their natal day, and by others in the modernizations of Dryden, of Pope, and Wordsworth. At this hour, one thousand eight hundred years since their creation, the pagan tales of Ovid, never equaled on this earth for the

35. *quamdiu bene se gesserit*, during good behavior. 51. Laplace, a French astronomer (1744-1829).

58. *nominis umbra*, the shadow of a name.

gayety of their movement and the capricious graces of their narrative, are read by all Christendom. This man's people and their monuments are dust, but *he* is alive; he has survived them, as he told us that he had it in his commission to do, by a thousand years, "and shall a thousand more."

All the literature of knowledge builds
 10 only ground-nests, that are swept away by floods, or confounded by the plow; but the literature of power builds nests in ærial altitudes of temples sacred from violation, or of forests inaccessible to fraud. This is a great prerogative of the *power* literature, and it is a greater which lies in the mode of its influence. The *knowledge* literature, like the fashion of this world, passeth away. An ency-
 20 clopedia is its abstract; and, in this respect, it may be taken for its speaking symbol—that before one generation has passed, an encyclopedia is superannuated; for it speaks through the dead memory and unimpassioned understanding, which have not the repose of higher faculties, but are continually enlarging and varying their phylacteries. But all literature properly so called—
 30 literature κατ' ἐξοχήν—for the very reason that it is so much more durable than the literature of knowledge, is (and by the very same proportion it is) more intense and electrically searching in its impressions. The directions in which the tragedy of this planet has trained our human feelings to play, and the combinations into which the poetry of this planet has thrown our
 40 human passions of love and hatred, of admiration and contempt, exercise a power for bad or good over human life that cannot be contemplated, when stretching through many generations, without a sentiment allied to awe. And of this let everyone be assured—that he owes to the impassioned books which he has read many a thousand more of emotions than he can consciously trace
 50 back to them. Dim by their origination, these emotions yet arise in him, and mold him through life, like forgotten incidents of his childhood. (1848)

30. The Greek means *par excellence*, preëminently.

LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW

Oftentimes at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that do not pretend to have leisure for very much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you. Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the newborn infant the earliest office of ennobling kindness—typical, by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible which even in pagan worlds sometimes descends to sustain it. At the very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. *That* might bear different interpretations. But immediately, lest so grand a creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the paternal hand, as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman, as proxy for the father, raised it upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying, perhaps, in his heart,
 80 "Behold what is greater than yourselves!" This symbolic act represented the function of Levana. And that mysterious lady, who never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) *levare*, to raise aloft.

This is the explanation of Levana. And hence it has arisen that some people
 90 have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. She, that would not suffer at his birth even a prefigurative of mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his powers. She therefore watches over human education. Now the word *edūco*, with the penulti-
 100 mate short, was derived (by a process often exemplified in the crystallization of languages) from the word *edūco*, with the penultimate long. Whatsoever

educes, or develops, *educates*. By the education of Levana, therefore, is meant—not the poor machinery that moves by spelling-books and grammars, but by that mighty system of central forces hidden in the deep bosom of human life, which by passion, by strife, by temptation, by the energies of resistance, works forever upon children—resting
 10 not day or night, any more than the mighty wheel of day and night themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering forever as they revolve.

If, then, *these* are the ministries by which Levana works, how profoundly must she reverence the agencies of grief! But you, reader, think that children generally are not liable to
 20 grief such as mine. There are two senses in the word *generally*—the sense of Euclid, where it means *universally* (or in the whole extent of the *genus*), and a foolish sense of this world, where it means *usually*. Now, I am far from saying that children universally are capable of grief like mine. But there are more than you ever heard of who die of grief in this island of ours. I
 30 will tell you a common case. The rules of Eton require that a boy on the *foundation* should be there twelve years; he is superannuated at eighteen; consequently he must come at six. Children torn away from mothers and sisters at that age not unfrequently die. I speak of what I know. The complaint is not entered by the registrar as grief; but *that* it is. Grief of that sort, and
 40 at that age, has killed more than ever have been counted amongst its martyrs.

Therefore it is that Levana often communes with the powers that shake man's heart; therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. "These ladies," said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, "these are the Sorrows; and they are
 50 three in number: as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty;

the *Parcae* are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom always with colors sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black; the *Furies* are three, who visit with retributions called from the other side of the grave offenses that walk upon this; and once even the *Muses* were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows; all three of whom
 60 I know." The last words I say *now*; but in Oxford I said, "one of whom I know, and the others too surely I *shall* know." For already, in my fervent youth, I saw (dimly relieved upon the dark background of my dreams) the imperfect lineaments of the awful Sisters.
 70

These Sisters—by what name shall we call them? If I say simply "The Sorrows," there will be a chance of mistaking the term; it might be understood of individual sorrow—separate cases of sorrow—whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart, and I wish to have these abstractions presented as
 80 impersonations—that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them, therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow*.

I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with
 90 Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? O no! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves is no voice nor sound; eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. They spoke not as they talked with Levana; they whispered not; they sang
 100 not; though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung; for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dul-

31. on the foundation, on a scholarship provided by the endowment fund. 37. speak of what I know. The sensitive De Quincey had had painful experiences at private schools, though not as a charity boy, and had observed the suffering of other boys.

cimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, heraldries painted on darkness, and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. They wheeled in mazes; I spelled the steps. They telegraphed from afar; I read the signals. They conspired together; and on the mirrors of darkness my eye traced the plots. Theirs were the symbols; mine are the words.

What is it the Sisters are? What is it they do? Let me describe their form and their presence, if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline, or presence it were that forever advanced to the front or forever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened forever which, heard at times as they trotted along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven. Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds when she heard the sobbing of litanies, or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This Sister, the elder, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years

old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth, to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the springtime of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, He recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns forever over her; still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is now within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844-5 within the bedchamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of the keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides, a ghostly intruder, into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honor with the title of "Madonna."

The second Sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops forever, forever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamors, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it

10. telegraphed, communicated from a distance; the word is used in its etymological meaning. 25-26. Rama . . . Rachel. Cf. Jeremiah, xxxi, 15, and Matthew, ii, 18.

68. Czar, Nicholas I, Emperor of Russia (1825-1855).

is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This Sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes forever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether toward pardon that he might implore, or toward reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a step-mother, as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered; every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsman, whom God will judge; every captive in every dungeon; all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected; outcasts by traditional law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace—all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key; but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who

yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third Sister, who is also the youngest—! Hush! whisper whilst we talk of *her*! Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes, rising so high, *might* be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden. Through the treble veil of crape which she wears the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest Sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*—Our Lady of Darkness.

These were the *Semnai Theai* or Sublime Goddesses, these were the *Eumenides* or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity in shuddering propitiation), of my Oxford dreams. Madonna spoke. She spoke by her mysterious hand. Touching my head, she beckoned to Our Lady of Sighs; and *what* she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads, was this:

58. *Cybele*, in Roman mythology the Great Mother of the gods, who rode in a chariot drawn by lions and who wore a mural crown. 90. *Sublime Goddesses*. The word is usually rendered *venerable* in dictionaries—but I am disposed to think that it comes nearest to our idea of the *sublime*, as near as a Greek word could come. [De Quincey's note.]

6. *Pariah*, etc. De Quincey lists here the low caste, outcasts, and slaves. Norfolk Island, which belongs to New South Wales, contained one of the British criminal colonies. 44. *Shem*, the son of Noah; cf. Genesis, ix, 18-27.

“Lo! here is he whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled; and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he become idolatrous; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshiped the worm, and prayed to the wormy grave. Holy was the grave to him; lovely was its darkness; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolater, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs! Do thou take him now to thy heart, and season him for our dreadful sister. And thou”—turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum*, she said—“wicked sister, that tempest and hatest, do thou take him from her. See that thy scepter lie heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope; wither the relenting of love; scorch the fountains of tears; curse him as only thou canst curse. So shall he be accomplished in the furnace; so shall he see the things that ought not to be seen, sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again before he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit.” (1845)

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859)

NOTE

Macaulay stands, in a sense, between the early group of nineteenth-century romantic essayists, many of whom had no close connection with the social and economic problems of their age, and the later group of Victorians who were absorbed in their task of pointing out the diseases of the English social fabric. Unlike most of these writers, Macaulay took an active part in the world. Somehow or other, at least to a modern reader, Coleridge, Lamb, De Quincey, and perhaps Hazlitt, seem detached, not from life but from public interests; and although Carlyle, Newman, and Arnold were vitally interested in public affairs, their interest expressed itself in writing and not in active participation. But Macaulay

both wrote and acted. He was a lawyer, a member of parliament at thirty, and a brilliant and effective parliamentary orator. Two qualities exhibited in his debating appear also in his writing: one was his capacity for remembering facts and assembling them rapidly and in vast quantities; the other was a fondness for the dramatic effects which could be secured by exaggeration, vivid description, and sharp and startling antithesis. These qualities of style made him a sparkling writer but sometimes an unsafe and superficial one. Too frequently he distorted the essential truth of a statement by overcoloring it. Macaulay wrote essays and poetry as well as history. In his theory of the way to write history he is a romanticist; his *History of England* is as readable and brilliant as one of Scott's romances. Like other essayists of his time, Macaulay contributed many of his essays to the quarterly reviews or magazines, and particularly to the famous *Edinburgh Review*. His essays were nominally book-reviews; actually, however, he usually made short work of his comments on the book considered, and then launched into an independent treatise on the subject of the volume. Thus his Essay on History (*Edinburgh Review* for May, 1828) passed for a study of Henry Neele's *The Romance of History, England*. Actually it is a study of the development of the theory and art of writing history and a comparison of the classical with the modern historians. Only the last quarter of the essay is reprinted here; this is the section, however, which contains the outline of his theory of how history should be written. It should be compared with Carlyle's theory (page 975) and with the extracts from Macaulay's *Lord Clive* (page 792). The second essay, reprinted here under the title which Professor R. M. Alden has given it, is a section covering approximately the second quarter of Macaulay's article in the *Edinburgh Review* for June, 1831, of Thomas Moore's *Life of Byron*. It is a highly significant and beautifully clear contribution to the debate between classicism and romanticism. It should be studied in connection with Pater's "Romanticism" (page 1046) and Stevenson's "A Gossip on Romance" (page 1059).

HISTORY

... While our historians are practicing all the arts of controversy, they miserably neglect the art of narration—the art of interesting the affections and presenting pictures to the imagination. That a writer may produce these effects without violating truth is sufficiently proved by many excellent biographical works. The immense popularity which well-written books of this kind have acquired deserves the serious consideration of historians. Voltaire's *Charles the Twelfth*, Marmontel's *Memoirs*, Bos-

well's *Life of Johnson*, Southey's account of Nelson are perused with delight by the most frivolous and indolent. Whenever any tolerable book of the same description makes its appearance, the circulating libraries are mobbed, the book societies are in commotion, the new novel lies uncut, the magazines and newspapers fill their columns with extracts. In the meantime histories of great empires, written by men of eminent ability, lie unread on the shelves of ostentatious libraries.

The writers of history seem to entertain an aristocratical contempt for the writers of memoirs. They think it beneath the dignity of men who describe the revolutions of nations to dwell on the details which constitute the charm of biography. They have imposed on themselves a code of conventional decencies as absurd as that which has been the bane of the French drama. The most characteristic and interesting circumstances are omitted or softened down, because—as we are told—they are too trivial for the majesty of history. The majesty of history seems to resemble the majesty of the poor King of Spain who died a martyr to ceremony because the proper dignitaries were not at hand to render him assistance.

That history would be more amusing if this etiquette were relaxed will, we suppose, be acknowledged. But would it be less dignified or less useful? What do we mean when we say that one past event is important and another insignificant? No past event has any intrinsic importance. The knowledge of it is valuable only as it leads us to form just calculations with respect to the future. A history which does not serve this purpose, though it may be filled with battles, treaties, and commotions, is as useless as the series of turnpike tickets collected by Sir Matthew Mite.

23. **French drama.** French tragedy in the time of Corneille (1606-1684) and Racine (1639-1699) was characterized by a rigid adherence to a code that was based largely on a narrow and distorted interpretation of the theory of tragedy in Aristotle's *Poetics*. As a result, French classical tragedy was stiff, formal, and unnatural. 47. **Sir Matthew Mite**, a character in a comedy by Samuel Foote (1720-1779).

Let us suppose that Lord Clarendon, instead of filling hundreds of folio pages with copies of state papers, in which the same assertions and contradictions are repeated till the reader is overpowered with weariness, had condescended to be the Boswell of the Long Parliament. Let us suppose that he had exhibited to us the wise and lofty self-government of Hampden, leading while he seemed to follow, and propounding unanswerable arguments in the strongest forms with the modest air of an inquirer anxious for information; the delusions which misled the noble spirit of Vane; the coarse fanaticism which concealed the yet loftier genius of Cromwell, destined to control a mutinous army and a factious people, to abase the flag of Holland, to arrest the victorious arms of Sweden, and to hold the balance firm between the rival monarchies of France and Spain. Let us suppose that he had made his Cavaliers and Roundheads talk in their own style; that he had reported some of the ribaldry of Rupert's pages, and some of the cant of Harrison and Fleetwood. Would not his work in that case have been more interesting? Would it not have been more accurate?

A history in which every particular incident may be true may on the whole be false. The circumstances which have most influence on the happiness of mankind, the changes of manners and morals, the transition of communities from poverty to wealth, from knowledge to ignorance, from ferocity to humanity—these are, for the most part, noiseless revolutions. Their progress is rarely indicated by what historians are pleased to call important events. They are not achieved by armies, or enacted by senates. They are sanctioned by no treaties and recorded in no archives. They are carried on in every school, in every church, behind ten thousand

49. **Lord Clarendon**, Edward Hyde, first Earl of Clarendon (1609-1674), Lord Chancellor of England, and author of the *History of the Rebellion*. The allusions in this paragraph are all to figures in the Great Rebellion. Hampden and Vane were republican statesmen; Prince Rupert was a German nephew of Charles I and a Royalist general; Harrison and Fleetwood were generals in the Commonwealth army.

counters, at ten thousand firesides. The upper current of society presents no certain criterion by which we can judge of the direction in which the under current flows. We read of defeats and victories. But we know that nations may be miserable amidst victories and prosperous amidst defeats. We read of the fall of wise ministers and of the rise of profligate favorites. But we must remember how small a proportion the good or evil effected by a single statesman can bear to the good or evil of a great social system.

Bishop Watson compares a geologist to a gnat mounted on an elephant, and laying down theories as to the whole internal structure of the vast animal, from the phenomena of the hide. The comparison is unjust to the geologists; but it is very applicable to those historians who write as if the body politic were homogeneous, who look only on the surface of affairs, and never think of the mighty and various organization which lies deep below.

In the works of such writers as these, England, at the close of the Seven Years' War, is in the highest state of prosperity; at the close of the American War she is in a miserable and degraded condition; as if the people were not on the whole as rich, as well governed, and as well educated at the latter period as at the former. We have read books called Histories of England under the reign of George the Second, in which the rise of Methodism is not even mentioned. A hundred years hence this breed of authors will, we hope, be extinct. If it should still exist, the late ministerial interregnum will be described in terms which will seem to imply that all government was at an end, that the social contract was annulled, and that the hand of every man was against his neighbor, until the wisdom and virtue of the new cabinet educed order out of

the chaos of anarchy. We are quite certain that misconceptions as gross prevailed at this moment respecting many important parts of our annals.

The effect of historical reading is analogous, in many respects, to that produced by foreign travel. The student, like the tourist, is transported into a new state of society. He sees new fashions. He hears new modes of expression. His mind is enlarged by contemplating the wide diversities of laws, of morals, and of manners. But men may travel far, and return with minds as contracted as if they had never stirred from their own market-town. In the same manner men may know the dates of many battles and the genealogies of many royal houses, and yet be no wiser. Most people look at past times as princes look at foreign countries. More than one illustrious stranger has landed on our island amidst the shouts of a mob, has dined with the King, has hunted with the Master of the Stag-hounds, has seen the Guards reviewed, and a Knight of the Garter installed, has cantered along Regent Street, has visited St. Paul's and noted down its dimensions; and has then departed, thinking that he has seen England. He has, in fact, seen a few public buildings, public men, and public ceremonies. But of the vast and complex system of society, of the fine shades of national character, of the practical operation of government and laws, he knows nothing. He who would understand these things rightly must not confine his observations to palaces and solemn days. He must see ordinary men as they appear in their ordinary business and in their ordinary pleasures. He must mingle in the crowds of the exchange and the coffee-house. He must obtain admittance to the convivial table and the domestic hearth. He must bear with vulgar expressions. He must not shrink from exploring even the retreats of misery. He who wishes to understand the condition of mankind in former ages must proceed on the same principle. If he attends only to public transactions, to wars, congresses, and

15. Bishop Watson, Richard Watson (1737-1816), bishop of Llandaff and author. 28. *Seven Years' War*, the contest between Frederick the Great of Prussia and Maria Theresa of Austria for the possession of Silesia (1756-1763). England fought on the side of Frederick. 41. *late ministerial interregnum*, the ministry of Lord Castlereagh, which preceded the accession of George IV in 1820. George III was insane in the last years of his life.

debates, his studies will be as unprofitable as the travels of those imperial, royal, and serene sovereigns who form their judgment of our island from having gone in state to a few fine sights, and from having held formal conferences with a few great officers.

The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But, by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed; some transactions are prominent, others retire. But the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate; but he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The changes of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line.

If a man such as we are supposing should write the history of England, he would assuredly not omit the battles, the sieges, the negotiations, the seditions, the ministerial changes. But with these he would intersperse the details which are the charm of historical romances. At Lincoln Cathedral there is a beautiful painted window, which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church that, according to

the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification. Sir Walter Scott, in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them, in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated. The history of the government and the history of the people would be exhibited in that mode in which alone they can be exhibited justly—in inseparable conjunction and intermixture. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in *Old Mortality*; for one half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in *The Fortunes of Nigel*.

The early part of our imaginary history would be rich with coloring from romance, ballad, and chronicle. We should find ourselves in the company of knights such as those of Froissart, and of pilgrims such as those who rode with Chaucer from the Tabard. Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest—from the royal cloth of state to the den of the outlaw; from the throne of the legate to the chimney-corner where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers, minstrels, crusaders—the stately monastery, with the good cheer in its refectory, and the High Mass in its chapel—the manor-house, with its hunting and hawking—the tournament, with the heralds and ladies, the trumpets and the cloth of gold—would give truth and life to the representation. We should perceive, in a thousand slight touches, the importance of the privileged burgher, and the fierce and haughty spirit which swelled under the collar of the degraded villain. The Revival of Letters would not merely be described in a few magnificent periods. We should discern, in innumerable particulars, the fermentation of mind, the eager appe-

84. *Tabard*. See *The Prologue to The Canterbury Tales* (page 150). 102. *villain*, usually *vilain*; cf. page 804, lines 6 ff.

tite for knowledge, which distinguished the sixteenth from the fifteenth century. In the Reformation we should see, not merely a schism which changed the ecclesiastical constitution of England and the mutual relations of the European powers, but a moral war which raged in every family, which set the father against the son, and the son
10 against the father, the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother. Henry would be painted with the skill of Tacitus. We should have the change of his character from his profuse and joyous youth to his savage and imperious old age. We should perceive the gradual progress of selfish and tyrannical passions in a mind not naturally insensible or un-
20 generous, and to the last we should detect some remains of that open and noble temper which endeared him to a people whom he oppressed, struggling with the hardness of despotism and the irritability of disease. We should see Elizabeth in all her weakness and in all her strength, surrounded by the handsome favorites whom she never trusted, and the wise old statesmen whom she
30 never dismissed, uniting in herself the most contradictory qualities of both her parents—the coquetry, the caprice, the petty malice of Anne—the haughty and resolute spirit of Henry. We have no hesitation in saying that a great artist might produce a portrait of this remarkable woman at least as striking as that in the novel of *Kenilworth*, without
40 employing a single trait not authenticated by ample testimony. In the meantime, we should see arts cultivated, wealth accumulated, the conveniences of life improved. We should see the keeps, where nobles, insecure themselves, spread insecurity around them, gradually giving place to the halls of peaceful opulence, to the oriels of Longleat and the stately pinnacles of Burleigh. We should see towns ex-
50 tended, deserts cultivated, the hamlets of fishermen turned into wealthy havens, the meal of the peasant improved, and his hut more commodiously furnished.

13. **Tacitus**, a Roman historian of the first century.

We should see those opinions and feelings which produced the great struggle against the house of Stuart slowly growing up in the bosom of private families, before they manifested themselves in parliamentary debates. Then would come the Civil War. Those skirmishes on which Clarendon dwells so minutely would be told, as Thucyd-
60 ides would have told them, with perspicuous conciseness. They are merely connecting links. But the great characteristics of the age, the loyal enthusiasm of the brave English gentry, the fierce licentiousness of the swearing, dicing, drunken reprobates, whose excesses disgraced the royal cause—the austerity
70 of the Presbyterian Sabbaths in the city, the extravagance of the Independent preachers in the camp, the precise garb, the severe countenance, the petty scruples, the affected accent, the absurd names and phrases which marked the Puritans—the valor, the policy, the public spirit, which lurked beneath these ungraceful disguises—the dreams of the raving Fifth Mon-
80 archy men; the dreams, scarcely less wild, of the philosophic republican—all these would enter into the representation, and render it at once more exact and more striking.

The instruction derived from history thus written would be of a vivid and practical character. It would be received by the imagination as well as by the reason. It would be not merely
90 traced on the mind, but branded into it. Many truths, too, would be learned, which can be learned in no other manner. As the history of states is generally written, the greatest and most momentous revolutions seem to come upon them like supernatural inflictions, without warning or cause. But the fact is that such revolutions are almost always the consequences of moral changes,
100 which have gradually passed on the mass of the community, and which ordinarily proceed far before their prog-

62. **Thucydides**, an Athenian historian of the fifth century B.C. 80. **Fifth Monarchy men**, a fanatical sect in the time of the Commonwealth who believed that Christ's coming to establish the "fifth monarchy" should be hastened by force. See note on line 30, page 841.

ress is indicated by any public measure. An intimate knowledge of the domestic history of nations is therefore absolutely necessary to the prognosis of political events. A narrative defective in this respect is as useless as a medical treatise which should pass by all the symptoms attendant on the early stage of a disease, and mention only what occurs when the

10 patient is beyond the reach of remedies. A historian such as we have been attempting to describe would indeed be an intellectual prodigy. In his mind powers scarcely compatible with each other must be tempered into an exquisite harmony. We shall sooner see another Shakespeare or another Homer. The highest excellence to which any
20 single faculty can be brought would be less surprising than such a happy and delicate combination of qualities. Yet the contemplation of imaginary models is not an unpleasant or useless employment of the mind. It cannot, indeed, produce perfection; but it produces improvement, and nourishes that generous and liberal fastidiousness which is not inconsistent with the strongest sensibility to merit, and which,
30 while it exalts our conceptions of the art, does not render us unjust to the artist. (1828)

CORRECTNESS AND CLASSICISM

... Wherein especially does the poetry of our times differ from that of the last century? Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would answer that the poetry of the last century was correct, but cold and mechanical, and that the poetry of our time, though wild and
40 irregular, presented far more vivid images and excited the passions far more strongly than that of Parnell, of Addison, or of Pope. In the same manner we constantly hear it said that the poets of the age of Elizabeth had far more genius, but far less correctness, than those of the age of Anne. It seems to be taken for granted that there is some incompatibility, some antithesis, between correctness and creative power.
50 We rather suspect that this notion arises

merely from an abuse of words, and that it has been the parent of many of the fallacies which perplex the science of criticism.

What is meant by correctness in poetry? If by correctness be meant the conforming to rules which have their foundation in truth and in the principles of human nature, then correctness is only another name for excellence. If
60 by correctness be meant the conforming to rules purely arbitrary, correctness may be another name for dullness and absurdity.

A writer who describes visible objects falsely, and violates the propriety of character, a writer who makes the mountains "nod their drowsy heads" at night, or a dying man take leave of
70 the world with a rant like that of Maximin, may be said, in the high and just sense of the phrase, to write incorrectly. He violates the first great law of his art. His imitation is altogether unlike the thing imitated. The four poets who are most eminently free from incorrectness of this description are Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton. They
80 are therefore, in one sense, and that the best sense, the most correct of poets.

When it is said that Vergil, though he had less genius than Homer, was a more correct writer, what sense is attached to the word correctness? Is it meant that the story of the *Aeneid* is developed more skillfully than that of the *Odyssey*? that the Roman describes the face of the external world, or the emotions of the mind, more
90 accurately than the Greek? that the characters of Achates and Mnestheus are more nicely discriminated, and more consistently supported, than those of Achilles, of Nestor, and of Ulysses? The fact incontestably is that, for every violation of the fundamental laws of poetry which can be found in Homer, it would be easy to find twenty in Vergil.

Troilus and Cressida is perhaps, of all 100 the plays of Shakespeare, that which is

71. Maximin, from Dryden's *Tyrannic Love*. 92, 95. Achates and Mnestheus, Achilles, Nestor, Ulysses. The first two are characters from Vergil's *Aeneid*; the others are from Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

commonly considered as the most incorrect. Yet it seems to us infinitely more correct, in the sound sense of the term, than what are called the most correct plays of the most correct dramatists. Compare it, for example, with the *Iphigénie* of Racine. We are sure that the Greeks of Shakespeare bear a far greater resemblance than the Greeks of Racine to the real Greeks who besieged Troy; and for this reason, that the Greeks of Shakespeare are human beings, and the Greeks of Racine mere names, mere words printed in capitals at the head of paragraphs of declamation. Racine, it is true, would have shuddered at the thought of making a warrior at the siege of Troy quote Aristotle. But of what use is it to avoid a single anachronism, when the whole play is one anachronism, the sentiments and phrases of Versailles in the camp of Aulis?

In the sense in which we are now using the word correctness, we think that Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Coleridge, are far more correct poets than those who are commonly extolled as the models of correctness—Pope, for example, and Addison. The single description of a moonlight night in Pope's *Iliad* contains more inaccuracies than can be found in all the *Excursion*. There is not a single scene in *Cato* in which all that conduces to poetical illusion, all the propriety of character, of language, of situation, is not more grossly violated than in any part of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. No man can possibly think that the Romans of Addison resemble the real Romans so closely as the moss-troopers of Scott resemble the real moss-troopers. Wat Tinnin and William of Deloraine are not, it is true, persons of so much dignity as Cato. But the dignity of the persons represented has as little to do with the correctness of poetry as with the correctness of painting. We prefer a gypsy by Reynolds to His Majesty's head on a signpost, and a Borderer by Scott to a senator by Addison.

7. *Racine*. Cf. footnote on French drama (page 965).
34. *Cato*, Addison's classical tragedy (1713).

In what sense, then, is the word correctness used by those who say, with the author of *The Pursuits of Literature*, that Pope was the most correct of English poets, and that next to Pope came the late Mr. Gifford? What is the nature and value of that correctness, the praise of which is denied to *Macbeth*, to *Lear*, and to *Othello*, and given to Hoole's translations and to all the Seatonian prize-poems? We can discover no eternal rule, no rule founded in reason and in the nature of things, which Shakespeare does not observe much more strictly than Pope. But if by correctness be meant the conforming to a narrow legislation which, while lenient to the *mala in se*, multiplies without the shadow of a reason the *mala prohibita*—if by correctness be meant a strict attention to certain ceremonious observances, which are no more essential to poetry than etiquette to good government, or than the washings of a Pharisee to devotion—then, assuredly, Pope may be a more correct poet than Shakespeare; and, if the code were a little altered, Colley Cibber might be a more correct poet than Pope. But it may well be doubted whether this kind of correctness be a merit, nay, whether it be not an absolute fault.

It would be amusing to make a digest of the irrational laws which bad critics have framed for the government of poets. First in celebrity and in absurdity stand the dramatic unities of place and time. No human being has ever been able to find anything that could, even by courtesy, be called an argument for these unities, except that they have been deduced from the general practice of the Greeks. It requires no very profound examination to discover that the Greek dramas, often admirable as compositions, are, as exhibitions of

55. *The Pursuits of Literature*, a satire by T. J. Mathias (1794). 62. Hoole, an English translator and dramatist (1727-1803). 70, 72. *mala in se*, *mala prohibita*, genuine crimes and statutory crimes, respectively. 80. Colley Cibber, English dramatist and actor (1671-1757), who reconstructed many of Shakespeare's plays to make them conform to the prevailing literary taste. 89. *dramatic unities*, the theory, ascribed incorrectly to Aristotle, that all dramatic action should occur in one place and within the period of one day. The third unity, which is actually explained in Aristotle's *Poetics*, is that of action.

human character and human life, far inferior to the English plays of the age of Elizabeth. Every scholar knows that the dramatic part of the Athenian tragedies was at first subordinate to the lyrical part. It would, therefore, have been little less than a miracle if the laws of the Athenian stage had been found to suit plays in which there was no chorus. All the greatest masterpieces of the dramatic art have been composed in direct violation of the unities, and could never have been composed if the unities had not been violated. It is clear, for example, that such a character as that of Hamlet could never have been developed within the limits to which Alfieri confined himself. Yet such was the reverence of literary men during the last century for the unities, that Johnson, who, much to his honor, took the opposite side, was, as he says, "frightened at his own temerity," and "afraid to stand against the authorities which might be produced against him."

There are other rules of the same kind without end. "Shakespeare," says Rymer, "ought not to have made Othello black; for the hero of a tragedy ought always to be white." "Milton," says another critic, "ought not to have taken Adam for his hero; for the hero of an epic poem ought always to be victorious." "Milton," says another, "ought not to have put so many similes into his first book; for the first book of an epic poem ought always to be the most unadorned. There are no similes in the first book of the *Iliad*." "Milton," says another, "ought not to have placed in an epic poem such lines as these:

While thus I called, and strayed I knew
not whither."

And why not? The critic is ready with a reason—a lady's reason. "Such lines," says he, "are not, it must be allowed, unpleasing to the ear; but the redundant syllable ought to be confined

to the drama, and not admitted into epic poetry." As to the redundant syllable in heroic rime on serious subjects, it has been, from the time of Pope downward, proscribed by the general consent of all the correct school. No magazine would have admitted so incorrect a couplet as that of Drayton:

As when we lived untouched with these
disgraces,
When as our kingdom was our dear embraces.

Another law of heroic rime which, fifty years ago, was considered as fundamental, was that there should be a pause, a comma at least, at the end of every couplet. It was also provided that there should never be a full stop except at the end of a line. Well do we remember to have heard a most correct judge of poetry revile Mr. Rogers for the incorrectness of that most sweet and graceful passage—

Such grief was ours—it seems but yesterday—

When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,

'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh
At midnight in a sister's arms to die.
O thou wert lovely; lovely was thy frame,
And pure thy spirit as from heaven it came;

And when recalled to join the blest above
Thou diedst a victim to exceeding love,
Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,

When idle Fancy wove luxuriant flowers,
Once in thy mirth thou badst me write on thee:

And now I write what thou shalt never see.

Sir Roger Newdigate is fairly entitled, we think, to be ranked among the great critics of this school. He made a law that none of the poems written for the prize which he established at Oxford should exceed fifty lines. This law seems to us to have at least as much

18. Alfieri, Italian dramatist (1749-1803). 28. Shakespeare, etc., quoted from Rymer's *A Short View of Tragedy* (1692).

70. Such grief, etc., from Samuel Rogers's *Human Life* (1819).

foundation in reason as any of those which we have mentioned—nay, much more, for the world, we believe, is pretty well agreed in thinking that the shorter a prize poem is, the better. We do not see why we should not make a few more rules of the same kind; why we should not enact that the number of scenes in every act shall be three or some multiple
 10 of three, that the number of lines in every scene shall be an exact square, that the *dramatis personae* shall never be more or fewer than sixteen, and that, in heroic rimes, every thirty-sixth line shall have twelve syllables. If we were to lay down these canons, and to call Pope, Goldsmith, and Addison incorrect writers for not having complied with our whims, we should act precisely as
 20 those critics act who find incorrectness in the magnificent imagery and the varied music of Coleridge and Shelley.

The correctness which the last century prized so much resembles the correctness of those pictures of the garden of Eden which we see in old Bibles. We have an exact square, inclosed by the rivers Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, each with a convenient bridge in the
 30 center, rectangular beds of flowers, a long canal, neatly bricked and railed in; the tree of knowledge, clipped like one of the limes behind the Tuileries, standing in the center of the grand alley, the snake twined round it, the man on the right hand, the woman on the left, and the beasts drawn up in an exact circle round them. In one sense the picture is correct enough. That is to say, the
 40 squares are correct, the circles are correct; the man and the woman are in a most correct line with the tree; and the snake forms a most correct spiral. But if there were a painter so gifted that he could place on the canvas that glorious paradise seen by the interior eye of him whose outward sight had failed with long watching and laboring for liberty and truth—if there
 50 were a painter who could set before us the mazes of the sapphire brook, the lake with its fringe of myrtles, the flowery meadows, the grottoes overhung

by vines, the forests shining with Hesperian fruit and with the plumage of gorgeous birds, the massy shade of that nuptial bower which showered down roses on the sleeping lovers—what should we think of a connoisseur who should tell us that this painting though finer than the absurd picture in the old Bible, was not so correct? Surely we should answer, It is both finer and more correct, and it is finer because it is more correct. It is not made up of correctly drawn diagrams, but it is a correct painting, a worthy representation of that which it is intended to represent.

It is not in the fine arts alone that this false correctness is prized by narrow-minded men, by men who cannot distinguish means from ends, or what is accidental from what is essential. M. Jourdain admired correctness in fencing. "You had no business to hit me then. You must never thrust in quart till you have thrust in tierce." M. Tomès liked correctness in medical practice. "I stand up for Artemius. That he killed his patient is plain enough. But still he acted quite according to rule. A man dead is a man dead, and there is an end of the matter. But if rules are to be broken, there is no saying what consequences may follow." We have heard of an old German officer who was a great admirer of correctness in military operations. He used to revile Bonaparte for spoiling the science of war, which had been carried to such exquisite perfection by Marshal Daun. "In my youth we used to march and countermarch all the summer without gaining or losing a square league, and then we went into winter quarters. And now comes an ignorant, hot-headed young man, who flies about from Bologne to Ulm, and from Ulm to the middle of Moravia, and fights battles 10 in December. The whole system of his tactics is monstrously incorrect." The world is of opinion, in spite of critics

76. *You had*, etc., from Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. 80. *I stand*, etc., from Molière's *L'Amour Médecin*. 92. *Marshal Daun*, Count von Daun (1705-1766), Austrian field marshal.

33. *Tuileries*, famous gardens in Paris.

like these, that the end of fencing is to hit, that the end of medicine is to cure, that the end of war is to conquer, and that those means are the most correct which best accomplish the ends.

And has poetry no end, no eternal and immutable principles? Is poetry like heraldry, mere matter of arbitrary regulation? The heralds tell us that certain scutcheons and bearings denote certain conditions, and that to put colors on colors, or metals on metals, is false blazonry. If all this were reversed, if every coat of arms in Europe were new fashioned, if it were decreed that *or* should never be placed but on *argent*, or *argent* but on *or*, that illegitimacy should be denoted by a *lozenge*, and widowhood by a *bend*, the new science would be just as good as the old science, because both the new and old would be good for nothing. The mummery of Portecullis and Rouge Dragon, as it has no other value than that which caprice has assigned to it, may well submit to any laws which caprice may impose upon it. But it is not so with that great imitative art, to the power of which all ages, the rudest and the most enlightened, bear witness. Since its first great masterpieces were produced, everything that is changeable in this world has been changed. Civilization has been gained, lost, gained again. Religions, and languages, and forms of government, and usages of private life, and modes of thinking, all have undergone a succession of revolutions. Everything has passed away but the great features of nature and the heart of man, and the miracles of that art of which it is the office to reflect back the heart of man and the features of nature. Those two strange old poems, the wonder of ninety generations, still retain all their freshness. They still command the veneration of minds enriched by the literature of many nations and ages. They are still, even in wretched translations, the delight of schoolboys. Hav-

ing survived ten thousand capricious fashions, having seen successive codes of criticism become obsolete, they still remain to us, immortal with the immortality of truth, the same when perused in the study of an English scholar as when they were first chanted at the banquets of the Ionian princes.

Poetry is, as was said more than two thousand years ago, imitation. It is an art analogous in many respects to the art of painting, sculpture, and acting. The imitations of the painter, the sculptor, and the actor are indeed, within certain limits, more perfect than those of the poet. The machinery which the poet employs consists merely of words; and words cannot, even when employed by such an artist as Homer or Dante, present to the mind images of visible objects quite so lively and exact as those which we carry away from looking on the works of the brush and the chisel. But, on the other hand, the range of poetry is infinitely wider than that of any other imitative art, or than that of all the other imitative arts together. The sculptor can imitate only form; the painter only form and color; the actor—until the poet supplies him with words—only form, color, and motion. Poetry holds the outer world in common with the other arts; the heart of man is the province of poetry and of poetry alone. The painter, the sculptor, and the actor can exhibit no more of human passion and character than that small portion which overflows into the gesture and the face, always an imperfect, often a deceitful, sign of that which is within. The deeper and more complex parts of human nature can be exhibited by means of words alone. Thus the objects of the imitation of poetry are the whole external and the whole internal universe, the face of nature, the vicissitudes of fortune, man as he is in himself, man as he appears in society, all things which really exist, all things of which we can form an image in our minds by combining together parts of things which really

16, 18, 19. *or*, *argent*, *lozenge*, *bend*, terms in heraldry; *or* is gold; *argent*, silver; *lozenge*, a diamond-shaped figure; *bend*, a broad band across the shield. 23. *Portecullis*, *Rouge Dragon*, pursuivants, or officers below the rank of herald in the English College of Heralds.

59. *as was said*, in Aristotle's *Poetics*.

exist. The domain of this imperial art is commensurate with the imaginative faculty.

An art essentially imitative ought not, surely, to be subjected to rules which tend to make its imitations less perfect than they otherwise would be; and those who obey such rules ought to be called, not correct, but incorrect, artists. The true way to judge of the rules by which English poetry was governed during the last century is to look at the effects which they produced.

It was in 1780 that Johnson completed his *Lives of the Poets*. He tells us in that work that since the time of Dryden English poetry had shown no tendency to relapse into its original savageness, that its language had been refined, its numbers tuned, and its sentiments improved. It may perhaps be doubted whether the nation had any great reason to exult in the refinements and improvements which gave it *Douglas*, for *Othello*, and *The Triumphs of Temper* for *The Faerie Queene*. It was during the thirty years which preceded the appearance of Johnson's *Lives* that the diction and versification of English poetry were, in the sense in which the word is commonly used, most correct. Those thirty years are, as respects poetry, the most deplorable part of our literary history. They have indeed bequeathed to us scarcely any poetry which deserves to be remembered. Two or three hundred lines of Gray, twice as many of Goldsmith, a few stanzas of Beattie and Collins, a few strophes of Mason, and a few clever prologues and satires were the masterpieces of this age of consummate excellence. They may all be printed in one volume, and that volume would be by no means a volume of extraordinary merit. It would contain no poetry of the very highest class, and little which could be placed very high in the second class. The *Paradise Regained* or *Comus* would outweigh it all.

At last, when poetry had fallen into

such utter decay that Mr. Hayley was thought a great poet, it began to appear that the excess of the evil was about to work the cure. Men became tired of an insipid conformity to a standard which derived no authority from nature or reason. A shallow criticism had taught them to ascribe a superstitious value to the spurious correctness of poetasters. A deeper criticism brought them back to the true correctness of the first great masters. The eternal laws of poetry regained their power, and the temporary fashions which had superseded those laws went after the wig of Lovelace and the hoop of Clarissa.

(1830)

67. *wig of Lovelace*, etc. Lovelace and Clarissa were stock names for the beau and belle of the Restoration Age; the *hoop* was the fashionable hoop-skirt of the time.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881)

NOTE

The mid-Victorian writers took themselves very seriously. It seemed to them that society was disintegrating, with industrialism and reliance on physical values replacing spirituality, intellectuality, and love of beauty. Each of the major prophets among the Victorian essayists—Carlyle, Newman, Ruskin, and Arnold—made his own diagnosis and prescribed his own cure. They agreed in more than one respect, but notably in their belief that the salvation of England lay in restoring the vanishing moral values of the past. So it was that Carlyle hated democracy and prescribed leadership by the strong hero; that Newman's search for spiritual truth and refuge led him back to Catholicism; that Ruskin sought to restore the simple industry of the days of hand-work and the beauty of a countryside unspotted by the ugliness of factories; that Arnold clung to the values of culture and defended the old classical education against the invasion of a scientific training that threatened to submerge all. Of the four Carlyle was the most thundering. He has been called "a moral brass band," and his prodigious literary labor has been sarcastically referred to as the "doctrine of silence in forty volumes." He is essentially a preacher. In his insistence upon the religious value of labor, the necessity of spiritual bonds between man and man, and the corruptive force of "mammon" worship, he is vigorous, but not always practical. His hatreds were many and strong. He loathed the economists, the scientists, the legislators, and all who would regulate the world by man-made devices. In his prose style, as in his ideas, he is like thunder on a mountain-top; he uses all of the violent rhetorical devices of apostrophe, exclamation, hyperbole, and personification, crush-

24. *Douglas*, a tragedy by John Home (1756).

25. *The Triumphs of Temper*, a poem by William Hayley (1781).

ing his reader with the weight of his emphasis. But his writing is unforgettably superb and vigorous—a fitting instrument for a writer whose insistence on spiritual values provided a strong check to the growing worship of material things. Carlyle's essay "On History" was first published in *Fraser's Magazine* for 1830. It reflects his theory of hero-worship. His conception is that "history is the essence of innumerable biographies." His essay "Labor" is Chapter 11 of the third book of *Past and Present* (1843), a volume in which he sets forth his industrial and social theories in his usual thundering style.

ON HISTORY

Clio was figured by the ancients as the eldest daughter of Memory, and chief of the Muses; which dignity, whether we regard the essential qualities of her art, or its practice and acceptance among men, we shall still find to have been fitly bestowed. History, as it lies at the root of all science, is also the first distinct product of man's spiritual nature; his earliest expression of what can be called Thought. It is a looking both before and after; as, indeed, the coming time already waits, unseen, yet definitely shaped, predetermined and inevitable, in the Time come; and only by the combination of both is the meaning of either completed. The Sibylline Books, though old, are not the oldest. Some nations have prophecy, some have not; but of all mankind there is no tribe so rude that it has not attempted History, though several have not arithmetic enough to count Five. History has been written with quip-threads, with feather-pictures, with wampum-belts; still oftener with earth-mounds and monumental stone-heaps, whether as pyramid or cairn; for the Celt and the Copt, the Red man as well as the White, lives between two eternities, and, warring against oblivion, he would fain unite himself in clear conscious relation, as in dim unconscious relation he is already united, with the whole Future and the whole past.

1. Clio, in Greek mythology the muse of history.
18. Sibylline Books, in Roman religion a collection of Greek oracles sold to King Tarquinius Superbus by the Cumaean sibyl and consulted as guides to religious belief. 24. quip-threads, a mnemonic device used by the ancient Peruvians.

A talent for History may be said to be born with us, as our chief inheritance. In a certain sense all men are historians. Is not every memory written quite full with Annals, wherein joy and mourning, conquest and loss, manifoldly alternate; and, with or without philosophy, the whole fortunes of one little inward kingdom, and all its politics, foreign and domestic, stand ineffaceably recorded? Our very speech is curiously historical. Most men, you may observe, speak only to narrate; not in imparting what they have thought, which indeed were often a very small matter, but in exhibiting what they have undergone or seen, which is a quite unlimited one, do talkers dilate. Cut us off from Narrative, how would the stream of conversation, even among the wisest, languish into detached handfuls, and among the foolish utterly evaporate! Thus, as we do nothing but enact History, we say little but recite it; nay, rather, in that widest sense, our whole spiritual life is built thereon. For, strictly considered, what is all Knowledge, too, but recorded Experience, and a product of History; of which, therefore, Reasoning and Belief, no less than Action and Passion, are essential materials?

Under a limited, and the only practicable shape, History proper, that part of History which treats of remarkable action, has, in all modern as well as ancient times, ranked among the highest arts; and perhaps never stood higher than in these times of ours. For whereas, of old, the charm of History lay chiefly in gratifying our common appetite for the wonderful, for the unknown, and her office was but as that of a Minstrel and Story-teller, she has now farther become a Schoolmistress, and professes to instruct in gratifying. Whether, with the stateliness of that venerable character, she may not have taken up something of its austerity and frigidity; whether, in the logical terseness of a Hume or Robertson, the graceful ease and gay pictorial heartiness of a Herodotus or Froissart may not be wanting, is not the question for

us here. Enough that all learners, all inquiring minds of every order, are gathered round her footstool, and reverently pondering her lessons, as the true basis of Wisdom. Poetry, Divinity, Politics, Physics, have each their adherents and adversaries; each little guild supporting a defensive and offensive war for its own special domain; while the domain of History is as a free Emporium, where all these belligerents peaceably meet and furnish themselves; and Sentimentalist and Utilitarian, Skeptic and Theologian, with one voice advise us: Examine History, for it is "Philosophy teaching by Experience."

Far be it from us to disparage such teaching, the very attempt at which must be precious. Neither shall we too rigidly inquire: How much it has hitherto profited? Whether most of what little practical wisdom men have has come from study of professed History, or from other less boasted sources; whereby, as matters now stand, a Marlborough may become great in the world's business, with no History save what he derives from Shakespeare's Plays? Nay, whether in that same teaching by Experience, historical Philosophy has yet properly deciphered the first element of all science in this kind: What the aim and significance of that wondrous changeful Life it investigates and paints may be? Whence the course of man's destinies in this Earth originated, and whither they are tending? Or, indeed, if they have any course and tendency, are really guided forward by an unseen mysterious Wisdom, or only circle in blind mazes without recognizable guidance? Which questions, altogether fundamental, one might think, in any Philosophy of History, have, since the era when Monkish Annalists were wont to answer them by the long-ago extinguished light of their Missal and Breviary, been by most philosophical Historians only glanced at dubiously and from afar; by many, not so much as glanced at.

13. **Utilitarian.** Carlyle was vigorously opposed to the philosophy of Utilitarianism advocated by Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832), believing that it destroyed a true conception of spiritual values.

The truth is, two difficulties, never wholly surmountable, lie in the way. Before Philosophy can teach by Experience, the philosophy has to be in readiness, the Experience must be gathered and intelligibly recorded. Now, overlooking the former consideration, and with regard only to the latter, let anyone who has examined the current of human affairs, and how intricate, perplexed, unfathomable, even when seen into with our own eyes, are their thousandfold blending movements, say whether the true representing of it is easy or impossible. Social Life is the aggregate of all the individual men's Lives who constitute society; History is the essence of innumerable Biographies. But if one Biography, nay, our own Biography, study and recapitulate it as we may, remains in so many points unintelligible to us, how much more must these million, the very facts of which, to say nothing of the purport of them, we know not, and cannot know!

Neither will it adequately avail us to assert that the general inward condition of life is the same in all ages; and that only the remarkable deviations from the common endowment and common lot, and the more important variations which the outward figure of Life has from time to time undergone, deserve memory and record. The inward condition of Life, it may rather be affirmed, the conscious or half-conscious aim of mankind, so far as men are not mere digesting-machines, is the same in two ages; neither are the more important outward variations easy to fix on, or always well capable of representation. Which was the greatest innovator, which was the more important personage in man's history, he who first led armies over the Alps, and gained the victories of Cannae and Thrasymene; or the nameless boor who first hammered out for himself an iron spade? When

68. **History is the essence of innumerable Biographies.** This theory is developed further in Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship*. Carlyle was opposed to the idea of democracy and favored the rule of a benevolent monarch. 98. **Cannae and Thrasymene,** victories won (216 and 217 B. C.) by the Carthaginian general, Hannibal, over the Romans.

the oak tree is felled, the whole forest echoes with it; but a hundred acorns are planted silently by some unnoticed breeze. Battles and war-tumults, which for the time din every ear, and with joy or terror intoxicate every heart, pass away like tavern-brawls; and, except some few Marathons and Morgartens, are remembered by accident, not by desert. Laws themselves, political Constitutions, are not our Life, but only the house wherein our Life is led; nay, they are but the bare walls of the house; all whose essential furniture, the inventions and traditions and daily habits that regulate and support our existence, are the work not of Dracos and Hampdens, but of Phœnician mariners, of Italian masons and Saxon metallurgists, of philosophers, alchemists, prophets, and all the long-forgotten train of artists and artisans; who from the first have been jointly teaching us how to think and how to act, how to rule over spiritual and over physical Nature. Well may we say that of our History the more important part is lost without recovery; and—as thanksgivings were once wont to be offered “for unrecognized mercies”—look with reverence into the dark untenanted places of the Past, where, in formless oblivion, our chief benefactors, with all their sedulous endeavors, but not with the fruit of these, lie entombed.

So imperfect is that same experience, by which philosophy is to teach. Nay, even with regard to those occurrences which do stand recorded, which at their origin have seemed worthy of record, and the summary of which constitutes what we now call History, is not our understanding of them altogether incomplete; is it even possible to represent them as they were? The old story of Sir Walter Raleigh’s looking from his prison-window on some street tumult, which afterwards three witnesses reported in three different ways, himself differing from them all, is still a true

lesson for us. Consider how it is that historical documents and records originate; even honest records, where the reporters were unbiased by personal regard; a case which, were nothing more wanted, must ever be among the rarest. The real leading features of a historical Transaction, those movements that essentially characterize it, and alone deserve to be recorded, are nowise the foremost to be noted. At first, among the various witnesses, who are also parties interested, there is only vague wonder, and fear or hope, and the noise of Rumor’s thousand tongues; till, after a season, the conflict of testimonies has subsided into some general issue; and then it is settled, by majority of votes, that such and such a “Crossing of the Rubicon,” an “Impeachment of Stafford,” a “Convocation of the Notables,” are epochs in the world’s history, cardinal points on which grand world-revolutions have hinged. Suppose, however, that the majority of votes was all wrong; that the real cardinal points lay far deeper; and had been passed over unnoticed, because no Seer, but only mere Onlookers, chanced to be there! Our clock strikes when there is a change from hour to hour; but no hammer in the Horologe of Time peals through the universe when there is a change from Era to Era. Men understand not what is among their hands; as calmness is the characteristic of strength, so the weightiest causes may be most silent. It is, in no case, the real historical Transaction, but only some more or less plausible scheme and theory of the Transaction, or the harmonized result of many such schemes each varying from the other and all varying from truth, that we can ever hope to behold.

Nay, were our faculty of insight into

69. *Crossing of the Rubicon.* Julius Caesar’s passage of this river with his army was the signal for civil war. 70. *Stafford.* Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, was a Royalist statesman impeached and ordered to execution by the House of Commons in 1641. 71. *Convocation of the Notables.* the States-general Assembly convened by order of Louis XVI of France in August, 1788. The Third Estate broke with the Assembly and in June, 1789, created the National Assembly, which continued in power until September, 1791. All three of the historical events referred to were crises.

8. *Marathons and Morgartens.* At the Battle of Marathon (490 B. C.), a small army of Greeks under Miltiades defeated a large Persian army; at Morgarten, in 1315, a small body of Swiss routed an Austrian army. 17. *Draco and Hampden,* an Athenian and an English statesman, respectively.

passing things never so complete, there is still a fatal discrepancy between our manner of observing these, and their manner of occurring. The most gifted man can observe, still more can record, only the *series* of his own impressions; his observation, therefore, to say nothing of its other imperfections, must be *successive*, while the things done were often *simultaneous*; the things done were not a series, but a group. It is not in acted, as it is in written, History: actual events are nowise so simply related to each other as parent and offspring are; every single event is the offspring not of one, but of all other events, prior or contemporaneous, and will in its turn combine with all others to give birth to new; it is an ever-living, ever-working Chaos of Being, wherein shape after shape bodies itself forth from innumerable elements. And this Chaos, boundless as the habitation and duration of man, unfathomable as the soul and destiny of man, is what the historian will depict, and scientifically gage, we may say, by threading it with single lines of a few ells in length! For as all action is, by its nature, to be figured as extended in breadth and in depth, as well as in length; that is to say, is based on Passion and Mystery, if we investigate its origin; and spreads abroad on all hands, modifying and modified; as well as advances toward completion—so all Narrative is, by its nature, of only one dimension; only travels forward toward one, or toward successive points: Narrative is *linear*, Action is *solid*. Alas for our “chains,” or chainlets, of “causes and effects,” which we so assiduously track through certain handbreadths of years and square miles, when the whole is a broad, deep immensity, and each atom is “chained” and complected with all! Truly, if History is “Philosophy teaching by Experience,” the writer fitted to compose History is hitherto an unknown man. The experience itself would require All-knowledge to record it—were

the All-wisdom needful for such philosophy as would interpret it, to be had for asking. Better were it that mere earthly Historians should lower such pretensions, more suitable for Omniscience than for human science; and, aiming only at some picture of the things acted, which picture itself will at best be a poor approximation, leave the inscrutable purport of them an acknowledged secret; or at most, in reverent Faith, far different from that teaching of Philosophy, pause over the mysterious vestiges of Him whose path is in the great deep of Time, whom History indeed reveals, but only all History, and in Eternity, will clearly reveal.

Such considerations truly were of small profit, did they, instead of teaching us vigilance and reverent humility in our inquiries into History, abate our esteem for them, or discourage us from unweariedly prosecuting them. Let us search more and more into the Past; let all men explore it, as the true fountain of knowledge; by whose light alone, consciously or unconsciously employed, can the Present and the Future be interpreted or guessed at. For though the whole meaning lies far beyond our ken, yet in that complex Manuscript, covered over with formless, inextricably-entangled, unknown characters—nay, which is a *Palimpsest*, and had once prophetic writing, still dimly legible there—some letters, some words, may be deciphered; and if no complete philosophy, here and there an intelligible precept, available in practice, be gathered: well understanding, in the meanwhile, that it is only a little portion we have deciphered; that much still remains to be interpreted; that History is a real Prophetic Manuscript, and can be fully interpreted by no man.

But the Artist in History may be Distinguished from the Artisan in History; for here, as in all other provinces, there are Artists and Artisans; men who labor mechanically in a department, without eye for the Whole, not feeling that there is a Whole; and men who inform and ennoble the humblest department with an Idea of the Whole,

47. **Philosophy teaching by Experience**, an idea expressed by Thucydides, the Athenian historian. Carlyle repudiated the doctrine.

and habitually know that only in the Whole is the partial to be truly discerned. The proceedings and the duties of these two, in regard to History, must be altogether different. Not, indeed, that each has not a real worth, in his several degree. The simple husbandman can till his field, and, by knowledge he has gained of its soil, sow it with the fit grain, though the deep rocks and central fires are unknown to him; his little crop hangs under and over the firmament of stars, and sails through whole untracked celestial spaces, between Aries and Libra; nevertheless it ripens for him in due season, and he gathers it safe into his barn. As a husbandman, he is blameless in disregarding those higher wonders; but as a thinker, a faithful inquirer into Nature, he were wrong. So likewise is it with the Historian, who examines some special aspect of History; and from this or that combination of circumstances, political, moral, economical, and the issues it has led to, infers that such and such properties belong to human society, and that the like circumstances will produce the like issue; which inference, if other trials confirm it, must be held true and practically valuable. He is wrong only, and an artisan, when he fancies that these properties, discovered or discoverable, exhaust the matter; and sees not, at every step, that it is inexhaustible.

However, that class of cause-and-effect speculators, with whom no wonder would remain wonderful, but all things in Heaven and Earth must be computed and "accounted for"; and even the Unknown, the Infinite in man's life, had under the words *Enthusiasm*, *Superstition*, *Spirit of the Age*, and so forth, obtained, as it were, an algebraical symbol and given value—have now wellnigh played their part in European culture; and may be considered as, in most countries, even in England itself where they linger the latest, verging toward extinction. He who reads the inscrutable Book of Nature as if it were a Merchant's Ledger is justly suspected of having never seen that Book, but only some School synopsis thereof;

from which, if taken for the real Book, more error than insight is to be derived.

Doubtless also, it is with a growing feeling of the infinite nature of History that in these times the old principle, division of labor, has been so widely applied to it. The Political Historian, once almost the sole cultivator of History, has now found various associates, who strive to elucidate other phases of human Life; of which, as hinted above, the political conditions it is passed under are but one, and, though the primary, perhaps not the most important of the many outward arrangements. Of this Historian himself, moreover, in his own special department, new and higher things are beginning to be expected. From of old it was too often to be reproachfully observed of him that he dwelt with disproportionate fondness in Senate-houses, in Battlefields, nay even in Kings' Antechambers; forgetting that far away from such scenes the mighty tide of Thought and Action was still rolling on its wondrous course, in gloom and brightness; and in its thousand remote valleys, a whole world of Existence, with or without an earthly sun of Happiness to warm it, with or without a heavenly sun of Holiness to purify and sanctify it, was blossoming and fading, whether the "famous victory" were won or lost. The time seems coming when much of this must be amended; and he who sees no world but that of courts and camps; and writes only how soldiers were drilled and shot, and how this ministerial conjuror out-conjured that other, and then guided, or at least held, something which he called the rudder of Government, but which was rather the spigot of Taxation, wherewith, in place of steering, he could tap, and the more cunningly the nearer the lees—will pass for a more or less instructive Gazetteer, but will no longer be called a Historian.

However, the political historian, were his work performed with all conceivable perfection, can accomplish but a part, and still leaves room for numerous fellow-laborers. Foremost among these comes the Ecclesiastical Historian; en-

deavoring, with catholic or sectarian view, to trace the progress of the church; of that portion of the social establishment which respects our religious condition; as the other portion does our civil, or rather, in the long run, our economical condition. Rightly conducted, this department were undoubtedly the more important of the two; inasmuch as it concerns us more to understand how man's moral well-being had been and might be promoted, than to understand in the like sort his physical well-being; which latter is ultimately the aim of all Political arrangements. For the physically happiest is simply the safest, the strongest; and, in all Conditions of Government, power (whether of wealth as in these days, or of arms and adherents as in old days) is the only outward emblem and purchase-money of Good. True Good, however, unless we reckon Pleasure synonymous with it, is said to be rarely, or rather never, offered for sale in the market where that coin passes current. So that, for man's true advantage, not the outward condition of his life, but the inward and spiritual, is of prime influence; not the form of Government he lives under, and the power he can accumulate there, but the Church he is a member of, and the degree of moral elevation he can acquire by means of its instruction. Church History, then, did it speak wisely, would have momentous secrets to teach us; nay, in its highest degree, it were a sort of continued Holy Writ; our sacred books being, indeed, only a history of the primeval church, as it first arose in man's soul, and symbolically embodied itself in his external life. How far our actual Church Historians fall below such unattainable standards, nay, below quite attainable approximations thereto, we need not point out. Of the Ecclesiastical Historian we have to complain, as we did of his Political fellow-craftsman, that his inquiries turn rather on the outward mechanism, the mere hulls and superficial accidents of the object, than on the object itself; as if the Church lay in Bishops' Chapter-houses, and

Ecumenic Council-halls, and Cardinals' Conclaves, and not far more in the hearts of Believing Men; in whose walk and conversation, as influenced thereby, its chief manifestations were to be looked for, and its progress or decline ascertained. The History of the Church is a history of the invisible as well as of the visible church; which latter, if disjoined from the former, is but a vacant edifice; gilded, it may be, and overhung with old votive gifts, yet useless, nay, pestilentially unclean; to write whose history is less important than to forward its downfall.

Of a less ambitious character are the Histories that relate to special separate provinces of human Action; to Sciences, Practical Arts, Institutions, and the like; matters which do not imply an epitome of man's whole interest and form of life; but wherein, though each is still connected with all, the spirit of each, at least its material results, may be in some degree evolved without so strict a reference to that of the others. Highest in dignity and difficulty, under this head, would be our histories of Philosophy, of man's opinions and theories respecting the nature of his being, and relations to the universe visible and invisible; which History, indeed, were it fitly treated, or fit for right treatment, would be a province of Church History; the logical or dogmatical province thereof; for Philosophy, in its true sense, is or should be the soul, of which Religion, Worship, is the body; in the healthy state of things the Philosopher and Priest were one and the same. But Philosophy itself is far enough from wearing this character; neither have its Historians been men, generally speaking, that could in the smallest degree approximate it thereto. Scarcely since the rude era of the Magi and Druids has that same healthy identification of Priest and Philosopher had place in any country; but rather the worship of divine things, and the scientific investigation of divine things, have been in quite different hands; their relations not friendly, but hostile.

55. *Ecumenic*, pertaining to the church as a whole.

Neither have the Bruckers and Buhles, to say nothing of the many unhappy Enfields who have treated of that latter department, been more than barren reporters, often unintelligent and unintelligible reporters, of the doctrine uttered; without force to discover how the doctrine originated, or what reference it bore to its time and country, to the spiritual position of mankind there and then. Nay, such a task did not perhaps lie before them, as a thing to be attempted.

Art also and literature are intimately blended with religion; as it were, outworks and abutments, by which that highest pinnacle in our inward world gradually connects itself with the general level, and becomes accessible therefrom. He who should write a proper History of Poetry would depict for us the successive Revelations which man had obtained of the Spirit of Nature; under what aspects he had caught and endeavored to body forth some glimpse of that unspeakable Beauty, which in its highest clearness is Religion, is the inspiration of a Prophet, yet in one or the other degree must inspire every true Singer, were his theme never so humble. We should see by what steps men had ascended to the Temple; how near they had approached; by what ill hap they had, for long periods, turned away from it, and groveled on the plain with no music in the air, or blindly struggled toward other heights. That among all our Eichhorns and Wartons there is no such Historian must be too clear to everyone. Nevertheless, let us not despair of far nearer approaches to that excellence. Above all, let us keep the Ideal of it ever in our eye; for thereby alone have we even a chance to reach it.

Our histories of Laws and Constitutions, wherein many a Montesquieu and

Hallam has labored with acceptance, are of a much simpler nature; yet deep enough if thoroughly investigated; and useful, when authentic, even with little depth. Then we have Histories of Medicine, of Mathematics, of Astronomy, Commerce, Chivalry, Monkery; and Goguets and Beckmanns have come forward with what might be the most bountiful contribution of all, a history of inventions. Of all which sorts, and many more not here enumerated, not yet devised and put in practice, the merit and the proper scheme may, in our present limits, require no exposition.

In this manner, though, as above remarked, all Action is extended three ways, and the general sum of human action is a whole universe, with all limits of it unknown, does history strive by running path after path, through the impassable, in manifold directions and intersections, to secure for us some oversight of the Whole; in which endeavor, if each Historian look well around him from his path, tracking it out with the *eye*—not, as is more common, with the *nose*—she may at last prove not altogether unsuccessful. Praying only that increased division of labor do not here, as elsewhere, aggravate our already strong mechanical tendencies; so that in the manual dexterity for parts we lose all command over the whole, and the hope of any Philosophy of History be farther off than ever—let us all wish her great and greater success. (1830)

LABOR

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself

1, 3. **Brucker and Buhle, Enfield.** Johann Brucker (1696-1770) and Johann Buhle (1763-1821) were German theologians and philosophers; William Enfield (1741-1797) was an English clergyman and scholar. 38. **Eichhorn and Warton.** Johann Eichhorn (1752-1827) was a German biblical critic; Thomas Warton (1728-1790), an English poet and critic. 47. **Montesquieu and Hallam.** Baron de Montesquieu (1689-1755) was a French philosopher; Henry Hallam (1777-1859) was an English historian and critic.

55. **Goguet and Beckmann,** a French and a German eighteenth-century writer on the history of inventions, respectively. 92. **Mammonish,** from Mammon, the god of riches (Matthew, vi, 24).

lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself": long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of know-
 10 ing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work"; a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and
 20 foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but he
 30 bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink mumuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burned up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and
 40 ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted world. What would become of the Earth did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel
 50 —one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezekiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin

themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest
 60 Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enameling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch—a
 70 mere enameled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows;—draining
 80 off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labor is Life; from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed
 90 into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness—to all knowledge, "self-knowledge" and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the
 100 rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone."

49. Hast thou, etc., not in Ezekiel, but in Jeremiah, xviii, 3, 4.

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of Fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined Stone-heaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, red-tape Officials, idle Nell Gwyn Defenders of the Faith; and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no! Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmen, up to the idle Nell Gwyn Defenders, to blustering red-tape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there not for Christopher's sake and his Cathedral's; they are there for their own sake mainly! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these—if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her—Nature herself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not! His very money, where is it to come from? The pious munificence of England lies far-scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, "I am here"—must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible, like the gods; impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those, notwithstanding, and front all these; understand all these; by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's strength, vanquish and compel all these—and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's Edifice; thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp "Great Man" impressed very legibly on Portland stone there!

Yes, all manner of help, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light, till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "impossible." In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity; inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether under the wide arch of heaven there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature—work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's: a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king—Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward—and the huge winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle-skiff of thine! Thou art not among

9. **Sir Christopher**, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, who rebuilt London after the great fire in 1666.
12. **Nell Gwyn Defenders**, a reference to Charles II; Nell Gwyn was an actress and a favorite of the king's.

61. **Gideon**. See Judges, vi, 36-40.

articulate-speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them; see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad southwester spends itself, saving thyself by dextrous science of defense, the while; valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favoring east, the possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage. Thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself—how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep: a Silence unsoundable; known to God only. Thou shalt be a Great Man. Yes, my World-soldier, thou of the World Marine-service—thou wilt have to be greater than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is; thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down; and make it bear thee on—to new Americas, or whither God wills! (1843)

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN (1801-1890)

NOTE

Cardinal Newman is invariably thought of in connection with the Oxford Movement, which may be described briefly as the religious aspect of the movement in the nineteenth century to restore spiritual values to an England that threatened to become purely mechanical. Newman's spiritual struggle, wonderfully described in his *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (1864) and embodied in his novel *Loss and Gain* (1848), led him, in 1845, to become a Catholic. His study of what he believed to be the social and religious diseases of his time is preserved in a series of essays which are notable for lucidity of thought and purity of diction. His essays may be divided roughly into two classes: those dealing with religious and those dealing with educational and literary subjects. The following essay is taken from sections 3, 4, 9, and 10 of a lecture delivered in 1858 when Newman was rector of the projected Catholic University of Ireland. This and other lectures on educational themes were included in a volume called *The Idea of a University*.

LITERATURE

Here, then, in the first place, I observe, gentlemen, that literature, from the derivation of the word, implies writing, not speaking; this, however, arises from the circumstance of the copiousness, variety, and public circulation of the matters of which it consists. What is spoken cannot outrun the range of the speaker's voice, and perishes in the uttering. When words are in demand to express a long course of thought, when they have to be conveyed to the ends of the earth, or perpetuated for the benefit of posterity, they must be written down, that is, reduced to the shape of literature; still, properly speaking, the terms by which we denote this characteristic gift of man belong to its exhibition by means of the voice, not of handwriting. It addresses itself, in its primary idea, to the ear, not to the eye. We call it the power of speech, we call it language, that is, the use of the tongue; and, even when we write, we still keep in mind what was its original instrument, for we use freely such terms in our books as "saying," "speaking," "telling," "talking," "calling"; we use the terms "phraseology" and "diction"; as if we were still addressing ourselves to the ear.

Now I insist on this, because it shows that speech, and therefore literature, which is its permanent record, is essentially a personal work. It is not some production or result, attained by the partnership of several persons, or by machinery, or by any natural process, but in its very idea it proceeds, and must proceed, from some one given individual. Two persons cannot be the authors of the sounds which strike our ear; and, as they cannot be speaking one and the same speech, neither can they be writing one and the same lecture or discourse—which must certainly belong to some one person or other, and is the expression of that one person's ideas and feelings—ideas and feelings personal to himself, though others may have parallel and similar ones—proper to himself, in the same sense as his voice,

his air, his countenance, his carriage, and his action are personal. In other words, literature expresses, not objective truth, as it is called, but subjective; not things, but thoughts.

Now this doctrine will become clearer by considering another use of words, which does relate to objective truth, or to things; which relates to matters not personal, not subjective to the individual, but which, even were there no individual man in the whole world to know them or to talk about them, would exist still. Such objects become the matter of science, and words indeed are used to express them, but such words are rather symbols than language, and however many we use, and however we may perpetuate them by writing, we never could make any kind of literature out of them, or call them by that name. Such, for instance, would be Euclid's *Elements*; they relate to truths universal and eternal; they are not mere thoughts, but things. They exist in themselves, not by virtue of our understanding them, not in dependence upon our will, but in what is called the *nature* of things, or at least on conditions external to us. The words, then, in which they are set forth are not language, speech, literature, but rather, as I have said, symbols. And, as a proof of it, you will recollect that it is possible, nay usual, to set forth the propositions of Euclid in algebraical notation, which, as all would admit, has nothing to do with literature. What is true of mathematics is true also of every study, so far forth as it is scientific; it makes use of words as the mere vehicle of things, and is thereby withdrawn from the province of literature. Thus metaphysics, ethics, law, political economy, chemistry, theology, cease to be literature in the same degree as they are capable of a severe scientific treatment. And hence it is that Aristotle's works on the one hand, though at first sight literature, approach in character, at least a great number of them, to mere science; for even though the things which he treats of and exhibits may not always be real and true, yet he treats them as if they were,

not as if they were the thoughts of his own mind; that is, he treats them scientifically. On the other hand, law or natural history has before now been treated by an author with so much of coloring derived from his own mind as to become a sort of literature; this is especially seen in the instance of theology, when it takes the shape of pulpit eloquence. It is seen, too, in historical composition, which becomes a mere specimen of chronology, or a chronicle, when divested of the philosophy, the skill, or the party and personal feelings of the particular writer. Science, then, has to do with things, literature with thoughts, science is universal, literature is personal; science uses words merely as symbols, but literature uses language in its full compass, as including phraseology, idiom, style, composition, rhythm, eloquence, and whatever other properties are included in it.

Let us then put aside the scientific use of words when we are to speak of language and literature. Literature is the personal use or exercise of language. That this is so is further proved from the fact that one author uses it so differently from another. Language itself in its very origination would seem to be traceable to individuals. Their peculiarities have given it its character. We are often able in fact to trace particular phrases or idioms to individuals; we know the history of their rise. Slang surely, as it is called, comes of, and breathes of the personal. The connection between the force of words in particular languages and the habits and sentiments of the nations speaking them has often been pointed out. And, while the many use language as they find it, the man of genius uses it indeed, but subjects it withal to his own purposes, and molds it according to his own peculiarities. The throng and succession of ideas, thoughts, feelings, imaginations, aspirations, which pass within him, the abstractions, the juxtapositions, the comparisons, the discriminations, the conceptions, which are so original in him, his views of external things, his judgments upon life, man-

ners, and history, the exercises of his wit, of his humor, of his depth, of his sagacity, all these innumerable and incessant creations, the very pulsation and throbbing of his intellect, does he image forth, to all does he give utterance, in a corresponding language, which is as multiform as this inward mental action itself and analogous to it, 10 the faithful expression of his intense personality, attending on his own inward world of thought as its very shadow; so that we might as well say that one man's shadow is another's as that the style of a really gifted mind can belong to any but himself. It follows him about *as* a shadow. His thought and feeling are personal, and so his language is personal.

20 Thought and speech are inseparable from each other. Matter and expression are parts of one; style is a thinking out into language. This is what I have been laying down, and this is literature: not *things*, not the verbal symbols of things; not on the other hand mere *words*, but thoughts expressed in language. Call to mind, gentlemen, the meaning of the Greek word which expresses this special 30 prerogative of man, over the feeble intelligence of the inferior animals. It is called Logos. What does Logos mean? it stands both for *reason* and for *speech*, and it is difficult to say which it means more properly. It means both at once. Why? Because really they cannot be divided—because they are in a true sense one. When we can separate light and illumination, life and 40 motion, the convex and the concave of a curve, then will it be possible for thought to tread speech under foot, and to hope to do without it—then will it be conceivable that the vigorous and fertile intellect should renounce its own double, its instrument of expression, and the channel of its speculations and emotions.

50 Critics should consider this view of the subject before they lay down such canons of taste as the writer whose pages I have quoted. Such men as he is consider fine writing to be an *addition*

from without to the matter treated of—a sort of ornament superinduced, or a luxury indulged in, by those who have time and inclination for such vanities. They speak as if *one* man could do the thought, and *another* the style. We read in Persian travels of the way in 60 which young gentlemen go to work in the East, when they would engage in correspondence with those who inspire them with hope or fear. They cannot write one sentence themselves; so they betake themselves to the professional letter-writer. They confide to him the object they have in view. They have a point to gain from a superior, a favor to ask, an evil to deprecate; they have 70 to approach a man in power, or to make court to some beautiful lady. The professional man manufactures words for them, as they are wanted, as a stationer sells them paper, or a schoolmaster might cut their pens. Thought and word are, in their conception, two things, and thus there is a division of labor. The man of thought comes to the man of words; and the man of words, 80 duly instructed in the thought, dips the pen of desire into the ink of devotedness, and proceeds to spread it over the page of desolation. Then the nightingale of affection is heard to warble to the rose of loveliness, while the breeze of anxiety plays around the brow of expectation. This is what the Easterns are said to consider fine writing; and it seems pretty much the idea of the 90 school of critics to whom I have been referring.

We have an instance in literary history of this very proceeding nearer home, in a great university, in the latter years of the last century. I have referred to it before now in a public lecture elsewhere; but it is too much in point here to be omitted. A learned Arabic scholar had to deliver a set of lectures 100 before its doctors and professors on an historical subject in which his reading had lain. A linguist is conversant with science rather than with literature; but this gentleman felt that his lectures must not be without a style. Being of the opinion of the Orientals, with whose

writings he was familiar, he determined to buy a style. He took the step of engaging a person, at a price, to turn the matter which he had got together into ornamental English. Observe, he did not wish for mere grammatical English, but for an elaborate, pretentious style. An artist was found in the person of a country curate, and the job was carried out. His lectures remain to this day, in their own place in the protracted series of annual Discourses to which they belong, distinguished amid a number of heavyish compositions by the rhetorical and ambitious diction for which he went into the market. This learned divine, indeed, and the author I have quoted, differ from each other in the estimate they respectively

20 form of literary composition; but they agree together in this—in considering such composition a trick and a trade; they put it on a par with the gold plate and the flowers and the music of a banquet, which do not make the viands better, but the entertainment more pleasurable; as if language were the hired servant, the mere mistress of the reason, and not the lawful wife in her

30 own house.

But can they really think that Homer, or Pindar, or Shakespeare, or Dryden, or Walter Scott were accustomed to aim at diction for its own sake, instead of being inspired with their subject, and pouring forth beautiful words because they had beautiful thoughts? this is surely too great a paradox to be borne. Rather, it is the fire within the

40 author's breast which overflows in the torrent of his burning, irresistible eloquence; it is the poetry of his inner soul, which relieves itself in the ode or the elegy; and his mental attitude and bearing, the beauty of his moral countenance, the force and keenness of his logic, are imaged in the tenderness, or energy, or richness of his language. Nay, according to the well-known line,

50 "*facit indignatio versus*," not the words alone, but even the rhythm, the meter, the verse, will be the contemporaneous offspring of the emotion or imagination

which possesses him. "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*," says the proverb; and this is in numerous instances true of his poems, as well as of himself. They are born, not framed; they are a strain rather than a composition; and their perfection is the monument, not so much of his skill as of his power. And this is true of prose as well as of verse in its degree; who will not recognize in the vision of Mirza a delicacy and beauty of style which is very difficult to describe, but which is felt to be in exact correspondence to the ideas of which it is the expression?

I shall then merely sum up what I have said, and come to a conclusion. Reverting, then, to my original question, what is the meaning of letters, as contained, gentlemen, in the designation of your faculty, I have answered that by letters or literature is meant the expression of thought in language, where by "thought" I mean the ideas, feelings, views, reasonings, and other operations of the human mind. And the art of letters is the method by which a speaker or writer brings out in words, worthy of his subject, and sufficient for his audience or readers, the thoughts which impress him. Literature, then, is of a personal character; it consists in the enunciations and teachings of those who have a right to speak as representatives of their kind, and in whose words their brethren find an interpretation of their own sentiments, a record of their own experience, and a suggestion for their own judgments. A great author, gentlemen, is not one who merely has a *copia verborum*, whether in prose or verse, and can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences; but he is one who has something to say and knows how to say it. I do not claim for him, as such, any great depth of thought, or breadth of view, or philosophy, or sagacity, or knowledge of human nature, or experience of human life, though

54. *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, the poet is born, not made. 64. *vision of Mirza*, Addison's prose allegory (see page 902). 93. *copia verborum*, abundant supply of words.

these additional gifts he may have, and the more he has of them the greater he is; but I ascribe to him, as his characteristic gift, in a large sense the faculty of expression. He is master of the two-fold Logos, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so be, elaborate his compositions, or he may pour out his improvisations, but in either case he has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him, and is conscientious and single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendor of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has with him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity. What-
 20 ever be his subject, high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake. If he is a poet, "*nil molitur inepte*." If he is an orator, then, too, he speaks, not only "*distincte*" and "*splendide*," but also "*apte*." His page is the lucid mirror of his mind and life—

Quo fit, ut omnis

Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella

Vita senis.

30 He writes passionately, because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyze his subject, and therefore he is rich; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is consistent; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous. When his imagination wells up, it overflows in
 40 ornament; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because few words suffice; when he is lavish of them, still each word has its mark, and aids, not embarrasses, the vigorous march of his elocution. He expresses what all feel,

but all cannot say; and his sayings pass into proverbs among his people, and his phrases become household words and idioms of their daily speech, which is tessellated with the rich fragments of language, as we see in foreign lands the marbles of Roman grandeur worked into the walls and pavements of modern palaces.

Such preëminently is Shakespeare among ourselves; such preëminently Vergil among the Latins; such in their degree are all those writers who in every nation go by the name of Classics. To particular nations they are necessarily attached from the circumstance of the variety of tongues, and the peculiarities of each; but so far they have a catholic and ecumenical character, that what they express is common to the whole race of man, and they alone are able to express it.

If then the power of speech is a gift as great as any that can be named—if the origin of language is by many philosophers even considered to be nothing short of divine—if by means of words the secrets of the heart are brought to light, pain of soul is relieved, hidden grief is carried off, sympathy conveyed, counsel imparted, experience recorded, and wisdom perpetuated—
 80 if by great authors the many are drawn up into unity, national character is fixed, a people speaks, the past and the future, the East and the West are brought into communication with each other—if such men are, in a word, the spokesmen and prophets of the human family—it will not answer to make light of literature or to neglect its study; rather we may be sure that, in proportion as we master it in whatever language, and imbibe its spirit, we shall ourselves become in our own measure the ministers of like benefits to others, be they many or few, be they in the obscurer or the more distinguished walks of life—who are united to us by social ties, and are within the sphere of our personal influence. (1858)

22. *nil molitur inepte*, "he attempts nothing foolishly" (Horace's *Ars Poetica*). 25. *apte*, fittingly or appropriately. 27. *Quo fit*, etc., "whence it happens that the whole life of the old man lies open to view as if inscribed on a votive tablet" (Horace's *Satires*, II, 1).

67. *catholic and ecumenical*, general and universal as opposed to national.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)

NOTE

Poe was a short-story writer and a poet rather than an essayist. Nevertheless, he did write some excellent criticism, although his judgments of his contemporaries were too frequently streaked with prejudice—as in his accusations of plagiarism against Longfellow. His narrative technique is commented on in the headnote on page 1091. Here it is necessary only to say that the following explanation of his own method of writing a lyric poem reveals the same capacity for analysis which appears in his “tales of ratiocination”—unless, as has been frequently suggested, having written the poem, he constructed his theory around it, indulging thereby in one of the numerous hoaxes of which he was so fond. The full text of “The Raven” is printed on pages 649 ff.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION

Charles Dickens, in a note now lying before me, alluding to an examination I once made of the mechanism of *Barnaby Rudge*, says: “By the way, are you aware that Godwin wrote his *Caleb Williams* backwards? He first involved his hero in a web of difficulties, forming the second volume, and then, for the first, cast about him for some mode of accounting for what had been done.”

I cannot think this the *precise* mode of procedure on the part of Godwin—and indeed what he himself acknowledges is not altogether in accordance with Mr. Dickens’s idea—but the author of *Caleb Williams* was too good an artist not to perceive the advantage derivable from at least a somewhat similar process. Nothing is more clear than that every plot, worth the name, must be elaborated to its *dénouement* before anything be attempted with the pen. It is only with the *dénouement* constantly in view that we can give a plot its indispensable air of consequence, or causation, by making the incidents and especially the tone at all points, tend to the development of the intention.

There is a radical error, I think, in the usual mode of constructing a story. Either history affords a thesis—or one

is suggested by an incident of the day or, at best, the author sets himself to work in the combination of striking events to form merely the basis of his narrative—designing, generally, to fill in with description, dialogue, or authorial comment, whatever crevices of fact or action may, from page to page, render themselves apparent.

I prefer commencing with the consideration of an *effect*. Keeping originality *always* in view—for he is false to himself who ventures to dispense with so obvious and so easily attainable a source of interest—I say to myself, in the first place, “Of the innumerable effects or impressions of which the heart, the intellect, or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?” Having chosen a novel first, and secondly, a vivid effect, I consider whether it can be best wrought by incident or tone—whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone, or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone—afterwards looking about me (or rather within) for such combinations of event or tone as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect.

I have often thought how interesting a magazine paper might be written by any author who would—that is to say, who could—detail, step by step, the processes by which any one of his compositions attained its ultimate point of completion. Why such a paper has never been given to the world I am much at a loss to say—but perhaps the authorial vanity has had more to do with the omission than any one other cause. Most writers—poets in especial—prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition—and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes, at the elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought—at the true purposes seized only at the last moment—at the innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the

13. Godwin, William Godwin (1756-1836), an English socialist and writer; *Caleb Williams* is a socialistic novel.

42. *consideration of an effect*. Cf. Stevenson’s theory of how to write a story (Appendix, topic 23, page 1185).

maturity of full view—at the fully-matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable—at the cautious selections and rejections—at the painful erasures and interpolations—in a word, at the wheels and pinions—the tackle for scene-shifting—the step-ladders, and demon-traps—the cock's feathers, the red paint and the black patches, which, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, constitute the properties of the literary *histrio*.

I am aware, on the other hand, that the case is by no means common in which an author is at all in condition to retrace the steps by which his conclusions have been attained. In general, suggestions, having arisen pell-mell, are pursued and forgotten in a similar manner.

For my own part, I have neither sympathy with the repugnance alluded to, nor, at any time, the least difficulty in recalling to mind the progressive steps of any of my compositions; and, since the interest of an analysis, or reconstruction, such as I have considered a *desideratum*, is quite independent of any real or fancied interest in the thing analysed, it will not be regarded as a breach of decorum on my part to show the *modus operandi* by which some one of my own works was put together. I select "The Raven" as most generally known. It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referable either to accident or intuition—that the work proceeded step by step to its completion with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem.

Let us dismiss, as irrelevant to the poem, *per se*, the circumstance—or say the necessity—which, in the first place, gave rise to the intention of composing a poem that should suit at once the popular and the critical taste.

We commence, then, with this intention.

The initial consideration was that of extent. If any literary work is too long to be read at one sitting, we must be content to dispense with the im-

mensely important effect derivable from unity of impression—for, if two sittings be required, the affairs of the world interfere, and everything like totality is at once destroyed. But since, *ceteris paribus*, no poet can afford to dispense with *anything* that may advance his design, it but remains to be seen whether there is, in extent, any advantage to counterbalance the loss of unity which attends it. Here I say no, at once. What we term a long poem is, in fact, merely a succession of brief ones—that is to say, of brief poetical effects. It is needless to demonstrate that a poem is such only inasmuch as it intensely excites, by elevating the soul; and all intense excitements are, through a physical necessity, brief. For this reason, at least one-half of the *Paradise Lost* is essentially prose—a succession of poetical excitements interspersed, *inevitably*, with corresponding depressions—the whole being deprived, through the extremeness of its length, of the vastly important artistic element, totality, or unity of effect.

It appears evident, then, that there is a distinct limit, as regards length, to all works of literary art—the limit of a single sitting—and that, although in certain classes of prose composition, such as *Robinson Crusoe* (demanding no unity), this limit may be advantageously overpassed, it can never properly be overpassed in a poem. Within this limit the extent of a poem may be made to bear mathematical relation to its merit—in other words, to the excitement or elevation—again, in other words, to the degree of the true poetical effect which it is capable of inducing; for it is clear that the brevity must be in direct ratio of the intensity of the intended effect—this, with one proviso—that a certain degree of duration is absolutely requisite for the production of any effect at all.

Holding in view these considerations, as well as that degree of excitement which I deemed not above the popular, while not below the critical, taste, I reached at once what I conceived the proper *length* for my intended poem—

a length of about one hundred lines. It is, in fact, a hundred and eight.

My next thought concerned the choice of an impression, or effect, to be conveyed; and here I may as well observe that, throughout the construction, I kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work *universally* appreciable. I should be carried too far out
 10 of my immediate topic were I to demonstrate a point upon which I have repeatedly insisted, and which, with the poetical, stands not in the slightest need of demonstration—the point, I mean, that Beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem. A few words, however, in elucidation of my real meaning, which some of my friends have evinced a disposition to misrepresent. That pleasure
 20 which is at once the most intense, the most elevating, and the most pure is, I believe, found in the contemplation of the beautiful. When, indeed, men speak of Beauty, they mean, precisely, not a quality, as is supposed, but an effect—they refer, in short, just to that intense and pure elevation of *soul*—not of intellect, or of heart—upon which I
 30 have commented, and which is experienced in consequence of contemplating the “beautiful.” Now I designate Beauty as the province of the poem, merely because it is an obvious rule of art that effects should be made to spring from direct causes—that objects should be attained through means best adapted for their attainment—no one as yet having been weak enough to deny that the peculiar elevation alluded to is *most readily* attained in the poem.
 40 Now the object Truth, or the satisfaction of the intellect, and the object Passion, or the excitement of the heart, are, although attainable to a certain extent in poetry, far more readily attainable in prose. Truth, in fact, demands a precision, and Passion a *homeliness* (the truly passionate will comprehend me), which are absolutely antagonistic to
 50 that Beauty which, I maintain, is the excitement, or pleasurable elevation of the soul. It by no means follows from anything here said that passion, or even truth, may not be introduced, and

even profitably introduced, into a poem—for they may serve in elucidation, or aid the general effect, as do discords in music, by contrast—but the true artist will always contrive, first, to tone them into proper subservience to the predominant aim, and, secondly, to enveil them, as far as possible, in that Beauty which is the atmosphere and the essence of the poem.

Regarding, then, Beauty as my province, my next question referred to the *tone* of its highest manifestation—and all experience has shown that this tone is one of *sadness*. Beauty of whatever
 70 kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.

The length, the province, and the tone, being thus determined, I betook myself to ordinary induction, with the view of obtaining some artistic piquancy which might serve me as a keynote in the construction of the poem—some
 80 pivot upon which the whole structure might turn. In carefully thinking over all the usual artistic effects—or more properly *points*, in the theatrical sense—I did not fail to perceive immediately that no one had been so universally employed as that of the *refrain*. The universality of its employment sufficed to assure me of its intrinsic value, and spared me the necessity of submitting
 90 it to analysis. I considered it, however, with regard to its susceptibility of improvement, and soon saw it to be in primitive condition. As commonly used, the refrain, or burden, not only is limited to lyric verse, but depends for its impression upon the force of monotone—both in sound and thought. The pleasure is deduced solely from the sense of identity—of repetition. I resolved to diversify, and so heighten the effect,
 100 by adhering in general to the monotone of sound, while I continually varied that of thought; that is to say, I determined to produce continuously novel effects by the variation of *the application* of the *refrain*—the *refrain* itself remaining, for the most part, unvaried.

These points being settled I next

bethought me of the *nature* of my *refrain*. Since its application was to be repeatedly varied it was clear that the *refrain* itself must be brief, for there would have been an insurmountable difficulty in frequent variations of application in any sentence of length. In proportion to the brevity of the sentence would, of course, be the facility of the variation. This led me at once to a single word as the best *refrain*.

The question now arose as to the *character* of the word. Having made up my mind to a *refrain*, the division of the poem into stanzas was of course a corollary, the *refrain* forming the close to each stanza. That such a close, to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis, admitted no doubt, and these considerations inevitably led me to the long *o* as the most sonorous vowel in connection with *r* as the most producible consonant.

The sound of the *refrain* being thus determined, it became necessary to select a word embodying this sound, and at the same time in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which I had predetermined as the tone of the poem. In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word "Nevermore." In fact it was the very first which presented itself.

The next *desideratum* was a pretext for the continuous use of the one word "nevermore." In observing the difficulty which I had at once found in inventing a sufficiently plausible reason for its continuous repetition, I did not fail to perceive that this difficulty arose solely from the preassumption that the word was to be so continuously or monotonously spoken by a *human* being—I did not fail to perceive, in short, that the difficulty lay in the reconciliation of this monotony with the exercise of reason on the part of the creature repeating the word. Here, then, immediately arose the idea of a *non-reasoning* creature capable of speech, and very naturally, a parrot, in the first instance, suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a Raven as equally

capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended *tone*.

I had now gone so far as the conception of a Raven, the bird of ill-omen, monotonously repeating the one word "Nevermore" at the conclusion of each stanza in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object—*supremeness* or perfection at all points, I asked myself—"Of all melancholy topics what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?" Death, was the obvious reply. "And when," I said, "is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?" From what I have already explained at some length the answer here also is obvious—"When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty*: the death then of a beautiful woman is unquestionably the most poetical topic in the world, and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover."

I had now to combine the two ideas of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress and a Raven continuously repeating the word "Nevermore." I had to combine these, bearing in mind my design of varying at every turn the *application* of the word repeated, but the only intelligible mode of such combination is that of imagining the Raven employing the word in answer to the queries of the lover. And here it was that I saw at once the opportunity afforded for the effect on which I had been depending, that is to say, the effect of the *variation of application*. I saw that I could make the first query propounded by the lover—the first query to which the Raven should reply "Nevermore"—that I could make this first query a commonplace one, the second less so, the third still less, and so on, until at length the lover, startled from his original *nonchalance* by the melancholy character of the word itself, by its frequent repetition, and by a consideration of the ominous reputation of the fowl that uttered it, is at length excited to superstition, and wildly propounds queries of a far different char-

acter—queries whose solution he has passionately at heart—propounds them half in superstition and half in that species of despair which delights in self-torture—propounds them not altogether because he believes in the prophetic or demoniac character of the bird (which reason assures him is merely repeating a lesson learned by rote), but because he experiences a frenzied pleasure in so modeling his questions as to receive from the *expected* “Nevermore” the most delicious because the most intolerable of sorrows. Perceiving the opportunity thus afforded me, or more strictly, thus forced upon me in the progress of the construction, I first established in my mind the climax or concluding query—that query to which “Nevermore” should be in the last place an answer—that query in reply to which this word “Nevermore” should involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair.

Here then the poem may be said to have had its beginning, at the end where all works of art should begin, for it was here at this point of my preconsiderations that I first put pen to paper in the composition of the stanza:

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil! prophet still if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”

Quoth the raven—“Nevermore.”

I composed this stanza, at this point, first, that, by establishing the climax, I might the better vary and graduate, as regards seriousness and importance, the preceding queries of the lover, and secondly, that I might definitely settle the rhythm, the meter, and the length and general arrangement of the stanza, as well as graduate the stanzas which were to precede, so that none of them might surpass this in rhythmical effect. Had

I been able in the subsequent composition to construct more vigorous stanzas I should without scruple have purposely enfeebled them so as not to interfere with the climacteric effect.

And here I may as well say a few words of the versification. My first object (as usual) was originality. The extent to which this has been neglected in versification is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. Admitting that there is little possibility of variety in mere *rhythm*, it is still clear that the possible varieties of meter and stanza are absolutely infinite, and yet, for centuries, no man, in verse, has ever done, or ever seemed to think of doing, an original thing. The fact is that originality (unless in minds of very unusual force) is by no means a matter, as some suppose, of impulse or intuition. In general, to be found, it must be elaborately sought, and although a positive merit of the highest class, demands in its attainment less of invention than negation.

Of course I pretend to no originality in either the rhythm or meter of “The Raven.” The former is trochaic—the latter is octameter acatalectic, alternating with heptameter catalectic repeated in the *refrain* of the fifth verse, and terminating with tetrameter catalectic. Less pedantically—the feet employed throughout (trochees) consist of a long syllable followed by a short; the first line of the stanza consists of eight of these feet, the second of seven and a half (in effect two-thirds), the third of eight, the fourth of seven and a half, the fifth the same, the sixth three and a half. Now, each of these lines taken individually has been employed before, and what originality “The Raven” has, is in their *combination into stanza*, nothing even remotely approaching this combination having ever been attempted. The effect of this originality of combination is aided by other unusual and some altogether novel effects, arising from an extension of the application of the principles of rime and alliteration.

The next point to be considered was the mode of bringing together the lover

and the Raven—and the first branch of this consideration was the *locale*. For this the most natural suggestion might seem to be a forest, or the fields—but it has always appeared to me that a close *circumscription of space* is absolutely necessary to the effect of insulated incident—it has the force of a frame to a picture. It has an indisputable moral power in keeping concentrated the attention, and, of course, must not be confounded with mere unity of place.

I determined, then, to place the lover in his chamber—in a chamber rendered sacred to him by memories of her who had frequented it. The room is represented as richly furnished—this in mere pursuance of the ideas I have already explained on the subject of Beauty, as the sole true poetical thesis.

The *locale* being thus determined, I had now to introduce the bird—and the thought of introducing him through the window was inevitable. The idea of making the lover suppose, in the first instance, that the flapping of the wings of the bird against the shutter, is a “tapping” at the door, originated in a wish to increase, by prolonging, the reader’s curiosity, and in a desire to admit the incidental effect arising from the lover’s throwing open the door, finding all dark, and thence adopting the half-fancy that it was the spirit of his mistress that knocked.

I made the night tempestuous, first to account for the Raven’s seeking admission, and secondly, for the effect of contrast with the (physical) serenity within the chamber.

I made the bird alight on the bust of Pallas, also for the effect of contrast between the marble and the plumage—it being understood that the bust was absolutely *suggested* by the bird—the bust of *Pallas* being chosen, first, as most in keeping with the scholarship of the lover, and secondly, for the sonorousness of the word, *Pallas*, itself.

About the middle of the poem, also, I have availed myself of the force of contrast, with a view of deepening the ultimate impression. For example, an air of fantastic—approaching as nearly

to the ludicrous as was admissible—is given to the Raven’s entrance. He comes in “with many a flirt and flutter.”

Not the *least obeisance made he*—not a moment stopped or stayed he,
But with *mien of lord or lady* perched above my chamber door.

In the two stanzas which follow, the design is more obviously carried out:

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian shore?”

Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

Much I marveled *this ungainly fowl* to hear discourse so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,

With such name as “Nevermore.”

The effect of the *dénouement* being thus provided for, I immediately drop the fantastic for a tone of the most profound seriousness—this tone commencing in the stanza directly following the one last quoted, with the line,

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only, etc.

From this epoch the lover no longer jests—no longer sees anything even of the fantastic in the Raven’s demeanor. He speaks of him as a “grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore,” and feels the “fiery eyes” burning into his “bosom’s core.” This revolution of thought, or fancy, on the lover’s part, is intended to induce a similar one on the part of the reader—to bring the mind into a proper frame for the *dé-*

nouement—which is now brought about as rapidly and as *directly* as possible.

With the *dénouement* proper—with the Raven's reply, "Nevermore," to the lover's final demand if he shall meet his mistress in another world—the poem, in its obvious phase, that of a simple narrative, may be said to have its completion. So far, everything is within the limits of the accountable—of the real. A raven, having learned by rote the single word "Nevermore," and having escaped from the custody of its owner, is driven at midnight, through the violence of a storm, to seek admission at a window from which a light still gleams—the chamber-window of a student, occupied in poring over a volume, half in dreaming of a beloved mistress deceased. The casement being thrown open at the fluttering of the bird's wings, the bird itself perches on the most convenient seat out of the immediate reach of the student, who, amused by the incident and the oddity of the visitor's demeanor, demands of it, in jest and without looking for a reply, its name. The raven addressed, answers with its customary word, "Nevermore"—a word which finds immediate echo in the melancholy heart of the student, who, giving utterance aloud to certain thoughts suggested by the occasion, is again startled by the fowl's repetition of "Nevermore." The student now guesses the state of the case, but is impelled, as I have before explained, by the human thirst for self-torture, and in part by superstition, to propound such queries to the bird as will bring him, the lover, the most of the luxury of sorrow, through the anticipated answer, "Nevermore." With the indulgence, to the extreme, of this self-torture, the narration, in what I have termed its first or obvious phase, has a natural termination, and so far there has been no overstepping of the limits of the real.

But in subjects so handled, however skillfully, or with however vivid an array of incident, there is always a certain hardness or nakedness which repels the artistic eye. Two things are invariably required—first, some amount of

complexity, or more properly, adaptation; and, secondly, some amount of suggestiveness—some under-current, however indefinite, of meaning. It is this latter, in especial, which imparts to a work of art so much of that *richness* (to borrow from colloquy a forcible term), which we are too fond of confounding with *the ideal*. It is the *excess* of the suggested meaning—it is the rendering thus the upper instead of the under-current of the theme—which turns into prose (and that of the very flattest kind), the so-called poetry of the so-called transcendentalists.

Holding these opinions, I added the two concluding stanzas of the poem—their suggestiveness being thus made to pervade all the narrative which has preceded them. The undercurrent of meaning is rendered first apparent in the line—

"Take thy beak from out *my heart*, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore!"

It will be observed that the words, "from out my heart," involve the first metaphorical expression in the poem. They, with the answer, "Nevermore," dispose the mind to seek a moral in all that has been previously narrated. The reader begins now to regard the Raven as emblematical—but it is not until the very last line of the very last stanza that the intention of making him emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance* is permitted distinctly to be seen:

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting,
still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my
chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's
that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws
his shadow on the floor;
And my soul *from out that shadow* that lies
floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore. (1846)

69. *transcendentalists*, a New England school of philosophers and poets of which Emerson was the leader. They asserted the predominance of the intuitive or spiritual over the purely empirical, or material,

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)

NOTE

While Carlyle was battling for spiritual values in England, Emerson was carrying on the same contest, under fewer difficulties, in New England. This philosopher, poet, and prophet is sometimes called a New England Brahman. High caste he certainly was, somewhat austere and aloof, and filled with the noblest sentiments. Carlyle had the highest regard for Emerson, and the two carried on a long-continued correspondence. Although the New Englander's style is not so rough and eccentric as that of the English seer, it has its own peculiarities. It may be described briefly as epigrammatic. Emerson had little ability in building a clearly consecutive whole; but he could take a moral subject and surround it with brilliant sentences until it glowed with the light of interpretation. "Friendship," first published in *Essays: First Series* (1841), is one of Emerson's finest essays.

FRIENDSHIP

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Barring all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! Read the language of these wandering eye-beams. The heart knoweth.

The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is a certain cordial exhilaration. In poetry, and in common speech, the emotions of benevolence and complacency which are felt toward others are likened to the material effects of fire; so swift, or much more swift, more active, more cheering are these fine inward irradiations. From the highest degree of passionate love to the lowest degree of good will they make the sweetness of life.

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection. The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend, and, forthwith, troops of gentle

thoughts invest themselves, on every hand, with chosen words. See in any house where virtue and self-respect abide the palpitation which the approach of a stranger causes. A commended stranger is expected and announced, and an uneasiness between pleasure and pain invades all the hearts of a household. His arrival almost brings fear to the good hearts that would welcome him. The house is dusted, all things fly into their places, the old coat is exchanged for the new, and they must get up a dinner if they can. Of a commended stranger, only the good report is told by others, only the good and new is heard by us. He stands to us for humanity. He is what we wish. Having imagined and invested him, we ask how we should stand related in conversation and action with such a man, and are uneasy with fear. The same idea exalts conversation with him. We talk better than we are wont. We have the nimblest fancy, a richer memory, and our dumb devil has taken leave for the time. For long hours we can continue a series of sincere, graceful, rich communications, drawn from the oldest, secretest experience, so that they who sit by, of our own kinsfolk and acquaintance, shall feel a lively surprise at our unusual powers. But as soon as the stranger begins to intrude his partialities, his definitions, his defects, into the conversation, it is all over. He has heard the first, the last and best, he will ever hear from us. He is no stranger now. Vulgarity, ignorance, misapprehension are old acquaintances. Now, when he comes, he may get the order, the dress, and the dinner, but the throbbing of the heart, and the communications of the soul, no more.

What is so pleasant as these jets of affection which relume a young world for me again? What is so delicious as a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling? How beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed; there is no winter, and no night; all

tragedies, all ennui vanish, all duties even; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

I awoke this morning with devout 10 thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God, the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? I chide society, I embrace solitude, and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely, and the noble-minded, as from 20 time to time they pass my gate. Who hears me, who understand me, becomes mine—a possession for all time. Nor is Nature so poor but she gives me this joy several times, and thus we weave social threads of our own, a new web of relations; and, as many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, we shall by-and-by stand in a new world of our own creation, and no longer strangers and pilgrims in a traditionary globe. My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. By 30 oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find them, or rather, not I, but the Deity in me and in them, both derides and cancels the thick walls of individual character, relation, age, sex, and circumstance, at which he usually connives, and now makes many one. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge 40 the meaning of all my thoughts. These are new poetry of the first bard—poetry without stop—hymn, ode, and epic, poetry still flowing, Apollo and the Muses chanting still. Will these two separate themselves from me again, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it not; for my relation to them is so pure that we hold by simple affinity, and, the genius of my life being thus 50 social, the same affinity will exert its energy on whomsoever is as noble as these men and women, wherever I may be.

I confess to an extreme tenderness of

nature on this point. It is almost dangerous to me to “crush the sweet poison of misused wine” of the affections. A new person is to me a great event and hinders me from sleep. I have had such fine fancies lately about 60 two or three persons as have given me delicious hours; but the joy ends in the day; it yields no fruit. Thought is not born of it; my action is very little modified. I must feel pride in my friend’s accomplishments as if they were mine, and a property in his virtues. I feel as warmly when he is praised, as the lover when he hears applause of his engaged maiden. We overestimate the conscience of our friend. His goodness 70 seems better than our goodness, his nature finer, his temptations less. Everything that is his—his name, his form, his dress, books and instruments—fancy enhances. Our own thought sounds new and larger from his mouth.

Yet the systole and diastole of the heart are not without their analogy in the ebb and flow of love. Friendship, 80 like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed. The lover, beholding his maiden, half knows that she is not verily that which he worships; and in the golden hour of friendship we are surprised with shades of suspicion and unbelief. We doubt that we bestow on our hero the virtues in which he shines, and afterwards worship the form to which we have ascribed this divine 90 inhabitation. In strictness, the soul does not respect men as it respects itself. In strict science all persons underlie the same condition of an infinite remoteness. Shall we fear to cool our love by mining for the metaphysical foundation of this Elysian temple? Shall I not be as real as the things I see? If I am, I shall not fear to know them for what they are. Their essence is not less 100 beautiful than their appearance, though it needs finer organs for its apprehension. The root of the plant is not unsightly to science, though for chaplets and festoons we cut the stem short. And I must hazard the production of

56. crush the sweet poison, etc., from Milton’s *Comus*.

the bald fact amid these pleasing reveries, though it should prove an Egyptian skull at our banquet. A man who stands united with his thought conceives magnificently to himself. He is conscious of a universal success, even though bought by uniform particular failures. No advantages, no powers, no gold or force can be any match for him. I cannot choose but rely on my own poverty more than on your wealth. I cannot make your consciousness tantamount to mine. Only the star dazzles; the planet has a faint, moon-like ray. I hear what you say of the admirable parts and tried temper of the party you praise, but I see well that for all his purple cloaks I shall not like him, unless he is at last a poor Greek like me. I cannot deny it, O friend, that the vast shadow of the Phenomenal includes thee, also, in its pied and painted immensity—thee, also, compared with whom all else is shadow. Thou art not Being, as Truth is, as Justice is; thou art not my soul, but a picture and effigy of that. Thou hast come to me lately, and already thou art seizing thy hat and cloak. Is it not that the soul puts forth friends, as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes the old leaf? The law of nature is alternation forevermore. Each electrical state superinduces the opposite. The soul environs itself with friends that it may enter into a grander self-acquaintance or solitude; and it goes alone, for a season, that it may exalt its conversation or society. This method betrays itself along the whole history of our personal relations. The instinct of affection revives the hope of union with our mates, and the returning sense of insulation recalls us from the chase. Thus every man passes his life in the search after friendship, and if he should record his true sentiment, he might write a letter like this, to each new candidate for his love:

2. **Egyptian skull.** The death's head was introduced at Egyptian banquets to remind the revelers that life is short and should be enjoyed. Emerson follows the usual misconception that the skull was put to a moral or religious use. 19. **poor Greek,** a scholar or philosopher,

DEAR FRIEND:

If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles in relation to thy comings and goings. I am not very wise; my moods are quite attainable, and I respect thy genius; it is to me as yet unfathomed; yet dare I not presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me, and so thou art to me a delicious torment. Thine ever, or never.

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity, and not for life. They are not to be indulged. This is to weave cobweb, and not cloth. Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams instead of the tough fiber of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere, and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden sweetness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. We seek our friend not sacredly, but with an adulterate passion which would appropriate him to ourselves. In vain. We are armed all over with subtle antagonisms, which, as soon as we meet, begin to play, and translate all poetry into stale prose. Almost all people descend to meet. All association must be a compromise, and, what is worst, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappear as they approach each other. What a perpetual disappointment is actual society, even of the virtuous and gifted! After interviews have been compassed with long foresight, we must be tormented presently by baffled blows, by sudden, unseasonable apathies, by epilepsies of wit and of animal spirits, in the heyday of friendship and thought. Our faculties do not play us true, and both parties are relieved by solitude.

I ought to be equal to every relation. It makes no difference how many friends I have, and what content I can find in conversing with each, if there be one to

whom I am not equal. If I have shrunk unequal from one contest instantly, the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly. I should hate myself, if then I made my other friends my asylum.

The valiant warrior famouséd for fight,
After a hundred victories, once foiled,
Is from the book of honor razéd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he
toiled.

Our impatience is thus sharply rebuked. Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk in which a delicate organization is protected from premature ripening. It would be lost if it knew itself before any of the best souls were yet ripe enough to know and own it. Respect the *naturlangsamkeit* which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration, in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows. The good spirit of our life has no heaven which is the price of rashness. Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man. Let us not have this childish luxury in our regards, but the austerest worth; let us approach our friend with an audacious trust in the truth of his heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overturned, of his foundations.

The attractions of this subject are not to be resisted, and I leave, for the time, all account of subordinate social benefit, to speak of that select and sacred relation which is a kind of absolute, and which even leaves the language of love suspicious and common, so much is this purer, and nothing is so much divine.

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frost-work, but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature, or of ourselves? Not one step has man taken toward the solution of

the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace, which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul, is the nut itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation, and honor its law! He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant comes up like an Olympian to the great games where the first-born of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, Want, Danger are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the hap in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him, I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank, that being permitted to speak truth as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow-man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who, under a certain religious frenzy, cast off this drapery, and, omitting all compliments and commonplace, spoke to the con-

7. The valiant, etc., from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.
18. *naturlangsamkeit*, long processes of nature.

science of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. By persisting, as indeed he could not help doing, for some time in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking
 10 falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to the like plain dealing, and what love of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye,
 20 but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age is worth a fit of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility, requires to be humored; he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philan-
 30 thropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and which spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring any stipulation on my part. A friend, there-
 fore, is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being in all its height, variety, and curiosity reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may
 40 well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.

The other element of friendship is tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, but we can scarce believe that so much character can sub-
 50 sist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed, and we so pure, that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me, I have touched the goal of fortune. I find very little written directly to the heart of this matter in books. And

yet I have one text which I cannot choose but remember. My author says: "I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those whose I effectually am, and tender myself least to him to whom I am the most devoted." I wish that friend-
 60 ship should have feet, as well as eyes and eloquence. It must plant itself on the ground before it vaults over the moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen before it is quite a cherub. We chide the citizen because he makes love a com-
 70 modity. It is an exchange of gifts, of useful loans; it is good neighborhood; it watches with the sick; it holds the pall of the funeral; and quite loses sight of the delicacies and nobility of the rela-
 tion. But though we cannot find the god under this disguise of a sutler, yet, on the other hand, we cannot forgive the poet if he spins his thread too fine, and does not substantiate his romance by the municipal virtues of justice, punctuality, fidelity, and pity. I hate the prostitution of the name of friend-
 80 ship to signify modish and worldly alli-ances. I much prefer the company of plowboys and tin-peddlers to the silken and perfumed amity which only cele-
 90 brates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curricule, and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined, more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort
 100 through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life and embellish it by courage,
 wisdom, and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive and add rime and reason to what was drudg-
 110 ery.

Friendship may be said to require natures so rare and costly, each so well-

85. *curricule*, a two-wheeled chaise.

tempered, and so happily adapted, and withal so circumstanced (for even in that particular, a poet says, love demands that the parties be altogether paired) that its satisfaction can very seldom be assured. It cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of those who are learned in this warm lore of the heart, betwixt more than two. I am
 10 not quite so strict in my terms, perhaps because I have never known so high a fellowship as others. I please my imagination more with a circle of godlike men and women variously related to each other and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence. But I find this law of *one to one* peremptory for conversation, which is the practice and consummation of friendship. Do not mix
 20 waters too much. The best mix as ill as good and bad. You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times with two several men, but let all three of you come together, and you shall not have one new and hearty word. Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort. In good company there is never such
 30 discourse between two, across the table, as takes place when you leave them alone. In good company the individuals at once merge their egotism into a social soul exactly coextensive with the several consciousnesses there present. No partialities of friend to friend, no fondnesses of brother to sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent, but quite otherwise. Only he may then speak
 40 who can sail on the common thought of the party, and not poorly limited to his own. Now this convention, which good sense demands, destroys the high freedom of great conversation, which requires an absolute running of two souls into one.

No two men but being left alone with each other enter into simpler relations. Yet it is affinity that determines *which*
 50 two shall converse. Unrelated men give little joy to each other; will never suspect the latent powers of each. We talk sometimes of a great talent for conversation, as if it were a permanent

property in some individuals. Conversation is an evanescent relation—no more. A man is reputed to have thought and eloquence; he cannot, for all that, say a word to his cousin or his uncle. They accuse his silence with as much
 60 reason as they would blame the insignificance of a dial in the shade. In the sun it will mark the hour. Among those who enjoy his thought he will regain his tongue.

Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world;
 70 rather than that my friend should overstep by a word or a look his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine is that the *not mine* is *mine*. I hate, where I looked for a manly furtherance, or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush
 80 of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. That high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two before there can be very one. Let it be an alliance of two large formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity
 90 which beneath these disparities unites them.

He only is fit for this society who is magnanimous, who is sure that greatness and goodness are always economy, who is not swift to intermeddle with his fortunes. Let him not intermeddle with this. Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal. Friendship demands a religious treatment. We talk of choos-
 100 ing our friends, but friends are self-elected. Reverence is a great part of it. Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of course he has merits that are not yours, and that you cannot honor, if you must needs hold him close to your person. Stand aside; give those merits room; let them mount and expand. Are you the

friend of your friend's buttons, or of his thought? To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars that he may come near in the holiest ground. Leave it to girls and boys to regard a friend as property, and to suck a short and all-confounding pleasure instead of the noblest benefits.

Let us buy our entrance to this guild
 10 by a long probation. Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend? Why go to his house, or know his mother and brother and sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thought, a
 20 sincerity, a glance from him I want, but not news, nor pottage. I can get politics, and chat, and neighborly conveniences from cheaper companions. Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal, and great as nature itself? Ought I to feel that our tie is profane in comparison with yonder bar of cloud that sleeps on the horizon, or that clump of waving grass that
 30 divides the brook? Let us not vilify, but raise it to that standard. That great defying eye, that scornful beauty of his mien and action, do not pique yourself on reducing, but rather fortify and enhance. Worship his superiorities; wish him not less by a thought, but hoard and tell them all. Guard him as thy counterpart. Let him be to thee forever a sort of beautiful enemy, un-
 40 tamable, devoutly revered, and not a trivial convenience to be soon outgrown and cast aside. The hues of the opal, the light of the diamond are not to be seen if the eye is too near. To my friend I write a letter, and from him I receive a letter. That seems to you a little. It suffices me. It is a spiritual gift worthy of him to give and of me to receive. It
 50 profanes nobody. In these warm lines the heart will trust itself, as it will not to the tongue, and pour out the prophecy of a godlier existence than all the annals of heroism have yet made good.

Respect so far the holy laws of this

fellowship as not to prejudice its perfect flower by your impatience for its opening. We must be our own before we can be another's. There is at least this satisfaction in crime, according to the Latin proverb: you can speak to your accomplice on even terms. *Crimen quos inquinat, aequat.* To those whom we admire and love, at first we cannot. Yet the least defect of self-possession vitiates, in my judgment, the entire relation. There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, until, in their dialogue, each stands for the whole world.

What is so great as friendship, let us
 70 carry with what grandeur of spirit we can. Let us be silent, so we may hear the whisper of the gods. Let us not interfere. Who set you to cast about what you should say to the select souls, or how to say anything to such? No matter how ingenious, no matter how graceful and bland. There are innumerable degrees of folly and wisdom, and for you to say aught is to be frivolous.
 80 Wait, and the heart shall speak. Wait until the necessary and everlasting overpowers you, until day and night avail themselves of your lips. The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one. You shall not come nearer a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only flees the faster from you, and you shall catch never a true glance of his eye. We
 90 see the noble afar off, and they repel us; why should we intrude? Late—very late—we perceive that no arrangements, no introductions, no consuetudes or habits of society would be of any avail to establish us in such relations with them as we desire, but solely the uprise of nature in us to the same degree it is in them; then shall we meet as water with water; and if we should not meet
 100 them then, we shall not want them, for we are already they. In the last analysis, love is only the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other men. Men have sometimes exchanged names

61. *Crimen quos inquinat, aequat*, "whatever things reproach stains, it makes equal." 94. *consuetudes*, customs.

with their friends, as if they would signify that in their friend each loved his own soul.

The higher the style we demand of friendship, of course the less easy to establish it with flesh and blood. We walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere, in other regions of the universal power, souls are now acting, enduring, and daring, which can love us, and which we can love. We may congratulate ourselves that the period of nonage, of follies, of blunders, and of shame, is passed in solitude, and when we are finished men, we shall grasp heroic hands in heroic hands. Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues of friendship with cheap persons, where no friendship can be. Our impatience betrays us into rash and foolish alliances which no God attends. By persisting in your path, though you forfeit the little, you gain the great. You demonstrate yourself, so as to put yourself out of the reach of false relations, and you draw to you the first-born of the world, those rare pilgrims whereof only one or two wander in nature at once, and before whom the vulgar great show as specters and shadows merely.

It is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if so we could lose any genuine love. Whatever correction of our popular views we make from insight, nature will be sure to bear us out in, and though it seem to rob us of some joy, will repay us with a greater. Let us feel, if we will, the absolute isolation of man. We are sure that we have all in us. We go to Europe, or we pursue persons, or we read books, in the instinctive faith that these will call it out and reveal us to ourselves. Beggars all. The persons are such as we; the Europe, an old faded garment of dead persons; the books, their ghosts. Let us drop this idolatry. Let us give over this mendicancy. Let us even bid our dearest friends farewell, and defy them, saying, "Who are you? Unhand me. I will be dependent no more." Ah!

seest thou not, O brother, that thus we part only to meet again on a higher platform, and only be more each other's, because we are more our own? A friend is Janus-faced; he looks to the past and the future. He is the child of all my foregoing hours, the prophet of those to come, and the harbinger of a greater friend.

I do then with my friends as I do with my books. I would have them where I can find them, but I seldom use them. We must have society on our own terms, and admit or exclude it on the slightest cause. I cannot afford to speak much with my friend. If he is great, he makes me so great that I cannot descend to converse. In the great days presentiments hover before me, far before me in the firmament. I ought then to dedicate myself to them. I go in that I may seize them; I go out that I may seize them. I fear only that I may lose them receding into the sky in which now they are only a patch of brighter light. Then, though I prize my friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own. It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy, or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with you; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods. It is true, next week I shall have languid moods when I can well afford to occupy myself with foreign objects; then I shall regret the lost literature of your mind, and wish you were by my side again. But if you come, perhaps you will fill my mind only with new visions, not with yourself but with your lusters, and I shall not be able any more than now to converse with you. So I will owe to my friends this evanescent intercourse. I will receive from them, not what they have, but what they are. They shall give me that which properly they cannot give, but which emanates from them. But they shall not hold me by any relations

59. *Janus-faced.* In Roman mythology Janus was the god of gates and doors and hence of all beginnings; he was represented with two faces.

less subtle and pure. We will meet as though we met not, and part as though we parted not.

It has seemed to me lately more possible than I knew, to carry a friendship greatly, on one side, without due correspondence on the other. Why should I cumber myself with regrets that the receiver is not capacious? It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet. Let your greatness educate the crude and cold companion. If he is unequal, he will presently pass away; but thou art enlarged by thy own shining, and, no longer a mate for frogs and worms, dost soar and burn with the gods of the empyrean. It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited. But the great will see that true love cannot be unrequited. True love transcends the unworthy object, and dwells and broods on the eternal, and when the poor interposed mask crumbles, it is not sad, but feels rid of so much earth, and feels its independency the surer. Yet these things may hardly be said without a sort of treachery to the relation. The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. It must not surmise or provide for infirmity. It treats its object as a god that it may deify both. (1841)

HENRY D. THOREAU (1817-1862)

NOTE

Henry David Thoreau was a close friend of Emerson's and like him at least in his admiration for high thinking and plain living. This philosopher actually lived the simple life which he preached, for between 1845 and 1847 he dwelt in a hut on the shore of Walden Pond, near Concord, where he spent his time studying nature and thinking his way through the problems of living. His experiences resulted in his most popular book, *Walden, or Life in the Woods* (1845). *Walden* is a charming mixture of comments by a sharp observer of nature and a semi-hermit who had learned that really to see life one must get away from it and think. Thoreau's very eccentricities give his work originality and flavor. "Brute Neighbors" is the twelfth chapter in *Walden*. The first part, with its quaint, old-fashioned idyllic dialogue, is modeled after the manner of Izaak Walton's *The Complete Angler*.

BRUTE NEIGHBORS

Sometimes I had a companion in my fishing, who came through the village to my house from the other side of the town, and the catching of the dinner was as much a social exercise as the eating of it.

Hermit. I wonder what the world is doing now. I have not heard so much as a locust over the sweet-fern these three hours. The pigeons are all asleep upon their roosts—no flutter from them. Was that a farmer's noon horn which sounded from beyond the woods just now? The hands are coming in to boiled salt beef and cider and Indian bread. Why will men worry themselves so? He that does not eat need not work. I wonder how much they have reaped. Who would live there where a body can never think for the barking of Bose? And O, the housekeeping! to keep bright the devil's doorknobs, and scour his tubs this bright day! Better not keep a house. Say, some hollow tree; and then for morning calls and dinner-parties! Only a woodpecker tapping. Oh, they swarm; the sun is too warm there; they are born too far into life for me. I have water from the spring, and a loaf of brown bread on the shelf.—Hark! I hear a rustling of the leaves. Is it some ill-fed village hound yielding to the instinct of the chase? or the lost pig which is said to be in these woods, whose tracks I saw after the rain? It comes on apace; my sumachs and sweet-briers tremble.—Eh, Mr. Poet, is it you? How do you like the world today?

Poet. See those clouds; how they hang! That's the greatest thing I have seen today. There's nothing like it in old paintings, nothing like it in foreign lands—unless when we were off the coast of Spain. That's a true Mediterranean sky. I thought, as I have my living to get, and have not eaten today, that I might go a-fishing. That's the true industry for poets. It is the only trade I have learned. Come, let's along.

Hermit. I cannot resist. My brown bread will soon be gone. I will go with you gladly soon, but I am just conclud-

ing a serious meditation. I think that I am near the end of it. Leave me alone, then, for a while. But that we may not be delayed, you shall be digging the bait meanwhile. Angle-worms are rarely to be met with in these parts, where the soil was never fattened with manure; the race is nearly extinct. The sport of digging the bait is nearly equal to that of catching the fish, when one's appetite is not too keen; and this you may have all to yourself today. I would advise you to set in the spade down yonder among the ground-nuts, where you see the johnswort waving. I think that I may warrant you one worm to every three sods you turn up, if you look well in among the roots of the grass, as if you were weeding. Or, if you choose to go farther, it will not be unwise, for I have found the increase of fair bait to be very nearly as the squares of the distances.

Hermit alone. Let me see; where was I? Methinks I was nearly in this frame of mind; the world lay about at this angle. Shall I go to heaven or a-fishing? If I should soon bring this meditation to an end, would another so sweet occasion be likely to offer? I was as near being resolved into the essence of things as ever I was in my life. I fear my thoughts will not come back to me. If it would do any good, I would whistle for them. When they make us an offer, is it wise to say, We will think of it? My thoughts have left no track, and I cannot find the path again. What was it that I was thinking of? It was a very hazy day. I will just try these three sentences of Con-fut-see; they may fetch that state about again. I know not whether it was the dumps or a budding ecstasy. Mem. There never is but one opportunity of a kind.

Poet. How now, Hermit, is it too soon? I have got just thirteen whole ones, besides several which are imperfect or undersized; but they will do for the smaller fry; they do not cover up the hook so much. Those village worms

are quite too large; a shiner may make a meal off one without finding the skewer.

Hermit. Well, then let's be off. Shall we to the Concord? There's good sport there if the water be not too high.

Why do precisely these objects which we behold make a world? Why has man just these species of animals for his neighbors; as if nothing but a mouse could have filled this crevice? I suspect that Pilpay and Co. have put animals to their best use, for they are all beasts of burden, in a sense, made to carry some portion of our thoughts.

The mice which haunted my house were not the common ones, which are said to have been introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him much. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor, and swept out the shavings, would come out regularly at lunch time and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before; and it soon became quite familiar, and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions. At length, as I leaned with my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes, and along my sleeve, and round and round the paper which held my dinner, while I kept the latter close, and dodged and played at bopeep with it; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterwards cleaned its face and paws, like a fly, and walked away.

A phoebe soon built in my shed, and a robin for protection in a pine which grew against the house. In June the partridge (*Tetrao umbellus*), which is so shy a bird, led her brood past my win-

41. *Con-fut-see*, Confucius, a famous Chinese philosopher (B. C. 551-478). Thoreau follows the Chinese pronunciation.

63. *Pilpay and Co.* Bidpai, or Pilpai, was the reputed author of a group of animal fables of very ancient origin. Thoreau is alluding to the way in which writers of animal fables have made the animals illustrate human ideas.

dows, from the woods in the rear to the front of my house, clucking and calling to them like a hen, and in all her behavior proving herself the hen of the woods. The young suddenly disperse on your approach, at a signal from the mother, as if a whirlwind had swept them away, and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs that many
10 a traveler has placed his foot in the midst of a brood, and heard the whir of the old bird as she flew off, and her anxious calls and mewing, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighborhood. The parent will sometimes roll and spin round before you in such a dishabille that you cannot, for a few moments, detect what kind of creature it is. The
20 young squat still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf, and mind only their mother's directions given from a distance, nor will your approach make them run again and betray themselves. You may even tread on them, or have your eyes on them for a minute, without discovering them. I have held them in my open hand at such a time, and still their only care, obedient to
30 their mother and their instinct, was to squat there without fear or trembling. So perfect is this instinct that once, when I had laid them on the leaves again, and one accidentally fell on its side, it was found with the rest in exactly the same position ten minutes afterwards. They are not callow like the young of most birds, but more perfectly developed and precocious even than
40 chickens. The remarkably adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene eyes is very memorable. All intelligence seems reflected in them. They suggest not merely the purity of infancy, but a wisdom clarified by experience. Such an eye was not born when the bird was, but is coeval with the sky it reflects. The woods do not yield
50 another such gem. The traveler does not often look into such a limpid well. The ignorant or reckless sportsman often shoots the parent at such a time, and leaves these innocents to fall a prey to some prowling beast or bird, or grad-

ually mingle with the decaying leaves which they so much resemble. It is said that when hatched by a hen they will directly disperse on some alarm, and so are lost, for they never hear the mother's call which gathers them again. These were my hens and chickens.

It is remarkable how many creatures live wild and free though secret in the woods, and still sustain themselves in the neighborhood of towns, suspected by hunters only. How retired the otter manages to live here! He grows to be four feet long, as big as a small boy, perhaps without any human being getting a glimpse of him. I formerly
70 saw the raccoon in the woods behind where my house is built, and probably still heard their whinnying at night. Commonly I rested an hour or two in the shade at noon, after planting, and ate my lunch, and read a little by a spring which was the source of a swamp and of a brook, oozing from under
80 Brister's Hill, half a mile from my field. The approach to this was through a succession of descending grassy hollows, full of young pitch-pines, into a larger wood about the swamp. There, in a very secluded and shaded spot, under a spreading white-pine, there was yet a clean firm sward to sit on. I had dug
90 out the spring and made a well of clear gray water, where I could dip up a pailful without roiling it, and thither I went for this purpose almost every day in midsummer, when the pond was warmest. Thither, too, the wood-cock
led her brood, to probe the mud for worms, flying but a foot above them down the bank, while they ran in a troop beneath; but at last, spying me, she would leave her young and circle round and round me, nearer and nearer
till within four or five feet, pretending broken wings and legs, to attract my
100 attention, and get off her young, who would already have taken up their march, with faint wiry peep, single file through the swamp, as she directed. Or I heard the peep of the young when I could not see the parent bird. There, too, the turtledoves sat over the spring, or fluttered from bough to bough of the

soft white-pines over my head; or the red squirrel, coursing down the nearest bough, was particularly familiar and inquisitive. You only need sit still long enough in some attractive spot in the woods that all its inhabitants may exhibit themselves to you by turns.

I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my woodpile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on look-

ing nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was Conquer or die. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right foreleg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a

24. **Myrmidons**, the fierce Thessalian troops of Achilles, who followed him to the Trojan War. Most of the details which follow refer to the events in Homer's *Iliad*; the humor lies, of course, in the absurd and whimsical comparisons.

97. **Austerlitz or Dresden**, the first, the scene of Napoleon's victory over Alexander I and Francis II in 1805; the second, the scene of a battle between Napoleon and the allies in 1813.

Buttrick—"Fire! for God's sake fire!"—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hiring there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near foreleg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some *Hotel des Invalides*, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity

and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

Kirby and Spence tell us that the battles of ants have long been celebrated and the date of them recorded, though they say that Huber is the only modern author who appears to have witnessed them. "Aeneas Sylvius," say they, "after giving a very circumstantial account of one contested with great obstinacy by a great and small species on the trunk of a pear tree," adds that "'This action was fought in the pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, in the presence of Nicholas Pistoriensis, an eminent lawyer, who related the whole history of the battle with the greatest fidelity.' A similar engagement between great and small ants is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in which the small ones, being victorious, are said to have buried the bodies of their own soldiers, but left those of their giant enemies a prey to the birds. This event happened previous to the expulsion of the tyrant Christiern the Second from Sweden." The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill.

Many a village Bosc, fit only to course a mud-turtle in a victualing cellar, sported his heavy quarters in the woods, without the knowledge of his master, and ineffectually smelled at old fox burrows and woodchucks' holes; led perchance by some slight cur which nimbly threaded the wood, and might still inspire a natural terror in its denizens—now far behind his guide, barking like a canine bull toward some small squirrel which had treed itself for scrutiny, then, cantering off, bending the bushes with his weight, imagining that he is on the track of some stray member of the *jerbilla* family. Once I was surprised to see a cat walking along the stony shore of the pond, for they rarely wander so far from home. The surprise was mutual. Nevertheless the

55. Kirby and Spence, English entomologists. 58. Huber, a Swiss naturalist (1750-1831). 78. Christiern the Second, called the Nero of the North; he was king of Denmark, not Sweden, 1513-1523. The humor of the paragraph lies in the comparison suggested in the last sentence.

45. *Hotel des Invalides*, a home for crippled veterans, in Paris.

most domestic cat, which has lain on a rug all her days, appears quite at home in the woods, and, by her sly and stealthy behavior, proves herself more native there than the regular inhabitants. Once, when berrying, I met with a cat with young kittens in the woods, quite wild, and they all, like their mother, had their backs up and were fiercely spitting at me. A few years before I lived in the woods there was what was called a "winged cat" in one of the farmhouses in Lincoln nearest the pond, Mr. Gilian Baker's. When I called to see her in June, 1842, she was gone a-hunting in the woods, as was her wont (I am not sure whether it was a male or female, and so use the more common pronoun), but her mistress told me that she came into the neighborhood a little more than a year before, in April, and was finally taken into their house; that she was of a dark brownish-gray color, with a white spot on her throat, and white feet, and had a large bushy tail like a fox; that in the winter the fur grew thick and flattened out along her sides, forming strips ten or twelve inches long by two and a half wide, and under her chin like a muff, the upper side loose, the under matted like felt, and in the spring these appendages dropped off. They gave me a pair of her "wings," which I keep still. There is no appearance of a membrane about them. Some thought it was part flying-squirrel or some other wild animal, which is not impossible, for, according to naturalists, prolific hybrids have been produced by the union of the marten and domestic cat. This would have been the right kind of cat for me to keep, if I had kept any; for why should not a poet's cat be winged as well as his horse?

In the fall the loon (*Colymbus glaucialis*) came, as usual, to molt and bathe in the pond, making the woods ring with his wild laughter before I had risen. At rumor of his arrival all the Mill-dam sportsmen are on the alert,

in gigs and on foot, two by two and three by three, with patent rifles and conical balls and spyglasses. They come rustling through the woods like autumn leaves, at least ten men to one loon. Some station themselves on this side of the pond, some on that, for the poor bird cannot be omnipresent; if he dive here he must come up there. But now the kind October wind rises, rustling the leaves and rippling the surface of the water, so that no loon can be heard or seen, though his foes sweep the pond with spyglasses, and make the woods resound with their discharges. The waves generously rise and dash angrily, taking sides with all waterfowl, and our sportsmen must beat a retreat to town and shop and unfinished jobs. But they were too often successful. When I went to get a pail of water early in the morning I frequently saw this stately bird sailing out of my cove within a few rods. If I endeavored to overtake him in a boat, in order to see how he would maneuver, he would dive and be completely lost, so that I did not discover him again, sometimes, till the latter part of the day. But I was more than a match for him on the surface. He commonly went off in a rain.

As I was paddling along the north shore one very calm October afternoon, for such days especially they settle on to the lakes, like the milkweed down, having looked in vain over the pond for a loon, suddenly one, sailing out from the shore toward the middle a few rods in front of me, set up his wild laugh and betrayed himself. I pursued with a paddle and he dived, but when he came up I was nearer than before. He dived again, but I miscalculated the direction he would take, and we were fifty rods apart when he came to the surface this time, for I had helped to widen the interval; and again he laughed long and loud, and with more reason than before. He maneuvered so cunningly that I could not get within half a dozen rods of him. Each time, when he came to the surface, turning his head this way and that, he coolly surveyed the water and the land, and apparently chose his

44. winged . . . horse, a reference to Pegasus, in Greek mythology; used as the symbol of poetic inspiration.
50. Mill-dam sportsmen. In Thoreau's time the Mill-dam was a long dam just outside Boston; hence the reference is to the "gentleman sportsman."

course so that he might come up where there was the widest expanse of water and at the greatest distance from the boat. It was surprising how quickly he made up his mind and put his resolve into execution. He led me at once to the widest part of the pond, and could not be driven from it. While he was thinking one thing in his brain, I was endeavoring to divine his thought in mine. It was a pretty game, played on the smooth surface of the pond, a man against a loon. Suddenly your adversary's checker disappears beneath the board, and the problem is to place yours nearest to where his will appear again. Sometimes he would come up unexpectedly on the opposite side of me, having apparently passed directly under the boat. So long-winded was he and so unwearable that when he had swum farthest he would immediately plunge again, nevertheless; and then no wit could divine where in the deep pond, beneath the smooth surface, he might be speeding his way like a fish, for he had time and ability to visit the bottom of the pond in its deepest part. It is said that loons have been caught in the New York lakes eighty feet beneath the surface, with hooks set for trout—though Walden is deeper than that. How surprised must the fishes be to see this ungainly visitor from another sphere speeding his way amid their schools! Yet he appeared to know his course as surely under water as on the surface, and swam much faster there. Once or twice I saw a ripple where he approached the surface, just put his head out to reconnoiter, and instantly dived again. I found that it was as well for me to rest on my oars and wait his reappearing as to endeavor to calculate where he would rise; for again and again, when I was straining my eyes over the surface one way, I would suddenly be startled by his unearthly laugh behind me. But why, after displaying so much cunning, did he invariably betray himself the moment he came up by that loud laugh? Did not his white breast enough betray him? He was indeed a silly loon, I thought. I could com-

monly hear the splash of the water when he came up, and so also detected him. But after an hour he seemed as fresh as ever, dived as willingly and swam yet farther than at first. It was surprising to see how serenely he sailed off with unruffled breast when he came to the surface, doing all the work with his webbed feet beneath. His usual note was this demoniac laughter, yet somewhat like that of a water-fowl; but occasionally, when he had balked me most successfully and come up a long way off, he uttered a long-drawn unearthly howl, probably more like that of a wolf than any bird; as when a beast puts his muzzle to the ground and deliberately howls. This was his looning—perhaps the wildest sound that is ever heard here, making the woods ring far and wide. I concluded that he laughed in derision of my efforts, confident of his own resources. Though the sky was by this time overcast, the pond was so smooth that I could see where he broke the surface when I did not hear him. His white breast, the stillness of the air, and the smoothness of the water were all against him. At length, having come up fifty rods off, he uttered one of those prolonged howls, as if calling on the god of loons to aid him, and immediately there came a wind from the east and rippled the surface, and filled the whole air with misty rain, and I was impressed as if it were the prayer of the loon answered, and his god was angry with me; and so I left him disappearing far away on the tumultuous surface.

For hours, in fall days, I watched the ducks cunningly tack and veer and hold the middle of the pond, far from the sportsman; tricks which they will have less need to practice in Louisiana bayous. When compelled to rise they would sometimes circle round and round and over the pond at a considerable height, from which they could easily see to other ponds and the river, like black motes in the sky; and, when I thought they had gone off thither long since, they would settle down by a slanting flight of a quarter of a mile on to a distant part which was left free;

but what besides safety they got by sailing in the middle of Walden I do not know, unless they love its water for the same reason that I do. (1854)

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863)

NOTE

Although known primarily as a novelist, Thackeray wrote a great deal of excellent biographical criticism and some personal essays, which possess the quality of whimsical charm and a wholesome and easy sociability. The essay on Addison is the second half of a lecture on Congreve and Addison given in America in 1851. The lecture was the second of a series of six; all were published two years later under the title *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*. The eighteenth century was Thackeray's favorite historical period, and many of the literary figures, including Addison, who are analyzed in his lectures appear also in his novel *Henry Esmond* (1852). The charming defense of novel-reading, which is, in a way, a whimsical argument for his own profession, comes from *The Roundabout Papers*, a series of short essays which he wrote for the *Cornhill Magazine* from 1860 to 1862.

ADDISON

We have seen in Swift a humorous philosopher, whose truth frightens one, and whose laughter makes one melancholy. We have had in Congreve a humorous observer of another school, to whom the world seems to have no moral at all, and whose ghastly doctrine seems to be that we should eat, drink, and be merry when we can, and go to the deuce (if there be a deuce) when the time comes. We come now to a humor that flows from quite a different heart and spirit—a wit that makes us laugh and leaves us good and happy; to one of the kindest benefactors that society has ever had, and I believe you have divined already that I am about to mention Addison's honored name.

From reading over his writings, and the biographies which we have of him, among which the famous article in the *Edinburgh Review* may be cited as a magnificent statue of the great writer and moralist of the last age, raised by the love and the marvelous skill and

genius of one of the most illustrious artists of our own; looking at that calm, fair face, and clear countenance—those chiseled features pure and cold, I cannot but fancy that this great man, in this respect like him of whom we spoke in the last lecture, was also one of the lonely ones of the world. Such men have very few equals, and they do not herd with those. It is in the nature of such lords of intellect to be solitary— they are in the world but not of it; and our minor struggles, brawls, successes pass under them.

Kind, just, serene, impartial, his fortitude not tried beyond easy endurance, his affections not much used, for his books were his family, and his society was in public; admirably wiser, wittier, calmer, and more instructed than almost every man with whom he met, how could Addison suffer, desire, admire, feel much? I may expect a child to admire me for being taller or writing more cleverly than she; but how can I ask my superior to say that I am a wonder when he knows better than I? In Addison's days you could scarcely show him a literary performance, a sermon, or a poem, or a piece of literary criticism, but he felt he could do better. His justice must have made him indifferent. He did not praise, because he measured his compeers by a higher standard than common people have. How was he who was so tall to look up to any but the loftiest genius? He must have stooped to put himself on a level with most men. By that profusion of graciousness and smiles with which Goethe or Scott, for instance, greeted almost every literary beginner, every small literary adventurer who came to his court and went away charmed from the great king's audience, and cuddling to his heart the compliment which his literary majesty had paid him—each of the two good-natured potentates of letters brought their star and ribbon into discredit. Everybody had his Majesty's orders. Everybody had his Majesty's

25. famous article in the *Edinburgh Review*, Macaulay's *Essay on Addison*.

35. him of whom we spoke, Jonathan Swift, the subject of Thackeray's first lecture in this series; see headnote.

cheap portrait, on a box surrounded with diamonds worth twopence apiece. A very great and just and wise man ought not to praise indiscriminately, but give his idea of the truth. Addison praises the ingenious Mr. Pinkethman; Addison praises the ingenious Mr. Doggett, the actor, whose benefit is coming off that night; Addison praises Don Saltero; Addison praises Milton with all his heart, bends his knee and frankly pays homage to that imperial genius. But between those degrees of his men his praise is very scanty. I do not think the great Mr. Addison liked young Mr. Pope, the Papist, much; I do not think he abused him. But when Mr. Addison's men abused Mr. Pope, I do not think Addison took his pipe out of his mouth to contradict them.

Addison's father was a clergyman of good repute in Wiltshire, and rose in the Church. His famous son never lost his clerical training and scholastic gravity, and was called "a parson in a tie-wig" in London afterwards, at a time when tiewigs were only worn by the laity, and the fathers of theology did not think it decent to appear except in a full bottom. Having been at school at Salisbury and the Charterhouse, in 1687, when he was fifteen years old, he went to Queen's College, Oxford, where he speedily began to distinguish himself by the making of Latin verses. The beautiful and fanciful poem of "The Pigmies and the Cranes" is still read by lovers of that sort of exercise; and verses are extant in honor of King William, by which it appears that it was the loyal youth's custom to toast that sovereign in bumpers of purple Lyaeus; and many more works are in the Collection, including one on the peace of Ryswick, in 1697, which was so good that Montague got him a pension of £300 a year, on which Addison set out on his travels.

6. **Mr. Pinkethman**, an actor commended in *The Spectator* for May 5, 1712; the paper was written, however, by Steele, not by Addison. Thomas Doggett is a comic actor commended in *The Spectator*. Don Saltero is the generic name for a mountebank. 25, 30. **tiewig**, **full bottom**, respectively, a wig tied in a queue and one that was brushed out full; the second was more fashionable. 42. **Lyaeus**, an epithet for Bacchus; hence wine.

During his ten years at Oxford, Addison had deeply imbibed himself with the Latin poetical literature, and had these poets at his fingers' ends when he traveled in Italy. His patron went out of office, and his pension was unpaid; and hearing that this great scholar, now eminent and known to the literati of Europe (the great *Boileau*, upon perusal of Mr. Addison's elegant hexameters, was first made aware that England was not altogether a barbarous nation)—hearing that the celebrated Mr. Addison, of Oxford, proposed to travel as governor to a young gentleman on the grand tour, the great Duke of Somerset proposed to Mr. Addison to accompany his son, Lord Hartford.

Mr. Addison was delighted to be of use to his Grace and his lordship, his Grace's son, and expressed himself ready to set forth.

His Grace the Duke of Somerset now announced to one of the most famous scholars of Oxford and Europe that it was his gracious intention to allow my Lord Hartford's tutor one hundred guineas per annum. Mr. Addison wrote back that his services were his Grace's, but he by no means found his account in the recompense for them. The negotiation was broken off. They parted with a profusion of *congées* on one side and the other.

Addison remained abroad for some time, living in the best society of Europe. How could he do otherwise? He must have been one of the finest gentlemen the world ever saw; at all moments of life serene and courteous, cheerful and calm. He could scarcely ever have had a degraded thought. He might have omitted a virtue or two, or many, but could not have had many faults committed for which he need blush or turn pale. When warmed into confidence, his conversation appears to have been so delightful that the greatest wits sat, rapt and charmed, to listen to him. No man bore poverty and narrow fortune with a more lofty cheerfulness. His letters to his friends at this period of his life, when he had lost his govern-

57. **Boileau**, a French satirist and critic (1636-1711).

ment pension, and given up his college chances, are full of courage and a gay confidence and philosophy; and they are none the worse in my eyes, and I hope not in those of his last and greatest biographer (though Mr. Macaulay is bound to own and lament a certain weakness for wine, which the great and good Joseph Addison notoriously possessed, in common with countless gentlemen of his time), because some of the letters are written when his honest hand was shaking a little in the morning after libations to purple Lyæus overnight. He was fond of drinking the healths of his friends; he writes to Wyche, of Hamburg, gratefully remembering Wyche's "hoc." "I have been drinking your health today with Sir Richard Shirley," he writes to Bathurst. "I have lately had the honor to meet my Lord Effingham at Amsterdam, where we have drunk Mr. Wood's health a hundred times in excellent champagne," he writes again. Swift describes him over his cups, when Joseph yielded to a temptation which Jonathan resisted. Joseph was of a cold nature, and needed perhaps the fire of wine to warm his blood. If he was a parson, he wore a tiewig, recollect. A better and more Christian man scarcely ever breathed than Joseph Addison. If he had not that little weakness for wine—why, we could scarcely have found a fault with him, and could not have liked him as we do.

At thirty-three years of age this most distinguished wit, scholar, and gentleman was without a profession and an income. His book of *Travels* had failed; his *Dialogues on Medals* had had no particular success; his Latin verses, even though reported the best since Vergil, or Statius at any rate, had not brought him a Government-place, and Addison was living up two shabby pair of stairs in the Haymarket (in a poverty over which old Samuel Johnson rather chuckles), when in these shabby rooms an emissary from Government and Fortune came and found him. A poem

was wanted about the Duke of Marlborough's victory of Blenheim. Would Mr. Addison write one? Mr. Boyle, afterwards Lord Carleton, took back the reply to the Lord Treasurer Godolphin that Mr. Addison would. When the poem had reached a certain stage, it was carried to Godolphin; and the last lines which he read were these:

But oh, my muse! what numbers wilt thou find

To sing the furious troops in battle joined?
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,

The victor's shouts and dying groans confound;

The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunders of the battle rise.

'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,

That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,

Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,

Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,

To fainting squadrons lent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.

So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed),
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,

Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.

Addison left off at a good moment. That simile was pronounced to be of the greatest ever produced in poetry. That angel, that good angel, flew off with Mr. Addison, and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals—vice Mr. Locke providentially promoted. In the following year Mr. Addison went to Hanover with Lord Halifax, and the year after was made Under-Secretary of State. O angel visits! you come "few and far between" to literary gentlemen's lodgings! Your wings seldom quiver at second-floor windows now!

You laugh! You think it is in the power of few writers nowadays to call

up such an angel? Well, perhaps not; but permit us to comfort ourselves by pointing out that there are in the poem of the "Campaign" some as bad lines as heart can desire; and to hint that Mr. Addison did very wisely in not going further with my Lord Godolphin than that angelical simile. Do allow me, just for a little harmless mischief, to read you some of the lines which follow. Here is the interview between the Duke and the King of the Romans after the battle:

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial
 sway
 Scepters and thrones are destined to obey,
 Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
 That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
 Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
 The great supporter of his father's throne.
 What tides of glory to his bosom ran
 Clapsed in th' embraces of the godlike man!
 How were his eyes with pleasing wonder
 fixed,
 To see such fire with so much sweetness
 mixed!
 Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
 So learned and finished for the camp or
 court!

How many fourth-form boys at Mr. Addison's school of Charterhouse could write as well as that now? The "Campaign" has blunders, triumphant as it was; and weak points, like all campaigns.

In the year 1718 *Cato* came out. Swift has left a description of the first night of the performance. All the laurels of Europe were scarcely sufficient for the author of this prodigious poem. Laudations of Whig and Tory chiefs, popular ovations, complimentary garlands from literary men, translations in all languages, delight and homage from all—save from John Dennis in a minority of one—Mr. Addison was called the "great Mr. Addison" after this. The Coffee-house Senate saluted him *Divus*; it was heresy to question that decree.

Meanwhile he was writing political papers and advancing in the political profession. He went Secretary to Ireland. He was appointed Secretary of State in 1717. And letters of his are extant, bearing date some year or two before, and written to young Lord Warwick, in which he addresses him as "my dearest lord," and asks affectionately about his studies, and writes very prettily about nightingales, and birds'-nests, which he has found at Fulham for his lordship. Those nightingales were intended to warble in the ear of Lord Warwick's mamma. Addison married her ladyship in 1716; and died at Holland House three years after that splendid but dismal union.

But it is not for his reputation as the great author of *Cato* and the "Campaign," or for his merits as Secretary of State, or for his rank and high distinction as my Lady Warwick's husband, or for his eminence as an Examiner of political questions on the Whig side, or a Guardian of British liberties, that we admire Joseph Addison. It is as a Tatler of small talk and a Spectator of mankind that we cherish and love him, and owe as much pleasure to him as to any human being that ever wrote. He came in that artificial age, and began to speak with his noble, natural voice. He came, the gentle satirist, who hit no unfair blow; the kind judge who castigated only in smiling. While Swift went about, hanging and ruthless—a literary Jeffries—in Addison's kind court only minor cases were tried; only peccadilloes and small sins against society; only a dangerous libertinism in tuckers and hoops, or a nuisance in the abuse of beaux' canes and snuffboxes. It may be a lady is tried for breaking the peace of our sovereign lady Queen Anne, and ogling too dangerous from the sidebox; or a Templar for beating the watch, or breaking Priscian's head;

83. Jeffries, George Jeffreys (1648-1689), Lord Chief Justice of England, infamous for his brutality and violence. 92. Templar, a young law student, so-called from his residence in the Temple, London, a group of buildings which originally belonged to the Knights Templars. 93. breaking Priscian's head, making a mistake in grammar. Priscian was a famous Latin grammarian who flourished about 500 A. D.

31. *Cato*, a stiff and formal classical tragedy by Addison. 40. John Dennis, a contemporary critic. 43. Coffee-house Senate, the group of amateur critics who gossiped about art and letters in the coffee-houses. 44. *Divus*, as a deity.

or a citizen's wife for caring too much for the puppet-show, and too little for her husband and children. Every one of the little sinners brought before him is amusing, and he dismisses each with the pleasantest penalties and the most charming words of admonition.

Addison wrote his papers as gayly as if he was going out for a holiday. When Steele's *Tatler* first began his prattle, Addison, then in Ireland, caught at his friend's notion, poured in paper after paper, and contributed the stores of his mind, the sweet fruits of his reading, the delightful gleanings of his daily observation, with a wonderful profusion and, as it seemed, an almost endless fecundity. He was six-and-thirty years old; full and ripe. He had not worked crop after crop from his brain, manuring hastily, subsoiling indifferently, cutting and sowing and cutting again, like other luckless cultivators of letters. He had not done much as yet: a few Latin poems—graceful pro-lusions; a polite book of travels; a dissertation on medals, not very deep; four acts of a tragedy, a great classical exercise; and the "Campaign," a large prize poem that won an enormous prize. But with his friend's discovery of the *Tatler*, Addison's calling was found, and the most delightful talker in the world began to speak. He does not go very deep; let gentlemen of a profound genius, critics accustomed to the plunge of the bathos, console themselves by thinking that he *could not* go very deep. There are no traces of suffering in his writing. He was so good, so honest, so healthy, so cheerfully selfish, if I must use the word. There is no deep sentiment. I doubt, until after his marriage, perhaps, whether he ever lost his night's rest or his day's tranquillity about any woman in his life; whereas poor Dick Steele had capacity enough to melt, and to languish, and to sigh, and to cry his honest old eyes out, for a dozen. His writings do not show insight into, or reverence for, the love of women, which I take to be, one the consequence of the other. He walks about the world watch-

ing their pretty humors, fashions, follies, flirtations, rivalries; and noting them with the most charming archness. He sees them in public, in the theater, or the assembly, or the puppet-show; or at the toy-shop higgling for gloves and lace, or at the auction, battling together over a blue porcelain dragon or a darling monster in Japan; or at church, eying the width of their rivals' hoops or the breadth of their laces, as they sweep down the aisles. Or he looks out of his window at the Garter, in St. James's Street, at Ardelia's coach, as she blazes to the drawing-room with her coronet and six footmen; and, remembering that her father was a Turkey merchant in the city, calculates how many sponges went to purchase her earring, and how many drums of figs to build her coach-box; or he demurely watches behind a tree in Spring Garden as Saccharissa (whom he knows under her mask) trips out of her chair to the alley where Sir Fopling is waiting. He sees only the public life of women. Addison was one of the most resolute clubmen of his day. He passed many hours daily in those haunts. Besides drinking, which alas! is past praying for, it must be owned, ladies, that he indulged in that odious practice of smoking. Poor fellow! He was a man's man, remember. The only woman he *did* know he did not write about. I take it there would not be much humor in that story.

He likes to go and sit in the smoking-room at the Grecian, or the Devil; to pace 'Change and the Mall—to mingle in that great club of the world—sitting alone in it somehow; having good-will and kindness for every single man and woman in it—having need of some habit and custom binding him to some few; never doing any man a wrong (unless it be a wrong to hint a little doubt about a man's parts, and to damn him with faint praise); and so he looks on the world and plays with the ceaseless humors of all of us—laughs the kindest laugh—points our neighbor's foible or

101. to damn him with faint praise, a famous line from Pope's "Letter to Dr. Arbuthnot," referring to Addison.

eccentricity out to us with the most good-natured, smiling confidence; and then, turning over his shoulder, whispers *our* foibles to our neighbor. What would Sir Roger de Coverley be without his follies and his charming little brain-cracks? If the good knight did not call out to the people sleeping in church, and say "Amen" with such a delightful pomposity; if he did not make a speech in the assize-court *à propos de* *bottes*, and merely to show his dignity to Mr. Spectator; if he did not mistake Madam Doll Tearsheet for a lady of quality in Temple Garden; if he were wiser than he is; if he had not his humor to salt his life, and were but a mere English gentleman and game-preserver—of what worth were he to us? We love him for his vanities as much as his virtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him; we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so. And out of that laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities and follies, and out of that touched brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity—we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety; such as, if my audience will think their reading and hearing over, doctors and divines but seldom have the fortune to inspire. And why not? Is the glory of heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth be only expounded in gown and surplice, and out of those two vestments can nobody preach it? Commend me to this dear preacher without orders—this parson in the tiewig. When this man looks from the world whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture; a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. Listen to him; from your childhood you have known the verses; but who can hear their sacred music without love and awe?

11. *à propos de bottes*, concerning anything irrelevant. 14. *Madam Doll Tearsheet*, a prostitute in Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, Part II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
And all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Among their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great deep calm. When he turns to heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind; and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town; looking at the birds in the trees; at the children in the streets; in the morning or in the moonlight; over his books in his own room; in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly, good-will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name. (1853)

ON A LAZY IDLE BOY

I had occasion to pass a week in the autumn in the little old town of Coire or Chur, in the Grisons, where lies buried that very ancient British king,

52. *Soon as*, etc. See page 412. 91. *Coire or Chur*, in the *Grisons*, etc. Stow quotes the inscription still extant "from the table fast chained in St. Peter's church, Cornhill"; and says, "he was after some chronicle buried at London, and after some chronicle buried at Gloucester"—but, oh! these incorrect chroniclers! when Alban Butler, in the *Lives of Saints*, vol. 12, and Murray's *Handbook*, and the Sacristan at Chur, all say Lucius was killed there, and I saw his tomb with my own eyes. [Thackeray's note.] Chur is a town in the Grisons, a canton of Switzerland.

saint, and martyr, Lucius, who founded the Church of St. Peter, on Cornhill. Few people note the church nowadays, and fewer ever heard of the saint. In the cathedral at Chur his statue appears surrounded by other sainted persons of his family. With tight red breeches, a Roman habit, a curly brown beard, and a neat little gilt crown and scepter, he stands, a very comely and cheerful image; and from what I may call his peculiar position with regard to Cornhill, I beheld this figure of St. Lucius with more interest than I should have bestowed upon personages who, hierarchically, are, I daresay, his superiors.

The pretty little city stands, so to speak, at the end of the world—of the world of today, the world of rapid motion, and rushing railways, and the commerce and intercourse of men. From the northern gate, the iron road stretches away to Zürich, to Basle, to Paris, to home. From the old southern barriers, before which a little river rushes, and around which stretch the crumbling battlements of the ancient town, the road bears the slow diligence or lagging vetturino by the shallow Rhine, through the awful gorges of the Via Mala, and presently over the Splügen to the shores of Como.

I have seldom seen a place more quaint, pretty, calm, and pastoral than this remote little Chur. What need have the inhabitants for walls and ramparts, except to build summer-houses, to trail vines, and hang clothes to dry on them? No enemies approach the great moldering gates; only at morn and even the cows come lowing past them, the village maidens chatter merrily round the fountains, and babble like the ever-voluble stream that flows under the old walls. The schoolboys, with book and satchel, in smart uniforms, march up to the gymnasium, and return thence at their stated time. There is one coffee-house in the town, and I see one old gentleman goes to it. There are shops with no customers

seemingly, and the lazy tradesmen look out of their little windows at the single stranger sauntering by. There is a stall with baskets of queer little black grapes and apples, and a pretty brisk trade with half-a-dozen urchins standing round. But, beyond this, there is scarce any talk or movement in the street. There's nobody at the bookshop. "If you will have the goodness to come again in an hour," says the banker, with his mouth full of dinner at one o'clock, "you can have the money." There is nobody at the hotel save the good landlady, the kind waiters, the brisk young cook who ministers to you. Nobody is in the Protestant church—(oh! strange sight, the two confessions are here at peace!)—nobody in the Catholic church; until the sacristan, from his snug abode in the cathedral close, espies the traveler eying the monsters and pillars before the old shark-toothed arch of his cathedral, and comes out (with a view to remuneration possibly) and opens the gate, and shows you the venerable church, and the queer old relics in the sacristy, and the ancient vestments (a black velvet cope, amongst other robes, as fresh as yesterday, and presented by that notorious "pervert," Henry of Navarre and France), and the statue of St. Lucius who built St. Peter's Church, on Cornhill.

What a quiet, kind, quaint, pleasant, pretty old town! Has it been asleep these hundreds and hundreds of years, and is the brisk young Prince of the Sidereal Realms in his screaming car drawn by his snorting steel elephant coming to waken it? Time was when there must have been life and bustle and commerce here. Those vast, venerable walls were not made to keep out cows, but men-at-arms, led by fierce captains, who prowled about the gates, and robbed the traders as they passed in and out with their bales, their goods, their pack-horses, and their

74. *monsters*, the gargoyles and other figures which decorate the cathedral. 83. *Henry of Navarre*, Henry IV, King of France and Navarre, assassinated 1610. 91. *screaming car*, an allusion to the invasion of the steam locomotive; cf. the reference to the "iron road" in the second paragraph of the essay.

2. *Cornhill*, a district in London. 29. *vetturino*, a slow cart. 47. *gymnasium*, in continental Europe an upper-grade preparatory school.

wains. Is the place so dead that even the clergy of the different denominations can't quarrel? Why, seven or eight, or a dozen, or fifteen hundred years ago (they haven't the register at St. Peter's up to that remote period. I daresay it was burned in the fire of London)—a dozen hundred years ago, when there was some life in the town, 10 St. Lucius was stoned here on account of theological differences, after founding our church in Cornhill.

There was a sweet pretty river walk we used to take in the evening and mark the mountains round glooming with a deeper purple; the shades creeping up the golden walls; the river brawling, the cattle calling, the maids and chatterboxes round the fountains babbling and bawling; and several times 20 in the course of our sober walks we overtook a lazy slouching boy, or hobbledehoy, with a rusty coat, and trousers not too long, and big feet trailing lazily one after the other, and large lazy hands dawdling from out the tight sleeves, and in the lazy hands a little book, which my lad held up to his face, and which I daresay so charmed and ravished him that he was blind to the beautiful sights around him; unmindful, I would venture to lay any wager, of the lessons he had to learn for tomorrow; forgetful of mother waiting supper, and father preparing a scolding—absorbed utterly and entirely in his book. 30

What was it that so fascinated the young student, as he stood by the river shore? Not the *Pons Asinorum*. What 40 book so delighted him, and blinded him to all the rest of the world, so that he did not care to see the apple-woman with her fruit, or (more tempting still to sons of Eve) the pretty girls with their apple-cheeks, who laughed and prattled round the fountain! What was the book? Do you suppose it was Livy, or the Greek grammar? No; it was a 50 NOVEL that you were reading, you lazy, not very clean, good-for-nothing, sen-

sible boy! It was D'Artagnan locking up General Monk in a box, or almost succeeding in keeping Charles the First's head on. It was the prisoner of the Château d'If cutting himself out of the sack fifty feet under water (I mention the novels I like best myself—novels without love or talking, or any of that sort of nonsense, but containing plenty of fighting, escaping, robbery, and rescuing) cutting himself out of the sack, and swimming to the island of Monte Cristo. O Dumas! O thou brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre! I hereby offer thee homage, and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours. I have read thee (being sick in bed) for thirteen hours of a happy day, and had the ladies of the house fighting for the volumes. Be as- 70 sured that lazy boy was reading Dumas (or I will go so far as to let the reader here pronounce the eulogium, or insert the name of his favorite author); and as for the anger, or it may be, the reverberations of his schoolmaster, or the remonstrances of his father, or the tender pleadings of his mother that he should not let the supper grow cold—I don't believe the scapegrace cared one 80 fig. No! figs are sweet, but fictions are sweeter.

Have you ever seen a score of white-bearded, white-robed warriors, or grave seniors of the city, seated at the gate of Jaffa or Beyrout, and listening to the story-teller reciting his marvels out of *Antar* or the *Arabian Nights*? I was once present when a young gentleman at table put a tart away from him, and said to his neighbor, the Younger Son (with rather a fatuous air), "I never eat sweets." 90

"Not eat sweets! and do you know why?" says T.

"Because I am past that kind of thing," says the young gentleman.

"Because you are a glutton and a sot!" cries the Elder (and Juvenis winces a little). "All people who have 100

7. the fire of London, September 2 to September 6, 1666. 40. *Pons Asinorum*. See note on page 909, line 81.

52. D'Artagnan, the hero of Dumas's *Les Trois Mousquetaires* (1844). 55. prisoner of the Château d'If, Edmond Dantès, the hero of Dumas's novel, *The Count of Monte Cristo* (1841-1845). 57. I mention, etc. Cf. Stevenson's "A Gossip on Romance" (page 1059). 88. *Antar*, an Arabian romance. 99. *Juvenis*, the younger.

natural, healthy appetites love sweets; all children, all women, all Eastern people, whose tastes are not corrupted by gluttony and strong drink." And a plateful of raspberries and cream disappeared before the philosopher.

You take the allegory? Novels are sweets. All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women—a vast number of clever, hard-headed men. Why, one of the most learned physicians in England said to me only yesterday, "I have just read *So-and-So* for the second time" (naming one of Jones's exquisite fictions). Judges, bishops, chancellors, mathematicians, are notorious novel-readers, as well as young boys and sweet girls, and their kind tender mothers. Who has not read about Eldon, and how he cried over novels every night when he was not at whist?

As for that lazy naughty boy at Chur, I doubt whether *he* will like novels when he is thirty years of age. He is taking too great a glut of them now. He is eating jelly until he will be sick. He will know most plots by the time he is twenty, so that *he* will never be surprised when the Stranger turns out to be the rightful earl—when the old Waterman, throwing off his beggarly gabardine, shows his stars and the collars of his various orders, and clasping Antonia to his bosom, proves himself to be the prince, her long-lost father. He will recognize the novelist's same characters, though they appear in red-heeled pumps and *ailles-de-pigeon*, or the garb of the nineteenth century. He will get weary of sweets, as boys of private schools grow (or used to grow, for I have done growing some little time myself, and the practice may have ended, too)—as private schoolboys used to grow tired of the pudding before their mutton at dinner.

And pray what is the moral of this apologue? The moral I take to be this: the appetite for novels extending to the end of the world; far away in the frozen

deep, the sailors reading them to one another during the endless night—far away under the Syrian stars, the solemn sheiks and elders hearkening to the poet as he recites his tales; far away in the Indian camps, where the soldiers listen to —'s tales, or —'s, after the hot day's march; far away in little Chur yonder where the lazy boy pores over the fond volume, and drinks it in with all his eyes—the demand being what we know it is, the merchant must supply it, as he will supply saddles and pale ale for Bombay or Calcutta.

But as surely as the cadet drinks too much pale ale, it will disagree with him; and so surely, dear youth, will too much novels cloy on thee. I wonder, do novel-writers themselves read many novels? If you go into Gunter's you don't see those charming young ladies (to whom I present my most respectful compliments) eating tarts and ices, but at the proper eventide they have good plain wholesome tea and bread and butter. Can anybody tell me does the author of the *Tale of Two Cities* read novels? does the author of the *Tower of London* devour romances? does the dashing Harry Lorrequer delight in *Plain or Ringlets* or *Spunge's Sporting Tour*? Does the veteran, from whose flowing pen we had the books which delighted our young days, *Darnley*, and *Richelieu*, and *Delorme*, relish the works of Alexandre the Great, and thrill over the *Three Musqueteers*? Does the accomplished author of *The Caxtons* read the other tales in *Blackwood*? (For example, that ghost-story printed last August, and which for my part, though I read it in the public reading-room at the "Pavilion Hotel" at Folkestone, I protest frightened me so that I scarce dared look over my shoulder.) Does *Uncle Tom* admire *Adam Bede*; and does the author of the *Vicar of Wrexhill* laugh over *The War-*

78 ff. *Tale of Two Cities*, Dickens's romance of the French Revolution; the *Tower of London* is an historical romance by William Ainsworth (1805-1882). Other references in this paragraph are to the work of contemporary novelists, most of them English. 83. *veteran*. By the way, what a strange fate is that which befell the veteran novelist! He was appointed her Majesty's Consul-General in Venice, the only city in Europe where the famous "Two Cavaliers" cannot by any possibility be seen riding together. [Thackeray's note.]

20. *Eldon*, John Scott, Earl of Eldon, Lord Chancellor of England (1751-1838). 39. *ailles-de-pigeon*, pigeon wings, a method of brushing men's side-hair; also a wig similarly dressed.

den and the *Three Clerks*? Dear youth of ingenuous countenance and ingenuous pudor! I make no doubt that the eminent parties above named all partake of novels in moderation—eat jellies—but mainly nourish themselves upon wholesome roast and boiled.

Here, dear youth aforesaid! our *Cornhill Magazine* owners strive to provide thee with facts as well as fiction; and though it does not become them to brag of their Ordinary, at least they invite thee to a table where thou shalt sit in good company. That story of the *Fox* was written by one of the gallant seamen who sought for poor Franklin under the awful Arctic Night; that account of China is told by the man of all the empire most likely to know of what he speaks; those pages regarding Volunteers come from an honored hand that has borne the sword in a hundred famous fields, and pointed the British guns in the greatest siege in the world.

Shall we point out others? We are fellow-travelers, and shall make acquaintance as the voyage proceeds. In the Atlantic steamers, on the first day out (and on high and holy-days subsequently), the jellies set down on table are richly ornamented; *medioque in fonte leporum* rise the American and British flags nobly emblazoned in tin. As the passengers remark this pleasing phenomenon, the Captain no doubt improves the occasion by expressing a hope, to his right and left, that the flag of Mr. Bull and his younger Brother may always float side by side in friendly emulation. Novels having been previously compared to jellies—here are two (one perhaps not entirely saccharine, and flavored with some *amari aliquid* very distasteful to some palates)—two novels under two flags, the one that ancient ensign which has hung before the well-

known booth of *Vanity Fair*; the other that fresh and handsome standard which has lately been hoisted on *Barchester Towers*. Pray, sir, or madam, to which dish will you be helped?

So have I seen my friends Captain Lang and Captain Comstock press their guests to partake of the fare on that memorable "First day out," when there is no man, I think, who sits down but asks a blessing on his voyage, and the good ship dips over the bar, and bounds away into the blue water. (1860)

47. *Vanity Fair*, Thackeray's own novel, as is also *Lovel the Widower*. 49. *Barchester Towers*, a novel by Anthony Trollope, author also of *Framley Parsonage*.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900)

NOTE

Like the other "major prophets" of the Victorian Age, John Ruskin permitted his interest in social problems to eclipse gradually his earlier attachment for literature and art. It was not, however, a total eclipse; one of his missions in life was to bring art into industry. Like Carlyle, Ruskin believed that idleness is crime; to the precept that life without industry is sin, he added, however, the conception that industry without art is brutality. So it was that he applied the resources of an ample fortune and the equipment of a knowledge and love of art to the problem of stripping Victorian England of the ugliness which had come like a blight with the Industrial Revolution. But this was not the whole of his service to his contemporaries. Wordsworth, as "Nature's priest," had long preached the doctrine that "the world is too much with us" and that for the beauties of nature our hearts are out of tune. When factory towns replaced green countrysides, Victorian England came perilously near to forgetting entirely the calming influences of woods and hills and sea. In his early interpretation and defense of Turner, the English landscape artist, and in his interpretation of nature, Ruskin reawakened his countrymen to the glories of what they were in danger of losing, and gave them an understanding of nature which was fuller and richer than anything they had ever had. Some of Ruskin's later essays—especially the economic tracts written after 1860—reveal a crabbed querulousness of style which is only a crackling echo of the thunderings of Carlyle. In most of his interpretations of nature and art, however, he wrote with a rich melodiousness which has placed him among the chief prose writers of his time. Perhaps his facility for expressing his ideas in flowing cadences which sparkle with vivid imagery came from the rigid drill in the English Bible which he received from his mother.

3. pudor, shame. 12. Ordinary, tavern; here the word is used figuratively. 14. Fox, i.e., *The Search for Sir John Franklin* (from the *Private Journal of an Officer of the Fox*). [Thackeray's note.] 17. account of China, *The Chinese and the Outer Barbarians*, by Sir John Bowring. [Thackeray's note.] 20. pages regarding Volunteers, *Our Volunteers*, by Sir John Burgoyne. [Thackeray's note.] 31. *medioque in fonte leporum*, and in the center of these delights. 43. *amari aliquid*, a something bitter. 44. two novels, *Lovel the Widower* and *Framley Parsonage*. [Thackeray's note.]

At any rate the first volume of *Modern Painters*, which appeared in 1843 when Ruskin was only twenty-four, exhibits most of the characteristics of his richest and most ornate style. The following keen criticism is that part of volume 3, chapter 12, of *Modern Painters* which contains Ruskin's famous definition of the pathetic fallacy in observation of nature and in poets. The selection reveals Ruskin's keenness of observation, sharpness of classification, and smoothness and exactness of expression.

OF THE PATHETIC FALLACY

German dullness and English affectation have of late much multiplied among us the use of two of the most objectionable words that were ever coined by the troublesomeness of metaphysicians — namely, *Objective* and *Subjective*. No words can be more exquisitely, and in all points, useless; and I merely speak of them that I may, at once and forever, get them out of my way, and out of my reader's. But to get that done, they must be explained.

The word *blue*, say certain philosophers, means the sensation of color which the human eye receives in looking at the open sky, or at a bell gentian. Now, say they farther, as this sensation can only be felt when the eye is turned to the object, and as, therefore, no such sensation is produced by the object when nobody looks at it, therefore the thing, when it is not looked at, is not blue; and thus, say they, there are many qualities of things which depend as much on something else as on themselves. To be sweet, a thing must have a taster; it is only sweet while it is being tasted, and if the tongue had not the capacity of taste, then the sugar would not have the quality of sweetness.

And then they agree that the qualities of things which thus depend upon our perception of them, and upon our human nature as affected by them, shall be called Subjective; and the qualities of things which they always have, irrespective of any other nature, as roundness or squareness, shall be called Objective.

From these ingenious views the step is very easy to a farther opinion, that it does not much matter what things

are in themselves, but only what they are to us; and that the only real truth of them is their appearance to, or effect upon, us. From which position, with a hearty desire for mystification, and much egotism, selfishness, shallowness, and impertinence, a philosopher may easily go so far as to believe, and say, that everything in the world depends upon his seeing or thinking of it, and that nothing, therefore, exists but what he sees or thinks of.

Now, to get rid of all these ambiguities and troublesome words at once, be it observed that the word *blue* does not mean the *sensation* caused by a gentian on the human eye; but it means the power of producing that sensation; and this power is always there, in the thing, whether we are there to experience it or not, and would remain there though there were not left a man on the face of the earth. Precisely in the same way gunpowder has a power of exploding. It will not explode if you put no match to it. But it has always the power of so exploding, and is therefore called an explosive compound, which it very positively and assuredly is, whatever philosophy may say to the contrary. In like manner, a gentian does not produce the sensation of blueness, if you don't look at it. But it has always the power of doing so, its particles being everlastingly so arranged by its Maker. And therefore the gentian and the sky are always verily blue, whatever philosophy may say to the contrary; and if you do not see them blue when you look at them, it is not their fault, but yours.

Hence I would say to these philosophers: If, instead of using the sonorous phrase, "It is objectively so," you will use the plain old phrase, "It *is* so," and if instead of the sonorous phrase, "It is subjectively so," you will say, in plain old English, "It does so," or "It seems so to me," you will, on the whole, be more intelligible to your fellow-creatures; and besides, if you find that a thing which generally "does so" to other people (as a gentian looks blue to most men) does *not* so to you, on any

particular occasion, you will not fall into the impertinence of saying that the thing is not so, or did not so, but you will say simply (what you will be all the better for speedily finding out) that something is the matter with you. If you find that you cannot explode the gunpowder, you will not declare that all gunpowder is subjective, and all explosion imaginary, but you will simply suspect and declare yourself to be an ill-made match. Which, on the whole, though there may be a distant chance of a mistake about it, is nevertheless the wisest conclusion you can come to until further experiment.

Now, therefore, putting these tiresome and absurd words quite out of our way, we may go on at our ease to examine the point in question—namely, the difference between the ordinary, proper, and true appearances of things to us, and the extraordinary, or false appearances, when we are under the influence of emotion, or contemplative fancy; false appearances, I say, as being entirely unconnected with any real power or character in the object, and only imputed to it by us.

For instance—

The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mold
Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold.

This is very beautiful, and yet very untrue. The crocus is not a spendthrift, but a hardy plant; its yellow is not gold, but saffron. How is it that we enjoy so much the having it put into our heads that it is anything else than a plain crocus?

It is an important question. For, throughout our past reasonings about art, we have always found that nothing could be good or useful, or ultimately pleasurable, which was untrue. But here is something pleasurable in written poetry which is nevertheless untrue. And what is more, if we think over our favorite poetry, we shall find it full of this kind of fallacy, and that we like it all the more for being so.

It will appear also, on consideration of the matter, that this fallacy is of two principal kinds. Either, as in this case of the crocus, it is the fallacy of willful fancy, which involves no real expectation that it will be believed; or else it is a fallacy caused by an excited state of the feelings, making us, for the time, more or less irrational. Of the cheating of the fancy we shall have to speak presently; but, in this chapter, I want to examine the nature of the other error, that which the mind admits when affected strongly by emotion. Thus, for instance, in *Alton Locke*:

They rowed her in across the rolling foam—
The cruel, crawling foam.

The foam is not cruel, neither does it crawl. The state of mind which attributes to it these characters of a living creature is one in which the reason is unhinged by grief. All violent feelings have the same effect. They produce in us a falseness in all our impressions of external things, which I would generally characterize as the "pathetic fallacy."

Now we are in the habit of considering this fallacy as eminently a character of poetical description, and the temper of mind in which we allow it, as one eminently poetical, because passionate. But I believe, if we look well into the matter, that we shall find the greatest poets do not often admit this kind of falseness—that it is only the second order of poets who much delight in it.

65. *Alton Locke*, from Charles Kingsley's "The Sands of Dee" (see page 243). 86. *poets who much delight in it*. I admit two orders of poets, but no third; and by these two orders I mean the Creative (Shakespeare, Homer, Dante), and Reflective, or Perceptive (Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson). But both of these must be first-rate in their range, though their range is different; and with poetry second-rate in *quality* no one ought to be allowed to trouble mankind. There is quite enough of the best—much more than we can ever read or enjoy in the length of a life; and it is a literal wrong or sin in any person to encumber us with inferior work. I have no patience with apologies made by young pseudo-poets, "that they believe there is *some* good in what they have written; that they hope to do better in time," etc. *Some* good! If there is not *all* good, there is no good. If they ever hope to do better, why do they trouble us now? Let them rather courageously burn all they have done, and wait for the better days. There are few men, ordinarily educated, who in moments of strong feeling could not strike out a poetical thought, and afterwards polish it so as to be presentable. But men of sense know better than so to waste their time; and those who sincerely love poetry know the touch of the master's hand on the chords too well to fumble among

31. *The spendthrift crocus*, from Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Spring."

Thus, when Dante describes the spirits falling from the bank of Acheron "as dead leaves flutter from a bough," he gives the most perfect image possible of their utter lightness, feebleness, passiveness, and scattering agony of despair, without, however, for an instant losing his own clear perception that *these* are souls, and *those* are leaves; he makes no confusion of one with the other. But when Coleridge speaks of

The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,

he has a morbid, that is to say, a so far false, idea about the leaf; he fancies a life in it, and will, which there are not; confuses its powerlessness with choice, its fading death with merriment, and the wind that shakes it with music. Here, however, there is some beauty, even in the morbid passage; but take an instance in Homer and Pope. Without the knowledge of Ulysses, Elpenor, his youngest follower, has fallen from an upper chamber in the Circean palace, and has been left dead, unmissed by his leader or companions, in the haste of their departure. They cross the sea to the Cimmerian land; and Ulysses summons the shades from Tartarus. The first which appears is that of the lost Elpenor. Ulysses, amazed, and in exactly the spirit of bitter and terrified lightness which is seen in Hamlet, addresses the spirit with the simple, startled words:

Elpenor! How camest thou under the shadowy darkness? Hast thou come faster on foot than I in my black ship?

Which Pope renders thus:—

them after him. Nay, more than this, all inferior poetry is an injury to the good, inasmuch as it takes away the freshness of rimes, blunders upon and gives a wretched commonalty to good thoughts; and, in general, adds to the weight of human weariness in a most woeful and culpable manner. There are few thoughts likely to come across ordinary men, which have not already been expressed by greater men in the best possible way; and it is a wiser, more generous, more noble thing to remember and point out the perfect words, than to invent poorer ones, wherewith to encumber temporarily the world. [Ruskin's note.] 11. Coleridge, from *Christabel* (see page 175). 34. Hamlet, "Well said, old mole! can'st work i' the ground so fast?" [Ruskin's note.] From *Hamlet*, I, v, 162.

Oh, say, what angry power Elpenor led
To glide in shades, and wander with
the dead?

How could thy soul, by realms and
seas disjoined,

Outfly the nimble sail, and leave
the lagging wind?

I sincerely hope the reader finds no pleasure here, either in the nimbleness of the sail, or the laziness of the wind! And yet how is it that these conceits are so painful now, when they have been pleasant to us in the other instances?

For a very simple reason. They are not a *pathetic* fallacy at all, for they are put into the mouth of the wrong passion—a passion which never could possibly have spoken them—agonized curiosity. Ulysses wants to know the facts of the matter; and the very last thing his mind could do at the moment would be to pause, or suggest in anywise what was *not* a fact. The delay in the first three lines, and conceit in the last, jar upon us instantly like the most frightful discord in music. No poet of true imaginative power could possibly have written the passage.

Therefore we see that the spirit of truth must guide us in some sort, even in our enjoyment of fallacy. Coleridge's fallacy has no discord in it, but Pope's has set our teeth on edge. Without farther questioning, I will endeavor to state the main bearings of this matter.

The temperament which admits the pathetic fallacy is, as I said above, that of a mind and body in some sort too weak to deal fully with what is before them or upon them; borne away, or over-clouded, or over-dazzled by emotion; and it is a more or less noble state, according to the force of the emotion

64. No poet, etc. It is worth while comparing the way a similar question is put by the exquisite sincerity of Keats:

He wept, and his bright tears
Went trickling down the golden bow he held.
Thus, with half-shut suffused eyes, he stood;
While from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard by
With solemn step an awful goddess came,
And there was purport in her looks for him,
Which he with eager guess began to read
Perplexed, the while melodiously he said,
"How cam'st thou over the unfooted sea?"

Hyperion, iii, 42. [Ruskin's note.]

which has induced it. For it is no credit to a man that he is not morbid or inaccurate in his perceptions, when he has no strength of feeling to warp them; and it is in general a sign of higher capacity and stand in the ranks of being, that the emotions should be strong enough to vanquish, partly, the intellect, and make it believe what they choose. But it is still a grander condition when the intellect also rises, till it is strong enough to assert its rule against, or together with, the utmost efforts of the passions; and the whole man stands in an iron glow, white hot, perhaps, but still strong, and in nowise evaporating; even if he melts, losing none of his weight.

So, then, we have the three ranks: the man who perceives rightly, because he does not feel, and to whom the primrose is very accurately the primrose, because he does not love it. Then, secondly, the man who perceives wrongly, because he feels, and to whom the primrose is anything else than a primrose: a star, or a sun, or a fairy's shield, or a forsaken maiden. And then, lastly, there is the man who perceives rightly in spite of his feelings, and to whom the primrose is forever nothing else than itself—a little flower apprehended in the very plain and leafy fact of it, whatever and how many soever the associations and passions may be that crowd around it. And, in general, these three classes may be rated in comparative order, as the men who are not poets at all, and the poets of the second order, and the poets of the first; only, however great a man may be, there are always some subjects which *ought* to throw him off his balance; some, by which his poor human capacity of thought should be conquered, and brought into the inaccurate and vague state of perception, so that the language of the highest inspiration becomes broken, obscure, and wild in metaphor, resembling that of the weaker man, overborne by weaker things.

And thus, in full, there are four classes: the men who feel nothing, and therefore see truly; the men who feel

strongly, think weakly, and see untruly (second order of poets); the men who feel strongly, think strongly, and see truly (first order of poets); and the men who, strong as human creatures can be, are yet submitted to influences stronger than they, and see in a sort untruly, because what they see is inconceivably above them. This last is the usual condition of prophetic inspiration. . . . Be it clearly and constantly remembered that the greatness of a poet depends upon the two faculties, acuteness of feeling, and command of it. A poet is great, first in proportion to the strength of his passion, and then, that strength being granted, in proportion to his government of it; there being, however, always a point beyond which it would be inhuman and monstrous if he pushed this government, and, therefore, a point at which all feverish and wild fancy becomes just and true. Thus the destruction of the kingdom of Assyria cannot be contemplated firmly by a prophet of Israel. The fact is too great, too wonderful. It overthrows him, dashes him into a confused element of dreams. All the world is, to his stunned thought, full of strange voices. "Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, 'Since thou art gone down to the grave, no feller is come up against us.'" So, still more, the thought of the presence of Deity cannot be borne without this great astonishment. "The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

But by how much this feeling is noble when it is justified by the strength of its cause, by so much it is ignoble when there is not cause enough for it; and beyond all other ignobleness is the mere affectation of it, in hardness of heart. Simply bad writing may almost always, as above noticed, be known by its adoption of these fanciful metaphorical expressions as a sort of current coin; yet there is even a worse, at least a more harmful condition of writing than

86. *Since thou art gone*, etc. Isaiah, xiv, 8. 91. *The mountains*, etc. Isaiah, lv, 12.

this, in which such expressions are not ignorantly and feelinglessly caught up, but, by some master, skillful in handling, yet insincere, deliberately wrought out with chill and studied fancy; as if we should try to make an old lava-stream look red-hot again by covering it with dead leaves, or white-hot with hoar-frost.

10 When Young is lost in veneration, as he dwells on the character of a truly good and holy man, he permits himself for a moment to be overborne by the feeling so far as to exclaim

Where shall I find him? Angels, tell me where.

You know him; he is near you: point him out. Shall I see glories beaming from his brow, Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers?

20 This emotion has a worthy cause, and is thus true and right. But now hear the cold-hearted Pope say to a shepherd girl

Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;

Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;

Your praise the birds shall chant in every grove,

And winds shall waft it to the powers above. But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,

The wondering forests soon should dance again;

The moving mountains hear the powerful call,

30 And headlong streams hang, listening, in their fall.

This is not, nor could it for a moment be mistaken for, the language of passion. It is simple falsehood, uttered by hypocrisy; definite absurdity, rooted in affectation, and coldly asserted in the teeth of nature and fact. Passion will indeed go far in deceiving itself; but it must be a strong passion, not the simple wish of a lover to tempt his mistress to sing. Compare a very

15. *Where shall*, etc., from Young's *Night Thoughts*, II. 23. *Where'er*, etc., from Pope's *Pastorals: Summer*. Ruskin has omitted four lines after the first couplet.

closely parallel passage in Wordsworth, in which the lover has lost his mistress:

Three years had Barbara in her grave been laid,

When thus his moan he made—

“Oh, move, thou cottage, from behind yon oak, Or let the ancient tree uprooted lie, That in some other way yon smoke May mount into the sky.

If still behind yon pine-tree's ragged bough, Headlong, the waterfall must come,

Oh, let it, then, be dumb—
Be anything, sweet stream, but that which thou art now.”

Here is a cottage to be moved, if not a mountain, and a waterfall to be silent, if it is not to hang listening: but with what different relation to the mind that contemplates them! Here, in the extremity of its agony, the soul cries out wildly for relief, which at the same moment it partly knows to be impos- 60 sible, but partly believes possible, in a vague impression that a miracle *might* be wrought to give relief even to a less sore distress—that nature is kind, and God is kind, and that grief is strong; it knows not well what *is* possible to such grief. To silence a stream, to move a cottage wall—one might think it could do as much as that!

I believe these instances are enough 70 to illustrate the main point I insist upon respecting the pathetic fallacy—that so far as it *is* a fallacy, it is always the sign of a morbid state of mind, and comparatively of a weak one. Even in the most inspired prophet it is a sign of the incapacity of his human sight or thought to bear what has been revealed to it. In ordinary poetry, if it is found in the thoughts of the poet himself, it is at 80 once a sign of his belonging to the inferior school; if in the thoughts of the characters imagined by him, it is right or wrong according to the genuineness of the emotion from which it springs; always, however, implying necessarily *some* degree of weakness in the character. . . . (1856)

43. *Three years*, etc., inexactly quoted from “'Tis said that some have died for love.”

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)

NOTE

Matthew Arnold was a conspicuous apostle to his times who viewed pessimistically the industrial advancement of England, fearing that "faith in machinery" would destroy reliance upon spiritual values. His cure for the disease of the times was culture, which he defined, in phrasing characteristically rich and memorable, as "sweetness and light"—that is, "beauty and intelligence," which could come only from "the study of perfection." This perfection he found in the Greek view of life. The Greeks, he thought, could "see life steadily and see it whole." The partial, prejudiced gaze upon life of the Puritans and their descendants, the "Philistines," or, great, smug, self-satisfied middle class of England, to whom he preached untiringly but with an air of hopelessness, he regarded as narrowing and destructive. His ideals of culture, and especially his love of the white radiance of Hellenic civilization, he acquired partly from the training which he had received from his father, Thomas Arnold of Rugby. The work of every one of the "major prophets" among the Victorian essayists acquired from its persistence and earnest intensity an inevitable unity of tone and purpose. Thus the characteristic note of melancholy appears in all of Arnold's poetry as well as in his prose. Similarly his regard for the rounded, dispassionate view of life appears in his statement that true criticism consists largely in seeing the object "as in itself it really is," and in his hatred of all partial, prejudiced ideas. His prose style is marked by the very effective device of creating a significant, memorable phrase and then repeating and interpreting it until it always comes to the reader alive and glowing with the meaning which he has packed into it. He is sometimes irritating in his suggestions that his audience is quite unregenerate, but he is always stimulating; and, like Carlyle and Newman, he dared to stand for spiritual and cultural values in an age that threatened to become altogether mechanical. The first of the two essays reprinted here was written in 1880 as the general introduction to *The English Poets*, an anthology edited by T. H. Ward. The second part of this essay, dealing with the development of English poetry, is omitted here. The second is one of his *Discourses in America*, a series of lectures given during a lecture tour in 1883-1884. It is one of several lectures in which he defended his faith in a "cultural" education as opposed to the "scientific" one of Thomas Henry Huxley.

THE STUDY OF POETRY

"The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not

shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea *is* the fact. The strongest part of our religion today is its unconscious poetry."

Let me be permitted to quote these words of my own, as uttering the thought which should, in my opinion, go with us and govern us in all our study of poetry. In the present work it is the course of one great contributory stream to the world-river of poetry that we are invited to follow. We are here invited to trace the stream of English poetry. But whether we set ourselves, as here, to follow only one of the several streams that make the mighty river of poetry, or whether we seek to know them all, our governing thought should be the same. We should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses, and called to higher destinies, than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. Science, I say, will appear incomplete without it. For finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science"; and what is a countenance without its expression? Again, Wordsworth finely and truly calls poetry "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." Our religion, parading evidences such

9-10. religion . . . fact, an allusion to the growth of scientific knowledge and interest, and to the influence of science on religious faith. 23. present work, that is, Ward's *The English Poets*, to which Arnold's essay serves as preface. 49. the impassioned, etc., from Wordsworth's *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads* (1880), as is the quotation in lines 53-54. See page 921, lines 75 ff.

as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy, pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite and infinite being—what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we
 10 perceive their hollowness, the more we shall prize “the breath and finer spirit of knowledge” offered to us by poetry.

But if we conceive thus highly of the destinies of poetry, we must also set our standard for poetry high, since poetry, to be capable of fulfilling such high destinies, must be poetry of a high order of excellence. We must accustom
 20 ourselves to a high standard and to a strict judgment. Sainte-Beuve relates that Napoleon one day said, when somebody was spoken of in his presence as a charlatan: “Charlatan as much as you please; but where is there *not* charlatanism?” “Yes,” answers Sainte-Beuve, “in politics, in the art of governing mankind, that is perhaps true. But in the order of thought, in art, the glory, the eternal honor is that charlatanism
 30 shall find no entrance; herein lies the inviolableness of that noble portion of man’s being.” It is admirably said, and let us hold fast to it. In poetry, which is thought and art in one, it is the glory, the eternal honor, that charlatanism shall find no entrance; that this noble sphere be kept inviolate and inviolable. Charlatanism is for confusing or obliterating the distinctions between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true. It is charlatanism, conscious or unconscious, whenever we confuse or obliterate these. And in poetry, more than anywhere else, it is unpermissible to confuse or obliterate them. For in poetry the distinction between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true, is of paramount importance. It is of paramount importance because of the high destinies of poetry. In poetry, as a criticism of life under the

conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty, the spirit of our race will find, we have said, as time goes on and as other helps fail, its consolation and stay. But the consolation and stay will be of power in proportion to the power of the criticism of life. And the criticism of
 60 life will be of power in proportion as the poetry conveying it is excellent rather than inferior, sound rather than unsound or half-sound, true rather than untrue or half-true.

The best poetry is what we want; the best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining, and delighting us, as nothing else can. A clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, is the most precious benefit which we can gather from a poetical collection such as the present. And yet in the very nature and conduct of such a collection there is inevitably something which tends to obscure in us the consciousness of what our benefits should be, and to distract us from the pursuit of it. We should therefore steadily set it before our minds at the outset, and should compel ourselves to revert constantly to the thought of it as we proceed.

Yes; constantly, in reading poetry, a sense for the best, the really excellent, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, should be present in our minds and should govern our estimate of what we read. But this real estimate, the only true one, is liable to be superseded, if we are not watchful, by two other kinds of estimate, the historic estimate and the personal estimate, both of which are fallacious. A poet or a poem may count to us historically, they may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves, and they may count to us really. They may count to us historically. The
 100 course of development of a nation’s language, thought, and poetry, is profoundly interesting; and by regarding a poet’s work as a stage in this course of development we may easily bring ourselves to make it of more importance as poetry than in itself it really is, we may

come to use a language of quite exaggerated praise in criticizing it; in short, to overrate it. So arises in our poetic judgments the fallacy caused by the estimate which we may call historic. Then, again, a poet or a poem may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves. Our personal affinities, likings, and circumstances have great power to sway our estimate of this or that poet's work, and to make us attach more importance to it as poetry than in itself it really possesses, because to us it is, or has been, of high importance. Here also we overrate the object of our interest, and apply to it a language of praise which is quite exaggerated. And thus we get the source of a second fallacy in our poetic judgments—the fallacy caused by an estimate which we may call personal.

Both fallacies are natural. It is evident how naturally the study of the history and development of a poetry may incline a man to pause over reputations and works once conspicuous but now obscure, and to quarrel with a careless public for skipping, in obedience to mere tradition and habit, from one famous name or work in its national poetry to another, ignorant of what it misses, and of the reason for keeping what it keeps, and of the whole process of growth in its poetry. The French have become diligent students of their own early poetry, which they long neglected; the study makes many of them dissatisfied with this so-called classical poetry, the court-tragedy of the seventeenth century, a poetry which Pellisson long ago reproached with its want of the true poetic stamp, with its *politesse stérile et rampante*, but which, nevertheless, has reigned in France as absolutely as if it had been the perfection of classical poetry indeed. The dissatisfaction is natural; yet a lively and accomplished critic, M. Charles d'Héricault, the editor of Clément Marot, goes too far when he says that "the cloud of glory playing

round a classic is a mist as dangerous to the future of a literature as it is intolerable for the purposes of history." "It hinders," he goes on, "it hinders us from seeing more than one single point, the culminating and exceptional point; the summary, fictitious and arbitrary, of a thought and of a work. It substitutes a halo for a physiognomy, it puts a statue where there was once a man, and hiding from us all trace of the labor, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures, it claims not study but veneration; it does not show us how the thing is done, it imposes upon us a model. Above all, for the historian this creation of classic personages is inadmissible; for it withdraws the poet from his time, from his proper life, it breaks historical relationships, it blinds criticism by conventional admiration, and renders the investigation of literary origins unacceptable. It gives us a human personage no longer, but a God seated immovable amidst his perfect work, like Jupiter on Olympus; and hardly will it be possible for the young student, to whom such work is exhibited at such a distance from him, to believe that it did not issue ready-made from that divine head."

All this is brilliantly and tellingly said, but we must plead for a distinction. Everything depends on the reality of a poet's classic character. If he is a dubious classic, let us sift him; if he is a false classic, let us explode him. But if he is a real classic, if his work belongs to the class of the very best (for this is the true and right meaning of the word *classic, classical*), then the great thing for us is to feel and enjoy his work as deeply as ever we can, and to appreciate the wide difference between it and all work which has not the same high character. This is what is salutary, this is what is formative; this is the great benefit to be got from the study of poetry. Everything which interferes with it, which hinders it, is injurious. True, we must read our classic with open eyes, and not with eyes blinded with superstition; we must perceive when his work comes short, when it drops out of the class of the

39. *court-tragedy*. Cf. footnote on French drama (page 965). 40. Pellisson, a French critic of the seventeenth century. 42. *politesse stérile et rampante*, "artificiality barren and inflated." 48. M. Charles d'Héricault, a French journalist of Arnold's time. 49. Clément Marot, the court-poet to Francis I (1497-1544).

very best, and we must rate it, in such cases, at its proper value. But the use of this negative criticism is not in itself, it is entirely in its enabling us to have a clearer sense and a deeper enjoyment of what is truly excellent. To trace the labor, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures of a genuine classic, to acquaint oneself with his time and his life and his historical relationships, is mere literary dilettantism unless it has that clear sense and deeper enjoyment for its end. It may be said that the more we know about a classic the better we shall enjoy him; and, if we lived as long as Methuselah and had all of us heads of perfect clearness and wills of perfect steadfastness, this might be true in fact as it is plausible in theory.

But the case here is much the same as the case with the Greek and Latin studies of our schoolboys. The elaborate philological groundwork which we require them to lay is in theory an admirable preparation for appreciating the Greek and Latin authors worthily. The more thoroughly we lay the groundwork, the better we shall be able, it may be said, to enjoy the authors. True, if time were not so short, and schoolboys' wits not so soon tired and their power of attention exhausted; only, as it is, the elaborate philological preparation goes on, but the authors are little known and less enjoyed. So with the investigator of "historic origins" in poetry. He ought to enjoy the true classic all the better for his investigations; he often is distracted from the enjoyment of the best, and with the less good he overbusies himself, and is prone to overrate it in proportion to the trouble which it has cost him.

The idea of tracing historic origins and historical relationships cannot be absent from a compilation like the present. And naturally the poets to be exhibited in it will be assigned to those persons for exhibition who are known to prize them highly, rather than to those who have no special inclination toward them. Moreover, the very occupation with an author, and the business of exhibiting him, disposes us to affirm and amplify his importance.

In the present work, therefore, we are sure of frequent temptation to adopt the historic estimate, or the personal estimate, and to forget the real estimate; which latter, nevertheless, we must employ if we are to make poetry yield us its full benefit. So high is that benefit, the benefit of clearly feeling and of deeply enjoying the really excellent, the truly classic in poetry, that we do well, I say, to set it fixedly before our minds as our object in studying poets and poetry, and to make the desire of attaining it the one principle to which, as the *Imitation* says, whatever we may read or come to know, we always return. *Cum multa legeris et cognoveris, ad unum semper oportet redire principium.*

The historic estimate is likely in especial to affect our judgment and our language when we are dealing with ancient poets; the personal estimate when we are dealing with poets our contemporaries, or at any rate modern. The exaggerations due to the historic estimate are not in themselves, perhaps, of very much gravity. Their report hardly enters the general ear; probably they do not always impose even on the literary men who adopt them. But they lead to a dangerous abuse of language. So we hear Caedmon, amongst our own poets, compared to Milton. I have already noticed the enthusiasm of one accomplished French critic for "historic origins." Another eminent French critic, M. Vitet, comments upon that famous document of the early poetry of his nation, the *Chanson de Roland*. It is indeed a most interesting document. The *joculator* or *jongleur* Taillefer, who was with William the Conqueror's army at Hastings, marched before the Norman troops, so said the tradition, singing "of Charlemagne and of Roland and of Oliver,

70. *Imitation*. The *Imitation of Christ*, a fifteenth-century Latin devotional treatise ascribed to Thomas à Kempis. 72. *Cum*, etc., "although you have read much and know much, you must nevertheless always return to one principle" (*Imitation*, Book III, chapter 43). 93. *M. Vitet*, a French man of letters of Arnold's time. 96. *Chanson de Roland*, the old French poem of the deeds and death of Roland. 98. *Taillefer*, the minstrel who led the Norman troops at Hastings (1066). See introductory essay on Medieval Narrative Poetry and Modern Imitations (page 107) and footnote on Arthur Quiller-Couch's "The Roll-Call of the Reef" (page 1144).

and of the vassals who died at Roncevaux"; and it is suggested that in the *Chanson de Roland* by one Turolfus or Thérout, a poem preserved in a manuscript of the twelfth century in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, we have certainly the matter, perhaps even some of the words, of the chant which Taillefer sang. The poem has vigor and freshness; it is not without pathos. But M. Vitet is not satisfied with seeing in it a document of some poetic value, and of very high historic and linguistic value; he sees in it a grand and beautiful work, a monument of epic genius. In its general design he finds the grandiose conception, in its details he finds the constant union of simplicity with greatness, which are the marks, he truly says, of the genuine epic, and distinguish it from the artificial epic of literary ages. One thinks of Homer; this is the sort of praise which is given to Homer and justly given. Higher praise there can not well be, and it is the praise due to epic poetry of the highest order only, and to no other. Let us try, then, the *Chanson de Roland* at its best. Roland, mortally wounded, lays himself down under a pine tree, with his face turned toward Spain and the enemy:

De plusurs choses à remembrer li prist
De tantes teres cume li bers çunquist,
De dulce France, des humes de sun lign,
De Carlemagne sun seignor ki l'urrit.

That is primitive work, I repeat, with an undeniable poetic quality of its own. It deserves such praise and such praise is sufficient for it. But now turn to Homer:

"Ὡς φάτο, τοὺς δ' ἤδη κατέχευεν φρεσὶ φρεσὶ
ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αὖθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.

We are here in another world, another

32. *De plusurs choses*, etc. Then began he to call many things to remembrance—all the lands which his valor conquered, and pleasant France, and the men of his lineage, and Charlemagne his liege lord who nourished him (*Chanson de Roland*, iii, 939-942). 41-42. "So said she; they long since in Earth's soft arms were reposing. There, in their own dear land, their fatherland, Lacedaemon." (*Iliad*, III 243-244. Hawtrey's translation.) [Arnold's note.]

order of poetry altogether; here is rightly due such supreme praise as that which M. Vitet gives to the *Chanson de Roland*. If our words are to have any meaning, if our judgments are to have any solidity, we must not heap that supreme praise upon poetry of an order immeasurably inferior.

Indeed there can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry. Of course we are not to require this other poetry to resemble them; it may be very dissimilar. But if we have any tact we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality, and also the degree of this quality, in all other poetry which we may place beside them. Short passages, even single lines, will serve our turn quite sufficiently. Take the two lines which I have just quoted from Homer, the poet's comment on Helen's mention of her brothers; or take his

* Ἄ δειλὸν τί σφῶϊ δόμεν Πηληϊΐ ἀνακτὶ
θνητῷ; ὅμεις δ' ἐστὸν ἀγέρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε.
ἦ ἴνα δυστήνοισι μετ' ἀνδράσιν ἄλγε' ἔχῃτον;

the address of Zeus to the horses of Peleus; or, take finally, his

Καὶ σέ, γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν δβλιον εἶναι

the words of Achilles to Priam, a suppliant before him. Take that incomparable line and a half of Dante, Ugolino's tremendous words:

Io no piangeva; s' dentro impietrai.
Piangevan elli . . .

74-76. "Ah, unhappy pair, why gave we you to King Peleus, to a mortal? but ye are without old age, and immortal. Was it that with men born to misery ye might have sorrow?" (*Iliad*, XVII, 443-445). [Arnold's note.] 79. "Nay, and thou, too, old man, in former days wast, as we hear, happy" (*Iliad*, XXIV, 543). [Arnold's note.] 84. *Io no*, etc., "I wailed not, so of stone grew I within—they wailed" (*Inferno*, XXXIII, 39, 40). [Arnold's note.]

take the lovely words of Beatrice to Vergil:

Io son fatta da Dio, sua mercè, tale,
Che la vostra miseria non mi tange,
Nè fiamma d'esto incendio non m'assale. . . .

take the simple, but perfect, single line:

In la sua volontade è nostra pace.

Take of Shakespeare a line or two of Henry the Fourth's expostulation with sleep:

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge . . .

and take, as well, Hamlet's dying request to Horatio:

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story . . .

Take of Milton that Miltonic passage:

Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and
care
Sat on his faded cheek . . .

add two such lines as:

And courage never to submit or yield
And what is else not to be overcome . . .

and finish with the exquisite close to the loss of Proserpine, the loss

which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world.

These few lines, if we have tact and can

3. *Io son*, etc., "of such sort hath God, thanked be his mercy, made me, that your misery toucheth me not, neither doth the flame of this fire strike me" (*Inferno*, *ii*, 91-93). [Arnold's note.] 7. *In la*, etc., "in His will is our peace" (*Paradiso*, *iii*, 85). [Arnold's note.]

use them, are enough even of themselves to keep clear and sound our judgments about poetry, to save us from fallacious estimates of it, to conduct us to a real estimate.

The specimens I have quoted differ widely from one another, but they have in common this: the possession of the very highest poetical quality. If we are thoroughly penetrated by their power, we shall find that we have acquired a sense enabling us, whatever poetry may be laid before us, to feel the degree in which a high poetical quality is present or wanting there. Critics give themselves great labor to draw out what in the abstract constitutes the characters of a high quality of poetry. It is much better simply to have recourse to concrete examples; to take specimens of poetry of the high, the very highest quality, and to say: The characters of a high quality of poetry are what is expressed *there*. They are far better recognized by being felt in the verse of the master than by being perused in the prose of the critic. Nevertheless if we are urgently pressed to give some critical account of them, we may safely, perhaps, venture on laying down, not indeed how and why the characters arise, but where and in what they arise. They are in the matter and substance of the poetry, and they are in its manner and style. Both of these, the substance and matter on the one hand, the style and manner on the other, have a mark, an accent, of high beauty, worth, and power. But if we are asked to define this mark and accent in the abstract, our answer must be: No, for we should thereby be darkening the question, not clearing it. The mark and accent are as given by the substance and matter of that poetry, by the style and manner of that poetry, and of all other poetry which is akin to it in quality.

Only one thing we may add as to the substance and matter of poetry, guiding ourselves by Aristotle's profound observation that the superiority of poetry over history consists in its possessing a higher truth and a higher seriousness

(φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον). Let us add, therefore, to what we have said, this: that the substance and matter of the best poetry acquire their special character from possessing, in an eminent degree, truth and seriousness. We may add yet further, what is in itself evident, that to the style and manner of the best poetry their special character, their accent, is given by their diction, and, even yet more, by their movement. And though we distinguish between the two characters, the two accents, of superiority, yet they are nevertheless vitally connected one with the other. The superior character of truth and seriousness, in the matter and substance of the best poetry, is inseparable from the superiority of diction and movement marking its style and manner. The two superiorities are closely related, and are in steadfast proportion one to the other. So far as high poetic truth and seriousness are wanting to a poet's matter and substance, so far also we may be sure, will a high poetic stamp of diction and movement be wanting to his style and manner. In proportion as this high stamp of diction and movement, again, is absent from a poet's style and manner, we shall find, also, that high poetic truth and seriousness are absent from his substance and matter.

So stated, these are but dry generalities; their whole force lies in their application. And I could wish every student of poetry to make the application of them for himself. Made by himself, the application would impress itself upon his mind far more deeply than made by me. Neither will my limits allow me to make any full application of the generalities above propounded; but in the hope of bringing out, at any rate, some significance in them, and of establishing an important principle more firmly by their means, I will, in the space which remains to me, follow rapidly from the commencement the course of our English poetry with them in my view. . . . (1880)

1. The Greek means "more philosophical and more instructive" (Aristotle's *Poetics*, IX). 52. The Preface ends with a sketch of the development of poetry in France and England.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

Practical people talk with a smile of Plato and of his absolute ideas; and it is impossible to deny that Plato's ideas do often seem unpractical and impracticable, and especially when one views them in connection with the life of a great work-a-day world like the United States. The necessary staple of the life of such a world Plato regards with disdain; handicraft and trade and the working professions he regards with disdain; but what becomes of the life of an industrial modern community if you take handicraft and trade and the working professions out of it? The base mechanic arts and handicrafts, says Plato, bring about a natural weakness in the principle of excellence in a man, so that he cannot govern the ignoble growths in him, but nurses them, and cannot understand fostering any other. Those who exercise such arts and trades, as they have their bodies, he says, marred, by their vulgar businesses, so they have their souls, too, bowed and broken by them. And if one of these uncomely people has a mind to seek self-culture and philosophy, Plato compares him to a bald little tinker, who has scraped together money, and has got his release from service, and has had a bath, and bought a new coat, and is rigged out like a bridegroom about to marry the daughter of his master who has fallen into poor and helpless estate.

Nor do the working professions fare any better than trade at the hands of Plato. He draws for us an inimitable picture of the working lawyer, and of his life of bondage; he shows how this bondage from his youth up has stunted and warped him, and made him small and crooked of soul, encompassing him with difficulties which he is not man enough to rely on justice and truth as means to encounter, but has recourse, for help out of them, to falsehood and wrong. And so, says Plato, this poor

54. **absolute ideas.** By *absolute* Plato meant self-determined, or self-moved; self-determination he held to be the essence of true being. 59. **United States.** The lecture was given in America; hence the comparisons and the allusion here and elsewhere in the essay.

creature is bent and broken, and grows up from boy to man without a particle of soundness in him, although exceedingly smart and clever in his own esteem.

One cannot refuse to admire the artist who draws these pictures. But we say to ourselves that his ideas show the influence of a primitive and obsolete order of things, when the warrior caste and the priestly caste were alone in honor, and the humble work of the world was done by slaves. We have now changed all that; the modern majority consists in work, as Emerson declares; and in work, we may add, principally of such plain and dusty kind as the work of cultivators of the ground, handicraftsmen, men of trade and business, men of the working professions. Above all is this true in a great industrious community such as that of the United States.

Now education, many people go on to say, is still mainly governed by the ideas of men like Plato, who lived when the warrior caste and the priestly or philosophical class were alone in honor, and the really useful part of the community were slaves. It is an education fitted for persons of leisure in such a community. This education passed from Greece and Rome to the feudal communities of Europe, where also the warrior caste and the priestly caste were alone held in honor, and where the really useful and working part of the community, though not nominally slaves as in the pagan world, were practically not much better off than slaves, and not more seriously regarded. And how absurd it is, people end by saying, to inflict this education upon an industrious modern community, where very few indeed are persons of leisure, and the mass to be considered has not leisure, but is bound, for its own great good, and for the great good of the world at large, to plain labor and to industrial pursuits, and the education in question tends necessarily to make men dissatisfied with these pursuits and unfitted for them!

That is what is said. So far I must

defend Plato, as to plead that his view of education and studies is in the general, as it seems to me, sound enough, and fitted for all sorts and conditions of men, whatever their pursuits may be. "An intelligent man," says Plato, "will prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and will less value the others." I cannot consider *that* a bad description of the aim of education, and of the motives which should govern us in the choice of studies, whether we are preparing ourselves for a hereditary seat in the English House of Lords or for the pork trade in Chicago.

Still I admit that Plato's world was not ours, that his scorn of trade and handicraft is fantastic, that he had no conception of a great industrial community such as that of the United States, and that such a community must and will shape its education to suit its own needs. If the usual education handed down to it from the past does not suit it, it will certainly before long drop this and try another. The usual education in the past has been mainly literary. The question is whether the studies which were long supposed to be the best for all of us are practically the best now; whether others are not better. The tyranny of the past, many think, weighs on us injuriously in the predominance given to letters in education. The question is raised whether, to meet the needs of our modern life, the predominance ought not now to pass from letters to science; and naturally the question is nowhere raised with more energy than here in the United States. The design of abasing what is called "mere literary instruction and education," and of exalting what is called "sound, extensive, and practical scientific knowledge," is, in this intense-ly modern world of the United States, even more perhaps than in Europe, a very popular design, and makes great and rapid progress.

I am going to ask whether the present movement for ousting letters from their old predominance in education, and for transferring the predominance in edu-

cation to the natural sciences, whether this brisk and flourishing movement ought to prevail, and whether it is likely that in the end it really will prevail. An objection may be raised which I will anticipate. My own studies have been almost wholly in letters, and my visits to the field of the natural sciences have been very slight and inadequate, although those sciences have always strongly moved my curiosity. A man of letters, it will perhaps be said, is not competent to discuss the comparative merits of letters and natural science as means of education. To this objection I reply, first of all, that his incompetence, if he attempts the discussion but is really incompetent for it, will be abundantly visible; nobody will be taken in; he will have plenty of sharp observers and critics to save mankind from that danger. But the line I am going to follow is, as you will soon discover, so extremely simple, that perhaps it may be followed without failure even by one who for a more ambitious line of discussion would be quite incompetent.

Some of you may possibly remember a phrase of mine which has been the object of a good deal of comment; an observation to the effect that in our culture, the aim being to *know ourselves and the world*, we have, as the means to this end, *to know the best which has been thought and said in the world*. A man of science, who is also an excellent writer and the very prince of debaters, Professor Huxley, in a discourse at the opening of Sir Josiah Mason's college at Birmingham, laying hold of this phrase, expanded it by quoting some more words of mine, which are these: "The civilized world is to be regarded as now being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result; and whose members have for their proper outfit a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special local and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spirit-

ual sphere make most progress which most thoroughly carries out this program."

Now on my phrase, thus enlarged, Professor Huxley remarks that when I speak of the above-mentioned knowledge as enabling us to know ourselves and the world, I assert *literature* to contain the materials which suffice for thus making us know ourselves and the world. But it is not by any means clear, says he, that after having learned all which ancient and modern literatures have to tell us, we have laid a sufficiently broad and deep foundation for that criticism of life, that knowledge of ourselves and the world, which constitutes culture. On the contrary, Professor Huxley declares that he finds himself "wholly unable to admit that either nations or individuals will really advance, if their outfit draws nothing from the stores of physical science. An army without weapons of precision, and with no particular base of operations, might more hopefully enter upon a campaign on the Rhine, than a man, devoid of a knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, upon a criticism of life."

This shows how needful it is for those who are to discuss any matter together, to have a common understanding as to the sense of the terms they employ—how needful, and how difficult. What Professor Huxley says implies just the reproach which is so often brought against the study of *belles lettres*, as they are called: that the study is an elegant one, but slight and ineffectual; a smattering of Greek and Latin and other ornamental things, of little use for anyone whose object is to get at truth, and to be a practical man. So, too, M. Renan talks of the "superficial humanism" of a school-course which treats us as if we were all going to be poets, writers, preachers, orators, and he opposes this humanism to positive science, or the critical search after truth. And there is always a tendency in those who are remonstrating against the predominance of letters in education to under-

38. discourse, Huxley's *Science and Culture*.

98. Renan, a French author and critic (1823-1892).

stand by letters *belles lettres*, and by *belles lettres* a superficial humanism, the opposite of science or true knowledge.

But when we talk of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, for instance, which is the knowledge people have called the humanities, I for my part mean a knowledge which is something more than a superficial humanism, mainly decorative. "I call all teaching *scientific*," says Wolf, the critic of Homer, "which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources. For example: a knowledge of classical antiquity is scientific when the remains of classical antiquity are correctly studied in the original languages." There can be no doubt that Wolf is perfectly right; that all learning is scientific which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources, and that a genuine humanism is scientific.

When I speak of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, therefore, as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, I mean more than a knowledge of so much vocabulary, so much grammar, so many portions of authors in the Greek and Latin languages, I mean knowing the Greeks and Romans, and their life and genius, and what they were and did in the world; what we get from them, and what is its value. That, at least, is the ideal; and when we talk of endeavoring to know Greek and Roman antiquity, as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, we mean endeavoring so to know them as to satisfy this ideal, however much we may still fall short of it.

The same also as to knowing our own and other modern nations, with the like aim of getting to understand ourselves and the world. To know the best that has been thought and said by the modern nations is to know, says Professor Huxley, "only what modern *literatures* have to tell us; it is the criticism of life contained in modern literature." And yet "the distinctive character of our times," he urges, "lies in the vast and constantly increasing part which is played by natural knowledge." And how, therefore, can a man, devoid of knowledge of what physical science has

done in the last century, enter hopefully upon a criticism of modern life?

Let us, I say, be agreed about the meaning of the terms we are using. I talk of knowing the best which has been thought and uttered in the world; Professor Huxley says this means knowing *literature*. Literature is a large word; it may mean everything written with letters or printed in a book. Euclid's *Elements* and Newton's *Principia* are thus literature. All knowledge that reaches us through books is literature. But by literature Professor Huxley means *belles lettres*. He means to make me say that knowing the best which has been thought and said by the modern nations is knowing their *belles lettres* and no more. And this is no sufficient equipment, he argues, for a criticism of modern life. But as I do not mean, by knowing ancient Rome, knowing merely more or less of Latin *belles lettres*, and taking no account of Rome's military, and political, and legal, and administrative work in the world; and as, by knowing ancient Greece, I understand knowing her as the giver of Greek art, and the guide to a free and right use of reason and to scientific method, and the founder of our mathematics and physics and astronomy and biology—I understand knowing her as all this, and not merely knowing certain Greek poems, and histories, and treatises, and speeches—so as to the knowledge of modern nations also. By knowing modern nations, I mean not merely knowing their *belles lettres*, but knowing also what has been done by such men as Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin. "Our ancestors learned," says Professor Huxley, "that the earth is the center of the visible universe, and that man is the cynosure of things terrestrial; and more especially was it inculcated that the course of nature has no fixed order, but that it could be, and constantly was, altered." But for us now, continues Professor Huxley, "the notions of the beginning and the end of the world entertained by our forefathers are no longer credible. It is very certain that the earth is not the chief body in the

material universe, and that the world is not subordinated to man's use. It is even more certain that nature is the expression of a definite order, with which nothing interferes." "And yet," he cries, "the purely classical education advocated by the representatives of the humanists in our day gives no inkling of all this!"

10 In due place and time I will just touch upon that vexed question of classical education; but at present the question is as to what is meant by knowing the best which modern nations have thought and said. It is not knowing their *belles lettres* merely, which is meant. To know Italian *belles lettres* is not to know Italy, and to know English *belles lettres* is not to know England. Into knowing Italy
20 and England there comes a great deal more, Galileo and Newton amongst it. The reproach of being a superficial humanism, a tincture of *belles lettres*, may attach rightly enough to some other disciplines; but to the particular discipline recommended when I proposed knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world, it does not apply.
30 In that best I certainly include what in modern times has been thought and said by the great observers and knowers of nature.

There is, therefore, really no question between Professor Huxley and me as to whether knowing the great results of the modern scientific study of nature is not required as a part of our culture, as well as knowing the products of literature and art. But to follow the processes
40 by which those results are reached ought, say the friends of physical science, to be made the staple of education for the bulk of mankind. And here there does arise a question between those whom Professor Huxley calls with playful sarcasm "the Levites of culture," and those whom the poor humanist is sometimes apt to regard as its Nebuchadnezzars.

50 The great results of the scientific

investigation of nature we are agreed upon knowing, but how much of our study are we bound to give to the processes by which those results are reached? The results have their visible bearing on human life. But all the processes, too, all the items of fact by which those results are reached and established, are interesting. All knowledge is interesting to a wise man, and the knowledge of nature is interesting to all men. It is very interesting to know that from the albuminous white of the egg the chick in the egg gets the materials for its flesh, bones, blood, and feathers; while from the fatty yolk of the egg, it gets the heat and energy which enables it at length to break its shell and begin the world. It is less interesting, perhaps, but still it is interesting, to know that when a taper burns, the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water. Moreover, it is quite true that the habit of dealing with facts, which is given by the study of nature, is, as the friends of physical science praise it for being, an excellent discipline. The appeal, in the study of nature, is constantly to observation and experiment; not only is it said that the thing is so, but we can be made to see that it is so. Not only does a man tell us that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, as a man may tell us, if he likes, that Charon is punting his ferryboat on the river Styx, or that Victor Hugo is a sublime poet, or Mr. Gladstone the most admirable of statesmen; but we are made to see that the conversion into carbonic acid
80 and water does actually happen. This reality of natural knowledge it is which makes the friends of physical science contrast it, as a knowledge of things, with the humanist's knowledge, which is, they say, a knowledge of words. And hence Professor Huxley is moved to lay it down that, "for the purpose of attaining real culture an exclusively scientific education is at least as effective-100 as an exclusively literary education." And a certain President of the Section for Mechanical Science in the British Association is, in Scripture

46. Levites, high priests. 48. Nebuchadnezzars. Nebuchadnezzar was a Chaldean king of Babylon (c. 604-561 B.C.) who oppressed the Hebrews, the "children of light."

phrase, "very bold," and declares that if a man, in his mental training, "has substituted literature and history for natural science, he has chosen the less useful alternative." But whether we go these lengths or not, we must all admit that in natural science the habit gained of dealing with facts is a most valuable discipline, and that everyone should have some experience of it.

More than this, however, is demanded by the reformers. It is proposed to make the training in natural science the main part of education, for the great majority of mankind, at any rate. And here, I confess, I part company with the friends of physical science, with whom up to this point I have been agreeing. In differing from them, however, I wish to proceed with the utmost caution and diffidence. The smallness of my own acquaintance with the disciplines of natural science is ever before my mind, and I am fearful of doing these disciplines an injustice. The ability and pugnacity of the partisans of natural science make them formidable persons to contradict. The tone of tentative inquiry, which befits a being of dim faculties and bounded knowledge, is the tone I would wish to take and not to depart from. At present it seems to me that those who are for giving to natural knowledge, as they call it, the chief place in the education of the majority of mankind leave one important thing out of their account: the constitution of human nature. But I put this forward on the strength of some facts not at all recondite, very far from it; facts capable of being stated in the simplest possible fashion, and to which, if I so state them, the man of science will, I am sure, be willing to allow their due weight.

Deny the facts altogether, I think, he hardly can. He can hardly deny that when we set ourselves to enumerate the powers which go to the building up of human life, and say that they are the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, and the power of social life and manners—he can hardly deny that this

scheme, though drawn in rough and plain lines enough, and not pretending to scientific exactness, does yet give a fairly true representation of the matter. Human nature is built up by these powers; we have the need for them all. When we have rightly met and adjusted the claims of them all, we shall then be in a fair way for getting soberness and righteousness, with wisdom. This is evident enough and the friends of physical science would admit it.

But perhaps they may not have sufficiently observed another thing: namely, that the several powers just mentioned are not isolated, but there is, in the generality of mankind, a perpetual tendency to relate them one to another in divers ways. With one such way of relating them I am particularly concerned now. Following our instinct for intellect and knowledge, we acquire pieces of knowledge; and presently, in the generality of men, there arises the desire to relate these pieces of knowledge to our sense for conduct, to our sense for beauty—and there is weariness and dissatisfaction if the desire is balked. Now in this desire lies, I think, the strength of that hold which letters have upon us.

All knowledge is, as I said just now, interesting; and even items of knowledge which from the nature of the case cannot well be related, but must stand isolated in our thoughts, have their interest. Even lists of exceptions have their interest. If we are studying Greek accents, it is interesting to know that *pais* and *pas*, and some other monosyllables of the same form of declension, do not take the circumflex upon the last syllable of the genitive plural, but vary, in this respect, from the common rule. If we are studying physiology, it is interesting to know that the pulmonary artery carries dark blood and the pulmonary vein carries bright blood, departing in this respect from the common rule for the division of labor between the veins and the arteries. But everyone knows how we seek naturally to combine the pieces of our knowledge together, to bring them under general

rules, to relate them to principles; and how unsatisfactory and tiresome it would be to go on forever learning lists of exceptions, or accumulating items of fact which must stand isolated.

Well, that same need of relating our knowledge, which operates here within the sphere of our knowledge itself, we shall find operating, also, outside that sphere. We experience, as we go on learning and knowing—the vast majority of us experience—the need of relating what we have learned and known to the sense which we have in us for conduct, to the sense which we have in us for beauty.

A certain Greek prophetess of Mantinea in Arcadia, Diotima by name, once explained to the philosopher Socrates that love, and impulse, and bent of all kinds is, in fact, nothing else but the desire in men that good should forever be present to them. This desire for good, Diotima assured Socrates, is our fundamental desire, of which fundamental desire every impulse in us is only some one particular form. And therefore this fundamental desire it is, I suppose—this desire in men that good should be forever present to them—which acts in us when we feel the impulse for relating our knowledge to our sense for conduct and to our sense for beauty. At any rate, with men in general the instinct exists. Such is human nature. And the instinct, it will be admitted, is innocent, and human nature is preserved by our following the lead of its innocent instincts. Therefore, in seeking to gratify this instinct in question, we are following the instinct of self-preservation in humanity.

But, no doubt, some kinds of knowledge cannot be made to directly serve the instinct in question, cannot be directly related to the sense for beauty, to the sense for conduct. These are instrument-knowledges; they lead on to other knowledges, which can. A man who passes his life in instrument-knowledges is a specialist. They may be invaluable as instruments to something beyond, for those who have the gift thus to employ them; and they may be dis-

ciplines in themselves wherein it is useful for everyone to have some schooling. But it is inconceivable that the generality of men should pass all their mental life with Greek accents or with formal logic. My friend Professor Sylvester, who is one of the first mathematicians in the world, holds transcendental doctrines as to the virtue of mathematics, but those doctrines are not for common men. In the very Senate House and heart of our English Cambridge I once ventured, though not without an apology for my profaneness, to hazard the opinion that for the majority of mankind a little of mathematics, even, goes a long way. Of course this is quite consistent with their being of immense importance as an instrument to something else; but it is the few who have the aptitude for thus using them, not the bulk of mankind.

The natural sciences do not, however, stand on the same footing with these instrument-knowledges. Experience shows us that the generality of men will find more interest in learning that, when a taper burns, the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, or in learning the explanation of the phenomenon of dew, or in learning how the circulation of the blood is carried on, than they find in learning that the genitive plural of *pais* and *pas* does not take the circumflex on the termination. And one piece of natural knowledge is added to another, and others are added to that, and at last we come to propositions so interesting as Mr. Darwin's famous proposition that "our ancestor was a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits." Or we come to propositions of such reach and magnitude as those which Professor Huxley delivers, when he says that the notions of our forefathers about the beginning and the end of the world were all wrong, and that nature is the expression of a definite order with which nothing interferes.

Interesting, indeed, these results of science are, important they are, and we should all of us be acquainted with them. But what I now wish you to mark is

that we are still, when they are propounded to us and we receive them, we are still in the sphere of intellect and knowledge. And for the generality of men there will be found, I say, to arise, when they have duly taken in the proposition that their ancestor was "a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits," there will be found to arise an invincible desire to relate this proposition to the sense in us for conduct, and to the sense in us for beauty. But this the men of science will not do for us, and will hardly even profess to do. They will give us other pieces of knowledge, other facts, about other animals and their ancestors, or about plants, or about stones, or about stars; and they may finally bring us to those great "general conceptions of the universe, which are forced upon us all," says Professor Huxley, "by the progress of physical science." But still it will be *knowledge* only which they give us; knowledge not put for us into relation with our sense for conduct, our sense for beauty, and touched with emotion by being so put; not thus put for us, and therefore, to the majority of mankind, after a certain while, unsatisfying, wearying.

Not to the born naturalist, I admit. But what do we mean by a born naturalist? We mean a man in whom the zeal for observing nature is so uncommonly strong and eminent that it marks him off from the bulk of mankind. Such a man will pass his life happily in collecting natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and will ask for nothing, or hardly anything, more. I have heard it said that the sagacious and admirable naturalist whom we lost not very long ago, Mr. Darwin, once owned to a friend that for his part he did not experience the necessity for two things which most men find so necessary to them—religion and poetry; science and the domestic affections, he thought, were enough. To a born naturalist I can well understand that this should seem so. So absorbing is his occupation with nature, so strong his

love for his occupation, that he goes on acquiring natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and has little time or inclination for thinking about getting it related to the desire in man for conduct, the desire in man for beauty. He relates it to them for himself as he goes along, so far as he feels the need; and he draws from the domestic affections all the additional solace necessary. But then Darwins are extremely rare. Another great and admirable master of natural knowledge, Faraday, was a Sandemanian. That is to say, he related his knowledge to his instinct for conduct and to his instinct for beauty, by the aid of that respectable Scottish sectary, Robert Sandeman. And so strong, in general, is the demand of religion and poetry to have their share in a man, to associate themselves with his knowing, and to relieve and rejoice it, that probably, for one man amongst us with the disposition to do as Darwin did in this respect, there are at least fifty with the disposition to do as Faraday.

Education lays hold upon us, in fact, by satisfying this demand. Professor Huxley holds up to scorn medieval education, with its neglect of the knowledge of nature, its poverty even of literary studies, its formal logic devoted to "showing how and why that which the Church said was true must be true." But the great medieval universities were not brought into being, we may be sure, by the zeal for giving a jejune and contemptible education. Kings have been their nursing fathers, and queens have been their nursing mothers, but not for this. The medieval universities came into being because the supposed knowledge, delivered by Scripture and the Church, so deeply engaged men's hearts by so simply, easily, and powerfully relating itself to their desire for conduct, their desire for beauty. All other knowledge was dominated by this supposed knowledge and was subordinated to it, because of the surpassing strength of the hold which it gained upon the affections of men, by allying itself pro-

67. Faraday, an English chemist and physicist (1791-1867).

foundly with their sense for conduct, their sense for beauty.

But now, says Professor Huxley, conceptions of the universe fatal to the notions held by our forefathers have been forced upon us by physical science. Grant to him that they are thus fatal, that the new conceptions must and will soon become current everywhere, and that everyone will finally perceive them to be fatal to the beliefs of our forefathers. The need of humane letters, as they are truly called, because they serve the paramount desire in men that good should be forever present to them—the need of humane letters to establish a relation between the new conceptions, and our instinct for beauty, our instinct for conduct, is only the more visible. The Middle Age could do without humane letters, as it could do without the study of nature, because its supposed knowledge was made to engage its emotions so powerfully. Grant that the supposed knowledge disappears, its power of being made to engage the emotions will of course disappear along with it—but the emotions themselves, and their claim to be engaged and satisfied, will remain. Now if we find by experience that humane letters have an undeniable power of engaging the emotions, the importance of humane letters in a man's training becomes not less, but greater, in proportion to the success of modern science in extirpating what it calls "medieval thinking."

Have humane letters, then, have poetry and eloquence, the power here attributed to them of engaging the emotions, and do they exercise it? And if they have it and exercise it, *how* do they exercise it so as to exert an influence upon man's sense for conduct, his sense for beauty? Finally, even if they both can and do exert an influence upon the senses in question, how are they to relate to them the results—the modern results—of natural science? All these questions may be asked. First, have poetry and eloquence the power of calling out the emotions? The appeal is to experience. Experience shows that for the vast majority of men, for man-

kind in general, they have the power. Next, do they exercise it? They do. But then, *how* do they exercise it so as to affect man's sense for conduct, his sense for beauty? And this is perhaps a case for applying the Preacher's words: "Though a man labor to seek it out, yet he shall not find it; yea, farther, though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it." Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say "Patience is a virtue," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with Homer,

τλητόν γάρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν—

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men"? Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with the philosopher Spinoza, *Felicitas in eo consistit quod homo suum esse conservare potest*—"Man's happiness consists in his being able to preserve his own essence," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with the Gospel, "What is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, forfeit himself?" How does this difference of effect arise? I cannot tell, and I am not much concerned to know; the important thing is that it does arise, and that we can profit by it. But how, finally, are poetry and eloquence to exercise the power of relating the modern results of natural science to man's instinct for conduct, his instinct for beauty? And here again I answer that I do not know *how* they will exercise it, but that they can and will exercise it I am sure. I do not mean that modern philosophical poets and modern philosophical moralists are to come and relate for us, in express terms, the results of modern scientific research to our instinct for conduct, our instinct for beauty. But I mean that we shall find, as a matter of experience, if we know the best that has been thought and uttered in the world, we shall find that the art and poetry and eloquence of men who lived,

61. Though a man, etc., Ecclesiastes, viii, 17. The preacher was Ecclesiasticus, the writer of the book. 69. The Greek line is from the *Iliad*, xxiv, 49. 80. What is a man advantaged, etc., Matthew, xvi, 26.

perhaps, long ago, who had the most limited natural knowledge, who had the most erroneous conceptions about many important matters, we shall find that this art, and poetry, and eloquence, have in fact not only the power of refreshing and delighting us, they have also the power—such is the strength and worth, in essentials, of their authors' criticism of life—they have a fortifying, and elevating, and quickening, and suggestive power, capable of wonderfully helping us to relate the results of modern science to our need for conduct, our need for beauty. Homer's conceptions of the physical universe were, I imagine, grotesque; but really, under the shock of hearing from modern science that "the world is not subordinated to man's use, and that man is not the cynosure of things terrestrial," I could, for my own part, desire no better comfort than Homer's line which I quoted just now,

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν—

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men!"

And the more that men's minds are cleared, the more that the results of science are frankly accepted, the more that poetry and eloquence come to be received and studied as what in truth they really are—the criticism of life by gifted men, alive and active with extraordinary power at an unusual number of points—so much the more will the value of humane letters, and of art also, which is an utterance having a like kind of power with theirs, be felt and acknowledged, and their place in education be secured.

Let us therefore, all of us, avoid indeed as much as possible any invidious comparison between the merits of humane letters, as means of education, and the merits of the natural sciences. But when some President of a Section for Mechanical Science insists on making the comparison, and tells us that "he who in his training has substituted literature and history for natural science has chosen the less useful alternative,"

let us make answer to him that the student of humane letters only, will, at least, know also the great general conceptions brought in by modern physical science; for science, as Professor Huxley says, forces them upon us all. But the student of the natural sciences only, will, by our very hypothesis, know nothing of humane letters; not to mention that in setting himself to be perpetually accumulating natural knowledge, he sets himself to do what only specialists have in general the gift for doing genially. And so he will probably be unsatisfied, or at any rate incomplete, and even more incomplete than the student of humane letters only.

I once mentioned in a school-report how a young man in one of our English training colleges having to paraphrase the passage in *Macbeth* beginning,

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?

turned this line into "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" And I remarked what a curious state of things it would be if every pupil of our national schools knew, let us say, that the moon is two thousand one hundred and sixty miles in diameter, and thought at the same time that a good paraphrase for

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?

was "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" If one is driven to choose, I think I would rather have a young person ignorant about the moon's diameter, but aware that "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" is bad, than a young person whose education had been such as to manage things the other way.

Or to go higher than the pupils of our national schools. I have in my mind's eye a member of our British Parliament who comes to travel here in America, who afterwards relates his travels, and who shows a really masterly knowledge of the geology of this great country and of its mining capabilities, but who ends by gravely suggesting that the United States should borrow a prince from our Royal Family, and should make him

their king, and should create a House of Lords of great landed proprietors after the pattern of ours; and then America, he thinks, would have her future happily and perfectly secured. Surely, in this case, the President of the Section for Mechanical Science would himself hardly say that our member of Parliament, by concentrating himself upon
 10 geology and mineralogy, and so on, and not attending to literature and history, had "chosen the more useful alternative."

If then there is to be separation and option between humane letters on the one hand, and the natural sciences on the other, the great majority of mankind, all who have not exceptional and overpowering aptitudes for the study
 20 of nature, would do well, I cannot but think, to choose to be educated in humane letters rather than in the natural sciences. Letters will call out their being at more points, will make them live more.

I said that before I ended I would just touch on the question of classical education, and I will keep my word. Even if literature is to retain a large
 30 place in our education, yet Latin and Greek, say the friends of progress, will certainly have to go. Greek is the grand offender in the eyes of these gentlemen. The attackers of the established course of study think that against Greek, at any rate, they have irresistible arguments. Literature may perhaps be
 40 needed in education, they say; but why on earth should it be Greek literature? Why not French or German? Nay, "has not an Englishman models in his own literature of every kind of excellence?" As before, it is not on any weak pleadings of my own that I rely for convincing the gainsayers; it is on the constitution of human nature
 50 itself, and on the instinct of self-preservation in humanity. The instinct for beauty is set in human nature, as surely as the instinct for knowledge is set there, or the instinct for conduct. If the instinct for beauty is served by Greek literature and art as it is served by no other literature and art, we may trust

to the instinct of self-preservation in humanity for keeping Greek as part of our culture. We may trust to it for even making the study of Greek more prevalent than it is now. Greek will come, I hope, some day to be studied more rationally than at present; but it will be increasingly studied as men increasingly feel the need in them for beauty, and how powerfully Greek art and Greek literature can serve this need. Women will again study Greek, as Lady Jane Grey did; I believe that in that chain of forts, with which the fair host of the Amazons are now engirdling our English universities—I find
 70 that here in America, in colleges like Smith College in Massachusetts, and Vassar College in the State of New York, and in the happy families of the mixed universities out West, they are studying it already.

Defuit una mihi symmetria prisca—"The antique symmetry was the one thing wanting to me," said Leonardo da Vinci; and he was an Italian. I
 80 will not presume to speak for the Americans, but I am sure that, in the Englishman, the want of this admirable symmetry of the Greeks is a thousand times more great and crying than in any Italian. The results of the want show themselves most glaringly, perhaps, in our architecture, but they show themselves, also, in all our art. *Fit details strictly combined, in view of a large general result nobly conceived*; that is just the beautiful *symmetria prisca* of the Greeks, and it is just where we English fail, where all our art fails. Striking
 90 ideas we have, and well-executed details we have; but that high symmetry which, with satisfying and delightful effect, combines them, we seldom or never have. The glorious beauty of the Acropolis at Athens did not come from
 100 single fine things stuck about on that hill, a statue here, a gateway there—no, it arose from all things being perfectly

66. Women will again study Greek. Arnold saw in the establishment of women's colleges, especially in America, a revival of the interest in classical studies which was possessed by the women of the Elizabethan Age. That his faith in higher education for women was not shared by all of his contemporaries every reader of Tennyson's *Princess* knows.

combined for a supreme total effect. What must not an Englishman feel about our deficiencies in this respect, as the sense for beauty, whereof this symmetry is an essential element, awakens and strengthens within him! what will not one day be his respect and desire for Greece and its *symmetria prisca*, when the scales drop from his eyes as he walks the London streets, and he sees such a lesson in meanness as the Strand, for instance, in its true deformity! But here we are coming to our friend Mr. Ruskin's province, and I will not intrude upon it, for he is its very sufficient guardian.

And so we at last find, it seems, we find flowing in favor of the humanities the natural and necessary stream of things, which seemed against them when we started. The "hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits," this good fellow carried hidden in his nature, apparently, something destined to develop into a necessity for humane letters. Nay, more; we seem finally to be even led to the further conclusion that our hairy ancestor carried in his nature, also, a necessity for Greek.

And therefore, to say the truth, I cannot really think that humane letters are in much actual danger of being thrust out from their leading place in education, in spite of the array of authorities against them at this moment. So long as human nature is what it is, their attractions will remain irresistible. As with Greek, so with letters generally; they will some day come, we may hope, to be studied more rationally, but they will not lose their place. What will happen will rather be that there will be crowded into education other matters besides, far too many; there will be, perhaps, a period of unsettlement and confusion and false tendency; but letters will not in the end lose their leading place. If they lose it for a time, they will get it back again. We shall be brought back to them by our wants and aspirations. And a poor humanist may possess his soul in patience, neither strive nor cry, admit the energy and

brilliancy of the partisans of physical science, and their present favor with the public, to be far greater than his own, and still have a happy faith that the nature of things works silently on behalf of the studies which he loves, and that, while we shall all have to acquaint ourselves with the great results reached by modern science, and to give ourselves as much training in its disciplines as we can conveniently carry, yet the majority of men will always require humane letters; and so much the more, as they have the more and the greater results of science to relate to the need in man for conduct, and to the need in him for beauty. (1885)

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825-1895)

NOTE

The vivacious autobiography of the apostle of Darwinism is reprinted on pages 870 ff. and should be read in connection with the following essay. Unlike Carlyle, Newman, and Arnold, Huxley did not look for the regeneration of England in the restoration of the values, spiritual or otherwise, of a bygone age. He had as much faith in science as Arnold had in culture, and he gloried in its accomplishments. Many scientists are satisfied to work quietly, leaving to posterity the correct evaluation of their labors. Huxley became, however, the active proponent of the Darwinian theory and the highly effective advocate of the introduction of science in education. His conception of "A Liberal Education" is taken from the first part of an address delivered before the South London Working Men's College in 1868 and published under the title "A Liberal Education, and Where to Find It." It shows his scientific point of view as well as his capacity always to make his ideas clear through similes and concrete language.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

. . . By way of a beginning, let us ask ourselves, What is education? Above all things, what is our ideal of a thoroughly liberal education?—of that education which, if we could begin life again, we would give ourselves—of that education which, if we could mold the fates to our own will, we would give our children? Well, I know not what may be your conceptions upon this matter,

but I will tell you mine, and I hope I shall find that our views are not very discrepant.

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn
10 at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two play-
20 ers in a game of his or her own. The chessboard is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the
30 highest stakes are paid, with that sort of over-flowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for
50 the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win

—and I should accept it as an image of human life.

Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but
60 men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority,
70 or of numbers, upon the other side.

It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigor of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five min-
80 utes. Nature would begin to teach him through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no
90 extras and very few accomplishments.

And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam, or, better still, an Eve, a new and greater world, that of social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might seem but faint shadows, would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarser monitors, pleasure and pain; but conduct would
100 still be shaped by the observation of the natural consequences of actions; or, in other words, by the laws of the nature of man.

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then,

47. Retzsch, Morris (1779-1857), a German etcher and designer.

long before we were susceptible of any other modes of instruction, Nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our actions into rough accordance with Nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past for anyone, be he as old as he may. For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And Nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members—Nature having no Test-Acts.

Those who take honors in Nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "Poll," who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as Nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of Nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as willful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

The object of what we commonly call education—that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as artificial education—is to make good these defects in Nature's methods; to prepare the child to receive Nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with willful disobedience;

and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her pleasure, without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education. And a liberal education is an artificial education which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards, which Nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely—she as his ever beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter. . . . (1868)

WALTER PATER (1839-1894)

NOTE

Though seeming at first view to react against the sterner essayists who were his early contemporaries and to lose all sense of duty and service in a self-indulgent epicureanism, Walter Pater's philosophy had much to commend it. His epicureanism was not the false philosophy of sense indulgence, but a higher one which demanded for its satisfaction a life inspired by art. Thus Pater would build for himself, not selfishly, a

18. *Test-Acts*, laws requiring all members of national universities to be adherents of the Church of England.
24. *Poll*, mob (Greek). 27. *plucked*, dropped.

palace of art in which his soul might nourish itself on the lovely things which the genius of man had created. His view of criticism was, therefore, the opposite of that of the carping fault-finder. He tried to understand the masterpiece, to appreciate its beauty, and having done so to interpret it to others. As a result his criticisms are *appreciations*; to go through literature or art under his guidance is to acquire an acquaintance with the best and an understanding of the criteria of artistic excellence. The following essay is a clear and penetrating definition of two critical terms, "classicism" and "romanticism," which have troubled critics and readers alike. It appeared first in Macmillan's magazine for November 1876, and was reprinted in 1889 as Postscript to his volume of essays called *Appreciations*. A few paragraphs have been omitted; these relate the development of romanticism in France and Germany. The essay should be compared with Macaulay's essay on "Correctness and Classicism" (page 969) and with Stevenson's "A Gossip on Romance" (page 1059).

ROMANTICISM

The words "classical" and "romantic," although, like many other critical expressions, sometimes abused by those who have understood them too vaguely or too absolutely, yet define two real tendencies in the history of art and literature. Used in an exaggerated sense, to express a greater opposition between those tendencies than really exists, they have at times tended to divide people of taste into opposite camps. But in that House Beautiful which the creative minds of all generations—the artists and those who have treated life in the spirit of art—are always building together, for the refreshment of the human spirit, these oppositions cease; and the Interpreter of the House Beautiful, the true aesthetic critic, uses these divisions only so far as they enable him to enter into the peculiarities of the objects with which he has to do. The term "classical," fixed, as it is, to a well-defined literature, and a well-defined group in art, is clear, indeed; but then it has often been used in a hard and merely scholastic sense by the praisers of what is old and accu-

30
30

what is old, in art or literature, for its accessories, and chiefly for the conventional authority that has gathered about it—people who would never really have been made glad by any Venus fresh-risen from the sea, and who praise the Venus of old Greece and Rome only because they fancy her grown now into something staid and tame. 40

And as the term "classical" has been used in a too absolute, and therefore in a misleading sense, so the term "romantic" has been used much too vaguely, in various accidental senses. The sense in which Scott is called a romantic writer is chiefly this—that, in opposition to the literary tradition of the last century, he loved strange adventure, and sought it in the Middle Age. Much later, in a Yorkshire village, the spirit of romanticism bore a more really characteristic fruit in the work of a young girl, Emily Brontë, the romance of *Wuthering Heights*; the figures of Hareton Earnshaw, of Catherine Linton, and of Heathcliff—tearing open Catherine's grave, removing one side of her coffin, that he may really lie beside her in death—figures so passionate, yet woven on a background of delicately beautiful moorland scenery, being typical examples of that spirit. In Germany, again, that spirit is shown less in Tieck, its professional representative, than in Meinhold, the author of *Sidonia the Sorceress* and the *Amber Witch*. In Germany and France, within the last hundred years, the term has been used to describe a particular school of writers; and consequently, when Heine criticizes the "Romantic School" in Germany, that movement which culminated in Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*, or when Théophile Gautier criticizes the romantic school in France, where, indeed, it bore its most characteristic fruits, and its play is hardly yet over—where by a certain audacity or *bizarrierie* of motive, 80

39. **Venus.** In Greek mythology Aphrodite, the goddess of love and beauty, arose from the sea foam and landed at Cythera. The Romans identified her with Venus. 75. **Théophile Gautier.** A French novelist and critic (1811-1872). The Romantic School in Germany and that in France flourished in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries and correspond to the Romantic Movement in England.

united with faultless literary execution, it still shows itself in imaginative literature—they use the word with an exact sense of special artistic qualities indeed, but use it, nevertheless, with a limited application to the manifestation of those qualities at a particular period. But the romantic spirit is, in reality, an ever-present, an enduring principle, in the artistic temperament; and the qualities of thought and style which that and other similar uses of the word “romantic” really indicate, are indeed but symptoms of a very continuous and widely working influence.

Though the words “classical” and “romantic,” then, have acquired an almost technical meaning, in application to certain developments of German and French taste, yet this is but one variation of an old opposition, which may be traced from the very beginning of the formation of European art and literature. From the first formation of anything like a standard of taste in these things, the restless curiosity of their more eager lovers necessarily made itself felt in the craving for new motives, new subjects of interest, new modifications of style. Hence the opposition between the classicists and the romanticists—between the adherents, in the culture of beauty, of the principles of liberty and authority respectively—of strength and order—or what the Greeks called *κοσμιότης*.

The charm, therefore, of what is classical, in art or literature, is that of the well-known tale, to which we can nevertheless listen over and over again, because it is told so well. To the absolute beauty of its artistic form is added the accidental, tranquil charm of familiarity. There are times, indeed, at which these charms fail to work on our spirits at all, because they fail to excite us. “Romanticism,” says Stendhal, “is the art of presenting to people the literary works which, in the actual state of their habits and beliefs, are capable of giving them the greatest possible pleasure; classicism, on the

contrary, of presenting them with that which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their grandfathers.” But then, beneath all changes of habits and beliefs, our love of that mere abstract proportion—of music—which what is classical in literature possesses, still maintains itself in the best of us, and what pleased our grandparents may at least tranquillize us. The “classic” comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times, as the measure of what a long experience has shown will at least never displease us. And in the classical literature of Greece and Rome, as in the classics of the last century, the essentially classical element is that quality of order in beauty, which they possess indeed in a preëminent degree, and which impresses some minds to the exclusion of everything else in them.

It is the addition of strangeness to beauty that constitutes the romantic character in art; and the desire of beauty being a fixed element in every artistic organization, it is the addition of curiosity to this desire of beauty that constitutes the romantic temper. Curiosity and the desire of beauty have each their place in art, as in all true criticism. When one’s curiosity is deficient, when one is not eager enough for new impressions, and new pleasures, one is liable to value mere academical proprieties too highly, to be satisfied with worn-out or conventional types, with the insipid ornament of Racine, or the prettiness of that later Greek sculpture which passed so long for true Hellenic work; to miss those places where the handiwork of nature, or of the artist, has been most cunning; to find the most stimulating products of art a mere irritation. And when one’s curiosity is in excess, when it overbalances the desire of beauty, then one is liable to value in works of art what is inartistic in them—to be satisfied with what is exaggerated in art, with productions like some of those of the romantic school in Germany—not to distinguish jealously enough between what is admirably done and what is done

36. The Greek means “decorum.” 47. Stendhal, pen name of Marie Henri Beyle, French novelist (1783-1842).

89. Racine, a French dramatic poet (1639-1699); cf. note on French drama, page 965.

not quite so well, in the writings—for instance—of Jean Paul. And if I had to give instances of these defects, then I should say that Pope, in common with the age of literature to which he belonged, had too little curiosity, so that there is always a certain insipidity in the effect of his work, exquisite as it is; and, coming down to our own time, that

10 Balzac had an excess of curiosity—curiosity not duly tempered with the desire of beauty.

But, however falsely those two tendencies may be opposed by critics, or exaggerated by artists themselves, they are tendencies really at work at all times in art, molding it, with the balance sometimes a little on one side, sometimes a little on the other; generating,

20 respectively, as the balance inclines on this side or on that, two principles, two traditions, in art, and in literature so far as it partakes of the spirit of art. If there is a great overbalance of curiosity, then we have the grotesque in art; if the union of strangeness and beauty, under very difficult and complex conditions, be a successful one, if the union be entire, then the resultant

30 beauty is very exquisite, very attractive. With a passionate care for beauty the romantic spirit refuses to have it unless the condition of strangeness be first fulfilled. Its desire is for a beauty born of unlikely elements, by a profound alchemy, by a difficult initiation, by the charm which wrings it even out of terrible things; and a trace of distortion, of the grotesque, may perhaps linger, as an additional

40 element of expression, about its ultimate grace. Its eager, excited spirit will have strength, the grotesque, first of all—the trees shrieking as you tear off the leaves; for Jean Valjean, the long years of convict life; for Redgauntlet, the quicksands of Solway Moss; then, incorporate with this strangeness, and intensified by restraint, as much sweetness, as much beauty, as

50 is compatible with that . . .

The essential elements, then, of the

romantic spirit are curiosity and the love of beauty; and it is only as an illustration of these qualities that it seeks the Middle Age, because, in the overcharged atmosphere of the Middle Age, there are unworked sources of romantic effect, of a strange beauty, to be won, by strong imagination, out of things unlikely or remote. . . .

In his book on *Racine and Shakespeare*, Stendhal argues that all good art was romantic in its day, and this is perhaps true in Stendhal's sense. That little treatise, full of "dry light" and fertile ideas, was published in the year 1823, and its object is to defend an entire independence and liberty in the choice and treatment of subject, both in art and literature, against those who

70 upheld the exclusive authority of precedent. In pleading the cause of romanticism, therefore, it is the novelty, both of form and of motive, in writings like the *Hernani* of Victor Hugo (which soon followed it, raising a storm of criticism) that he is chiefly concerned to justify. To be interesting and really stimulating, to keep us from yawning

80 even, art and literature must follow the subtle movements of that nimbly-shifting Time-Spirit, or *Zeitgeist*, understood by French not less than by German criticism, which is always modifying men's taste as it modifies their manners and their pleasures. This, he contends, is what all great workmen had always understood. Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, had exercised an absolute independence in their choice of sub-

90 ject and treatment. To turn always with that ever-changing spirit, yet to retain the flavor of what was admirably done in past generations, in the classics, as we say, is the problem of true romanticism. "Dante," he observes, "was preëminently the romantic poet. He adored Vergil, yet he wrote the *Divine Comedy*, with the episode of Ugolino, which is as unlike the *Aeneid* as can possibly be. And those who thus obey the

100 fundamental principle of romanticism,

2. Jean Paul, Jean Paul Richter (1763-1825), a German writer. 10. Balzac, a French novelist (1799-1850). Pater is condemning what he considers the excesses, exaggerations, and superabundant novelties in his work. 44. Jean Valjean, the hero of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. 45. Redgauntlet, a character in Scott's *Redgauntlet*.

99. Ugolino, a Pisan nobleman of the thirteenth century, who was imprisoned in a tower by his enemy Archbishop Ruggieri and left to starve. Dante represents him in hell as gnawing the head of Ruggieri while both are frozen in a lake of ice; cf. footnote, page 794.

one by one become classical, and are joined to that ever-increasing common league, formed by men of all countries, to approach nearer and nearer to perfection."

Romanticism, then, although it has its epochs, is in its essential characteristics rather a spirit which shows itself at all times, in various degrees, in individual workmen and their work, and the amount of which criticism has to estimate in them taken one by one, than the peculiarity of a time or a school. Depending on the varying proportion of curiosity and the desire of beauty, natural tendencies of the artistic spirit at all times, it must always be partly a matter of individual temperament. The eighteenth century in England has been regarded as almost exclusively a classical period; yet William Blake, a type of so much which breaks through what are conventionally thought the influences of that century, is still a noticeable phenomenon in it, and the reaction in favor of naturalism in poetry begins in that century, early. There are, thus, the born romanticists and the born classicists. There are the born classicists who start with *form*, to whose minds the comeliness of the old, immemorial, well-recognized types in art and literature have revealed themselves impressively; who will entertain no matter which will not go easily and flexibly into them; whose work aspires only to be a variation upon, or study from, the older masters. "Tis art's decline, my son!" they are always saying to the progressive element in their own generation—to those who care for that which in fifty years' time everyone will be caring for. On the other hand, there are the born romanticists, who start with an original, untried *matter*, still in fusion; who conceive this vividly, and hold by it as the essence of their work; who, by the very vividness and heat of their conception, purge away, sooner or later, all that is not organically appropriate to it, till the whole effect adjusts itself in clear, orderly, proportionate form; which form, after a very little time, becomes classical in its turn.

The romantic or classical character of a picture, a poem, a literary work, depends, then, on the balance of certain qualities in it; and in this sense a very real distinction may be drawn between good classical and good romantic work. But all critical terms are relative; and there is at least a valuable suggestion in that theory of Stendhal's, that all good art was romantic in its day. In the beauties of Homer and Phidias, quiet as they now seem, there must have been, for those who confronted them for the first time, excitement and surprise, the sudden, unforeseen satisfaction of the desire of beauty. Yet the *Odyssey*, with its marvelous adventure, is more romantic than the *Iliad*, which nevertheless contains, among many other romantic episodes, that of the immortal horses of Achilles, who weep at the death of Patroclus.

... Classicism, then, means for Stendhal, for that younger enthusiastic band of French writers whose unconscious method he formulated into principles, the reign of what is pedantic, conventional, and narrowly academical in art; for him, all good art is romantic. To Sainte-Beuve, who understands the term in a more liberal sense, it is the characteristic of certain epochs, of certain spirits in every epoch, not given to the exercise of original imagination, but rather to the working out of refinements of manner on some authorized matter, and who bring to their perfection, in this way, the elements of sanity, of order and beauty in manner. In general criticism, again, it means the spirit of Greece and Rome, of some phases in literature and art that may seem of equal authority with Greece and Rome—the age of Louis the Fourteenth, the age of Johnson; though this is at best an uncritical use of the term, because in Greek and Roman work there are typical examples of the romantic spirit. But explain the terms as we may, in application to particular epochs, there are these two elements always recognizable, united in perfect art—in Sophocles, in Dante, in the highest work of Goethe, though not always absolutely balanced

there; and these two elements may be not inappropriately termed the classical and romantic tendencies.

Material for the artist, motives of inspiration, are not yet exhausted; our curious, complex, aspiring age still abounds in subjects for aesthetic manipulation by the literary as well as by other forms of art. For the literary art, at all events, the problem just now is to induce order upon the contorted, proportionless accumulation of our knowledge and experience, our science and history, our hopes and disillusion, and, in effecting this, to do consciously what has been done hitherto for the most part too unconsciously—to write our English language as the Latins wrote theirs, as the French write, as scholars should write. Appealing, as he may, to precedent in this matter, the scholar will still remember that if “the style is the man” it is also the age; that the nineteenth century, too, will be found to have had its style, justified by necessity—a style very different, alike from the baldness of an impossible “Queen Anne” revival, and an incorrect, incondite exuberance, after the mode of Elizabeth; that we can only return to either at the price of an impoverishment of form or matter, or both, although, an intellectually rich age such as ours being necessarily an eclectic one, we may well cultivate some of the excellences of literary types so different as those; that in literature as in other matters it is well to unite as many diverse elements as may be; that the individual writer or artist, certainly, is to be estimated by the number of graces he combines, and his power of interpenetrating them in a given work. To discriminate schools of art, of literature, is of course part of the obvious business of literary criticism; but in the work of literary production it is easy to be overmuch occupied concerning them. For, in truth, the legitimate contention is, not of one age or school of literary art against another, but of all successive schools alike against the stupidity which is dead to the substance, and the vulgarity which is dead to form. (1889)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)

NOTE

The early and mid-Victorian essayists had their center of interest mainly in English problems and their solution. In Stevenson, however, we have a romantic essayist who made no especial diagnosis of his times and prescribed no cure. Like many of the romantic essayists of the early nineteenth century, his interests were personal and general; to use his own phrase from “Æs Triplex,” he loved “not life but living.” This essay is roughly autobiographical. Stevenson was a consumptive, who died at forty-four; but few healthy men who have exceeded the psalmist’s span have packed into their lives more thrills and labor than did Stevenson. The dire need of finding a climate more kindly than that of his native Edinburgh and a certain wandering gypsy quality in his temperament drove him from one country to another. He died in Samoa and lies buried there—“home from the sea” after a life of vagabond activity. Stevenson’s revival, toward the end of the last century, of romance in literature is shown best in his novels and stories. In his “Gossip on Romance” he expounds the theories which he has embodied in such stories as “The Sire de Malétoit’s Door” (page 1112). He preferred a story to an essay, and pure adventure to realism or “problem literature.” His “Walking Tours” reflects his love of the outdoors. His “Æs Triplex” is a sermon on living. “I wonder if anyone had ever more energy upon so little strength,” he says truthfully in one of his Vailima letters. Like the hero whom he praises in his essay, he died literally with pen in hand, not permitting life to “run out in sandy deltas.” “Walking Tours” and “Æs Triplex” both show strongly the influence of Hazlitt, whom Stevenson studied assiduously. The first should be compared with Bacon’s “Of Travel” (page 896) and Hazlitt’s “On Going a Journey” (page 937); the second, with Bacon’s “Of Death” (page 895) and Hazlitt’s “On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth” (page 944) and “On the Fear of Death” (page 951).

WALKING TOURS

It must not be imagined that a walking tour, as some would have us fancy, is merely a better or worse way of seeing the country. There are many ways of seeing landscape quite as good; and none more vivid, in spite of canting dilettantes, than from a railway train. But landscape on a walking tour is quite accessory. He who is indeed of the brotherhood does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humors—of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morn-

ing, and the peace and spiritual repletion of the evening's rest. He cannot tell whether he puts his knapsack on, or takes it off, with more delight. The excitement of the departure puts him in key for that of the arrival. Whatever he does is not only a reward in itself, but will be further rewarded in the sequel; and so pleasure leads on to pleasure in an endless chain. It is this that so few can understand; they will either be always lounging or always at five miles an hour; they do not play off the one against the other, prepare all day for the evening, and all evening for the next day. And, above all, it is here that your overwalker fails of comprehension. His heart rises against those who drink their curaçoa in liquor glasses, when he himself can swill it in a brown john. He will not believe that the flavor is more delicate in the smaller dose. He will not believe that to walk this unconscionable distance is merely to stupefy and brutalize himself, and come to his inn, at night, with a sort of frost on his five wits, and a starless night of darkness in his spirit. Not for him the mild luminous evening of the temperate walker! He has nothing left of man but a physical need for bedtime and a double nightcap; and even his pipe, if he be a smoker, will be savorless and disenchanted. It is the fate of such an one to take twice as much trouble as is needed to obtain happiness, and miss the happiness in the end; he is the man of the proverb, in short, who goes further and fares worse.

Now, to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone. If you go in a company, or even in pairs, it is no longer a walking tour in anything but name; it is something else and more in the nature of a picnic. A walking tour should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence; because you should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you; and because you must have your own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl. And then you must

be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take color from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play upon. "I cannot see the wit," says Hazlitt, "of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country," which is the gist of all that can be said upon the matter. There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow, to jar on the meditative silence of the morning. And so long as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and ends in a peace that passes comprehension.

During the first day or so of any tour there are moments of bitterness, when the traveler feels more than coldly toward his knapsack, when he is half in a mind to throw it bodily over the hedge and, like Christian on a similar occasion, "give three leaps and go on singing." And yet it soon acquires a property of easiness. It becomes magnetic; the spirit of the journey enters into it. And no sooner have you passed the straps over your shoulder than the lees of sleep are cleared from you, you pull yourself together with a shake, and fall at once into your stride. And surely, of all possible moods, this, in which a man takes the road, is the best. Of course, if he *will* keep thinking of his anxieties, if he *will* open the merchant Abudah's chest and walk arm in arm with the hag—why, wherever he is, and whether he walk fast or slow, the chances are that he will not be happy. And so much the more shame to himself! There are perhaps thirty men setting forth at that same hour, and I would lay a large wager there is not another dull face among the thirty. It would be a fine thing to follow, in a coat of darkness, one after another of these wayfarers, some summer morning, for the first few miles upon the road. This one, who

60. *vegetate like the country.* See Hazlitt's "On Going a Journey" (page 937). This is only one of many indications of Stevenson's debt to Hazlitt. 77. *Christian*, the hero of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. 90. *Abudah's chest*, referring to an oriental tale of an evil hag, who took up her residence in a merchant's chest.

walks fast, with a keen look in his eyes, is all concentrated in his own mind; he is up at his loom, weaving and weaving, to set the landscape to words. This one peers about, as he goes, among the grasses; he waits by the canal to watch the dragon-flies; he leans on the gate of the pasture, and cannot look enough upon the complacent kine. And here comes another talking, laughing, and gesticulating to himself. His face changes from time to time, as indignation flashes from his eyes or anger clouds his forehead. He is composing articles,¹⁰ delivering orations, and conducting the most impassioned interviews, by the way. A little farther on, and it is as like as not he will begin to sing. And well for him, supposing him to be no great master in that art, if he stumble across no stolid peasant at a corner; for on such an occasion, I scarcely know which is the more troubled, or whether it is worse to suffer the confusion of your troubadour or the unfeigned alarm of your clown. A sedentary population, accustomed, besides, to the strange mechanical bearing of the common tramp, can in no wise explain to itself the gayety of these passers-by. I knew one man who was arrested as a runaway lunatic, because, although a full-grown person with a red beard, he skipped as he went like a child. And you would be astonished if I were to tell you all the grave and learned heads who have confessed to me that, when on walking tours, they sang—and sang very ill—and had a pair of red ears when, as described above, the inauspicious peasant plumped into their arms from round a corner. And here, lest you should think I am exaggerating, is Hazlitt's own confession, from his essay *On Going a Journey*, which is so good that there should be a tax levied on all who have not read it:

"Give me the clear blue sky over my head," says he, "and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I

cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy."

Bravo! After that adventure of my friend with the policeman, you would not have cared, would you, to publish that in the first person? But we have no bravery nowadays, and, even in books, must all pretend to be as dull and foolish as our neighbors. It was not so with Hazlitt. And notice how learned he is (as, indeed, throughout the essay) in the theory of walking tours. He is none of your athletic men in purple stockings, who walk their fifty miles a day: three hours' march is his ideal. And then he must have a winding road, the epicure!

Yet there is one thing I object to in these words of his, one thing in the great master's practice that seems to me not wholly wise. I do not approve of that leaping and running. Both of these hurry the respiration; they both shake up the brain out of its glorious open-air confusion; and they both break the pace. Uneven walking is not so agreeable to the body, and it distracts and irritates the mind. Whereas, when once you have fallen into an equable stride, it requires no conscious thought from you to keep it up, and yet it prevents you from thinking earnestly of anything else. Like knitting, like the work of a copying clerk, it gradually neutralizes and sets to sleep the serious activity of the mind. We can think of this or that, lightly and laughingly, as a child thinks, or as we think in a morning dose; we can make puns or puzzle out acrostics, and trifle in a thousand ways with words and rimes; but when it comes to honest work, when we come to gather ourselves together for an effort, we may sound the trumpet as loud and long as we please; the great barons of the mind will not rally to the standard, but sit, each one, at home, warming his hands over his own fire and brooding on his own private thought!

In the course of a day's walk, you see, there is much variance in the mood. From the exhilaration of the start, to the happy phlegm of the arrival, the

40. red ears, that is, from blushing with shame at being caught.

change is certainly great. As the day goes on, the traveler moves from the one extreme toward the other. He becomes more and more incorporated with the material landscape, and the open-air drunkenness grows upon him with great strides, until he posts along the road, and sees everything about him, as in a cheerful dream. The first is certainly brighter, but the second stage is the more peaceful. A man does not make so many articles toward the end, nor does he laugh aloud; but the purely animal pleasures, the sense of physical wellbeing, the delight of every inhalation, of every time the muscles tighten down the thigh, console him for the absence of the others, and bring him to his destination still content.

Nor must I forget to say a word on bivouacs. You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees; and off goes the knapsack, and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself, and the birds come round and look at you, and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven; and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy, you must have an evil conscience. You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium were arrived, when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the housetops, and remember time and seasons no more. Not to keep hours for a lifetime is, I was going to say, to live forever. You have no idea, unless you have tried it, how endlessly long is a summer's day, that you measure out only by hunger, and bring to an end only when you are drowsy. I know a village where there are hardly any clocks, where no one knows more of the days of the week than by a sort of instinct for the *fête* on Sundays, and where only one person can tell you the day of the month, and she is generally wrong; and if people were aware how slow Time journeyed in that village, and what armfuls of spare hours he gives, over and above

the bargain, to its wise inhabitants, I believe there would be a stampede out of London, Liverpool, Paris, and a variety of large towns, where the clocks lose their heads, and shake the hours out each one faster than the other, as though they were all in a wager. And all these foolish pilgrims would each bring his own misery along with him, in a watch-pocket! It is to be noticed, there were no clocks and watches in the much-vaunted days before the flood. It follows, of course, there were no appointments, and punctuality was not yet thought upon. "Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure," says Milton, "he has yet one jewel left; ye cannot deprive him of his covetousness." And so I would say of a modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Eden, give him the elixir of life—he has still a flaw at heart, he still has his business habits. Now, there is no time when business habits are more mitigated than on a walking tour. And so during these halts, as I say, you will feel almost free.

But it is at night, and after dinner, that the best hour comes. There are no such pipes to be smoked as those that follow a good day's march; the flavor of the tobacco is a thing to be remembered, it is so dry and aromatic, so full and so fine. If you wind up the evening with grog, you will own there was never such grog; at every sip a jocund tranquillity spreads about your limbs, and sits easily in your heart. If you read a book—and you will never do so save by fits and starts—you find the language strangely racy and harmonious; words take a new meaning; single sentences possess the ear for half an hour together; and the writer endears himself to you, at every page, by the nicest coincidence of sentiment. It seems as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream. To all we have read on such occasions we look back with special favor. "It was on the tenth of April 1798," says Hazlitt, with amorous precision, "that I sat

104. It was, etc. Cf. note on Hazlitt's essay (page 941, line 65).

down to a volume of the new *Héloïse*, at the Inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken." I should wish to quote more, for though we are mighty fine fellows nowadays, we cannot write like Hazlitt. And, talking of that, a volume of Hazlitt's essays would be a capital pocket-book on such a journey; so would a volume of Heine's songs; and for *Tristram Shandy* I can pledge a fair experience.

If the evening be fine and warm, there is nothing better in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge, to watch the weeds and the quick fishes. It is then, if ever, that you taste joviality to the full significance of that audacious word. Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure. You fall in talk with anyone, wise or foolish, drunk or sober. And it seems as if a hot walk purged you, more than of anything else, of all narrowness and pride, and left curiosity to play its part freely, as in a child or a man of science. You lay aside all your own hobbies, to watch provincial humors develop themselves before you, now as a laughable farce, and now grave and beautiful like an old tale.

Or perhaps you are left to your own company for the night, and surly weather imprisons you by the fire. You may remember how Burns, numbering past pleasures, dwells upon the hours when he has been "happy thinking." It is a phrase that may well perplex a poor modern girt about on every side by clocks and chimes, and haunted, even at night, by flaming dial-plates. For we are all so busy, and have so many far-off projects to realize, and castles in the fire to turn into solid, habitable mansions on a gravel soil, that we can find no time for pleasure trips into the Land of Thought and among the Hills of Vanity. Changed times, indeed, when we must sit all night, beside the fire, with folded hands; and a

changed world for most of us, when we find we can pass the hours without discontent, and be happy thinking. We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget that one thing, of which these are but the parts—namely to live. We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happy thinking. To sit still and contemplate—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness? After all, it is not they who carry flags, but they who look upon it from a private chamber, who have the fun of the procession. And once you are at that, you are in the very humor of all social heresy. It is no time for shuffling, or for big empty words. If you ask yourself what you mean by fame, riches, or learning, the answer is far to seek; and you go back into that kingdom of light imaginations, which seem so vain in the eyes of Philistines perspiring after wealth, and so momentous to those who are stricken with the disproportionate of the world, and, in the face of the gigantic stars, cannot stop to split differences between two degrees of the infinitesimally small, such as a tobacco pipe or the Roman Empire, a million of money or a fiddlestick's end.

You lean from the window, your last pipe reeking whitely into the darkness, your body full of delicious pains, your mind enthroned in the seventh circle of content; when suddenly the mood changes, the weather-cock goes about, and you ask yourself one question more: whether, for the interval, you have been the wisest philosopher

10. *Tristram Shandy*, Sterne's novel.

58. *gathering gear*, getting material wealth together; laying up "treasures on earth."

or the most egregious of donkeys? Human experience is not yet able to reply; but at least you have had a fine moment, and looked down upon all the kingdoms of the earth. And whether it was wise or foolish, tomorrow's travel will carry you, body and mind, into some different parish of the infinite. (1881)

*ÆS TRIPLEX

The changes wrought by death are in themselves so sharp and final, and so terrible and melancholy in their consequences, that the thing stands alone in man's experience, and has no parallel upon earth. It outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of them. Sometimes it leaps suddenly upon its victims, like a Thug; sometimes it lays a regular siege and creeps upon their citadel during a score of years. And when the business is done, there is sore havoc made in other people's lives, and a pin knocked out by which many subsidiary friendships hung together. There are empty chairs, solitary walks, and single beds at night. Again, in taking away our friends, death does not take them away utterly, but leaves behind a mocking, tragical, and soon intolerable residue, which must be hurriedly concealed. Hence a whole chapter of sights and customs striking to the mind, from the pyramids of Egypt to the gibbets and dule trees of medieval Europe. The poorest persons have a bit of pageant going toward the tomb; memorial stones are set up over the least memorable; and, in order to preserve some show of respect for what remains of our old loves and friendships, we must accompany it with much grimly ludicrous ceremonial, and the hired undertaker parades before the door. All this, and much more of the same sort, accompanied by the eloquence of poets, has gone a great way to put humanity in

error; nay, in many philosophies the error has been embodied and laid down with every circumstance of logic; although in real life the bustle and swift-ness, in leaving people little time to think, have not left them time enough to go dangerously wrong in practice. 50

As a matter of fact, although few things are spoken of with more fearful whisperings than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circumstances. We have all heard of cities in South America built upon the side of fiery mountains, and how, even in this tremendous neighborhood, the inhabitants are not a jot more impressed by the solemnity of mortal conditions than if they were delving gardens in the greenest corner of England. There are serenades and suppers and much gallantry among the myrtles overhead; and meanwhile the foundation shudders underfoot, the bowels of the mountain growl, and at any moment living ruin may leap sky-high into the moonlight, and tumble man and his merrymaking in the dust. In the eyes of very young people, and very dull old ones, there is something indescribably reckless and desperate in such a picture. It seems not credible that respectable married people, with umbrellas, should find appetite for a bit of supper within quite a long distance of a fiery mountain; ordinary life begins to smell of high-handed debauch when it is carried on so close to a catastrophe; and even cheese and salad, it seems, could hardly be relished in such circumstances without something like a defiance of the Creator. It should be a place for nobody but hermits dwelling in prayer and maceration, or mere born-devils drowning care in a perpetual carouse. 80

And yet, when one comes to think upon it calmly, the situation of these South American citizens forms only a very pale figure for the state of ordinary mankind. This world itself, traveling blindly and swiftly in overcrowded space, among a million other worlds traveling blindly and swiftly in contrary directions, may very well come by a knock that would set it into explosion 90

*From a phrase used by Horace, "*as triplex circa pectus*," "breast inclosed by triple brass," the symbol of the stout heart. 33. *dule*, a stake used to mark boundaries; *dule* is Scottish for *dole* or *grief*—hence Stevenson's use of the term here.

like a penny squib. And what, pathologically looked at, is the human body with all its organs, but a mere bagful of petards? The least of these is as dangerous to the whole economy as the ship's powder-magazine to the ship; and with every breath we breathe, and every meal we eat, we are putting one or more of them in peril. If we clung as devotedly as some philosophers pretend we do to the abstract idea of life, or were half as frightened as they make out we are, for the subversive accident that ends it all, the trumpets might sound by the hour and no one would follow them into battle—the blue-peter might fly at the truck, but who would climb into a sea-going ship? Think (if these philosophers were right) with what a preparation of spirit we should affront the daily peril of the dinner-table; a deadlier spot than any battlefield in history, where the far greater proportion of our ancestors have miserably left their bones! What woman would ever be lured into marriage, so much more dangerous than the wildest sea? And what would it be to grow old? For, after a certain distance, every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going through. By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it, as a matter of fact? Why, no. They were never merrier; they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories; they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it was a grisly warning, but with a simple childlike pleasure at having out-lived someone else; and when a draft might puff them out like a guttering candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unafrighted, and they go on, bubbling with laughter, through years of man's age compared to which

the valley at Balaclava was as safe and peaceful as a village cricket-green on Sunday. It may fairly be questioned (if we look to the peril only) whether it was a much more daring feat for Curtius to plunge into the gulf than for any old gentleman of ninety to doff his clothes and clamber into bed.

Indeed, it is a memorable subject for consideration, with what unconcern and gayety mankind pricks on along the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for those who fear the last pinch, is irrevocable ruin. And yet we go spinning through it all, like a party for the Derby. Perhaps the reader remembers one of the humorous devices of the deified Caligula: how he encouraged a vast concourse of holiday-makers on to his bridge over Baiae bay; and when they were in the height of their enjoyment, turned loose the Praetorian guards among the company, and had them tossed into the sea. This is no bad miniature of the dealings of nature with the transitory race of man. Only, what a checkered picnic we have of it, even while it lasts! and into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Praetorian throws us over in the end!

We live the time that a match flickers; we pop the cork of a ginger-beer bottle, and the earthquake swallows us on the instant. Is it not odd, is it not incongruous, is it not, in the highest sense of human speech, incredible, that we should think so highly of the ginger-beer, and regard so little the devouring earthquake? The love of Life and the fear of Death are two famous phrases that grow harder to understand the more we think about them. It is a well-known fact that an immense proportion of boat accidents would never happen if people held the sheet in their

53. *Balaclava*, the scene of the famous charge of the Light Brigade in the Crimean War. See Tennyson's poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade." 58. *Curtius*, a young Roman hero who sacrificed his life to save his country by leaping into a gulf which had opened up in the Forum. 64. *Valley of the Shadow of Death*, Psalm xxiii, 4. 69. *Derby*, the great horse-race held in England. 71. *Caligula*, a Roman emperor in the first century who demanded that divine rights be paid him.

hands instead of making it fast; and yet, unless it be some martinet of a professional mariner or some landsman with shattered nerves, every one of God's creatures makes it fast. A strange instance of man's unconcern and brazen boldness in the face of death!

We confound ourselves with metaphysical phrases, which we import into daily talk with noble inappropriateness. We have no idea of what death is, apart from its circumstances and some of its consequences to others; and although we have some experience of living, there is not a man on earth who has flown so high into abstraction as to have any practical guess at the meaning of the word *life*. All literature, from Job and Omar Khayyam to Thomas Carlyle and Walt Whitman, is but an attempt to look upon the human state with such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the Definition of Life. And our sages give us about the best satisfaction in their power when they say that it is a vapor, or a show, or made out of the same stuff with dreams. Philosophy, in its more rigid sense, has been at the same work for ages; and after a myriad bald heads have wagged over the problem, and piles of words have been heaped one upon another into dry and cloudy volumes without end, philosophy has the honor of laying before us, with modest pride, her contribution toward the subject: that life is a Permanent Possibility of Sensation. Truly a fine result! A man may very well love beef, or hunting, or a woman; but surely, surely, not a Permanent Possibility of Sensation! He may be afraid of a precipice, or a dentist, or a large enemy with a club, or even an undertaker's man; but not certainly of abstract death. We may trick with the word *life* in its dozen senses until we are weary of tricking; we may argue in terms of all the philosophies on earth, but one fact remains true throughout—that we do not love life, in the sense that we are greatly preoccupied about its conserva-

tion; that we do not, properly speaking, love life at all, but living. Into the views of the least careful there will enter some degree of providence; no man's eyes are fixed entirely on the passing hour; but although we have some anticipation of good health, good weather, wine, active employment, love, and self-approval, the sum of these anticipations does not amount to anything like a general view of life's possibilities and issues; nor are those who cherish them most vividly at all the most scrupulous of their personal safety. To be deeply interested in the accidents of our existence, to enjoy keenly the mixed texture of human experience, rather leads a man to disregard precautions, and risk his neck against a straw. For surely the love of living is stronger in an Alpine climber roping over a peril, or a hunter riding merrily at a stiff fence, than in a creature who lives upon a diet and walks a measured distance in the interest of his constitution.

There is a great deal of very vile nonsense talked upon both sides of the matter: tearing divines reducing life to the dimensions of a mere funeral procession, so short as to be hardly decent; and melancholy unbelievers yearning for the tomb as if it were a world too far away. Both sides must feel a little ashamed of their performances now and again when they draw in their chairs to dinner. Indeed, a good meal and a bottle of wine is an answer to most standard works upon the question. When a man's heart warms to his viands, he forgets a great deal of sophistry, and soars into a rosy zone of contemplation. Death may be knocking at the door, like the Commander's statue, we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock. Passing bells are ringing all the world over. All the world over, and every hour, someone is parting company with all his aches and ecstasies. For us also the trap is laid. But we are so fond of life that we have no leisure to entertain the terror of death.

27. made out of the same stuff with dreams. Cf. Shakespeare's *Tempest*, IV, 156,

96. Commander's statue, an allusion to the adventure of Don Juan with an animated statue.

It is a honeymoon with us all through, and none of the longest. Small blame to us if we give our whole hearts to this glowing bride of ours, to the appetites, to honor, to the hungry curiosity of the mind, to the pleasure of the eyes in nature, and the pride of our own nimble bodies.

We all of us appreciate the sensations; 10 but as for caring about the Permanence of the Possibility, a man's head is generally very bald, and his senses very dull, before he comes to that. Whether we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall—a mere bag's end, as the French say—or whether we think of it as a vestibule or gymnasium, where we wait our turn and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny; 20 whether we thunder in a pulpit, or pule in little atheistic poetry-books, about its vanity and brevity; whether we look justly for years of health and vigor, or are about to mount into a Bath-chair, as a step toward the hearse; in each and all of these views and situations there is but one conclusion possible: that a man should stop his ears against paralyzing terror, and run the race that is set before him with a single 30 mind. No one surely could have recoiled with more heartache and terror from the thought of death than our respected lexicographer; and yet we know how little it affected his conduct, how wisely and boldly he walked, and in what a fresh and lively vein he spoke of life. Already an old man, he ventured on his Highland tour; and his 40 heart, bound with triple brass, did not recoil before twenty-seven individual cups of tea. As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognize our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact. A frank and somewhat headlong carriage, not looking too

anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well armored for this world.

And not only well armored for himself, but a good friend and a good citizen to boot. We do not go to cowards for tender dealing; there is nothing so cruel as panic; the man who has least fear for his own carcass has most time to consider others. That eminent chemist who took his walks abroad in tin shoes, and subsisted wholly upon tepid milk, had all his work cut out for him in considerate dealings with his own digestion. So soon as prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, like a dismal fungus; it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victim begins to shrink spiritually; he develops a fancy for parlors with a regulated temperature, and takes his morality on the principle of tin shoes and tepid milk. The care of one important body or soul becomes so engrossing that all the noises of the outer world begin to come thin and faint into the parlor with the regulated temperature; and the tin shoes go equably forward over blood and rain. To be otherwise is to ossify; and the scruple-monger ends by standing stock-still. Now the man who has his heart 80 on his sleeve, and a good whirling weathercock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance of the world, keeps all his pulses going true and fast, and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running toward anything better than wildfire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end. Lord 90 look after his health, Lord have a care of his soul, says he; and he has at the key of the position, and swashes through incongruity and peril toward his aim. Death is on all sides of him with pointed batteries, as he is on all sides of all of us; unfortunate surprises gird him round; mim-mouthed friends and relations hold up their hands in quite a little elegiacal synod about his path. 100 And what cares he for all this? Being a true lover of living, a fellow with

98. *mim-mouthed*, prudishly reticent.

24. *Bath-chair*, an invalid's chair. 28. *that a man*, etc., Hebrews, xii, 1 and I Corinthians, ix, 24. 34. *lexicographer*, Dr. Samuel Johnson, author of *Johnson's Dictionary*. 41. *twenty-seven individual cups of tea*; Cf. Hazlitt's similar allusions in "On the Fear of Death" (page 956).

something pushing and spontaneous in his inside, he must, like any other soldier, in any other stirring, deadly warfare, push on at his best pace until he touch the goal. "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" cried Nelson in his bright, boyish, heroic manner. These are great incentives; not for any of these, but for the plain satisfaction of living, of being about their business in some sort or other, do the brave, serviceable men of every nation tread down the nettle danger, and pass flying over all the stumbling-blocks of prudence. Think of the heroism of Johnson, think of that superb indifference to mortal limitation that set him upon his dictionary, and carried him through triumphantly until the end! Who, if he were
 20 wisely considerate of things at large, would ever embark upon any work much more considerable than a half-penny postcard? Who would project a serial novel, after Thackeray and Dickens had each fallen in mid-course? Who would find heart enough to begin to live, if he dallied with the consideration of death?

And, after all, what sorry and pitiful
 30 quibbling all this is! To forego all the issues of living in a parlor with a regulated temperature—as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immunities of death! As if it were not to die, and yet be the patient spectators of our own pitiable change! The Permanent Possibility is preserved, but the sensations
 40 carefully held at arm's length, as if one kept a photographic plate in a dark chamber. It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it than to die daily in the sick-room. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month,
 50 make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not

only in finished undertakings that we ought to honor useful labor. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced; is there not something brave and spirited
 70 in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young.
 80 Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land. . . (1881) 90

A GOSSIP ON ROMANCE

In anything fit to be called by the name of reading the process itself should be absorbing and voluptuous; we should gloat over a book, be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the perusal, our mind filled with the busiest kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep or of continuous thought. The words, if the book be eloquent, should

12. tread down the nettle danger. Cf. *Henry IV*, Part I, II, iii, 10. 24. Thackeray and Dickens. Both left unfinished novels; so also did Stevenson.

88. trailing with him clouds of glory, quoted from Wordsworth's "Ode: Intimations of Immortality" (page 465).

run thenceforward in our ears like the noise of breakers, and the story—if it be a story—repeat itself in a thousand colored pictures to the eye. It was for this last pleasure that we read so closely, and loved our books so dearly, in the bright, troubled period of boyhood. Eloquence and thought, character and conversation, were but obstacles to
 10 brush aside as we dug blithely after a certain sort of incident, like a pig for truffles. For my part, I liked a story to begin with an old wayside inn where “toward the close of the year 17—” several gentlemen in three-cocked hats were playing bowls. A friend of mine preferred the Malabar coast in a storm, with a ship beating to windward, and a scowling fellow, of herculean proportions striding along the beach; he, to
 20 be sure, was a pirate. This was further afiel than my home-keeping fancy loved to travel, and designed altogether for a larger canvas than the tales that I affected. Give me a highwayman and I was full to the brim; a Jacobite would do, but the highwayman was my favorite dish. I can still hear that merry clatter of the hoofs along the moonlit lane;
 30 night and the coming of day are still related in my mind with the doings of John Rann or Jerry Abershaw; and the words “postchaise,” the “great North road,” “ostler,” and “nag,” still sound in my ears like poetry. One and all, at least, and each with his particular fancy, we read story-books in childhood, not for eloquence or character or thought, but for some quality of the
 40 brute incident. That quality was not mere bloodshed or wonder. Although each of these was welcome in its place, the charm for the sake of which we read depended on something different from either. My elders used to read novels aloud; and I can still remember four different passages which I heard, before I was ten, with the same keen and lasting pleasure. One I discovered long
 50 afterwards to be the admirable opening of *What Will He Do with It?* It was

no wonder I was pleased with that. The other three still remain unidentified. One is a little vague; it was about a dark, tall house at night, and people groping on the stairs by the light that escaped from the open door of a sick-room. In another, a lover left a ball, and went walking in a cool, dewy park, whence he could watch the lighted win-
 60 dows and figures of the dancers as they moved. This was the most sentimental impression I think I had yet received, for a child is somewhat deaf to the sentimental. In the last, a poet, who had been tragically wrangling with his wife, walked forth on the sea-beach on a tempestuous night and witnessed the horrors of a wreck. Different as they are, all these early favorites have a
 70 common note—they have all a touch of the romantic.

Drama is the poetry of conduct, romance the poetry of circumstance. The pleasure that we take in life is of two sorts—the active and the passive. Now we are conscious of a great command over our destiny; anon we are lifted up by circumstance, as by a
 80 breaking wave, and dashed we know not how into the future. Now we are pleased by our conduct, anon merely pleased by our surroundings. It would be hard to say which of these modes of satisfaction is the more effective, but the latter is surely the more constant. Conduct is three parts of life, they say; but I think they put it high. There is a vast deal in life and letters
 90 both which is not immoral, but simply a-moral; which either does not regard the human will at all, or deals with it in obvious and healthy relations; where the interest turns, not upon what a man shall choose to do, but on how he manages to do it; not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms
 100 or the diplomacy of life. With such material as this it is impossible to build

17. Malabar, a district in British India. 32. John Rann, Jerry Abershaw, famous outlaws. 51. *What Will He Do with It?* a story by Edward Bulwer-Lytton.

65. the last, since traced by many obliging correspondents to the gallery of Charles Kingsley. [Stevenson's note.]

a play, for the serious theater exists solely on moral grounds, and is a standing proof of the dissemination of the human conscience. But it is possible to build upon this ground the most joyous of verses, and the most lively, beautiful, and buoyant tales.

One thing in life calls for another; there is a fitness in events and places. The sight of a pleasant arbor puts it in our mind to sit there. One place suggests work, another idleness, a third early rising and long rambles in the dew. The effect of night, of any flowing water, of lighted cities, of the peep of day, of ships, of the open ocean, calls up in the mind an army of anonymous desires and pleasures. Something, we feel, should happen; we know not what, yet we proceed in quest of it. And many of the happiest hours of life fleet by us in this vain attendance on the genius of the place and moment. It is thus that tracts of young fir, and low rocks that reach into deep soundings, particularly torture and delight me. Something must have happened in such places, and perhaps ages back, to members of my race; and when I was a child I tried in vain to invent appropriate games for them, as I still try, just as vainly, to fit them with the proper story. Some places speak distinctly. Certain dank gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. Other spots again seem to abide their destiny, suggestive and impenetrable, "miching mallecho." The inn at Burford Bridge, with its arbors and green garden and silent, eddying river—though it is known already as the place where Keats wrote some of his *Endymion* and Nelson parted from his Emma—still seems to wait the coming of the appropriate legend. Within these ivied walls, behind these old green shutters, some further business smolders, waiting for its hour.

39. *miching mallecho*, sneaking mischief (*Hamlet*, III, ii, 143). 44. *Nelson parted from his Emma*. Lord Nelson's attachment for Emma, wife of Sir William Hamilton, ambassador to Naples in 1798, led to a separation from his wife and was one of the unfortunate episodes of his brilliant career.

The old Hawes Inn at the Queen's Ferry makes a similar call upon my fancy. There it stands, apart from the town, beside the pier, in a climate of its own, half inland, half marine—in front, the ferry bubbling with the tide and the guardship swinging to her anchor; behind, the old garden with the trees. Americans seek it already for the sake of Lovel and Oldbuck, who dined there at the beginning of *The Antiquary*. But you need not tell me—that is not all; there is some story, unrecorded or not yet complete, which must express the meaning of that inn more fully. So it is with names and faces; so it is with incidents that are idle and inconclusive in themselves, and yet seem like the beginning of some quaint romance, which the all-careless author leaves untold. How many of these romances have we not seen determined at their birth; how many people have met us with a look of meaning in their eye, and sunk at once into trivial acquaintances; to how many places have we not drawn near, with express intimations—"here my destiny awaits me"—and we have but dined there and passed on! I have lived both at the Hawes and Burford in a perpetual flutter, on the heels, as it seemed, of some adventure that should justify the place; but though the feeling had me to bed at night and called me again at morning in one unbroken round of pleasure and suspense, nothing befell me in either worth remark. The man of the hour had not yet come; but some day, I think, a boat shall put off from the Queen's Ferry, fraught with a dear cargo, and some frosty night a horseman, on a tragic errand, rattle with his whip upon the green shutters of the inn at Burford.

Now this is one of the natural appetites with which any lively literature has to count. The desire for knowledge, I had almost added the desire for meat, is not more deeply seated than this

89. *boat shall put off*, etc. Since the above was written I have tried to launch the boat with my own hand in *Kidnapped*. Some day, perhaps, I may try a rattle at the shutters. [Stevenson's note.]

demand for fit and striking incident. The dullest of clowns tells, or tries to tell, himself a story, as the feeblest of children uses invention in his play; and even as the imaginative grown person, joining in the game, at once enriches it with many delightful circumstances, the great creative writer shows us the realization and the apotheosis of the day-dreams of common men. His stories may be nourished with the realities of life, but their true mark is to satisfy the nameless longings of the reader, and to obey the ideal laws of the day-dream. The right kind of thing should fall out in the right kind of place; the right kind of thing should follow; and not only the characters talk aptly and think naturally, but all the circumstances in a tale answer one to another like notes in music. The threads of a story come from time to time together, and make a picture in the web; the characters fall from time to time into some attitude to each other or to nature, which stamps the story home like an illustration. Crusoe recoiling from the footprint, Achilles shouting over against the Trojans, Ulysses bending the great bow, Christian running with his fingers in his ears—these are each culminating moments in the legend, and each has been printed on the mind's eye forever. Other things we may forget; we may forget the words, although they are beautiful; we may forget the author's comment, although perhaps it was ingenious and true; but these epoch-making scenes, which put the last mark of truth upon a story and fill up at one blow our capacity for sympathetic pleasure, we so adopt into the very bosom of our mind that neither time nor tide can efface or weaken the impression. This, then, is the plastic part of literature: to embody character, thought, or emotion in some act or attitude that shall be remarkably striking to the mind's eye. This is the highest and hardest thing to do in words; the thing which, once accomplished, equally delights the schoolboy and the sage, and makes, in its own right, the quality of epics. Compared with this, all other

purposes in literature, except the purely lyrical or the purely philosophic, are bastard in nature, facile of execution, and feeble in result. It is one thing to write about the inn at Burford, or to describe scenery with the word-painters; it is quite another to seize on the heart of the suggestion and make a country famous with a legend. It is one thing to remark and to dissect, with the most cutting logic, the complications of life and of the human spirit; it is quite another to give them body and blood in the story of Ajax or of Hamlet. The first is literature, but the second is something besides, for it is likewise art.

English people of the present day are apt, I know not why, to look somewhat down on incident, and reserve their admiration for the clink of teaspoons and the accents of the curate. It is thought clever to write a novel with no story at all, or at least with a very dull one. Reduced even to the lowest terms, a certain interest can be communicated by the art of narrative, a sense of human kinship stirred; and a kind of monotonous fitness, comparable to the words and air of "Sandy's Mull," preserved among the infinitesimal occurrences recorded. Some people work in this manner, with even a strong touch. Mr. Trollope's inimitable clergymen arise to the mind in this connection. But even Mr. Trollope does not confine himself to chronicling small beer. Mr. Crawley's collision with the bishop's wife, Mr. Melnetto dallying in the deserted banquet-room, are typical incidents, epically conceived, fitly embodying a crisis. Or again look at Thackeray. If Rawdon Crawley's blow were not delivered, *Vanity Fair* would cease to be a work of art. That scene is the chief ganglion of the tale; and the discharge of energy from Rawdon's fist is the reward and consolation of the reader. The end of *Esmond* is a yet wider excursion from the author's customary fields; the scene at Castlewood is pure Dumas; the great and wily English borrower has here bor-

91-92. Crawley . . . Melnetto, Crawley in *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, Melnetto in *The Way We Live Now*.

rowed from the great unblushing French thief; as usual, he has borrowed admirably well, and the breaking of the sword rounds off the best of all his books with a manly, martial note. But perhaps nothing can more strongly illustrate the necessity for marking incident than to compare the living fame of *Robinson Crusoe* with the discredit of *Clarissa Harlowe*. *Clarissa* is a book of a far more startling import, worked out, on a great canvas, with inimitable courage and unflagging art. It contains wit, character, passion, plot, conversations full of spirit and insight, letters sparkling with unstrained humanity; and if the death of the heroine be somewhat frigid and artificial, the last days of the hero strike the only note of what we now call Byronism, between the Elizabethans and Byron himself. And yet a little story of a shipwrecked sailor, with not a tenth part of the style nor a thousandth part of the wisdom, exploring none of the arcana of humanity and deprived of the perennial interest of love, goes on from edition to edition, while *Clarissa* lies upon the shelves unread. A friend of mine, a Welsh blacksmith was twenty-five years old and could neither read nor write, when he heard a chapter of *Robinson* read aloud in a farm kitchen. Up to that moment he had sat content, huddled in his ignorance, but he left that farm another man. There were day-dreams, it appeared, divine day-dreams, written and printed and bound, and to be bought for money and enjoyed at pleasure. Down he sat that day, painfully learned to read Welsh, and returned to borrow the book. It had been lost, nor could he find another copy but one that was in English. Down he sat once more, learned English, and at length, and with entire delight, read *Robinson*. It is like the story of a love-chase. If he had heard a letter from *Clarissa*, would he have been fired with the same

chivalrous ardor? I wonder. Yet *Clarissa* has every quality that can be shown in prose, one alone excepted—pictorial or picture-making romance. While *Robinson* depends, for the most part and with the overwhelming majority of its readers, on the charm of circumstance.

In the highest achievements of the art of words the dramatic and the pictorial, the moral and romantic interest rise and fall together by a common and organic law. Situation is animated with passion, passion clothed upon with situation. Neither exists for itself, but each inheres indissolubly with the other. This is high art; and not only the highest art possible in words, but the highest art of all, since it combines the greatest mass and diversity of the elements of truth and pleasure. Such are epics, and the few prose tales that have the epic weight. But as from a school of works, aping the creative, incident and romance are ruthlessly discarded, so may character and drama be omitted or subordinated to romance. There is one book, for example, more generally loved than Shakespeare, that captivates in childhood, and still delights in age—I mean the *Arabian Nights*—where you shall look in vain for moral or for intellectual interest. No human face or voice greets us among that wooden crowd of kings and genies, sorcerers and beggarmen. Adventure, on the most naked terms, furnishes forth the entertainment, and is found enough. Dumas approaches perhaps nearest of any modern to these Arabian authors, in the purely material charm of some of his romances. The early part of *Monte Cristo*, down to the finding of the treasure, is a piece of perfect story-telling; the man never breathed who shared these moving incidents without a tremor; and yet Faria is a thing of packthread and Dantés little more than a name. The sequel is one long-drawn error, gloomy, bloody, unnatural, and dull; but as for these early chapters, I do not believe there is another volume extant where you can breathe the same unmingled atmosphere of romance. It is very thin and

10. *Clarissa Harlowe*, a novel by Samuel Richardson (1747-1748). 20. *Byronism*, characteristic of the literary manner of Lord Byron (1788-1824), whose heroes were attractively moody and cynical. Compare the characterization of Lord Byron in Trelawny's *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron* (page 857).

light, to be sure, as on a high mountain; but it is brisk and clear and sunny in proportion. I saw the other day, with envy, an old and very clever lady setting forth on a second or third voyage into *Monte Cristo*. Here are stories which powerfully affect the reader, which can be reperused at any age, and where the characters are no more than puppets.

10 The bony fist of the showman visibly propels them; their springs are an open secret; their faces are of wood; their bellies filled with bran; and yet we thrillingly partake of their adventures. And the point may be illustrated still further. The last interview between Lucy and Richard Feverel is pure drama; more than that, it is the strongest scene, since Shakespeare, in the English tongue.

20 Their first meeting by the river, on the other hand, is pure romance; it has nothing to do with character; it might happen to any other boy and maiden, and be none the less delightful for the change. And yet I think he would be a bold man who should choose between these passages. Thus in the same book we may have two scenes, each capital in its order: in the one, human passion, deep calling unto deep, shall utter its

30 genuine voice; in the second, according circumstances, like instruments in tune, shall build up a trivial but desirable incident, such as we love to prefigure for ourselves; and in the end, in spite of the critics, we may hesitate to give the preference to either. The one may ask more genius—I do not say it does; but at least the other dwells as

40 clearly in the memory.

True romantic art, again, makes a romance of all things. It reaches into the highest abstraction of the ideal; it does not refuse the most pedestrian realism. *Robinson Crusoe* is as realistic as it is romantic; both qualities are pushed to an extreme, and neither suffers. Nor does romance depend upon the material importance of the incidents. To deal with strong and

50 deadly elements, banditti, pirates, war, and murder, is to conjure with great

names, and, in the event of failure, to double the disgrace. The arrival of Haydn and Consuelo at the Canon's villa is a very trifling incident; yet we may read a dozen boisterous stories from beginning to end, and not receive so fresh and stirring an impression of adventure. It was the scene of *Crusoe* at the wreck, if I remember rightly, that so bewitched my blacksmith. Nor is the fact surprising. Every single article the castaway recovers from the hulk is "a joy forever" to the man who reads of them. They are the things that should be found, and bare enumeration stirs the blood. I found a glimmer of the same interest the other day in a new book, *The Sailor's Sweetheart*, by

70 Mr. Clark Russell. The whole business of the brig *Morning Star* is very rightly felt and spiritedly written; but the clothes, the books, and the money satisfy the reader's mind like things to eat. We are dealing here with the old cut-and-dry, legitimate interest of treasure trove. But even treasure trove can be made dull. There are few people who have not groaned under the ple-

80 thora of goods that fell to the lot of the Swiss Family Robinson, that dreary family. They found article after article, creature after creature, from milk kine to pieces of ordnance, a whole consignment; but no informing taste had presided over the selection—there was no smack or relish in the invoice, and these riches left the fancy cold. The box of goods in Verne's *Mysterious Island* is

90 another case in point: there was no gusto and no glamour about that; it might have come from a shop. But the two hundred and seventy-eight Australian sovereigns on board the *Morning Star* fell upon me like a surprise that I had expected; whole vistas of secondary stories, beside the one in hand, radiated forth from that discovery, as they radiate from a striking particular in life; and I

100 was made for the moment as happy as a reader has a right to be.

To come at all at the nature of this quality of romance, we must bear in mind the peculiarity of our attitude to

17. Lucy and Richard Feverel, characters in George Meredith's *The Deal of Richard Feverel*.

54. arrival, etc., in George Sand's *Consuelo*.

any art. No art produces illusion; in the theater we never forget that we are in the theater; and while we read a story, we sit wavering between two minds, now merely clapping our hands at the merit of the performance, now condescending to take an active part in fancy with the characters. This last is the triumph of romantic story-telling; when the reader consciously plays at being the hero, the scene is a good scene. Now in character studies the pleasure that we take is critical; we watch, we approve, we smile at incongruities, we are moved to sudden heats of sympathy with courage, suffering, or virtue. But the characters are still themselves, they are not us; the more clearly they are depicted, the more widely do they stand away from us, the more imperiously do they thrust us back into our place as a spectator. I cannot identify myself with Rawdon Crawley or with Eugène de Rastignac, for I have scarce a hope or fear in common with them. It is not character but incident that woos us out of our reserve. Something happens as we desire to have it happen to ourselves; some situation, that we have long dallied with in fancy, is realized in the story with enticing and appropriate details. Then we forget the characters; then we push the hero aside; then we plunge into the tale in our own person and bathe in fresh experience; and then, and then only, do we say we have been reading a romance. It is not only pleasurable things that we imagine in our day-dreams; there are lights in which we are willing to contemplate even the idea of our own death—ways in which it seems as if it would amuse us to be cheated, wounded, or calumniated. It is thus possible to construct a story, even of tragic import, in which every incident, detail, and trick of circumstance shall be welcome to the reader's thoughts. Fiction is to the grown man what play is to the child; it is there that he changes the atmosphere and tenor of his life; and

when the game so chimes with his fancy that he can join in it with all his heart, when it pleases him at every turn, when he loves to recall it and dwells upon its recollection with entire delight, fiction is called romance. . . . (1882)

STEPHEN LEACOCK (1869-)

NOTE

Men are often more widely known by their avocations than by their vocations. Thus Lewis Carroll, known the world over as the creator of *Alice in Wonderland*, was a teacher of mathematics, and Stephen Leacock, Professor of political economy at McGill University in Canada, is best known as a delightful humorist. His humor often takes the form of parody, as in the following essay.

*HOMER AND HUMBUG

AN ACADEMIC DISCUSSION

The following discussion is of course only of interest to scholars. But, as the public schools' returns show that in the United States there are now over a million colored scholars alone, the appeal is wide enough.

I do not mind confessing that for a long time past I have been very skeptical about the classics. I was myself trained as a classical scholar. It seemed the only thing to do with me. I acquired such a singular facility in handling Latin and Greek that I could take a page of either of them, distinguish which it was by merely glancing at it, and, with the help of a dictionary and a pair of compasses, whip off a translation of it in less than three hours.

But I never got any pleasure from it. I lied about it. At first, perhaps, I lied through vanity. Any colored scholar will understand the feeling. Later on I lied through habit; later still because, after all, the classics were all that I had and so I valued them. I have seen thus a deceived dog value a pup with a broken leg, and a pauper child nurse a dead doll with the sawdust out of it. So I nursed my dead Homer and my broken Demosthenes

23-24. **Rawdon Crawley, Eugène de Rastignac.** Rawdon Crawley is in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*; Rastignac, in Balzac's *Père Goriot* and in other stories.

*From *Behind the Beyond*, copyright by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

though I knew in my heart that there was more sawdust in the stomach of one modern author than in the whole lot of them. Observe, I am not saying which it is that has it full of it.

So, as I say, I began to lie about the classics. I said to people who knew no Greek that there was a sublimity, a majesty about Homer which they could never hope to grasp. I said it was like the sound of the sea beating against the granite cliffs of the Ionian Esophagus; or words to that effect. As for the truth of it, I might as well have said that it was like the sound of a rum distillery running a night shift on half time. At any rate this is what I said about Homer, and when I spoke of Pindar—the dainty grace of his strophes—and Aristophanes, the delicious sallies of his wit, sally after sally, each sally explained in a note calling it a sally—I managed to suffuse my face with an animation which made it almost beautiful.

I admitted of course that Vergil in spite of his genius had a hardness and a cold glitter which resembled rather the brilliance of a cut diamond than the soft grace of a flower. Certainly I admitted this; the mere admission of it would knock the breath out of anyone who was arguing.

From such talks my friends went away sad. The conclusion was too cruel. It had all the cold logic of a syllogism (like that almost brutal form of argument so much admired in the Paraphernalia of Socrates). For if:

Vergil and Homer and Pindar had all this grace and pith and these sallies—
And if I read Vergil and Homer and Pindar,
And if they only read Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Humphrey Ward,
Then where were they?

So continued lying brought its own reward in the sense of superiority and I lied more.

When I reflect that I have openly expressed regret, as a personal matter, even in the presence of women, for the missing books of Tacitus, and the entire

loss of the Abacadabra of Polyphemus of Syracuse, I can find no words in which to beg for pardon. In reality I was just as much worried over the loss of the ichthyosaurus. More, indeed—I'd like to have seen it; but if the books Tacitus lost were like those he didn't, I wouldn't.

I believe all scholars lie like this. An ancient friend of mine, a clergyman, tells me that in Hesiod he finds a peculiar grace that he doesn't find elsewhere. He's a liar. That's all. Another man, in politics and in the legislature, tells me that every night before going to bed he reads over a page or two of Thucydides to keep his mind fresh. Either he never goes to bed or he's a liar. Doubly so; no one could read Greek at that frantic rate; and anyway his mind isn't fresh. How could it be, he's in the legislature. I don't object to this man talking freely of the classics, but he ought to keep it for the voters. My own opinion is that before he goes to bed he takes whisky; why call it Thucydides?

I know there are solid arguments advanced in favor of the classics. I often hear them from my colleagues. My friend the professor of Greek tells me that he truly believes the classics have made him what he is. This is a very grave statement, if well founded. Indeed I have heard the same argument from a great many Latin and Greek scholars. They all claim, with some heat, that Latin and Greek have practically made them what they are. This damaging charge against the classics should not be too readily accepted. In my opinion some of these men would have been what they are, no matter what they were.

Be this as it may, I for my part bitterly regret the lies I have told about my appreciation of Latin and Greek literature. I am anxious to do what I can to set things right. I am therefore engaged on, indeed have nearly completed, a work which will enable all readers to judge the matter for themselves. What I have done is a translation of all the great classics, not in the usual literal way but on a design that brings them

into harmony with modern life. I will explain what I mean in a minute.

The translation is intended to be within reach of everybody. It is so designed that the entire set of volumes can go on a shelf twenty-seven feet long, or even longer. The first edition will be an *édition de luxe* bound in vellum, or perhaps in buckskin, and sold at five hundred dollars. It will be limited to five hundred copies and, of course, sold only to the feeble-minded. The next edition will be the Literary Edition, sold to artists, authors, actors, and contractors. After that will come the Boarding House Edition, bound in board and paid for in the same way.

My plan is to so transpose the classical writers as to give, not the literal translation word for word, but what is really the modern equivalent. Let me give an odd sample or two to show what I mean. Take the passage in the First Book of Homer that describes Ajax the Greek dashing into the battle in front of Troy. Here is the way it runs (as nearly as I remember), in the usual word for word translation of the classroom, as done by the very best professor, his spectacles glittering with the literary rapture of it.

Then he too Ajax on the one hand leaped (or possibly jumped) into the fight wearing on the other hand, yes certainly a steel corselet (or possibly a bronze under tunic) and on his head of course, yes without doubt he had a helmet with a tossing plume taken from the mane (or perhaps extracted from the tail) of some horse which once fed along the banks of the Scamander (and it sees the herd and raises its head and paws the ground) and in his hand a shield worth a hundred oxen and on his knees too especially in particular greaves made by some cunning artificer (or perhaps blacksmith) and he blows the fire and it is hot. Thus Ajax leaped (or, better, was propelled from behind) into the fight.

Now that's grand stuff. There is no doubt of it. There's a wonderful movement and force to it. You can almost see it move, it goes so fast. But the

modern reader can't get it. It won't mean to him what it meant to the early Greek. The setting, the costume, the scene has all got to be changed in order to let the reader have a real equivalent to judge just how good the Greek verse is. In my translation I alter it just a little, not much but just enough to give the passage a form that reproduces the proper literary value of the verses, without losing anything of the majesty. It describes, I may say, the Directors of the American Industrial Stocks rushing into the Balkan War Cloud.

Then there came rushing to the shock of war
Mr. McNicoll of the C. P. R.
He wore suspenders and about his throat
High rose the collar of a sealskin coat.
He had on gaiters and he wore a tie,
He had his trousers buttoned good and high;
About his waist a woolen undervest
Bought from a sad-eyed farmer of the West.
(And every time he clips a sheep he sees
Some bloated plutocrat who ought to freeze,
Thus in the Stock Exchange he burst to view,
Leaped to the post, and shouted, "Ninety-two!")

There! That's Homer, the real thing!
Just as it sounded to the rude crowd of
Greek peasants who sat in a ring and
guffawed at the rimes and watched the
minstrel stamp it out into "feet" as he
recited it!

Or let me take another example from the so-called Catalogue of the Ships that fills up nearly an entire book of Homer. This famous passage names all the ships, one by one, and names the chiefs who sailed on them, and names the particular town or hill or valley that they came from. It has been much admired. It has that same majesty of style that has been brought to an even loftier pitch in the New York Business Directory and the City Telephone Book. It runs along, as I recall it, something like this:

"And first, indeed, oh yes, was the ship
of Homistogetes the Spartan, long and
swift, having both its masts covered with
cowhide and two rows of oars. And he,

Homistogetes, was born of Hermogenes and Ophthalmia and was at home in Syncope beside the fast flowing Paresis. And after him came the ship of Preposterus the Eurasian, son of Oasis and Hysteria," . . .

and so on endlessly.

10 Instead of this I substitute, with the permission of the New York Central Railway, the official catalogue of their locomotives taken almost word for word from the list compiled by their superintendent of works. I admit that he wrote in hot weather. Part of it runs:

Out in the yard and steaming in the sun
Stands locomotive engine number forty-one;
Seated beside the windows of the cab
Are Pat McGaw and Peter James McNab.
Pat comes from Troy and Peter from Cohoes,
20 And when they pull the throttle off she goes;
And as she vanishes there comes to view
Steam locomotive engine number forty-two.
Observe her mighty wheels, her easy roll,
With William J. Macarthy in control.
They say her engineer some time ago
Lived on a farm outside of Buffalo,
Whereas his fireman, Henry Edward Foy,
Attended school in Springfield, Illinois.
Thus does the race of man decay or rot—
Some men can hold their jobs and some can
30 not.

Please observe that if Homer had actually written that last line it would have been quoted for a thousand years as one of the deepest sayings ever said. Orators would have rounded out their speeches with the majestic phrase, quoted in sonorous and unintelligible Greek verse, "some men can hold their jobs and some can not"; essayists would
40 have begun their most scholarly dissertations with the words—"It has been finely said by Homer that (in Greek) 'somemen can hold their jobs'"; and the clergy in mid-pathos of a funeral sermon would have raised their eyes aloft and echoed "some men can not!"

This is what I should like to do. I'd like to take a large stone and write on it in very plain writing:

50 "The classics are only primitive litera-

ture. They belong in the same class as primitive machinery and primitive music and primitive medicine"—and then throw it through the windows of a university and hide behind a fence to see the professors buzz! ! (1913)

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON (1874-)

NOTE

Gilbert K. Chesterton is known widely as a master of paradox. All of his essays on life and literature show the same power of penetration and brilliant expression. He has the interest of the mid-Victorian essayists in the Middle Ages and their faith in the artistic and spiritual values of the past, but his manner is, on the whole, lighter and less formal than theirs. (See also the head-note to Chesterton's "Lepanto," page 323).

*ON SANDALS AND SIMPLICITY

The great misfortune of the modern English is not at all that they are more boastful than other people (they are not); it is that they are boastful about those particular things which nobody
60 can boast of without losing them. A Frenchman can be proud of being bold and logical, and still remain bold and logical. A German can be proud of being reflective and orderly, and still remain reflective and orderly. But an Englishman cannot be proud of being simple and direct and still remain simple and direct. In the matter of
70 these strange virtues, to know them is to kill them. A man may be conscious of being heroic or conscious of being divine, but he cannot (in spite of all the Anglo-Saxon poets) be conscious of being unconscious.

Now, I do not think that it can be honestly denied that some portion of this impossibility attaches to a class very different in their own opinion, at
80 least, to the school of Anglo-Saxonism. I mean that school of the simple life, commonly associated with Tolstoy. If a perpetual talk about one's own robust-

*From *Herelics*, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. Published by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission.

ness leads to being less robust, it is even more true that a perpetual talking about one's own simplicity leads to being less simple. One great complaint, I think, must stand against the modern upholders of the simple life—the simple life in all its varied forms, from vegetarianism to the honorable consistency of the Doukhobors. This complaint against them stands, that they would make us simple in the unimportant things, but complex in the important things. They would make us simple in the things that do not matter—that is, in diet, in costume, in etiquette, in economic system. But they would make us complex in the things that do matter—in philosophy, in loyalty, in spiritual acceptance, and spiritual rejection. It does not so very much matter whether a man eats a grilled tomato or a plain tomato; it does very much matter whether he eats a plain tomato with a grilled mind. The only kind of simplicity worth preserving is the simplicity of the heart, the simplicity which accepts and enjoys. There may be a reasonable doubt as to what system preserves this; there can surely be no doubt that a system of simplicity destroys it. There is more simplicity in the man who eats caviar on impulse than in the man who eats grape-nuts on principle.

The chief error of these people is to be found in the very phrase to which they are most attached—"plain living and high thinking." These people do not stand in need of, will not be improved by, plain living and high thinking. They stand in need of the contrary. They would be improved by high living and plain thinking. A little high living (I say, having a full sense of responsibility, a little high living) would teach them the force and meaning of the human festivities, of the banquet that has gone on from the beginning of the world. It would teach them the historic fact that the artificial is, if anything, older than the natural. It would teach them that the loving-cup is

as old as any hunger. It would teach them that ritualism is older than any religion. And a little plain thinking would teach them how harsh and fanciful are the mass of their own ethics, how very civilized and very complicated must be the brain of the Tolstoyan who really believes it to be evil to love one's country and wicked to strike a blow.

A man approaches, wearing sandals and simple raiment, a raw tomato held firmly in his right hand, and says, "The affections of family and country alike are hindrances to the fuller development of human love"; but the plain thinker will only answer him, with a wonder not untinged with admiration, "What a great deal of trouble you must have taken in order to feel like that." High living will reject the tomato. Plain thinking will equally decisively reject the idea of the invariable sinfulness of war. High living will convince us that nothing is more materialistic than to despise a pleasure as purely material. And plain thinking will convince us that nothing is more materialistic than to reserve our horror chiefly for material wounds.

The only simplicity that matters is the simplicity of the heart. If that be gone, it can be brought back by no turnips or cellular clothing; but only by tears and terror and the fires that are not quenched. If that remain, it matters very little if a few Early Victorian armchairs remain along with it. Let us put a complex *entrée* into a simple old gentleman; let us not put a simple *entrée* into a complex old gentleman. So long as human society will leave my spiritual inside alone, I will allow it, with a comparative submission, to work its wild will with my physical interior. I will submit to cigars. I will meekly embrace a bottle of Burgundy. I will humble myself to a hansom cab. If only by this means I may preserve myself the virginity of the spirit, which enjoys with astonishment and fear. I do not say that these are the only methods of preserving it. I incline to

9. **Doukhobors**, a fanatical sect of Russian peasants, many of whom migrated to Canada.

85. **cellular clothing**, the simple garb which would be worn by a man living in a cave or cell.

the belief that there are others. But I will have nothing to do with simplicity which lacks the fear, the astonishment, and the joy alike. I will have nothing to do with the devilish vision of a child who is too simple to like toys.

The child is, indeed, in these, and many other matters, the best guide. And in nothing is the child so right-
 10 eously childlike, in nothing does he exhibit more accurately the sounder order of simplicity, than in the fact that he sees everything with a simple pleasure, even the complex things. The false type of naturalness harps always on the distinction between the natural and the artificial. The higher kind of naturalness ignores that distinction. To the child the tree and the lamppost are
 20 as natural and as artificial as each other; or rather, neither of them are natural but both supernatural. For both are splendid and unexplained. The flower with which God crowns the one, and the flame with which Sam the lamp-lighter crowns the other, are equally of the gold of fairy tales. In the middle of the wildest fields the most rustic child is, ten to one, playing at steam
 30 engines. And the only spiritual or philosophical objection to steam engines is not that men pay for them or work at them, or make them very ugly, or even that men are killed by them; but merely that men do not play at them. The evil is that the childish poetry of clockwork does not remain. The wrong is not that engines are too much ad-
 40 mired, but that they are not admired enough. The sin is not that engines are mechanical, but that men are mechanical.

In this matter, then, as in all the other matters treated in this book, our main conclusion is that it is a fundamental point of view, a philosophy or religion which is needed, and not any change in habit or social routine. The things we
 50 need most for immediate practical purposes are all abstractions. We need a right view of the human lot, a right view of the human society, and if we were living eagerly and angrily in the enthusiasm of those things, we should,

ipso facto, be living simply in the genuine and spiritual sense. Desire and danger make everyone simple. And to those who talk to us with interfering eloquence about Jaeger and the pores of the skin, and about Plasmon and the coats of the stomach, at them shall only be hurled the words that are hurled at fops and gluttons, "Take no thought what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed. For after all these things do the Gentiles seek. But seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Those amazing words are not only extraordinarily good, practical politics; they are also superlatively good hygiene. The one supreme way of making all those processes go right, the processes of health, and strength, and grace, and beauty, the one and only way of making certain of their accuracy, is to think about something else. If a man is bent on climbing into the seventh
 8 heaven, he may be quite easy about the pores of his skin. If he harnesses his wagon to a star, the process will have a most satisfactory effect upon the coats of his stomach. For the thing called "taking thought," the thing for which the best modern word is "rationalizing," is in its nature, inapplicable to all plain and urgent things. Men take thought and ponder rationalistically, touching
 9 remote things—things that only theoretically matter, such as the transit of Venus. But only at their peril can men rationalize about so practical a matter as health. (1905)

63. Take no thought, etc. See Matthew, vi, 25-34.

ARNOLD BENNETT (1867-)

NOTE

Arnold Bennett is better known as a novelist than as an essayist, and his *Clayhanger* and *The Old Wives' Tale* are social studies of merit and genuine power. He is also a popular essayist, writing easily and entertainingly on a variety of subjects. His *Literary Taste, How to Form It* (1909), from which the following chapter was taken, is a wholesome, sensible, and very helpful guidebook to literature, containing, among other

items, some valuable reading lists. Mr. Bennett's definition of a classic should be compared with Matthew Arnold's "The Study of Poetry" (page 1026), with Newman's definition of literature (page 984), and with Leacock's "Homer and Humberg" (page 1065).

WHY A CLASSIC IS A CLASSIC

The large majority of our fellow-citizens care as much about literature as they care about aéroplanes or the program of the Legislature. They do not ignore it; they are not quite indifferent to it. But their interest in it is faint and perfunctory; or, if their interest happens to be violent, it is spasmodic. Ask the two hundred thousand persons whose enthusiasm made the vogue of a popular novel ten years ago what they think of that novel now, and you will gather that they have utterly forgotten it, and that they would no more dream of reading it again than of reading Bishop Stubbs's *Select Charters*. Probably if they did read it again they would not enjoy it—not because the said novel is a whit worse now than it was ten years ago; not because their taste has improved—but because they have not had sufficient practice to be able to rely on their taste as a means of permanent pleasure. They simply don't know from one day to the next what will please them.

In the face of this one may ask: Why does the great and universal fame of classical authors continue? The answer is that the fame of classical authors is entirely independent of the majority. Do you suppose that if the fame of Shakespeare depended on the man in the street it would survive a fortnight? The fame of classical authors is originally made, and it is maintained, by a passionate few. Even when a first-class author has enjoyed immense success during his lifetime, the majority have never appreciated him so sincerely as they have appreciated second-rate men. He has always been reënforced by the ardor of the passionate few. And in the

case of an author who has emerged into glory after his death, the happy sequel has been due solely to the obstinate perseverance of the few. They could not leave him alone; they would not. They kept on savoring him, and talking about him, and buying him, and they generally behaved with such eager zeal, and they were so authoritative and sure of themselves, that at last the majority grew accustomed to the sound of his name and placidly agreed to the proposition that he was a genius; the majority really did not care very much either way.

And it is by the passionate few that the renown of genius is kept alive from one generation to another. These few are always at work. They are always rediscovering genius. Their curiosity and enthusiasm are exhaustless, so that there is little chance of genius being ignored. And, moreover, they are always working either for or against the verdicts of the majority. The majority can make a reputation, but it is too careless to maintain it. If, by accident, the passionate few agree with the majority in a particular instance, they will frequently remind the majority that such and such a reputation has been made, and the majority will idly concur: "Ah, yes. By the way, we must not forget that such and such a reputation exists." Without that persistent memory-jogging the reputation would quickly fall into the oblivion which is death. The passionate few only have their way by reason of the fact that they are genuinely interested in literature, that literature matters to them. They conquer by their obstinacy alone, by their eternal repetition of the same statements. Do you suppose they could prove to the man in the street that Shakespeare was a great artist? The said man would not even understand the terms they employed. But when he is told ten thousand times, and generation after generation, that Shakespeare was a great artist, the said man believes—not by reason, but by faith. And he, too, repeats that Shakespeare was a great artist, and he buys the com-

16. Stubbs, William Stubbs, English bishop and historian (1825-1901).

plete works of Shakespeare and puts them on his shelves, and he goes to see the marvelous stage-effects which accompany *King Lear* or *Hamlet*, and comes back religiously convinced that Shakespeare was a great artist. All because the passionate few could not keep their admiration of Shakespeare to themselves. This is not cynicism; but truth. And it is important that those who wish to form their literary taste should grasp it.

What causes the passionate few to make such a fuss about literature? There can be only one reply. They find a keen and lasting pleasure in literature. They enjoy literature as some men enjoy beer. The recurrence of this pleasure naturally keeps their interest in literature very much alive. They are forever making new researches, forever practicing on themselves. They learn to understand themselves. They learn to know what they want. Their taste becomes surer and surer as their experience lengthens. They do not enjoy today what will seem tedious to them tomorrow. When they find a book tedious, no amount of popular clatter will persuade them that it is pleasurable; and when they find it pleasurable no chill silence of the street-crowds will affect their conviction that the book is good and permanent. They have faith in themselves. What are the qualities in a book which give keen and lasting pleasure to the passionate few? This is a question so difficult that it has never yet been completely answered. You may talk lightly about truth, insight, knowledge, wisdom, humor, and beauty. But these comfortable words do not really carry you very far, for each of them has to be defined, especially the first and last. It is all very well for Keats in his airy manner to assert that beauty is truth, truth beauty, and that that is all he knows or needs to know. I, for one, need to know a lot more. And I never shall know. Nobody, not even Hazlitt or Sainte-Beuve, has ever finally explained why

he thought a book beautiful. I take the first fine lines that come to hand—

The woods of Arcady are dead,
And over is their antique joy—

and I say that those lines are beautiful because they give me pleasure. But why? No answer! I only know that the passionate few will broadly agree with me in deriving this mysterious pleasure from these lines. I am only convinced that the liveliness of our pleasure in those and many other lines by the same author will ultimately cause the majority to believe, by faith, that W. B. Yeats is a genius. The one reassuring aspect of the literary affair is that the passionate few are passionate about the same things. A continuance of interest does, in actual practice, lead ultimately to the same judgments. There is only the difference in width of interest. Some of the passionate few lack catholicity, or, rather, the whole of their interest is confined to one narrow channel; they have none left over. These men help specially to vitalize the reputations of the narrower geniuses, such as Crashaw. But their active predilections never contradict the general verdict of the passionate few; rather they reinforce it.

A classic is a work which gives pleasure to the minority which is intensely and permanently interested in literature. It lives on because the minority, eager to renew the sensation of pleasure, is eternally curious and is therefore engaged in an eternal process of rediscovery. A classic does not survive for any ethical reason. It does not survive because it conforms to certain canons, or because neglect would not kill it. It survives because it is a source of pleasure, and because the passionate few can no more neglect it than a bee can neglect a flower. The passionate few do not read "the right things" because they are right. That is to put the cart before the horse. "The right things" are the right things solely because the passionate few like reading them. Hence—and I now arrive at my point—the one primary

51. Sainte-Beuve, a French literary critic (1804-1869).

essential to literary taste is a hot interest in literature. If you have that, all the rest will come. It matters nothing that at present you fail to find pleasure in certain classics. The driving impulse of your interest will force you to acquire experience, and experience will teach you the use of the means of pleasure. You do not know the secret ways of
 10 yourself; that is all. A continuance of interest must inevitably bring you to the keenest joys. But, of course, experience may be acquired judiciously or injudiciously, just as Putney may be reached *via* Walham Green or *via* St. Petersburg. (1909)

HILAIRE BELLOC (1870-)

NOTE

Hilaire Belloc was born in France of a French father and an English mother, and his genius shows a happy mixture of both races. Among collections of his essays are *On Nothing*, *Hills and the Sea*, and *First and Last*. The following, with its breath of English country life, is reprinted from *Hills and the Sea*. It should be compared with Thoreau's "Brute Neighbors" (page 1004) and with the nature essays of John Burroughs.

THE MOWING OF A FIELD

There is a valley in South. England remote from ambition and from fear, where the passage of strangers is rare
 20 and unperceived, and where the scent of the grass in summer is breathed only by those who are native to that unvisited land. The roads to the Channel do not traverse it; they choose upon either side easier passes over the range. One track alone leads up through it to the hills, and this is changeable: now green where men have little occasion to go, now a good
 30 road where it nears the homesteads and the barns. The woods grow steep above the slopes; they reach sometimes the very summit of the heights, or, when they cannot attain them, fill in and clothe the coombes. And, in between,

along the floor of the valley, deep pastures and their silence are bordered by lawns of chalky grass and the small yew trees of the Downs.

The clouds that visit its sky reveal 40 themselves beyond the one great rise, and sail, white and enormous, to the other, and sink beyond that other. But the plains above which they have traveled and the Weald to which they go, the people of the valley cannot see and hardly recall. The wind, when it reaches such fields, is no longer a gale from the salt, but fruitful and soft, an inland breeze; and those whose blood 50 was nourished here feel in that wind the fruitfulness of our orchards and all the life that all things draw from the air.

In this place, when I was a boy, I pushed through a fringe of beeches that made a complete screen between me and the world, and I came to a glade called No Man's Land. I climbed beyond it, and I was surprised and glad, because from the ridge of that glade, I 60 saw the sea. To this place very lately I returned.

The many things that I recovered as I came up the countryside were not less charming than when a distant memory had enshrined them, but much more. Whatever veil is thrown by a longing recollection had not intensified nor even made more mysterious the beauty of 70 that happy ground; not in my very dreams of morning had I, in exile, seen it more beloved or more rare. Much also that I had forgotten now returned to me as I approached—a group of elms, a little turn of the parson's wall, a small paddock beyond the graveyard close, cherished by one man, with a low wall of very old stone guarding it all round. And all these things fulfilled and amplified my delight, till even the good 80 vision of the place, which I had kept so many years, left me and was replaced by its better reality. "Here," I said to myself, "is a symbol of what some say is reserved for the soul; pleasure of a kind which cannot be imagined save in a moment when at last it is attained."

When I came to my own gate and my own field, and had before me the house

35. *coombe*, a short, steep valley. A *down* is a hillock; a *weald*, a stretch of open country; *down* and *weald* are used here as place names.

I knew, I looked around a little (though it was already evening), and I saw that the grass was standing as it should stand when it is ready for the scythe. For in this, as in everything that a man can do—of those things at least which are very old—there is an exact moment when they are done best. And it has been remarked of whatever rules us that it works blunderingly, seeing that the good things given to a man are not given at the precise moment when they would have filled him with delight. But, whether this be true or false, we can choose the just turn of the seasons in everything we do of our own will, and especially in the making of hay. Many think that hay is best made when the grass is thickest; and so they delay until it is rank and in flower, and has already heavily pulled the ground. And there is another false reason for delay, which is wet weather. For very few will understand (though it comes year after year) that we have rain always in South England between the sickle and the scythe, or say just after the weeks of east wind are over. First we have a week of sudden warmth, as though the south had come to see us all; then we have the weeks of east and southeast wind; and then we have more or less of that rain of which I spoke, and which always astonishes the world. Now it is just before, or during, or at the very end of that rain—but not later—that grass should be cut for hay. True, upland grass, which is always thin, should be cut earlier than the grass in the bottoms and along the water meadows; but not even the latest, even in the wettest seasons, should be left (as it is) to flower and even to seed. For what we get when we store our grass is not a harvest of something ripe, but a thing just caught in its prime before maturity; as witness that our corn and straw are best yellow, but our hay is best green. So also Death should be represented with a scythe and Time with a sickle; for Time can take only what is ripe, but Death comes always too soon. In a word, then, it is always much easier to cut grass too late than

too early; and I, under that evening and come back to these pleasant fields, looked at the grass and knew that it was time. June was in full advance; it was the beginning of that season when the night has already lost her foothold of the earth and hovers over it, never quite descending, but mixing sunset with the dawn.

Next morning, before it was yet broad day, I awoke, and thought of the mowing. The birds were already chattering in the trees beside my window, all except the nightingale, which had left and flown away to the Weald, where he sings all summer by day as well as by night in the oaks and the hazel spinneys, and especially along the little river Adur, one of the rivers of the Weald. The birds and the thought of the mowing had awakened me, and I went down the stairs and along the stone floors to where I could find a scythe; and when I took it from its nail, I remembered how, fourteen years ago, I had last gone out with my scythe, just so, into the fields at morning. In between that day and this were many things, cities and armies, and a confusion of books, mountains, and the desert, and horrible great breadths of sea.

When I got out into the long grass the sun was not yet risen, but there were already many colors in the eastern sky, and I made haste to sharpen my scythe, so that I might get to the cutting before the dew should dry. Some say that it is best to wait till all the dew has risen, so as to get the grass quite dry from the very first. But, though it is an advantage to get the grass quite dry, yet it is not worth while to wait till the dew has risen. For, in the first place, you lose many hours of work (and those the coolest), and next—which is more important—you lose that great ease and thickness in cutting which comes of the dew. So I at once began to sharpen my scythe.

There is an art also in the sharpening of the scythe, and it is worth describing carefully. Your blade must be dry, and that is why you will see men rub-

bing the scythe-blade with grass before they whet it. Then also your rubber must be quite dry, and on this account it is a good thing to lay it on your coat and keep it there during all your day's mowing. The scythe you stand upright, with the blade pointing away from you, and put your left hand firmly on the back of the blade, grasping it; then you pass the rubber first down one side of the blade-edge and then down the other, beginning near the handle and going on to the point and working quickly and hard. When you first do this you will, perhaps, cut your hand; but it is only at first that such an accident will happen to you.

To tell when the scythe is sharp enough this is the rule. First the stone clangs and grinds against the iron harshly; then it rings musically to one note; then, at last, it purrs as though the iron and stone were exactly suited. When you hear this, your scythe is sharp enough; and I, when I heard it that June dawn, with everything quite silent except the birds, let down the scythe and bent myself to mow.

When one does anything anew, after so many years, one fears very much for one's trick or habit. But all things once learned are easily recoverable, and I very soon recovered the swing and power of the mower. Mowing well and mowing badly—or rather not mowing at all—are separated by very little; as is also true of writing verse, of playing the fiddle, and of dozens of other things, but of nothing more than of believing. For the bad or young or untaught mower without tradition, the mower Prometheus, the mower original and contemptuous of the past, does all these things: He leaves great crescents of grass uncut. He digs the point of the scythe hard into the ground with a jerk. He loosens the handles and even the fastening of the blade. He twists the blade with his blunders, he blunts the blade, he chips it, dulls it, or breaks it clean off at the tip. If

anyone is standing by he cuts him in the ankle. He sweeps up into the air wildly, with nothing to resist his stroke. He drags up earth with the grass, which is like making the meadow bleed. But the good mower who does things just as they should be done and have been for a hundred thousand years falls into none of these fooleries. He goes forward very steadily, his scythe-blade just barely missing the ground, every grass falling; the swish and rhythm of his mowing are always the same.

So great an art can only be learned by continual practice; but this much is worth writing down, that, as in all good work, to know the thing with which you work is the core of the affair. Good verse is best written on good paper with an easy pen, not with a lump of coal on a whitewashed wall. The pen thinks for you; and so does the scythe mow for you if you treat it honorably and in a manner that makes it recognize its service. The manner is this. You must regard the scythe as a pendulum that swings, not as a knife that cuts. A good mower puts no more strength into his stroke than into his lifting. Again, stand up to your work. The bad mower, eager and full of pain, leans forward and tries to force the scythe through the grass. The good mower, serene and able, stands as nearly straight as the shape of the scythe will let him, and follows up every stroke closely, moving his left foot forward. Then also let every stroke get well away. Mowing is a thing of ample gestures, like drawing a cartoon. Then, again, get yourself into a mechanical and repetitive mood; be thinking of anything at all but your mowing, and be anxious only when there seems some interruption to the monotony of the sound. In this mowing should be like one's prayers—all of a sort and always the same, and so made that you can establish a monotony and work them, as it were, with half your mind; that happier half, the half that does not bother.

In this way, when I had recovered the art after so many years, I went forward over the field, cutting lane after

42. **Promethean.** In Greek mythology Prometheus was a Titan who rebelled against Zeus. The reference here is to the undisciplined, untrained mower.

lane through the grass, and bringing out its most secret essences with the sweep of the scythe until the air was full of odors. At the end of every lane I sharpened my scythe and looked back at the work done, and then carried my scythe down again upon my shoulder to begin another. So, long before the bell rang in the chapel above me—that is, long before six o'clock, which is the time for the Angelus—I had many swathes already lying in order parallel like soldiery; and the high grass yet standing making a great contrast with the shaven part looked dense and high. As it says in the Ballad of Val-ès-Dunes, where—

The tall son of the Seven Winds
Came riding out of Hither-hythe,

and his horse-hoofs (you will remember)
trampled into the press and made a gap
in it, and his sword (as you know)

was like a scythe
In Arcus when the grass is high
And all the swathes in order lie,
And there's the bailiff standing by
A-gathering of the tithe.

So I mowed all that morning, till the houses awoke in the valley, and from some of them rose a little fragrant smoke, and men began to be seen.

I stood still and rested on my scythe to watch the awakening of the village, when I saw coming up to my field a man whom I had known in older times, before I had left the Valley.

He was of that dark silent race upon which all the learned quarrel, but which, by whatever meaningless name it may be called—Iberian, or Celtic, or what you will—is the permanent root of all England, and makes England wealthy and preserves it everywhere, except perhaps in the Fens and in a part of Yorkshire. Everywhere else you will find it active and strong. These people are intensive; their thoughts and their labors turn inward. It is on account of their presence in these islands that our gardens are the richest in the world. They also love low rooms and ample

fires and great warm slopes of thatch. They have, as I believe, an older acquaintance with the English air than any other of all the strains that make up England. They hunted in the Weald with stones, and camped in the pines of the green-sand. They lurked under the oaks of the upper rivers, and saw the legionaries go up, up the straight paved road from the sea. They helped the few pirates to destroy the towns, and mixed with those pirates and shared the spoils of the Roman villas, and were glad to see the captains and the priests destroyed. They remain; and no admixture of the Frisian pirates, or the Breton, or the Angevin and Norman conquerors, has very much affected their cunning eyes.

To this race, I say, belonged the man who now approached me. And he said to me, "Mowing?" And I answered, "Ar." Then he also said "Ar," as in duty bound; for we so speak to each other in the Stenes of the Downs.

Next he told me that, as he had nothing to do, he would lend me a hand; and I thanked him warmly, or, as we say, "kindly." For it is a good custom of ours always to treat bargaining as though it were a courteous pastime; and though what he was after was money, and what I wanted was his labor at the least pay, yet we both played the comedy that we were free men, the one granting a grace and the other accepting it. For the dry bones of commerce, avarice and method and need, are odious to the Valley; and we cover them up with a pretty body of fiction and observances. Thus, when it comes to buying pigs, the buyer does not begin to decry the pig and the vendor to praise it, as is the custom with lesser men; but tradition makes them do business in this fashion:

First the buyer will go up to the seller when he sees him in his own stading, and, looking at the pig with admiration, the buyer will say that rain may or may not fall, or that we shall have snow or thunder, according to the time of the year. Then the seller, looking critically at the pig, will agree that the weather

is as his friend maintains. There is no haste at all; great leisure marks the dignity of their exchange. And the next step is, that the buyer says: "That's a fine pig you have there, Mr. —" (giving the seller's name). "Ar, powerful fine pig." Then the seller, saying also "Mr." (for twin brothers rocked in one cradle give each other ceremonious observance here), the seller, I say, admits, as though with reluctance, the strength and beauty of the pig, and falls into deep thought. Then the buyer says, as though moved by a great desire, that he is ready to give so much for the pig, naming half the proper price, or a little less. Then the seller remains in silence for some moments; and at last begins to shake his head slowly, till he says: "I don't be thinking of selling the pig, anyways." He will also add that a party only Wednesday offered him so much for the pig—and he names about double the proper price. Thus all ritual is duly accomplished; and the solemn act is entered upon with reverence and in a spirit of truth. For when the buyer uses this phrase: "I'll tell you what I *will* do," and offers within half a crown of the pig's value, the seller replies that he can refuse him nothing, and names half a crown above its value; the difference is split, the pig is sold, and in the quiet soul of each runs the peace of something accomplished.

Thus do we buy a pig or land or labor or malt or lime, always with elaboration and set forms; and many a London man has paid double and more for his violence and his greedy haste and very unchivalrous higgling. As happened with the land at Underwaltham, which the mortgagees had begged and implored the estate to take at twelve hundred and had privately offered to all the world at a thousand, but which a sharp direct man, of the kind that makes great fortunes, a man in a motor-car, a man in a fur coat, a man of few words, bought for two thousand three hundred before my very eyes, protesting that they might take his offer or leave it; and all because he did not begin by praising the land.

Well then, this man I spoke of offered to help me, and he went to get his scythe. But I went into this house and brought out a gallon jar of small ale for him and for me; for the sun was now very warm, and small ale goes well with mowing. When we had drunk some of this ale in mugs called "I see you," we took each a swathe, he a little behind me because he was the better mower; and so for many hours we swung, one before the other, mowing and mowing at the tall grass of the field. And the sun rose to noon and we were still at our mowing; and we ate food, but only for a little while, and we took again to our mowing. And at last there was nothing left but a small square of grass, standing like a square of linesmen who keep their formation, tall and unbroken, with all the dead lying around them when the battle is over and done.

Then for some little time I rested after all those hours; and the man and I talked together, and a long way off we heard in another field the musical sharpening of a scythe.

The sunlight slanted powdered and mellow over the breadth of the valley; for day was nearing its end. I went to fetch rakes from the steading; and when I had come back the last of the grass had fallen, and all the field lay flat and smooth, with the very green short grass in lanes between the dead and yellow swathes.

These swathes we raked into cocks to keep them from the dew against our return at daybreak; and we made the cocks as tall and steep as we could, for in that shape they best keep off the dew, and it is easier also to spread them after the sun has risen. Then we raked up every straggling blade, till the whole field was a clean floor for the tedding and the carrying of the hay next morning. The grass we had mown was but a little over two acres; for that is all the pasture on my little tiny farm.

When we had done all this, there fell upon us the beneficent and deliberate evening; so that as we sat a little

85. *steading*, farm-house. 99. *tedding*, spreading the new-mown hay to dry it.

while together near the rakes, we saw the valley more solemn and dim around us, and all the trees and hedgerows quite still, and held by a complete silence. Then I paid my companion his wage, and bade him a good-night, till we should meet in the same place before sunrise.

He went off with a slow and steady progress, as all our peasants do, making their walking a part of the easy but continual labor of their lives. But I sat on, watching the light creep around toward the north and change, and the waning moon coming up as though by stealth behind the woods of No Man's Land. (1906)

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS (1857-)

NOTE

Samuel McChord Crothers is a Unitarian minister living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, who is widely known as an essayist on social, economic, and literary subjects. His analysis is keen and his style clear and entertaining. The following criticism of the new school of biography appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1923. Examples of the types of biography to which he refers will be found in Chapter VIII; these include a section from "Mr. Strachey's delightful biography of Queen Victoria." "Satan Among the Biographers" provides at the same time an example of a critical essay and a valuable comment on a type which is defined earlier in this volume.

SATAN AMONG THE BIOGRAPHERS

I

By Satan I do not mean the evil spirit who goes about like a roaring lion. I have in mind the Satan who appears in the prologue to the Book of Job. He is the adversary, the one who presents the other side. When the sons of God came together, then came the adversary among them. He belonged to the assembly, but he sat on the opposition bench. He introduced questions which had occurred to him as he walked up and down upon the earth. His function was to challenge generally received opinions. There was Job. Everyone

looked upon him as a man who was as righteous as he was prosperous. But was he? Satan suggested that his character should be analyzed. Take away Job's prosperity and let us see what becomes of his righteousness.

Now that critical spirit has entered into the biographers and influenced their attitude toward what they used to call the subject of their sketch. It used to be taken for granted that the tone of biography should be eulogistic. "Let us praise famous men and the fathers who begat us." This indicates how closely biography is related to genealogy. The text is often transformed into, "Let us praise the fathers who begat us, and if we have sufficient literary skill we may make them famous."

The lives of the saints have a great sameness, for it is necessary that they should be saintly. Even when their adventures are of the most astonishing character, the chronicler must throw in a word now and then to show that they are not acting out of character. Thus that wild Irish saint, Saint Brandan, who went careering over the Western Sea like another Sindbad the Sailor, must have a religious motive for his voyage. The chronicler declares, "seven years on the back of a whale he rode, which was a difficult mode of piety." Had Brandan been a layman, we might have admired him for his acrobatic gifts. Being a saint, we must see him balancing himself on the back of a whale as a pious exercise.

Biographers on the whole have been a rather modest folk and have had scant recognition in academic circles. Thus there are numberless professors of history — ancient and modern — but when recently a Minnesota college established a professorship of biography, the title seemed a strange one. The educational world has followed the example of Nature — so careful of the type, so careless of the single life.

But a new school of biography has arisen, and it is of interest to compare it with the old. The great difference is in the attitude of the biographer toward his subject. The attitude of the

old biographer was that of a painter who was commissioned to paint the portrait of a great man. He wished to make a likeness and to make it as lifelike as possible; but he had to recognize the proprieties. The painter is frankly on the outside, and can give only so much of character as is revealed in the countenance. So the biographer was dealing 10 frankly with externals. What the great man did or said could be recorded, but what he meant could only be guessed. Every man's mind was his castle, and there were private rooms into which the public had no right to intrude. If a person were very inquisitive, he might, if he got the chance, peep in through the windows of the soul; but that was as far as he could go. He was neces- 20 sarily an outsider.

But of late the biographer has become bolder and, instead of peeping in, has taken to breaking and entering. His method is described as "penetrating." We see him not only prowling in the consciousness, but penetrating into the most remote portions of the subconsciousness. We see him throwing his flashlight upon motives concealed from 30 nearest friends. It is the era of the X-ray, and human character cannot escape the methods of research. The biographer attempts to show us a man's mind as viewed from the inside. How he gets inside is his business— not ours.

Let us compare John Morley's *Gladstone* with Mr. Strachey's *Queen Victoria*. Morley takes his subject very 40 seriously. Gladstone was a great man, and knew it, and so did everyone else. He lived in a great period and was an important part of it. Morley was a friend who followed his career with respectful but discriminating interest. He was in a position to know a great many facts. But he did not intrude. A vast number of details are given, but the result of it all is that we feel that 50 we are looking *at* Gladstone and not through him. We know what he did and what he said, and we know what interpretations his friend Morley put upon his words and actions; but we can

only guess at his ulterior motives. We see the conclusions to which he came but not all the mental processes by which they were reached. Mr. Gladstone always appears to us clothed and in his right mind. If he had any un- 60 lucid intervals, they are not a part of the record. As for exploring Gladstone's subconscious mind, his friend would as soon have thought of poking about in his host's pantry without asking leave. What did Gladstone think when he wasn't addressing the public or preparing to address it? The biographer would say, "That is none of your business, nor is it mine." 70

The same impression is made by Trevelyan's *John Bright*. We feel that we know John Bright as well as his constituents knew him. It never occurs to us that we know him better.

Turn to Mr. Strachey's delightful biography of Queen Victoria. We have a surprise. We are conscious of a new sensation. To say that the book is stimulating is faint praise. It is intox- 80 icating. Here is biography with its crudenesses and irrelevancies distilled away. We get the essential spirit.

It is not that we are behind the scenes as an ordinary playgoer who is allowed this novel experience, that he may see how things look on that side of the curtain. We are behind the scenes as a playwright who is also his own stage manager may be behind the scenes. 90 We feel that somehow we have an intimate knowledge of how the lights should be arranged to produce the best effects. We have no illusions ourselves, but this allows us to watch the production of the play with keener intellectual interest.

We see Queen Victoria, not as her admiring subjects, with superstitious ideas about royalty, saw her, but as she 100 would have seen herself, had she been as clever as we are. The revelation has all the charm that an autobiography would have if a person could speak about himself without vanity and without self-consciousness.

In reading the *Confessions* of St. Augustine or Rousseau, we feel that

they are trying to tell the whole truth about themselves, but we are not convinced that they have succeeded. They confess certain sins that attract their attention; but what of those failings which St. Paul describes as "the sins that so easily beset us"? Some of these beset a person so closely that he doesn't know that they are there. There are
 10 certain commonplace faults which are seldom confessed by the most conscientious. I have never come across an autobiography in which the writer drew attention to the fact that his friends often found him a little wearing.

Mr. Strachey gives us Victoria's autobiography written by somebody else who saw through her. There is an awareness of all her limitations and a
 20 cool appreciation of her middle-class virtues. We sympathize with her efforts to live up to her station in life. We see her successes and admire her pluck. When she makes mistakes we recognize that she is thoroughly conscientious. Her judgments are often shrewd. She is rather muddle-headed in regard to the new problems of the day, but not more so than her constitutional advisers. She is a real character,
 30 and we know her in the same way that we know Becky Sharp and Mrs. Proudie. We feel that we not only know what she did, but we know the moving why she did it. We know also why she did not do more. It was because it wasn't in her to do more. And her environment was exactly fitted to her personality. We feel that it was no mere coincidence that she lived in the
 40 Victorian Age.

In *Eminent Victorians* Mr. Strachey reversed the methods practiced by writers like Walter Scott. They took some well-known historical character and allowed their imagination to play about it. The result was Historical Romance, or Romance founded on fact.

Mr. Strachey takes well-known historical characters of the last generation,
 50 like Arnold of Rugby, Cardinal Man-

ning, Chinese Gordon, and Florence Nightingale, and shows us that they have become in a short time little better than noted names of fiction. Every man is his own myth-maker and his friends and enemies collaborate in producing something quite different from the reality. The ordinary biography is, therefore, little more than a collection
 60 of facts founded on a fiction. The problem, then, is not simply to reëxamine the facts, but to rearrange them so that they will tell a true story and not a false. The biographer is like a type-setter. He must first distribute the type and then set it up again to form new words and sentences.

No saint in the calendar had a legend more firmly fixed and authenticated
 70 than Florence Nightingale. The public not only knew what she did, but was convinced that it knew what kind of a person she was. She was the lady with the lamp, the gentle ministering angel who went about through the hospitals in the Crimea. She was the one who brought the feminine touch to war.

Mr. Strachey does not change the outlines of her story. That is a matter
 80 of historic record. She did all and more than we have been taught to believe. But he shows Florence Nightingale as an altogether different kind of person.

The feminine gives way to a masterful personality. Florence Nightingale was the stuff that successful politicians and captains of industry are made of. She appears as a formidable person,
 90 abrupt in manner, often bitter in speech, the terror of evil-doers, and still more the terror of incompetent well-doers. She was strong-minded, neurasthenic, intense in her antipathies, and not pleasant to live with; but she got things done.

She was born in a wealthy family. She wanted to have her own way, but was never quite sure what it was to be. This was an endless trouble to her
 100 family, who never knew what to do with Florence, or rather what Florence would let them do for her.

When marriage was suggested, she writes, "The thoughts and feelings I

32. **Becky Sharp and Mrs. Proudie.** Becky Sharp is an adventures in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*; Mrs. Proudie, a character in a series of clerical novels by Anthony Trollope (1815-1882).

have now I can remember since I was six years old. A profession, a trade, a necessary occupation, something to fill and employ all my faculties I have always felt essential to me. Everything has been tried—foreign travel, kind friends, everything. My God, what is to become of me?"

Then came the Crimean War with the breakdown of the hospital service. At last she had her own way and it proved a gloriously right way. She won immortal fame.

The war ended, and Florence Nightingale had fifty years of invalidism. But she was the same energetic, pugnacious personality. Almost to the end she refused to wear the halo prepared for her by the public which she continued to serve faithfully and acrimoniously. We are made to feel that Florence Nightingale loved her fellowmen, but not as an amiable person loves those friends whom he finds congenial. She loved mankind as a thoroughly conscientious person might love his enemies. "Sometimes," says Mr. Strachey, "her rages were terrible. The intolerable futility of mankind obsessed her, and she gnashed her teeth at it."

This is a triumph of biographical reconstruction. We see Florence Nightingale as great and good, though with very different virtues.

When I turn to Arnold of Rugby and Chinese Gordon, I begin to have misgivings. Mr. Strachey's portraits are marvelously clear, but there is something lacking. Looking through the eyes of Thomas Hughes and Dean Stanley, we see Dr. Arnold as a great man. We cannot expect Mr. Strachey to share their awe, for Dr. Arnold was not his schoolmaster. But we do not feel that he accounts for the impression the Doctor made on those who knew him.

As for General Gordon, we see him not through the eyes of a hero wor-

shiper, but as he appeared to one who had no sympathy with his enthusiasms. That irony which is delightful when playing around the figure of Queen Victoria seems out of place when directed toward the hero of Khartum. There was a touch of fanaticism about Gordon, just as there was about Cromwell. But Carlyle's Cromwell stands out against the background of eternity, and is justified. Strachey's Gordon stands condemned against a bleak background of common sense. Even the final tragedy is told without any relenting admiration. The whole thing was so unnecessary. When all was over, we are told of the group of Arabs whom Slatin Pasha saw, one of whom was carrying something wrapped in a cloth. "Then the cloth was lifted and he saw before him Gordon's head. The trophy was taken to the Mahdi; at last the two fanatics met face to face."

Thirteen years after, Kitchener fearfully avenged his death at Omdurman, "after which it was thought proper that a religious ceremony in honor of Gordon should be held at the Palace in Khartum. The service was conducted by four chaplains and concluded with a performance of 'Abide with Me,' General Gordon's favorite hymn. General Gordon, fluttering in some remote Nirvana the pages of a phantasmal Bible, might have ventured a satirical remark. But General Gordon had always been a contradictory person, even a little off his head perhaps—though a hero; and besides he was no longer there to contradict. But any rate, all ended happily in a glorious slaughter of twenty thousand Arabs, a vast addition to the British Empire, and a step in the peerage for Sir Evelyn Baring."

What is it that offends in this? It is the unfairness not to Gordon but to his contemporaries. Gordon represented an ideal that belonged to his generation. It was British imperialism touched with a sense of responsibility for the government of the world. We have

40. **Thomas Hughes**, an English novelist (1822-1896) who characterized Dr. Arnold in *Tom Brown's School Days* and *Tom Brown at Oxford*. **Dean Stanley**, Dean of Westminster (1815-1881), a clergyman and author who also wrote sympathetically of Dr. Arnold. Cf. Matthew Arnold's *Rugby Chapel* (page 583).

71. **Mahdi**, "leader of the faithful," the title assumed by the fanatical Moslem leader, Mohammed Ahmed, who captured Khartum in 1885.

broken with imperialism, but we ought to be touched by the heroism. In brushing aside the judgment of his contemporaries with a touch of scorn, we feel the kind of unfairness of which Cato complained when, after he had passed his eightieth year, he was compelled to defend himself in the Senate. "It is hard," he said, "to have lived with one generation, and to be tried by another."

Each generation takes itself seriously. It has its own ideals and its own standards of judgment. One who has made a great place for himself in the hearts of his contemporaries cannot be dismissed lightly because he does not conform to the standards of another period. The visitor to Colorado is taken by his friends for a drive over the high plains in sight of the mountains. Pointing to a slight rise of ground that is little more than a hillock, the Coloradan remarks: "That we call Mount Washington, as it happens to be the exact height of your New Hampshire hill."

The New Englander recalls, with shame at his provincialism, the time when he thought Mount Washington sublime. When he recovers his self-respect, he remembers that a mountain is as high as it looks. It should be measured not from the level of the sea but from the level of its surrounding country. Mount Washington seen from the Glen looks higher than Pike's Peak seen from the window of a Pullman car.

In like manner a great man is one who towers above the level of his own times. He dominates the human situation as the great mountain dominates the landscape of which it is a part.

II

A very alluring opportunity is offered for the scientific study of personages who have made a great place for themselves in history. They have all of them been more or less ailing, and have had "symptoms" of one kind and another. An American medical man has given us a number of volumes entitled

Biographic Clinics.

Mr. Frederick Chamberlin has given us a large volume on *The Private Char-*

acter of Queen Elizabeth. Elizabeth is defended against the charges made by her enemies, but the defense is damaging to the romance which has gathered around her name. She is treated as if she were an out-patient in the General Hospital. The first thing, of course, is to take her family history. Then we have sixty pages of the medical history of Elizabeth Tudor.

The writer is most conscientious, and says, "Items are numbered consecutively, accompanied by Elizabeth's age and the date of each. It is attempted to confine each disease or illness to one group." In her long life she had a number of ailments. We are spared not one detail. Following the itemized health record, there are twenty-five pages of "The Opinions of Medical Experts." Mr. Chamberlin, who is not by profession a medical man, presented the data he had collected to the leading consultants, to get their opinion as to what was the matter with Queen Elizabeth.

Sir William Osler was rather brief in his answers to the questions. While agreeing that, judging from the records, the patient could hardly be said to be in good health, he says, "Apart from the dropsy, which may have been nephritis, and the smallpox, the descriptions are too indefinite to bear any opinion of much value." To Question IV—What was her probable health during the years for which there are no data supplied?—Dr. Osler answers, "Impossible to say."

Sir Clifford Allbutt is equally unsatisfactory. "Would it be too much to say that after her fifteenth year she was practically an invalid with the possible exception of the years for which no data are supplied, directly or indirectly?" He answers, "It would be too much."

But Dr. Keith of the Royal College of Surgeons gives an opinion at great length, accompanied by a clinical chart. We learn that she had anemia, stomach and liver derangements, septic conditions of the teeth, and the pain in her left arm may have been from rheumatism.

The reader's apprehensions, however, are somewhat relieved by the consideration that all these ailments did not come at once but were scattered over a period of sixty-nine years. Dr. Keith adds very justly that the diagnosis would be more complete had the physician had an opportunity to personally examine the patient. "In the case of Queen Elizabeth, the modern physician is separated from his patient by more than three hundred years; he has to attempt a diagnosis on historical data."

By the way, it is interesting to see how the course of history modifies scientific opinion. When she was about eighteen, Elizabeth had an illness which Dr. Howard at first diagnosed as the most extreme form of kidney disease. "But," he adds, "it seems hardly possible that the subject of nephritis of so severe a type would live to be nearly seventy." He therefore inclines to the theory that the trouble was "acute endocarditis and mitral regurgitation"; and then he adds, with the fairness characteristic of a scientific man, "The same objection to longevity might be raised to this diagnosis also."

Modern pathology may throw light on some historical characters, but one feels that it has its limitations. Not only do the modern physicians find it difficult to make a complete diagnosis when the patient has been dead for three hundred years, but they find it difficult to keep to the highest standard of professional ethics when speaking of the practitioners of a former day.

Thus Sir Clifford, speaking of the doctors who treated Queen Elizabeth, says: "My impression is that in the sixteenth century medicine was below contempt. In Queen Elizabeth's time Clowes did somewhat, and, possibly, Lowe; but really all the medicine of value was in Italy; and only by studying in Italy could our doctors then have known anything. Some few did, of course. The rest were hard-shell Galenish and quacks."

This is rather hard, coming from a consultant of the twentieth century who was called into a case that belonged to medical men of the sixteenth century. The fact that these medical men had kept the patient alive for almost seventy years, while the modern diagnosticians would have given her up at twenty, ought to count for something.

I am willing to admit that pathological inquiries may have their uses for the biographer, but there are limits. In this sphere pathology may be a good servant, but it is a bad master. The same may be said of psychology. The psychologist in his own sphere is a modest and hard-working person. The advancement of any science within its own territory is always slow work. If one is to get results he must work for them and share them with others.

III

But there is a border line between the sciences which is a fair field for adventure. The bold borderer, with a few merry men, may make a foray and return with booty. The psychiatrists and psychoanalysts have invaded the field of biography in force and are now engaged in consolidating their conquests. Biography is a particularly inviting field. To psychoanalyze a living person takes a great deal of time and patience. But to psychoanalyze historical personages and to point out their various complexes and repressions and conflicts is an inviting pastime. There is no one to contradict.

The old-time theologians in discussing predestination ventured into the recesses of the Divine Mind. Assuming that God both foreknew and foreordained man's fall, they asked which had the priority, foreknowledge or foreordination. Did God foreknow that man would fall and therefore foreordain that he should be punished everlastingly? So said the sub-lapsarians! With more rigid logic the supra-

50. *Galenish*, old-fashioned, as one following the ancient medical system of Galen, a Greek physician of the second century.

98-99. *sub-lapsarians* . . . *supra-lapsarians*, two groups of Calvinists who believed, respectively, that the scheme of salvation was conceived by God *after* the fall of man and *before* the fall.

lapsarians contended that foreordination is absolute and independent of all contingencies. God foreordained man's creation, his fall, and his punishment in one decree, and of course he foreknew that the decree would be fulfilled.

Theologians today are more modest and are inclined to admit that there are some things which they do not know. But there are biographers whose minds seem to be built on the high supralapsarian plan. When we open the book we feel that everything is foreordained. There are no contingencies. The man's character being determined, the biographer presents us with the incidents which illustrate it. We know the kind of person he is, and his deeds are predetermined.

The clear-cut character sketches in which a man represents a single trait are interesting, but they are most sharply defined when we know only one incident. Some of the most familiar characters of the Bible are known only from a chance word or mere gesture. "Gallio cared for none of these things." Generations of preachers have held up Gallio as an example of the sin of indifference. He was the kind of man who, if he lived now, would neglect his religious privileges and forget to register at the primaries. But was Gallio that kind of man? All we know about this Roman magistrate is that he dismissed a case over which he had no jurisdiction, and in regard to which he had little interest. Had we a glimpse of him on another day, we might revise our opinion.

The name of Ananias has been used as a synonym for habitual liar. But in the Book of the Acts it is not said that Ananias *told* a lie; all that is said is that he sold his possessions and laid part of the price at the Apostle's feet. In other words, Ananias did not, on this occasion, make a complete return of his personal property.

When this method is applied to persons whose lives are well known, there

will always be a great deal of skepticism. How can we be sure that the clever writer has happened on the right clue to the character he undertakes to reveal to us?

In the *Mirrors of Downing Street*, and *Painted Windows*, and *Uncensored Celebrities*, we have interesting studies of character. We have snapshots of distinguished statesmen and churchmen. But do we really get inside the minds of these persons; and, if we did, should we be as wise as we think we should be?

Take this question in regard to Mr. Lloyd George. The writer, speaking of that statesman's sudden change of front, asks, "How came it that the most pronounced pacifist of a pacifist liberal cabinet, who had, six weeks before, begun a passionate crusade against armaments, on the fateful August 4, 1914, gave his voice for war?"

Now I venture to say that no biographer, furnished with the latest instruments of psychological precision, exploring the recesses of Mr. Lloyd George's mind but ignoring the tremendous events of crowded days, could give the right answer to that question.

Why does it happen that a quiet householder in Kansas, who is shingling his kitchen roof, is seen the next moment frantically digging himself out of a mass of débris? You cannot understand the sudden change of occupation by an intensive study of the Kansas mind — you have to take into account the nature of a cyclone.

The student of Mr. Lloyd George's mind says: "He is always readier to experience than to think. To him the present tick of the clock has all the dignity of the Eternal. If thought is a malady, he is of all men most healthy. The more he advocates a policy, the less he can be trusted to carry it through."

This is clever analysis, but the question intrudes — How does the writer know so much about what goes on inside of Mr. Lloyd George's mind?

29. Gallio, a Roman proconsul in the time of the Apostle Paul; cf. Acts, xviii, 12-17. 41. Ananias. Cf. Acts, v, 1-5.

57. *Mirrors of Downing Street*, etc., recent anonymous biographical studies of British statesmen, clergymen, and other celebrities.

Why may he not be doing a good deal of rapid thinking while he is experiencing so vividly? And why may not this thought directed to the question of the moment be fairly accurate? Granted that he changed his mind rapidly, did he change it any more rapidly than the circumstances with which he had to deal changed? Granted that he didn't bring anything to its logical conclusion. Amid the tremendous forces that were struggling in the world, could anything be brought to its logical conclusion? There is room here for honest doubt.

The biographer may well sharpen his wits by means of psychology, but he must not allow a formula to stand in the way of an individual. From the rigid supra-lapsarians we are always happy to escape to the biographers, ancient or modern, who are of the humanistic school. In their pages we see characters developing unevenly under the stress of circumstances. We cannot tell what a person is capable of doing till he does it; and even then we are not always sure that we have all his reasons. There is no program that is followed. Unexpected things are all the time turning up and bringing into play powers which we had not looked for. We are compelled to revise our first impressions both of the man and his times. The more the individual is observed, the more individualistic he appears to be. He becomes less significant as a symbol and more interesting as a personality.

There, for example, is Plutarch's Cato. No attempt is made to analyze his character or to account for his idiosyncrasies. We see him just as he happened to be. He doesn't correspond to any formula. He is just Cato.

Cato was gray-eyed and red-headed. He was a selfmade man. He worked hard and liked to wear old clothes when he was in the country. He was fond of turnips and of cabbage. He was very thrifty, and when his slaves began to grow old he sold them to save the depreciation in his property. He disliked

flatterers, but was not averse to praising himself. He loved sharp jests. He was a popular orator and a good soldier. When he was elected to office, he put a super-tax on articles of luxury; he cut the pipes by which wealthy householders had surreptitiously drawn water from the public fountains; he reduced the rates of interest on loans, and conducted himself with such outrageous rectitude that all the best people turned against him.

All these incidents have to do with the outward life of Cato. Plutarch is content to set them down with the remark, "Whether such things are proof of greatness or of littleness of mind, let each reader judge for himself." Yet somehow they make the red-headed Roman seem very real to us. We know him in the same way that we know a contemporary. If we were to drop into Rome on election day and be told that the paramount issue was "Anything to beat old Cato," we should feel at home. We should probably vote for Cato, and regret it after the election.

We have this sense of complete reality in the characters of statesmen and soldiers which we come upon in the crowded pages of Clarendon. Here is Clarendon's Hampden. It is the portrait of a gentleman drawn by another gentleman who was his enemy. But one would prefer to have Clarendon as an enemy rather than another man as a friend.

John Hampden "was a gentleman of good family in Buckinghamshire, and born to a fair fortune, and of a most civil and affable deportment. In his entrance into the world he indulged to himself all the license in sports, and exercises, and company, which was used by men of the most jolly conversation. Afterwards he retired to a more reserved and melancholy society, yet preserving his own natural cheerfulness and vivacity, and above all a flowing courtesy to all men. . . . He was of

38. **Plutarch's Cato.** Plutarch was a Greek biographer of the first century, among whose *Lives* is that of Marcus Porcius Cato, a Roman patriot who lived B. C. 234-149.

83. **Clarendon's Hampden.** In his *History of the Rebellion* the Earl of Clarendon (1609-1674) writes of John Hampden (1594-1643), the republican statesman whose opposition to the exactions of Charles I helped to bring on the Great Rebellion.

that rare affability and temper in debate, and of that seeming humility and submission of judgment, as if he brought no opinion with him but a desire of information and instruction; but he had so subtle a way of interrogating, and, under the notion of doubts, insinuating his objections, that he left his opinions with those from whom he pretended to learn and receive them. . . . He was indeed a very wise man and of great parts and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, that is, the most absolute faculties to govern the people, of any man I ever knew."

In Clarendon's eyes John Hampden was a very dangerous man. "He begat many opinions and motions, the education of which he committed to other men." Of one thing we are not left in doubt. He was a very great man, though he fought on the wrong side.

"He was very temperate in diet, and a supreme governor over all his passions and affections, and had thereby a great power over other men. He was of

an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious; and of parts not to be imposed upon by the most subtle or sharp, and of a personal courage equal to his best parts; so that he was an enemy not to be wished wherever he might have been made a friend." It is after all these qualities have been acknowledged that Clarendon adds: "*His death therefore seemed a great deliverance to the nation.*"

No psychologist by the most painstaking analysis could produce the effect that these words make upon us. We are conscious of John Hampden's personality as a force against which strong men are contending. We not only see the man himself, but we see why some men loved him and others resisted him. He was part of a mighty movement, which he largely directed.

Biography cannot be reduced to a science, but it may rise into the finest of the arts. It is the art of reproducing not merely the incidents of a great man's life, but the impression he made on those who knew him best. (1923)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The following books contain definitions and criticisms of the essay.

- Upham, Alfred H., *The Typical Forms of English Literature*. Oxford University Press, New York, 1917. Chapter V, "The Personal Essay."
Walker, Hugh, *The English Essay and Essayists*. Dutton, New York, 1915.
Williams, Orlo, *The Essay*. Doran, New York, 1910.
Winchester, C. T., *A Group of English Essayists of the Early Nineteenth Century*. Macmillan, New York, 1910.
Wylie, Laura J., "The English Essay" in *Social Studies in English Literature*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1916.

General Collections

- Alden, R. M., *English Prose of the Eighteenth Century*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1911.
English Prose of the Nineteenth Century. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1917. *Critical Essays*

- of the Early Nineteenth Century*. Scribner, New York, 1921.
Atlantic Classics (two Series). Atlantic Monthly, Boston, 1916 and 1918.
Bronson, W. C., *English Essays*. Holt, New York, 1905.
Bryan, W. F., and Crane, R. S., *The English Familiar Essay*. Ginn, Boston, 1916.
Durham, W. H., *Critical Essays of the Eighteenth Century, 1700-1725*. Yale University Press, 1915.
Makower and Blackwell, *Book of English Essays, 1600-1900*. Oxford University Press, 1913.
Matthews, Brander, *The Oxford Book of American Essays*. Oxford University Press, 1914.
Peacock, W., *Selected English Essays*. Oxford University Press, 1903.
Rhys, Ernest, and Vaughan, Lloyd, *A Century of English Essays*. Everyman edition, London and New York, 1914.
Tanner, W. M., *Essays and Essay Writing*. Atlantic Monthly, 1917.

CHAPTER X

PROSE FICTION: THE SHORT STORY

AN INTRODUCTION

I. THE BEGINNINGS OF PROSE FICTION IN ENGLAND

In the chapters on earlier literary types it has been shown that poetry developed before prose. The early tales were chanted in verse, for in this form men could memorize more readily and express their emotions more effectively. It was the cadence of the beat and the harmony of recurring sounds as much as the brave story itself that moved men's hearts "as with a trumpet." In the Middle Ages prose was left principally to the priest for his sermons and to the schoolman for his treatises; the layman could not read, and preferred, no doubt, the easy movement of the ballad to the monotonous drone of the homily. When, however, the revival of learning provided an impulse for reading at the same time that the invention of printing furnished the means, education became widespread, and one of the principal reasons for the earlier confinement of narrative to verse was removed. So in England in the sixteenth century the impulse which literature had received from Malory—to use prose for story-telling—spread rapidly. Verse narratives by no means vanished, as may be seen from a glance at the chapter on modern narrative poetry; but prose narratives increased until, in the novel and the short story, prose found its predominating narrative forms. Of these two types of prose fiction the novel was the first to develop; the short story has yet to celebrate its hundredth birthday, and as the newest of literary types it appears last in this volume. The novel is too long for illustration in this book, but something will be said about its evolution. The short story is illustrated by specimens which will serve to give some idea of the variety of its form and content.

The word *novel* appeared in England in Elizabethan times, when it was applied

usually to pastoral tales encrusted with classical allusions. To tales of roguery and prose-romances which dealt with much the same material as the medieval romances the name *history* was sometimes given. These early "novels" and "histories" both show in narrative technique the rough ineptness of first attempts; to a modern reader they seem curiously stiff, formal, and heavy, like the dress of the times. Sidney in *Arcadia*, Lodge in *Rosalind*, and Greene in *Pandosto* exhibit, for example, a distinct literary self-consciousness, as though the prose form was new and strange to them. Somehow, they cannot break away from the tendency to allegorize, preach, and over-ornament their style with various verbal trappings, as if the form were more than the story. Even Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, written about a century later, cannot be said to tell a prose story for the sake of the story; Bunyan's tales are allegories, designed, like the *exempla*, or moral anecdotes of the Middle Ages, to serve as the seasoning for sermons. The fact that Daniel Defoe, as one of his biographers admits, was "perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived" probably qualified him for his post of honor as the first English novelist, for he introduced normal subject-matter—realistic events, treated imaginatively. Defoe's immortal sea-tale, *Robinson Crusoe*, appeared in 1719 and has been rightly described as the first real novel in English. It contains some preaching—it is odd to see how long it took to divorce preaching and prose—but for sheer entertainment nothing is better. Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* (1726), which was probably influenced by *Robinson Crusoe*, is marvelously clever and harmonious in design, but it shows a reversion to prose allegory, in the service of social and political satire, and was not written primarily for the sake of the narrative.

II. THE NOVEL

With the volumes of Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, and Smollett, who poured out their lengthy products in the third quarter of the eighteenth century, the novel became definitely established as a literary form. All these mid-eighteenth century stories, and many a novel which followed them, exhibit one very important development. In all heroic verse-narrative, in the prose romances of Malory, the allegorical tales of Bunyan, and even in the stories of Defoe and Swift either the entire interest is in events, or, at best, the characters are thinly individualized. In most novels, after the middle of the eighteenth century, however, the interest is centered more largely on the personalities of the characters, whereas the events themselves may be relatively unimportant or even trivial. The cause of this great change was chiefly the growth of democracy and of an interest in men as individuals. So, in the novel—as well as in the short story—we get what has been called a “pocket-drama.” In the eighteenth-century novel this exhibition of human motives was usually mellowed with sentimentalism; in the work of Fielding and Smollett, however, we get a direct and unwarped contact with life—the beginnings of a realism in the novel which differs from that of Defoe in being closer to everyday people and to customary events.

The realism of Fielding and Smollett was continued at the beginning of the nineteenth century in the work of Jane Austen, whose satires of lower upper-class and upper middle-class life in the English village of her time are among the most delightful in English fiction. Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility* (1811) and *Pride and Prejudice* (1813) have the distinction, moreover, of being the first realistic novels to be written by a woman—although Anne Radcliffe preceded her in a form to be mentioned later. Up to the end of the eighteenth century women had little part in the production of literature. The Countess of Pembroke in the Elizabethan period took a refined and scholarly interest in letters, as did many other “blue-stockings,” or learned ladies, in the same period and in the two centuries following; and Aphra Behn outdid her male

contemporaries in the licentiousness of her Restoration tales. But it was not until the conclusion of the eighteenth century that women contributed in any considerable quantity to the permanent body of English literature. Jane Austen, then, was in a sense a pioneer for her sex. She was followed by the three Brontë sisters, Anne, Charlotte, and Emily, and by Elizabeth Gaskell, George Eliot, Mary Russell Mitford, Mrs. Oliphant, and dozens more down to the present, who have demonstrated clearly that women, so long silent in English literature, possess a notable capacity for analyzing human nature and a skill in depicting its problems and moods.

Jane Austen's first realistic novels appeared about the same time that another great novelist began pouring out tales of pure romance. Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley* was published anonymously in 1814, and from then until his death in 1832 he wrote with amazing industry and fecundity of imagination. Scott's romantic novels, like his verse romances, belong to that part of the Romantic Movement which is sometimes called the return to medievalism. Macaulay called Scott the best of historians, for he breathed the breath of life into the dry bones of history, and charging knights and warring clansmen move vividly through his pages. He had many followers and imitators, including Edward Bulwer Lytton, whose rather ponderous historical romances appeared after the death of Sir Walter, and Robert Louis Stevenson at the end of the century.

Another phase of the return to medievalism is the so-called renaissance of wonder. In poetry this appears in Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and in the verse narratives of Robert Southey and others. In prose fiction it took the form of the “Gothic novels,” tales of terror which deal with haunted castles, clanking chains, ghosts that walk by midnight, and various supernatural portents and manifestations. Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* (1764) was the first. This was followed by Anne Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*, and the novels of the American writer, Charles Brockden Brown (1771-1810), all gloomy tales designed to create a chill of horror. The Gothic

influence was of sufficient force to spread to the work of Edgar Allan Poe, Fitzjames O'Brien, and Ambrose Bierce in America; and there is an occasional outcropping of the mood even in modern stories, although the effectiveness of suggestions of physical terror has become largely a thing of the past.

The nineteenth-century novel has still another important form. Like the Victorian essay and Victorian poetry, it frequently reflects the struggle to adjust spiritual impulses to the growing industrialism. In the novels of Mrs. Gaskell, Charles Dickens, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, and others, individual human problems are sometimes merged in those of the class or group. These social and industrial problem-novels are perhaps the most characteristic expression of an age which took itself very seriously and was inclined to teach and preach.

III. THE SHORT STORY

The ancestry of the short story lies not only in the novel but in earlier forms of prose fiction, including the oriental tales, the brief stories of Boccaccio and his English imitators, and the "novels" and "histories" of the Elizabethan Age. Such tales as Irving's leisurely stories form an intermediate stage. But out of these forms there has developed in the short story a distinctive type, which began with Edgar Allan Poe about the middle of the nineteenth century and is still flourishing lustily. From the chivalric prose tales of Malory and the stiff, allegorical "novels" of the Elizabethan Age the short story differs both in action and in characterization. In the prose romances of the late Middle Ages the movement is invariably leisurely and the story discursive. In these rambling tales there is no focus upon a single episode; on the contrary, there is a crisscross of various incidents, so that the events in which any one character takes part are frequently lost sight of in a maze of intervening details, which cut across the central narrative like cross-paths in a wood. Similarly, in the characters there is little individualization; the knights and ladies are types rather than individuals, thin incarnations of virtue and vice, as the age of chivalry conceived good and evil. Even the background in which these wraith-like creations live and move is

conventional, like the mountains, plains, and forests of fairy-tales. Thus the prose romances frequently give a modern reader the impression of vagueness, like a photograph out of focus and lacking any sharp definition.

The main distinction between the short story and these prose romances is therefore largely one of focus. The prose romance is leisurely; the reader can meander through it, so to speak, enjoying the charm which comes partly from the slow unfolding of the events and under no pressing necessity of following the psychological analyses of the author. But the short story is not a tale; it is not leisurely—it is compressed, rapid, almost breathless. No one can say that the prose romance is very often dramatic, but a good short story often is. In the short story there is no crisscrossing of episodes; instead, a single episode dealing with a single outstanding character is brought sharply into focus. In the prose romance we see life "as through a glass darkly"; in the short story we meet it "face to face." A short story, then, is not a story which is short; it is not a condensed tale; it is a new and distinct type which bears to the prose romance much the same relationship that one of Browning's dramatic monologues bears to the rambling verse romance. In technique it is, perhaps, the most clearly defined of all forms of prose fiction.

It is always interesting to examine the point at which a new literary type emerges from an older form. Such a change occurred in American literature at the time when Poe took over the leisurely tales of Washington Irving and with the keenest of analytical judgment and dramatic instinct converted the type into a new *genre*, condensed, rapid, breathless. To step from one of Irving's Alhambra tales or even from "Rip Van Winkle" to Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado" is like stepping, in some respects, from one literary period into another. Not that Poe always practiced his theory; many of his stories have much of the leisurely development of the tale. Nevertheless, Poe was the first to define the type. His prescription that the true short story must be so compact that no single episode may be removed without destroying the whole, and that in characters, plot, and

setting there must be perfect unity was the basis upon which later short-story technique was founded.

If Poe may be called the founder of the short story, Hawthorne may be called its stabilizer. He did not depart from the tale method so sharply as did Poe. His stories are longer, more leisurely, and less direct and are charged with allegory and symbolism. Moreover, they contain a curious flavor of sermonizing, at once an inheritance from his ancestry and the influence of the time-spirit. In spite of all of these failures to conform to Poe's prescription, Hawthorne must be credited with having given the new type weight and spiritual significance by his use of it as a serious literary vehicle for his lofty ideas.

The creative genius of Poe and the fostering care of Hawthorne resulted in making of the short story a literary form—the only form, in fact—that America can claim as peculiarly her own. The very evident adaptation of the short story to American genius and readers may perhaps be explained on the ground that it is suited to the American temperament; it is short, it is hurried, it usually contains a definite thrill within a brief space. American life teems with variety in character and situation. In the short story, moreover, writers have a type in which they think to achieve distinction without prolonged effort. Arnold has characterized the Celtic genius as being adapted best to the minor arts and crafts, which demand deftness and speed rather than labored toil and patience. Perhaps America, pressed with the necessity of rapidly subduing a continent, has turned naturally to a narrative form in which the unit is small and in which quantity production is relatively easy. Whatever the reason, America is the cradle of the short story and is still probably the home of the largest number of short-story writers who possess marked technical skill.

After Poe and Hawthorne had introduced the new form, Bret Harte gave it a still wider popularity. Writing romantic stories of the new West—he thought them realistic—he succeeded in catching the favor of readers throughout the country and created

a host of followers. After him came an army of American short-story writers, many of whom are still writing, though most of the second group of pioneers in the craft have passed on. Frank R. Stockton and H. C. Bunner used the form as a vehicle for rollicking fun. Many writers employed it to interpret life in various sections of the country, as Harte had done in the West. Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman and Sarah Orne Jewett wrote of New England life; George W. Cable and Thomas Nelson Page of the old South; Hamlin Garland of the Middle West; O. Henry, Richard Harding Davis, and Myra Kelly of New York. The technical mastery which these and other American short-story writers have gained over the type is still exhibited in the better magazines, in the pages of which the short story occupies a prominent place.

The British writers were relatively slow to accept the new type. Perhaps they found it difficult to shift from the long and leisurely mid-Victorian novels to the rapidity and compactness of the short story. Make the adjustment, however, they finally did, and although many of their earlier short stories seem heavier and more sluggish than the American stories, in later decades they have attained a mastery over the type, and no list of great short-story writers would be complete without many British names. Of these Robert Louis Stevenson, romantic to the core, was one of the first. Even earlier than 1894, Kipling was producing his great tales of India. Among others who must be mentioned are G. K. Chesterton, Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, W. W. Jacobs, Arthur Conan Doyle, the follower of Poe in the realm of the detective story, Henry James, that keenest of British-American psychologists, Arthur Morrison, with his interpretation of London life, Algernon Blackwood, the creator of bizarre tales, Arthur Quiller-Couch, Katherine Mansfield, and the Scottish group, James M. Barrie, Ian MacLaren, and S. R. Crockett. In the hands of this fine group of writers, most of whom are still living and productive, the stability of the short story in British literature seems assured.

CHAPTER X

SELECTIONS

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)

NOTE

In the introductory essay to this chapter Poe is referred to as the father of the short story. He not only wrote many stories, but he also developed a complete theory to govern the construction of this type of literature. Briefly, his theory dictated compression, the strictest economy in the use of details, and a perfect harmony of plot, characters, setting, and tone. Taken as a whole, his stories reveal a great analytical power, developed almost to a scientific precision, and lyric moods expressed generally in morbid and sensational themes. Thus Poe shows in his stories a dual nature; he was at the same time a cool mathematician and an impassioned poet. It was Poe the mathematician who created the detective story and first employed the "science of deduction" in the development of a modern plot; this power is illustrated in "The Purloined Letter," "The Gold-Bug," and other stories of "ratiocination," as he called them. The other Poe, the lyric poet, as sensitive to every mood as a dry leaf is to the wind, appears in "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Masque of the Red Death," and other tales which seem built upon the principles which he laid down for the lyric (see his "Philosophy of Composition," page 989). In many of his stories, of course, the mathematician and the lyric poet are collaborators; this is true in "The Cask of Amontillado," in which an almost devilish subtlety of psychological analysis in the early part is combined with romantic elements. In his choice of subjects Poe was influenced partly by the "Gothic" love for the gloomy and physically terrifying (see page 1088) and partly by his own physical and spiritual depression. Few short-story writers, indeed, are so autobiographical as is Poe. Thus his morbid interest in death and dissolution and his foreboding fear of being buried alive are repeated in a dozen or more stories, for example, in "The Tell-tale Heart," "The Black Cat," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "The Cask of Amontillado." Similarly, his keen interest in the psychology of crime and insanity shows itself repeatedly, not only in his detective stories of ratiocination, but in stories in which the criminal confesses his crime; "The Cask of Amontillado" may be used again as an example of a story of this type. Although not all of Poe's principles of construction appear in this story, it is a striking illustration of one dominant element—compression. It would be hard to imagine a plot developed with greater economy. Many details, as, for example, those dealing with the circumstances attending the confession of the crime, are suggested rather than told, so that the

reader has to read between the lines and take advantage of every hint in reconstructing the story. In form, method, compression, and psychological analysis the story is strikingly like Browning's dramatic monologues (see pages 290 ff.) and should be compared with them.

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. At length I would be avenged; this was a point definitely settled—but the very definiteness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile now was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity to practice imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmery, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack, but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially; I was skillful in the Italian vintages myself,

and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells.
 10 I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him—"My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking today! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he, "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle
 20 of the carnival?"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

30 "And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If anyone has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me——"

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

40 "Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi——"

"I have no engagement; come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are in-
 50 crusted with niter."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon; and as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontil-
 lado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a *roquelaure* closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flam- 70 beaux, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, 80 and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe?" said he.

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned toward me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Niter?" he asked, at length.

"Niter," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. 100 You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi——"

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a

58. *roquelaure*, a kind of cloak named after a French nobleman at the court of Louis XIV; this fact fixes the events of the story as supposedly falling within the seventeenth or early eighteenth century.

mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True—true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily—but you should use all proper caution. A draft of this Medoc will defend us from the damp."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of
10 its fellows that lay upon the mold.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we pro-
20 ceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot *d'or*, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel."

30 "And the motto?"

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I
40 paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The niter!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough——"

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draft of the Medoc."

50 I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grâve. He emptied it at a breath.

His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upward with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brother-
hood." 60

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."

"Yes, yes," I said, "yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said.

"It is this," I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my
roquelaure. 70

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath my cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a
80 deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. 90 From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed 100 merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry

26. *d'or*, of gold, a term in heraldry. 31. *Nemo*, etc., "no one injures me with impunity." This is the motto of Scotland. The serpent rampant formed the device on the rattlesnake flag of the American colonies, with the inscription "Don't tread on me."

into the depths of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi——"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the niter. Indeed it is *very* damp. Once more let me *implore* you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building-stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down

upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated—I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I reëchoed—I aided—I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamor grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said—

"Ha! ha! ha!—he! he!—a very good joke indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!"

"The Amontillado!" I said.

"He! he! he!—he! he! he!—yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone."

"Yes," I said, "let us be gone."

"For the love of God, Montresor!"

"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!"

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud—

"Fortunato!"

No answer. I called again—

"Fortunato!"

No answer still, I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick—on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I reërected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!* (1839)

15. *In pace requiescat*, "may he rest in peace."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864)

NOTE

In the stories of Hawthorne the tale and the short story fuse. He has not the compression of Poe nor the nervous intensity displayed by his contemporary. Instead, his stories are for the most part leisurely—dreamily so—with the mood and the atmosphere of medieval legend. Just as Poe the poet had much in common with Poe the story-teller, so Hawthorne has, in another way, justified Longfellow's description of him as a poet who wrote prose. Two qualities in his novels and in his short stories are outstanding: the first is their rainbow beauty and delicacy; the second is their moral didacticism. The beauty of Hawthorne's stories is evanescent and fleeting; it will not pause for analysis. Thus we are baffled in our study of his stories by the mirage which he throws around his episodes and figures. The events seem unreal, and we see them as through a mist. Similarly, his characters, for the most part, have hardly more definition than the wraith-like knights and ladies of the medieval romances. Hawthorne's moral didacticism makes all of his work serious and almost somber. "I wish God had given me the faculty for writing a sunshiny book," he once wrote to a friend. But sunshiny he could not be. All of New England Puritanism seems condensed in his tales. The story of "Rappaccini's Daughter" is from his *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846). The conception of the warm human soul sacrificed to coldly intellectual science he also used in "The Birthmark." "Rappaccini's Daughter" exhibits the romantic quality of Hawthorne's work at its best; in "The Great Stone Face," "Ethan Brand," "The Ambitious Guest," and several other stories, the didactic element is more apparent and direct.

RAPPACCINI'S DAUGHTER

A young man named Giovanni Guasconti came very long ago from the more southern region of Italy to pursue his studies at the University of Padua. Giovanni, who had but a scanty supply of gold ducats in his pocket, took lodgings in a high and gloomy chamber of an old edifice which looked not unworthy to have been the palace of a Paduan noble, and which, in fact, exhibited over its entrance the armorial bearings of a family long since extinct. The young stranger, who was not unstudied in the great poem of his country, recollected that one of the ancestors of this family, and perhaps an occupant of this very mansion, had been pictured by Dante as a partaker of the immortal agonies of his *Inferno*. These reminiscences and associations, together with the tendency to heartbreak natural to a young man for the first time out of his native sphere, caused Giovanni to sigh heavily as he looked around the desolate and ill-furnished apartment.

"Holy Virgin, signor!" cried old Dame Lisabetta, who, won by the youth's remarkable beauty of person, was kindly endeavoring to give the chamber a habitable air; "what a sigh was that to come out of a young man's heart! Do you find this old mansion gloomy? For the love of Heaven, then, put your head out of the window, and you will see as bright sunshine as you have left in Naples."

Guasconti mechanically did as the old woman advised, but could not quite agree with her that the Lombard sunshine was as cheerful as that of southern Italy. Such as it was, however, it fell upon a garden beneath the window, and expended its fostering influences on a variety of plants which seemed to have been cultivated with exceeding care.

"Does this garden belong to the house?" asked Giovanni.

"Heaven forbid, signor, unless it were fruitful of better pot-herbs than any that grow there now," answered

old Lisabetta. "No, that garden is cultivated by the own hands of Signor Giacomo Rappaccini, the famous doctor who, I warrant him, has been heard of as far as Naples. It is said that he distills these plants into medicines that are as potent as a charm. Oftentimes you may see the Signor Doctor at work, and perchance the signora his daughter, too, gathering the strange flowers that grow in the garden."

The old woman had now done what she could for the aspect of the chamber, and, commending the young man to the protection of the saints, took her departure.

Giovanni still found no better occupation than to look down into the garden beneath his window. From its appearance he judged it to be one of those botanic gardens which were of earlier date in Padua than elsewhere in Italy, or in the world. Or, not improbably, it might once have been the pleasure-place of an opulent family; for there was the ruin of a marble fountain in the center, sculptured with rare art, but so woefully shattered that it was impossible to trace the original design from the chaos of remaining fragments. The water, however, continued to gush and sparkle into the sunbeams as cheerfully as ever. A little gurgling sound ascended to the young man's window and made him feel as if a fountain were an immortal spirit that sung its song unceasingly, and without heeding the vicissitudes around it, while one century embodied it in marble and another scattered the perishable garniture on the soil. All about the pool into which the water subsided grew various plants that seemed to require a plentiful supply of moisture for the nourishment of gigantic leaves, and in some instances flowers gorgeously magnificent. There was one shrub in particular, set in a marble vase in the midst of the pool, that bore a profusion of purple blossoms, each of which had the luster and richness of a gem, and the whole together made a show so resplendent that it seemed enough to illuminate the garden even had there been no sunshine. Every

portion of the soil was peopled with plants and herbs which, if less beautiful, still bore tokens of assiduous care, as if all had their individual virtues, known to the scientific mind that fostered them. Some were placed in urns rich with old carving and others in common garden-pots; some crept serpent-like along the ground or climbed on high, using whatever means of ascent was offered them. One plant had wreathed itself round a statue of Vertumnus, which was thus quite veiled and shrouded in a drapery of hanging foliage so happily arranged that it might have served a sculptor for a study.

While Giovanni stood at the window he heard a rustling behind a screen of leaves, and became aware that a person was at work in the garden. His figure soon emerged into view and showed itself to be that of no common laborer, but a tall, emaciated, sallow, and sickly looking man dressed in a scholar's garb of black. He was beyond the middle term of life, with gray hair, a thin gray beard, and a face singularly marked with intellect and cultivation, but which could never, even in his more youthful days, have expressed much warmth of heart.

Nothing could exceed the intentness with which this scientific gardener examined every shrub which grew in his path; it seemed as if he was looking into their inmost nature, making observations in regard to their creative essence, and discovering why one leaf grew in this shape and another in that, and wherefore such and such flowers differed among themselves in hue and perfume. Nevertheless, in spite of the deep intelligence on his part, there was no approach to intimacy between himself and these vegetable existences. On the contrary, he avoided their actual touch or the direct inhaling of their odors with a caution that impressed Giovanni most disagreeably; for the man's demeanor was that of one walking among malignant influences, such as savage beasts or deadly snakes or evil spirits, which, should he allow them one moment of license, would

wreak upon him some terrible fatality. It was strangely frightful to the young man's imagination to see this air of insecurity in a person cultivating a garden—that most simple and innocent of human toils, and which had been alike the joy and labor of the unfallen parents of the race. Was this garden, then, the Eden of the present world? and this man, with such a perception of harm in what his own hands caused to grow, was he the Adam?

The distrustful gardener, while plucking away the dead leaves or pruning the too luxuriant growth of the shrubs, defended his hands with a pair of thick gloves. Nor were these his only armor. When, in his walk through the garden, he came to the magnificent plant that hung its purple gems beside the marble fountain, he placed a kind of mask over his mouth and nostrils, as if all this beauty did but conceal a deadlier malice. But, finding his task still too dangerous, he drew back, removed the mask and called loudly, but in the infirm voice of a person affected with inward disease:

"Beatrice! Beatrice!"

"Here am I, my father! What would you?" cried a rich and youthful voice from the window of the opposite house—a voice as rich as a tropical sunset, and which made Giovanni, though he knew not why, think of deep hues of purple or crimson and of perfumes heavily delectable. "Are you in the garden?"

"Yes, Beatrice," answered the gardener, "and I need your help."

Soon there emerged from under a sculptured portal the figure of a young girl arrayed with as much richness of taste as the most splendid of the flowers, beautiful as the day and with a bloom so deep and vivid that one shade more would have been too much. She looked redundant with life, health, and energy; all of which attributes were bound down and compressed, as it were, and girdled tensely in their luxuriance by her virgin-zone. Yet Giovanni's fancy must have grown morbid while he looked down into the garden, for the impression which the fair stranger made upon him was as if here were another flower, the

human sister of those vegetable ones, as beautiful as they—more beautiful than the richest of them—but still to be touched only with a glove, nor to be approached without a mask. As Beatrice came down the garden-path it was observable that she handled and inhaled the odor of several of the plants which her father had most sedulously avoided.

"Here, Beatrice," said the latter; "see how many needful offices require to be done to our chief treasure. Yet, shattered as I am, my life might pay the penalty of approaching it so closely as circumstances demand. Henceforth, I fear, this plant must be consigned to your sole charge."

"And gladly will I undertake it," cried again the rich tones of the young lady as she bent toward the magnificent plant and opened her arms as if to embrace it. "Yes, my sister, my splendor, it shall be Beatrice's task to nurse and serve thee, and thou shalt reward her with thy kisses and perfume-breath, which to her is as the breath of life."

Then, with all the tenderness in her manner that was so strikingly expressed in her words, she busied herself with such attentions as the plant seemed to require; and Giovanni, at his lofty window, rubbed his eyes and almost doubted whether it were a girl tending her favorite flower or one sister performing the duties of affection to another.

The scene soon terminated. Whether Dr. Rappaccini had finished his labor in the garden or that his watchful eye had caught the stranger's face, he now took his daughter's arm and retired. Night was already closing in; oppressive exhalations seemed to proceed from the plants and steal upward past the open window, and Giovanni, closing the lattice, went to his couch and dreamed of a rich flower and beautiful girl. Flower and maiden were different, and yet the same, and fraught with some strange peril in either shape.

But there is an influence in the light of morning that tends to rectify whatever error of fancy, or even of judgment, we may have incurred during the sun's decline, or among the shadows of the

night, or in the less wholesome glow of moonshine. Giovanni's first movement on starting from sleep was to throw open the window and gaze down into the garden which his dreams had made so fertile of mysteries. He was surprised and a little ashamed to find how real and matter-of-fact an affair it proved to be in the first rays of the sun, which gilded the dewdrops that hung upon leaf and blossom, and, while giving a brighter beauty to each rare flower, brought everything within the limits of ordinary experience. The young man rejoiced that in the heart of the barren city he had the privilege of overlooking this spot of lovely and luxuriant vegetation. It would serve, he said to himself, as a symbolic language to keep in communion with Nature. Neither the sickly and thought-worn Dr. Giacomo Rappaccini, it is true, nor his brilliant daughter, was now visible; so that Giovanni could not determine how much of the singularity which he attributed to both was due to their own qualities, and how much to his wonder-working fancy. But he was inclined to take a most rational view of the whole matter.

In the course of the day he paid his respects to Signor Pietro Baglioni, professor of medicine in the university, a physician of eminent repute to whom Giovanni had brought a letter of introduction. The professor was an elderly personage, apparently of genial nature and habits that might almost be called jovial; he kept the young man to dinner and made himself very agreeable by the freedom and liveliness of his conversation, especially when warmed by a flask or two of Tuscan wine. Giovanni, conceiving that men of science, inhabitants of the same city, must needs be on familiar terms with one another, took an opportunity to mention the name of Dr. Rappaccini. But the professor did not respond with so much cordiality as he had anticipated.

"Ill would it become a teacher of the divine art of medicine," said Professor Pietro Baglioni, in answer to a question of Giovanni, "to withhold due and well-considered praise of a physician so

eminently skilled as Rappaccini. But, on the other hand, I should answer it but scantily to my conscience were I to permit a worthy youth like yourself, Signor Giovanni, the son of an ancient friend, to imbibe erroneous ideas respecting a man who might hereafter chance to hold your life and death in his hands. The truth is, our worshipful Dr. Rappaccini has as much science as any member of the faculty—with, perhaps, one single exception—in Padua or all Italy, but there are certain grave objections to his professional character."

"And what are they?" asked the young man.

"Has my friend Giovanni any disease of body or heart, that he is so inquisitive about physicians?" said the professor, with a smile. "But, as for Rappaccini, it is said of him—and I, who know the man well, can answer for its truth—that he cares infinitely more for science than for mankind. His patients are interesting to him only as subjects for some new experiment. He would sacrifice human life—his own among the rest—or whatever else was dearest to him, for the sake of adding so much as a grain of mustard-seed to the great heap of his accumulated knowledge."

"Methinks he is an awful man, indeed," remarked Guasconti, mentally recalling the cold and purely intellectual aspect of Rappaccini. "And yet, worshipful professor, is it not a noble spirit? Are there many men capable of so spiritual a love of science?"

"God forbid!" answered the professor, somewhat testily—"at least, unless they take sounder views of the healing art than those adopted by Rappaccini. It is his theory that all medicinal virtues are comprised within those substances which we term vegetable poisons. These he cultivates with his own hands, and is said even to have produced new varieties of poison more horribly deleterious than Nature, without the assistance of this learned person, would ever have plagued the world withal. That the Signor Doctor does less mischief than might be expected with such dangerous substances is undeniable. Now and then, it must be owned, he

has effected, or seemed to effect, a marvelous cure. But, to tell you my private mind, Signor Giovanni, he should receive little credit for such instances of success—they being, probably, the work of chance—but should be held strictly accountable for his failures, which may justly be considered his own work.”

The youth might have taken Baglioni’s opinions with many grains of allowance had he known that there was a professional warfare of long continuance between him and Dr. Rappaccini, in which the latter was generally thought to have gained the advantage. If the reader be inclined to judge for himself, we refer him to certain black-letter tracts on both sides preserved in the medical department of the University of Padua.

“I know not, most learned professor,” returned Giovanni, after musing on what had been said of Rappaccini’s exclusive zeal for science—“I know not how dearly this physician may love his art, but surely there is one object more dear to him. He has a daughter.”

“Aha!” cried the professor, with a laugh. “So now our friend Giovanni’s secret is out! You have heard of this daughter, whom all the young men in Padua are wild about, though not half a dozen have ever had the good hap to see her face. I know little of the Signora Beatrice save that Rappaccini is said to have instructed her deeply in his science, and that, young and beautiful as fame reports her, she is already qualified to fill a professor’s chair. Perchance her father destines her for mine. Other absurd rumors there be, not worth talking about or listening to. So now, Signor Giovanni, drink off your glass of Lachryma.”

Guasconti returned to his lodgings somewhat heated with the wine he had quaffed, and which caused his brain to swim with strange fantasies in reference to Dr. Rappaccini and the beautiful Beatrice. On his way, happening to pass by a florist’s, he bought a fresh bouquet of flowers.

17. *black-letter*, a style of type used by early printers.

Ascending to his chamber, he seated himself near the window, but within the shadow thrown by the depth of the wall, so that he could look down into the garden with little risk of being discovered. All beneath his eye was a solitude. The strange plants were basking in the sunshine, and now and then nodding gently to one another, as if in acknowledgment of sympathy and kindred. In the midst, by the shattered fountain, grew the magnificent shrub, with its purple gems clustering all over it; they glowed in the air and gleamed back again out of the depths of the pool, which thus seemed to overflow with colored radiance from the rich reflection that was steeped in it. At first, as we have said, the garden was a solitude. Soon, however, as Giovanni had half hoped, half feared, would be the case, a figure appeared beneath the antique sculptured portal and came down between the rows of plants, inhaling their various perfumes as if she were one of those beings of old classic fables that lived on sweet odors. On again beholding Beatrice the young man was even startled to perceive how much her beauty exceeded his recollection of it—so brilliant, so vivid was its character, that she glowed amid the sunlight, and, as Giovanni whispered to himself, positively illuminated the more shadowy intervals of the garden path. Her face being now more revealed than on the former occasion, he was struck by its expression of simplicity and sweetness—qualities that had not entered into his idea of her character, and which made him ask anew what manner of mortal she might be. Nor did he fail again to observe or imagine an analogy between the beautiful girl and the gorgeous shrub that hung its gem-like flowers over the fountain—a resemblance which Beatrice seemed to have indulged a fantastic humor in heightening both by the arrangement of her dress and the selection of its hues.

Approaching the shrub, she threw open her arms as with a passionate ardor, and drew its branches into an intimate embrace—so intimate that

her features were hidden in its leafy bosom and her glistening ringlets all intermingled with the flowers.

"Give me thy breath, my sister," exclaimed Beatrice, "for I am faint with common air. And give me this flower of thine, which I separate with gentlest fingers from the stem and place it close beside my heart."

10 With these words the beautiful daughter of Rappaccini plucked one of the richest blossoms of the shrub, and was about to fasten it in her bosom. But now, unless Giovanni's drafts of wine had bewildered his senses, a singular incident occurred. A small orange colored reptile of the lizard or chameleon species chanced to be creeping along the path just at the feet of
20 Beatrice. It appeared to Giovanni, but at the distance from which he gazed he could scarcely have seen anything so minute—it appeared to him, however, that a drop or two of moisture from the broken stem of the flower descended upon the lizard's head. For an instant the reptile contorted itself violently, and then lay motionless in the sunshine. Beatrice
30 observed this remarkable phenomenon and crossed herself sadly, but without surprise; nor did she therefore hesitate to arrange the fatal flower in her bosom. There it blushed, and almost glimmered with the dazzling effect of a precious stone, adding to her dress and aspect the one appropriate charm which nothing else in the world could have supplied. But Giovanni, out of
40 the shadow of his window, bent forward and shrank back, and murmured and trembled.

"Am I awake? Have I my senses?" said he to himself. "What is this being? Beautiful shall I call her, or inexpressibly terrible?"

Beatrice now strayed carelessly through the garden, approaching closer beneath Giovanni's window; so that he
50 was compelled to thrust his head quite out of its concealment in order to gratify the intense and painful curiosity which she excited. At this moment there came a beautiful insect over the

garden wall; it had perhaps wandered through the city and found no flowers nor verdure among those antique haunts of men until the heavy perfumes of Dr. Rappaccini's shrubs had lured it from afar. Without alighting on the flowers this winged brightness seemed to be attracted by Beatrice, and lingered in the air and fluttered about her head. Now, here it could not be but that Giovanni Guasconti's eyes deceived him. Be that as it might, he fancied that while Beatrice was gazing at the insect with childish delight it grew faint and fell at her feet. Its bright wings shivered; it was dead—from no cause that he could discern, unless it were the atmosphere of her breath. Again Beatrice crossed herself and sighed heavily as she bent over the dead insect.

An impulsive movement of Giovanni drew her eyes to the window. There she beheld the beautiful head of the young man—rather a Grecian than an Italian head, with fair, regular features and a glistening of gold among his ringlets—gazing down upon her like a being that hovered in mid-air. Scarcely knowing what he did, Giovanni threw down the bouquet which he had hitherto held in his hand.

"Signora," said he, "there are pure and healthful flowers; wear them for the sake of Giovanni Guasconti."

"Thanks, signor!" replied Beatrice, with her rich voice that came forth, as it were, like a gush of music and with a mirthful expression half childish and half woman-like. "I accept your gift, and would fain recompense it with this precious purple flower; but if I toss it into the air, it will not reach you. So Signor Guasconti must even content himself with my thanks."

She lifted the bouquet from the
100 ground, and then, as if inwardly ashamed at having stepped aside from her maidenly reserve to respond to a stranger's greeting, passed swiftly homeward through the garden. But, few as the moments were, it seemed to Giovanni, when she was on the point of vanishing beneath the sculptured

portal, that his beautiful bouquet was already beginning to wither in her grasp. It was an idle thought; there could be no possibility of distinguishing a faded flower from a fresh one at so great a distance.

For many days after this incident the young man avoided the window that looked into Dr. Rappaccini's garden as if something ugly and monstrous would have blasted his eyesight had he been betrayed into a glance. He felt conscious of having put himself, to a certain extent, within the influence of an unintelligible power by the communication which he had opened with Beatrice. The wisest course would have been, if his heart were in any real danger, to quit his lodgings, and Padua itself, at once; the next wiser, to have accustomed himself, as far as possible, to the familiar and daylight view of Beatrice, thus bringing her rigidly and systematically within the limits of ordinary experience. Least of all, while avoiding her sight, should Giovanni have remained so near this extraordinary being that the proximity, and possibility even of intercourse, should give a kind of substance and reality to the wild vagaries which his imagination ran riot continually in producing. Guasconti had not a deep heart—or, at all events, its depths were not sounded now—but he had a quick fancy and an ardent southern temperament which rose every instant to a higher fever-pitch. Whether or no Beatrice possessed those terrible attributes—that fatal breath, the affinity with those so beautiful and deadly flowers—which were indicated by what Giovanni had witnessed, she had at least instilled a fierce and subtle poison into his system. It was not love, although her rich beauty was a madness to him; nor horror, even while he fancied her spirit to be imbued with the same baneful essence that seemed to pervade her physical frame, but a wild offspring of both love and horror that had each parent in it and burned like one and shivered like the other. Giovanni knew not what to dread;

still less did he know what to hope; yet hope and dread kept a continual warfare in his breast, alternately vanquishing one another and starting up afresh to renew the contest. Blessed are all simple emotions, be they dark or bright! It is the lurid intermixture of the two that produces the illuminating blaze of the infernal regions.

Sometimes he endeavored to assuage the fever of his spirit by a rapid walk through the streets of Padua or beyond its gates; his footsteps kept time with the throbbings of his brain, so that the walk was apt to accelerate itself to a race. One day he found himself arrested; his arm was seized by a portly personage who had turned back on recognizing the young man and expended much breath in overtaking him.

"Signor Giovanni! Stay, my young friend!" cried he. "Have you forgotten me? That might well be the case if I were as much altered as yourself."

It was Baglioni, whom Giovanni had avoided ever since their first meeting from a doubt that the professor's sagacity would look too deeply into his secrets: Endeavoring to recover himself, he started forth wildly from his inner world into the outer one, and spoke like a man in a dream:

"Yes, I am Giovanni Guasconti. You are Professor Pietro Baglioni. Now let me pass."

"Not yet—not yet, Signor Giovanni Guasconti," said the professor, smiling, but at the same time scrutinizing the youth with an earnest glance. "What? Did I grow up side by side with your father and shall his son pass me like a stranger in these old streets of Padua? Stand still, Signor Giovanni, for we must have a word or two before we part."

"Speedily, then, most worshipful professor, speedily!" said Giovanni, with feverish impatience. "Does not Your Worship see that I am in haste?"

Now, while he was speaking, there came a man in black along the street, stooping and moving feebly like a person in inferior health. His face was

all overspread with a most sickly and
sallow hue, but yet so pervaded with
an expression of piercing and active
intellect that an observer might easily
have overlooked the merely physical
attributes, and have seen only this
wonderful energy. As he passed, this
person exchanged a cold and distant
salutation with Baglioni, but fixed his
eyes upon Giovanni with an intentness
that seemed to bring out whatever was
within him worthy of notice. Never-
theless, there was a peculiar quietness
in the look, as if taking merely a specu-
lative, not a human, interest in the
young man.

"It is Dr. Rappaccini," whispered
the professor, when the stranger had
passed. "Has he ever seen your face
before?"

"Not that I know," answered Giovan-
ni, starting at the name.

"He *has* seen you! He must have
seen you!" said Baglioni, hastily. "For
some purpose or other, this man of
science is making a study of you. I
know that look of his; it is the same
that coldly illuminates his face as he
bends over a bird, a mouse, or a butter-
fly, which, in pursuance of some experi-
ment he has killed by the perfume of a
flower; a look as deep as nature itself,
but without nature's warmth of love.
Signor Giovanni, I will stake my life
upon it, you are the subject of one of
Rappaccini's experiments."

"Will you make a fool of me?" cried
Giovanni, passionately. "That, Signor
Professor, were an untoward experi-
ment."

"Patience, patience!" replied the
imperturbable professor. "I tell thee,
my poor Giovanni, that Rappaccini
has a scientific interest in thee. Thou
hast fallen into fearful hands. And
the Signora Beatrice—what part does
she act in this mystery?"

But Guasconti, finding Baglioni's
pertinacity intolerable, here broke away
and was gone before the professor could
again seize his arm. He looked after
the young man intently and shook his
head.

"This must not be," said Baglioni

to himself. "The youth is the son of
my old friend and shall not come to
any harm from which the arcana of
medical science can preserve him.
Besides, it is too insufferable an impertin-
ence in Rappaccini thus to snatch the
lad out of my own hands, as I may say,
and make use of him for his infernal
experiments. This daughter of his!
It shall be looked to. Perchance, most
learned Rappaccini, I may foil you
where you little dream of it!"

Meanwhile, Giovanni had pursued a
circuitous route and at length found
himself at the door of his lodgings. As
he crossed the threshold he was met by
old Lisabetta, who smirked and smiled
and was evidently desirous to attract
his attention—vainly, however, as the
ebullition of his feelings had momen-
tarily subsided into a cold and dull
vacuity. He turned his eyes full upon
the withered face that was puckering
itself into a smile, but seemed to behold
it not. The old dame, therefore, laid
her grasp upon his cloak.

"Signor, signor!" whispered she, still
with a smile over the whole breadth
of her visage, so that it looked not
unlike a grotesque carving in wood,
darkened by centuries. "Listen, signor!
There is a private entrance into the
garden."

"What do you say?" exclaimed
Giovanni, turning quickly about, as if
an inanimate thing should start into
feverish life. "A private entrance into
Dr. Rappaccini's garden?"

"Hush, hush! Not so loud!" whispered
Lisabetta, putting her hand over his
mouth. "Yes, into the worshipful
doctor's garden, where you may see
all his fine shrubbery. Many a young
man in Padua would give gold to be
admitted among those flowers."

Giovanni put a piece of gold into her
hand.

"Show me the way," said he.

A surmise, probably excited by his
conversation with Baglioni, crossed his
mind that this interposition of old
Lisabetta might perchance be connected
with the intrigue, whatever were its

nature, in which the professor seemed to suppose that Dr. Rappaccini was involving him. But such a suspicion, though it disturbed Giovanni, was inadequate to restrain him. The instant he was aware of the possibility of approaching Beatrice, it seemed an absolute necessity of his existence to do so. It mattered not whether she were angel or demon; he was irrevocably within her sphere and must obey the law that whirled him onward in ever lessening circles toward a result which he did not attempt to foreshadow. And yet, strange to say, there came across him a sudden doubt whether this intense interest on his part were not delusory, whether it were really of so deep and positive a nature as to justify him in now thrusting himself into an incalculable position, whether it were not merely the fantasy of a young man's brain only slightly or not at all connected with his heart.

He paused, hesitated, turned half about, but again went on. His withered guide led him along several obscure passages and finally undid a door through which, as it was opened, there came the sight and sound of rustling leaves with the broken sunshine glimmering among them. Giovanni stepped forth, and, forcing himself through the entanglement of a shrub that wreathed its tendrils over the hidden entrance, he stood beneath his own window, in the open area of Dr. Rappaccini's garden.

How often is it the case that when impossibilities have come to pass and dreams have condensed their misty substance into tangible realities, we find ourselves calm and even coldly self-possessed, amid circumstances which it would have been a delirium of joy or agony to anticipate! Fate delights to thwart us thus. Passion will choose his own time to rush upon the scene and lingers sluggishly behind when an appropriate adjustment of events would seem to summon his appearance. So was it now with Giovanni. Day after day his pulse had throbbed with feverish blood at the

improbable idea of an interview with Beatrice and of standing with her face to face in this very garden, basking in the Oriental sunshine of her beauty and snatching from her full gaze the mystery which he deemed the riddle of his own existence. But now there was a singular and untimely equanimity within his breast. He threw a glance around the garden to discover if Beatrice or her father were present, and, perceiving that he was alone, began a critical observation of the plants.

The aspect of one and all of them dissatisfied him; their gorgeousness seemed fierce, passionate, and even unnatural. There was hardly an individual shrub which a wanderer straying by himself through a forest would not have been startled to find growing wild, as if an unearthly face had glared at him out of the thicket. Several, also, would have shocked a delicate instinct by an appearance of artificialness, indicating that there had been such commixture, and, as it were, adultery, of various vegetable species that the production was no longer of God's making, but the monstrous offspring of man's depraved fancy, glowing with only an evil mockery of beauty. They were probably the result of experiment, which in one or two cases had succeeded in mingling plants individually lovely into a compound possessing the questionable and ominous character that distinguished the whole growth of the garden. In fine, Giovanni recognized but two or three plants in the collection and those of a kind that he well knew to be poisonous. While busy with these contemplations he heard the rustling of a silken garment, and, turning, beheld Beatrice emerging from beneath the sculptured portal.

Giovanni had not considered with himself what should be his deportment, whether he should apologize for his intrusion into the garden or assume that he was there with the privacy at least, if not by the desire, of Dr. Rappaccini or his daughter. But Beatrice's manner placed him at his ease, though leaving him still in doubt by what agency he

had gained admittance. She came lightly along the path and met him near the broken fountain. There was surprise in her face, but brightened by a simple and kind expression of pleasure.

"You are a connoisseur in flowers, signor," said Beatrice, with a smile, alluding to the bouquet which he had flung her from the window; "it is no
10 marvel, therefore, if the sight of my father's rare collection has tempted you to take a nearer view. If he were here, he could tell you many strange and interesting facts as to the nature and habits of these shrubs, for he has spent a lifetime in such studies and this garden is his world."

"And yourself, lady?" observed Giovanni. "If fame says true you likewise
20 are deeply skilled in the virtues indicated by these rich blossoms and these spicy perfumes. Would you deign to be my instructress, I should prove an apter scholar than if taught by Signor Rappaccini himself."

"Are there such idle rumors?" asked Beatrice, with the music of a pleasant laugh. "Do people say that I am skilled in my father's science of plants?
30 What a jest is there! No; though I have grown up among these flowers, I know no more of them than their hues and perfume, and sometimes methinks I would fain rid myself of even that small knowledge. There are many flowers here—and those not the least brilliant—that shock and offend me when they meet my eye. But pray, signor, do not believe these stories
40 about my science; believe nothing of me save what you see with your own eyes."

"And must I believe all that I have seen with my own eyes?" asked Giovanni, pointedly, while the recollection of former scenes made him shrink. "No, signora, you demand too little of me. Bid me believe nothing save what comes from your own lips."

It would appear that Beatrice understood him. There came a deep flush
50 to her cheek, but she looked full into Giovanni's eyes and responded to his gaze of uneasy suspicion with a queen-like haughtiness.

"I do so bid you, signor," she replied. "Forget whatever you may have fancied in regard to me; if true to the outward senses, still it may be false in its essence. But the words of Beatrice Rappaccini's lips are true from the heart outward; those you may believe."

A fervor glowed in her whole aspect and beamed upon Giovanni's consciousness like the light of truth itself. But while she spoke there was a fragrance in the atmosphere around her, rich and delightful, though evanescent, yet which the young man, from an indefinable reluctance, scarcely dared to draw into his lungs. It might be the odor of the flowers. Could it be Beatrice's breath which thus embalmed her words with a strange richness, as if by steeping them in her heart? A faintness passed like a shadow over Giovanni, and flitted away; he seemed to gaze through the beautiful girl's eyes into her transparent soul, and felt no more doubt or fear.

The tinge of passion that had colored Beatrice's manner vanished; she became gay and appeared to derive a pure delight from her communion with the youth, not unlike what the maiden of a lonely island might have felt conversing with a voyager from the civilized world. Evidently her experience of life had been confined within the limits of that garden. She talked now about matters as simple as the daylight or summer clouds, and now asked questions in reference to the city, or Giovanni's distant home, his friends, his mother and his sisters—questions indicating such seclusion and such lack of familiarity with modes and forms that Giovanni responded as if to an infant. Her spirit gushed out before him like a fresh rill that was just catching its first glimpse of the sunlight and wondering at the reflections of earth and sky
10 which were flung into its bosom. There came thoughts, too, from a deep source, and fantasies of gem-like brilliancy, as if diamonds and rubies sparkled upward among the bubbles of the fountain. Ever and anon there gleamed across the young man's mind a sense of wonder that he should be walking side by side

with the being who had so wrought upon his imagination, whom he had idealized in such hues of terror, in whom he had positively witnessed such manifestations of dreadful attributes—that he should be conversing with Beatrice like a brother, and should find her so human and so maidenlike. But such reflections were only momentary; the effect of her character was too real not to make itself familiar at once.

In this free intercourse they had strayed through the garden, and now, after many turns through its avenues, were come to the shattered fountain beside which grew the magnificent shrub with its treasury of glowing blossoms. A fragrance was diffused from it which Giovanni recognized as identical with that which he had attributed to Beatrice's breath, but incomparably more powerful. As her eyes fell upon it Giovanni beheld her press her hand to her bosom, as if her heart were throbbing suddenly and painfully.

"For the first time in my life," murmured she, addressing the shrub, "I had forgotten thee."

"I remember, signora," said Giovanni, "that you once promised to reward me with one of these living gems for the bouquet which I had the happy boldness to fling to your feet. Permit me now to pluck it as a memorial of this interview."

He made a step toward the shrub with extended hand. But Beatrice darted forward, uttering a shriek that went through his heart like a dagger. She caught his hand and drew it back with the whole force of her slender figure. Giovanni felt her touch thrilling through his fibers.

"Touch it not," exclaimed she, in a voice of agony—"not for thy life! It is fatal."

Then, hiding her face, she fled from him and vanished beneath the sculptured portal. As Giovanni followed her with his eyes, he beheld the emaciated figure and pale intelligence of Dr. Rappaccini, who had been watching the scene, he knew not how long, within the shadow of the entrance.

No sooner was Guasconti alone in his chamber than the image of Beatrice came back to his passionate musings invested with all the witchery that had been gathering around it ever since his first glimpse of her, and now likewise imbued with a tender warmth of girlish womanhood. She was human; her nature was endowed with all gentle and feminine qualities; she was worthiest to be worshiped; she was capable, surely, on her part, of the height and heroism of love. Those tokens which he had hitherto considered as proofs of a frightful peculiarity in her physical and moral system were now either forgotten or by the subtle sophistry of passion transmuted into a golden crown of enchantment, rendering Beatrice the more admirable by so much as she was the more unique. Whatever had looked ugly was now beautiful; or if incapable of such a change, it stole away and hid itself among those shapeless half ideas which throng the dim region beyond the daylight of our perfect consciousness.

Thus did Giovanni spend the night, nor fall asleep until the dawn had begun to awake the slumbering flowers in Dr. Rappaccini's garden, whither his dreams doubtless led him. Up rose the sun in his due season, and, flinging his beams upon the young man's eyelids, awoke him to a sense of pain. When thoroughly aroused, he became sensible of a burning and tingling agony in his hand, in his right hand—the very hand which Beatrice had grasped in her own when he was on the point of plucking one of the gem-like flowers. On the back of that hand there was now a purple print like that of four small fingers, and the likeness of a slender thumb upon his wrist. Oh, how stubbornly does love, or even that cunning semblance of love which flourishes in the imagination, but strikes no depth of root into the heart—how stubbornly does it hold its faith until the moment comes when it is doomed to vanish into thin mist! Giovanni wrapped a handkerchief about his hand and wondered what evil thing

had stung him, and soon forgot his pain in a reverie of Beatrice.

After the first interview, a second was in the inevitable course of what we call fate. A third, a fourth, and a meeting with Beatrice in the garden was no longer an incident in Giovanni's daily life, but the whole space in which he might be said to live, for the anticipation and memory of that ecstatic hour made up the remainder. Nor was it otherwise with the daughter of Rappaccini. She watched for the youth's appearance, and flew to his side with confidence as unreserved as if they had been playmates from early infancy—as if they were such playmates still. If by any unwonted chance he failed to come at the appointed moment, she stood beneath the window and sent up the rich sweetness of her tones to float around him in his chamber and echo and reverberate throughout his heart: "Giovanni, Giovanni! Why tarriest thou? Come down!" and down he hastened into that Eden of poisonous flowers.

But with all this intimate familiarity there was still a reserve in Beatrice's demeanor so rigidly and invariably sustained that the idea of infringing it scarcely occurred to his imagination. By all appreciable signs they loved—they had looked love with eyes that conveyed the holy secret from the depths of one soul into the depths of the other as if it were too sacred to be whispered by the way; they had even spoken of love in those gushes of passion when their spirits darted forth in articulated breath like tongues of long-hidden flame—and yet there had been no seal of lips, no clasp of hands, nor any slightest caress such as love claims and hallows. He had never touched one of the gleaming ringlets of her hair; her garment—so marked was the physical barrier between them—had never been waved against him by a breeze. On the few occasions when Giovanni had seemed tempted to overstep the limit Beatrice grew so sad, so stern, and, withal, wore such a look of desolate separation shuddering at itself that not

a spoken word was requisite to repel him. At such times he was startled at the horrible suspicions that rose monster-like out of the caverns of his heart and stared him in the face. His love grew thin and faint as the morning mist; his doubts alone had substance. But when Beatrice's face brightened again after the momentary shadow, she was transformed at once from the mysterious, questionable being whom he had watched with so much awe and horror; she was now the beautiful and unsophisticated girl whom he felt that his spirit knew with a certainty beyond all other knowledge.

A considerable time had now passed since Giovanni's last meeting with Baglioni. One morning, however, he was disagreeably surprised by a visit from the professor, whom he had scarcely thought of for whole weeks and would willingly have forgotten still longer. Given up, as he had long been to a pervading excitement, he could tolerate no companions except upon condition of their perfect sympathy with his present state of feeling; such sympathy was not to be expected from Professor Baglioni.

The visitor chatted carelessly for a few moments about the gossip of the city and the university and then took up another topic.

"I have been reading an old classic author lately," said he, "and met with a story that strangely interested me. Possibly you may remember it. It is of an Indian prince who sent a beautiful woman as a present to Alexander the Great. She was as lovely as the dawn and gorgeous as the sunset, but what especially distinguished her was a certain rich perfume in her breath, richer than a garden of Persian roses. Alexander, as was natural to a youthful conqueror, fell in love at first sight with this magnificent stranger. But a certain sage physician happening to be present discovered a terrible secret in regard to her."

"And what was that?" asked Giovanni, turning his eyes downward to avoid those of the professor.

"That this lovely woman," continued Baglioni, with emphasis, "had been nourished with poisons from her birth upward until her whole nature was so imbued with them that she herself had become the deadliest poison in existence. Poison was her element of life. With that rich perfume of her breath she blasted the very air. Her love would have been poison—her embrace, death. Is not this a marvelous tale?"

"A childish fable," answered Giovanni, nervously starting from his chair. "I marvel how Your Worship finds time to read such nonsense among your graver studies."

"By the by," said the professor, looking uneasily about him, "what singular fragrance is this in your apartment? Is it the perfume of your gloves? It is faint, but delicious, and yet, after all, by no means agreeable. Were I to breathe it long methinks it would make me ill. It is like the breath of a flower, but I see no flowers in the chamber."

"Nor are there any," replied Giovanni, who had turned pale as the professor spoke; "nor, I think, is there any fragrance except in Your Worship's imagination. Odors being a sort of element combined of the sensual and the spiritual are apt to deceive us in this manner. The recollection of a perfume—the bare idea of it—may easily be mistaken for a present reality."

"Aye, but my sober imagination does not often play such tricks," said Baglioni; "and were I to fancy any kind of odor, it would be that of some vile apothecary-drug wherewith my fingers are likely enough to be imbued. Our worshipful friend Rappaccini, as I have heard, tinctures his medicaments with odors richer than those of Araby. Doubtless, likewise, the fair and learned Signora Beatrice would minister to her patients with drafts as sweet as a maiden's breath, but woe to him that sips them!"

Giovanni's face evinced many contending emotions. The tone in which

the professor alluded to the pure and lovely daughter of Rappaccini was a torture to his soul, and yet the intimation of a view of her character opposite to his own gave instantaneous distinctness to a thousand dim suspicions which now grinned at him like so many demons. But he strove hard to quell them, and to respond to Baglioni with a true lover's perfect faith.

"Signor Professor," said he, "you were my father's friend; perchance, too, it is your purpose to act a friendly part toward his son. I would fain feel nothing toward you save respect and deference, but I pray you to observe, signor, that there is one subject on which we must not speak. You know not the Signora Beatrice; you cannot, therefore, estimate the wrong—the blasphemy, I may even say—that is offered to her character by a light or injurious word."

"Giovanni! my poor Giovanni!" answered the professor, with a calm expression of pity. "I know this wretched girl far better than yourself. You shall hear the truth in respect to the poisoner Rappaccini and his poisonous daughter—yes, poisonous as she is beautiful. Listen, for even should you do violence to my gray hairs, it shall not silence me. That old fable of the Indian woman has become a truth by the deep and deadly science of Rappaccini and in the person of the lovely Beatrice."

Giovanni groaned and hid his face.

"Her father," continued Baglioni, "was not restrained by natural affection from offering up his child in this horrible manner as the victim of his insane zeal for science. For—let us do him justice—he is as true a man of science as ever distilled his own heart in an alembic. What, then, will be your fate? Beyond a doubt, you are selected as the material of some new experiment. Perhaps the result is to be death—perhaps a fate more awful still. Rappaccini, with what he calls the interest of science before his eyes, will hesitate at nothing."

"It is a dream!" muttered Giovanni to himself. "Surely it is a dream!"

"But," resumed the professor, "be of good cheer, son of my friend! It is not yet too late for the rescue. Possibly we may even succeed in bringing back this miserable child within the limits of ordinary nature from which her father's madness has estranged her. Behold this little silver vase; it was wrought by the hands of the renowned Benvenuto Cellini, and is well worthy to be a love-gift to the fairest dame in Italy. But its contents are invaluable. One little sip of this antidote would have rendered the most virulent poisons of the Borgias innocuous; doubt not that it will be as efficacious against those of Rappaccini. Bestow the vase and the precious liquid within it on your Beatrice, and hopefully await the result."

Baglioni laid a small exquisitely wrought silver vial on the table and withdrew, leaving what he had said to produce its effect upon the young man's mind.

"We will thwart Rappaccini yet," thought he, chuckling to himself, as he descended the stairs. "But let us confess the truth of him; he is a wonderful man—a wonderful man indeed—a vile empiric, however, in his practice, and therefore not to be tolerated by those who respect the good old rules of the medical profession."

Throughout Giovanni's whole acquaintance with Beatrice he had occasionally, as we have said, been haunted by dark surmises as to her character; yet so thoroughly had she made herself felt by him as a simple, natural, most affectionate and guileless creature that the image now held up by Professor Baglioni looked as strange and incredible as if it were not in accordance with his own original conception. True, there were ugly recollections connected with his first glimpses of the beautiful girl; he could not quite forget the bouquet that withered in her grasp, and the in-

sect that perished amid the sunny air by no ostensible agency save the fragrance of her breath. These incidents, however, dissolving in the pure light of her character, had no longer the efficacy of facts, but were acknowledged as mistaken fantasies, by whatever testimony of the senses they might appear to be substantiated. There is something truer and more real than what we can see with the eyes and touch with the finger. On such better evidence had Giovanni founded his confidence in Beatrice, though rather by the necessary force of her high attributes than by any deep and generous faith on his part. But now his spirit was incapable of sustaining itself at the height to which the early enthusiasm of passion had exalted it; he fell down groveling among earthly doubts, and defiled therewith the pure whiteness of Beatrice's image. Not that he gave her up, he did but distrust. He resolved to institute some decisive test that should satisfy him once for all whether there were those dreadful peculiarities in her physical nature which could not be supposed to exist without some corresponding monstrosity of soul. His eyes, gazing down afar, might have deceived him as to the lizard, the insect, and the flowers; but if he could witness at the distance of a few paces the sudden blight of one fresh and healthful flower in Beatrice's hand, there would be room for no further question. With this idea he hastened to the florist's, and purchased a bouquet that was still gemmed with the morning dewdrops.

It was now the customary hour of his daily interview with Beatrice. Before descending into the garden Giovanni failed not to look at his figure in the mirror—a vanity to be expected in a beautiful young man, yet, as displaying itself at that troubled and feverish moment, the token of a certain shallowness of feeling and insincerity of character. He did gaze, however, and said to himself that his features had never before possessed so rich a grace, nor his eyes such vivacity,

10. Benvenuto Cellini, an Italian metal worker and writer of the sixteenth century. 15. Borgias, Cesare Borgia (1476-1507), Italian cardinal, and his sister Lucrezia, Duchess of Ferrara. They were notorious for their use of poisons to destroy their enemies. 31. empiric, one of a group of early physicians who based their knowledge on experiment, the opposite of a theorist.

nor his cheeks so warm a hue of superabundant life.

"At least," thought he, "her poison has not yet insinuated itself into my system. I am no flower, to perish in her grasp."

With that thought he turned his eyes on the bouquet, which he had never once laid aside from his hand. A thrill of indefinable horror shot through his frame on perceiving that those dewy flowers were already beginning to droop; they wore the aspect of things that had been fresh and lovely yesterday. Giovanni grew white as marble and stood motionless before the mirror, staring at his own reflection there as at the likeness of something frightful. He remembered Baglioni's remark about the fragrance that seemed to pervade the chamber; it must have been the poison in his breath. Then he shuddered—shuddered at himself. Recovering from his stupor, he began to watch with curious eye a spider that was busily at work hanging its web from the antique cornice of the apartment, crossing and recrossing the artful system of interwoven lines, as vigorous and active a spider as ever dangled from an old ceiling. Giovanni bent toward the insect and emitted a deep, long breath. The spider suddenly ceased its toil; the web vibrated with a tremor originating in the body of the small artisan. Again Giovanni sent forth a breath, deeper, longer, and imbued with a venomous feeling out of his heart; he knew not whether he were wicked or only desperate. The spider made a convulsive gripe with his limbs, and hung dead across the window.

"Accursed! accursed!" muttered Giovanni, addressing himself. "Hast thou grown so poisonous that this deadly insect perishes by thy breath?"

At that moment a rich, sweet voice came floating up from the garden:

"Giovanni, Giovanni! It is past the hour. Why tarriest thou? Come down!"

"Yes," muttered Giovanni, again; "she is the only being whom my breath may not slay. Would that it might!"

He rushed down, and in an instant was standing before the bright and loving eyes of Beatrice. A moment ago his wrath and despair had been so fierce that he could have desired nothing so much as to wither her by a glance, but with her actual presence there came influences which had too real an existence to be at once shaken off—recollections of the delicate and benign power of her feminine nature, which had so often enveloped him in a religious calm; recollections of many a holy and passionate outgush of her heart, when the pure fountain had been unsealed from its depths and made visible in its transparency to his mental eye; recollections which, had Giovanni known how to estimate them, would have assured him that all this ugly mystery was but an earthly illusion, and that, whatever mist of evil might seem to have gathered over her, the real Beatrice was a heavenly angel. Incapable as he was of such high faith, still her presence had not utterly lost its magic. Giovanni's rage was quelled into an aspect of sullen insensibility. Beatrice, with a quick, spiritual sense, immediately felt that there was a gulf of blackness between them which neither he nor she could pass. They walked on together, sad and silent, and came thus to the marble fountain, and to its pool of water on the ground, in the midst of which grew the shrub that bore gem-like blossoms. Giovanni was affrighted at the eager enjoyment—the appetite, as it were—with which he found himself inhaling the fragrance of the flowers.

"Beatrice," asked he, abruptly, "whence came this shrub?"

"My father created it," answered she, with simplicity.

"Created it! created it!" repeated Giovanni. "What mean you, Beatrice?"

"He is a man fearfully acquainted with the secrets of nature," replied Beatrice, "and at the hour when I first drew breath this plant sprang from the soil, the offspring of his science, of his intellect, while I was but his earthly child. Approach it not," continued

she, observing with terror that Giovanni was drawing nearer to the shrub; "it has qualities that you little dream of. But I, dearest Giovanni—I grew up and blossomed with the plant and was nourished with its breath. It was my sister, and I loved it with a human affection, for, alas! hast thou not suspected it?—there was an awful doom."

10 Here Giovanni frowned so darkly upon her that Beatrice paused and trembled. But her faith in his tenderness reassured her and made her blush that she had doubted for an instant.

"There was an awful doom," she continued—"the effect of my father's fatal love of science—which estranged me from all society of my kind. Until heaven sent thee, dearest Giovanni, oh, how lonely was thy poor Beatrice!"

20 "Was it a hard doom?" asked Giovanni, fixing his eyes upon her.

"Only of late have I known how hard it was," answered she, tenderly. "Oh, yes; but my heart was torpid and therefore quiet."

Giovanni's rage broke forth from his sullen gloom like a lightning-flash out of a dark cloud.

30 "Accursed one!" cried he, with venomous scorn and anger. "And, finding thy solitude wearisome, thou hast severed me, likewise, from all the warmth of life and enticed me into thy region of unspeakable horror."

"Giovanni!" exclaimed Beatrice, turning her large, bright eyes upon his face. The force of his words had not found its way into her mind; she was merely thunderstruck.

40 "Yes, poisonous thing!" repeated Giovanni, beside himself with passion. "Thou hast done it! Thou hast blasted me! Thou hast filled my veins with poison! Thou hast made me as hateful, as ugly, as loathsome and deadly a creature as thyself—a world's wonder of hideous monstrosity! Now—if our breath be, happily, as fatal to ourselves as to all others—let us join our lips in one kiss of unutterable hatred, and so die."

50 "What has befallen me?" murmured Beatrice, with a low moan out of her

heart. "Holy Virgin, pity me—a poor heart-broken child!"

"Thou? Dost thou pray?" cried Giovanni, still with the same fiendish scorn. "Thy very prayers as they come from thy lips taint the atmosphere with death. Yes, let us pray! Let us to church and dip our fingers in the holy water at the portal; they that come after us will perish as by a pestilence. Let us sign crosses in the air; it will be scattering curses abroad in the likeness of holy symbols."

"Giovanni," said Beatrice calmly, for her grief was beyond passion, "why dost thou join thyself with me thus in those terrible words? I, it is true, am the horrible thing thou namest me, but thou—what hast thou to do save with one other shudder at my hideous misery to go forth out of the garden and mingle with thy race, and forget that there ever crawled on earth such a monster as poor Beatrice?"

"Dost thou pretend ignorance?" asked Giovanni, scowling upon her. 80 "Behold! This power have I gained from the pure daughter of Rappaccini!"

There was a swarm of summer insects flitting through the air in search of the food promised by the flower-odors of the fatal garden. They circled round Giovanni's head, and were evidently attracted toward him by the same influence which had drawn them for an instant within the sphere of several of the shrubs. He sent forth a breath among them, and smiled bitterly at Beatrice as at least a score of the insects fell dead upon the ground.

90 "I see it! I see it!" shrieked Beatrice. "It is my father's fatal science! No, no, Giovanni, it was not I! Never, never! I dreamed only to love thee and be with thee a little time, and so to let thee pass away, leaving but 100 thine image in mine heart. For, Giovanni—believe it—though my body be nourished with poison, my spirit is God's creature and craves love as its daily food. But my father! he has united us in this fearful sympathy. Yes, spurn me! tread upon me! kill me! Oh, what is death, after such words as

thine? But it was not I; not for a world of bliss would I have done it!"

Giovanni's passion had exhausted itself in its outburst from his lips. There now came across him a sense—mournful and not without tenderness—of the intimate and peculiar relationship between Beatrice and himself. They stood, as it were, in an utter solitude which would be made none the less solitary by the densest throng of human life. Ought not, then, the desert of humanity around them to press this insulated pair closely together? If they should be cruel to one another, who was there to be kind to them? Besides, thought Giovanni, might there not still be a hope of his returning, within the limits of ordinary nature, and leading Beatrice—the redeemed Beatrice—by the hand? Oh, weak and selfish and unworthy spirit, that could dream of an earthly union and earthly happiness as possible after such deep love had been so bitterly wronged as was Beatrice's love by Giovanni's blighting words! No! no! there could be no such hope. She must pass heavily with that broken heart across the borders of time; she must bathe her hurts in some fount of Paradise and forget her grief in the light of immortality, and there be well.

But Giovanni did not know it.

"Dear Beatrice," said he, approaching her, while she shrank away, as always at his approach, but now with a different impulse—"dearest Beatrice, our fate is not yet so desperate. Behold! There is a medicine, potent, as a wise physician has assured me, and almost divine in its efficacy. It is composed of ingredients the most opposite to those by which thy awful father has brought this calamity upon thee and me. It is distilled of blessed herbs. Shall we not quaff it together and thus be purified from evil?"

"Give it me," said Beatrice, extending her hand to receive the little silver vial which Giovanni took from his bosom. She added, with a peculiar emphasis: "I will drink, but do thou await the result."

She put Baglioni's antidote to her lips, and at the same moment the figure of Rappaccini emerged from the portal and came slowly toward the marble fountain. As he drew near, the pale man of science seemed to gaze with a triumphant expression at the beautiful youth and maiden, as might an artist who should spend his life in achieving a picture or a group of statuary and finally be satisfied with his success. He paused; his bent form grew erect with conscious power; he spread out his hand over them in the attitude of a father imploring a blessing upon his children. But those were the same hands that had thrown poison into the stream of their lives! Giovanni trembled. Beatrice shuddered nervously and pressed her hand upon her heart.

"My daughter," said Rappaccini, "thou art no longer lonely in this world. Pluck one of those precious gems from thy sister-shrub and bid thy bridegroom wear it in his bosom. It will not harm him now. My science and the sympathy between thee and him have so wrought within his system that he now stands apart from common men, as thou dost, daughter of my pride and triumph, from ordinary women. Pass on, then, through the world, most dear to one another and dreadful to all besides."

"My father," said Beatrice, feebly, and still, as she spoke, she kept her hand upon her heart, "wherefore didst thou inflict this miserable doom upon thy child?"

"Miserable!" exclaimed Rappaccini. "What mean you, foolish girl? Dost thou deem it misery to be endowed with marvelous gifts against which no power nor strength could avail an enemy; misery to be able to quell the mightiest with a breath; misery to be as terrible as thou art beautiful? Wouldst thou, then, have preferred the condition of a weak woman, exposed to all evil and capable of none?"

"I would fain have been loved, not feared," murmured Beatrice, sinking down upon the ground. "But now it matters not; I am going, father, where the evil which thou hast striven to

minge with my being will pass away like a dream—like the fragrance of these poisonous flowers, which will no longer taint my breath among the flowers of Eden. Farewell, Giovanni! Thy words of hatred are like lead within my heart, but they, too, will fall away as I ascend. Oh, was there not from the first more poison in thy nature than in mine?"

To Beatrice—so radically had her earthly part been wrought upon by Rappaccini's skill—as poison had been life, so the powerful antidote was death. And thus the poor victim of man's ingenuity and of thwarted nature and of the fatality that attends all such efforts of perverted wisdom perished there at the feet of her father and Giovanni.

Just at that moment Professor Pietro Baglioni looked forth from the window and called loudly, and in a tone of triumph, mixed with horror, to the thunder-stricken man of science:

"Rappaccini, Rappaccini! And is *this* the upshot of your experiment?" (1846)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)

NOTE

In his essay on the nature of his craft, "A Gossip on Romance" (page 1059) Stevenson wrote: "There is one book . . . more generally loved than Shakespeare, that captivates in childhood, and still delights in age—I mean the *Arabian Nights*—where you shall look in vain for moral or for intellectual interest. No human face or voice greets us among that wooden crowd of kings and genies, sorcerers and beggarmen. Adventure, in the most naked terms, furnishes the entertainment, and is found enough." It was this love of adventure, expressed in his own full life as well as in his writings, which prompted Stevenson to turn from the current realism of his time to pure romance. In his *New Arabian Nights*, from which the following story was taken, we meet the spirit of adventure for the sake of adventure. It was predicted by some of Stevenson's contemporaries that his books would fail. Romance, it was said, had gone; in its place were realism, character analysis, and studies of social problems. But the public disproved these notions by devouring Stevenson's novels and short stories and demanding more. *Treasure Island* (1883), his first popular success, proved that a

boys' book of adventure can be at once exciting and wholesome, and has almost earned a place for itself by the side of *Robinson Crusoe*; and his other stories of adventure by land and sea are still read by young and old. The following story of Denis de Beaulieu and Blanche de Malétroit is as purely romantic in its kind as are Keats's "The Eve of Saint Agnes" (page 183) and Noyes's "The Highwayman" (page 313) in their kind. In it Stevenson has mingled the spirit of chivalry and the universal spirit of youthful passion, graceful, beautiful, and deep, but at the same time whimsical and inconsistent.

THE SIRE DE MALÉTROIT'S DOOR

Denis de Beaulieu was not yet two-and-twenty, but he counted himself a grown man, and a very accomplished cavalier into the bargain. Lads were early formed in that rough, warfaring epoch; and when one has been in a pitched battle and a dozen raids, has killed one's man in an honorable fashion, and knows a thing or two of strategy and mankind, a certain swagger in the gait is surely to be pardoned. He had put up his horse with due care, and supped with due deliberation; and then, in a very agreeable frame of mind, went out to pay a visit in the gray of the evening. It was not a very wise proceeding on the young man's part. He would have done better to remain beside the fire or go decently to bed. For the town was full of the troops of Burgundy and England under a mixed command; and though Denis was there on safe-conduct, his safe-conduct was like to serve him little on a chance encounter.

It was September, 1429; the weather had fallen sharp; a flighty piping wind, laden with showers, beat about the township; and the dead leaves ran riot along the streets. Here and there a window was already lighted up; and the noise of men-at-arms making merry over supper within came forth in fits and was swallowed up and carried away by the wind. The night fell swiftly; the flag of England, fluttering on the spire-top, grew ever fainter and fainter against the flying clouds—a black speck like a swallow in the

tumultuous, leaden chaos of the sky. As the night fell the wind rose, and began to hoot under archways and roar amid the tree-tops in the valley below the town.

Denis de Beaulieu walked fast and was soon knocking at his friend's door; but though he promised himself to stay only a little while and make an early
10 return, his welcome was so pleasant, and he found so much to delay him, that it was already long past midnight before he said good-by upon the threshold. The wind had fallen again in the meanwhile; the night was as black as the grave; not a star, nor a glimmer of moonshine, slipped through the canopy of cloud. Denis was ill-acquainted with the intricate lanes of Chateau Landon;
20 even by daylight he had found some trouble in picking his way; and in this absolute darkness he soon lost it altogether. He was certain of one thing only—to keep mounting the hill; for his friend's house lay at the lower end, or tail, of Chateau Landon, while the inn was up at the head, under the great church spire. With this clew to go upon he stumbled and groped forward, now
30 breathing more freely in open places where there was a good slice of sky overhead, now feeling along the wall in stifling closes. It is an eerie and mysterious position to be thus submerged in opaque blackness in an almost unknown town. The silence is terrifying in its possibilities. The touch of cold window bars to the exploring hand startles the man like the touch of a toad; the inequalities of the pavement shake his
40 heart into his mouth; a piece of denser darkness threatens an ambuscade or a chasm in the pathway; and where the air is brighter, the houses put on strange and bewildering appearances, as if to lead him farther from his way. For Denis, who had to regain his inn without attracting notice, there was real danger as well as mere discomfort in the walk; and he went warily and boldly at once,
50 and at every corner paused to make an observation.

He had been for some time threading a lane so narrow that he could touch

a wall with either hand when it began to open out and go sharply downward. Plainly this lay no longer in the direction of his inn; but the hope of a little more light tempted him forward to recon-
noiter. The lane ended in a terrace 60 with a bartizan wall, which gave an outlook between high houses, as out of an embrasure, into the valley lying dark and formless several hundred feet below. Denis looked down, and could discern a few tree-tops waving and a single speck of brightness where the river ran across a weir. The weather was clearing up, and the sky had
70 lightened, so as to show the outline of the heavier clouds and the dark margin of the hills. By the uncertain glimmer the house on his left hand should be a place of some pretensions; it was surmounted by several pinnacles and turret-tops; the round stern of a chapel, with a fringe of flying buttresses, projected boldly from the main block; and the door was sheltered under a
80 deep porch carved with figures and overhung by two long gargoyles. The windows of the chapel gleamed through their intricate tracery with a light as of many tapers, and threw out the buttresses and the peaked roof in a more intense blackness against the sky. It was plainly the hotel of some great family of the neighborhood; and as it reminded Denis of a town house of his own at Bourges, he stood for some time
90 gazing up at it and mentally gaging the skill of the architects and the consideration of the two families.

There seemed to be no issue to the terrace but the lane by which he had reached it; he could only retrace his steps, but he had gained some notion of his whereabouts, and hoped by this means to hit the main thoroughfare and speedily regain the inn. He was reckon-
100 ing without that chapter of accidents which was to make this night memorable above all others in his career; for he had not gone back above a hundred yards before he saw a light coming to

61. *bartizan wall*, a wall fitted with bartizans or overhanging structures for lookout or defense. 87. *hotel*, the town residence of a nobleman.

meet him, and heard loud voices speaking together in the echoing narrow of the lane. It was a party of men-at-arms going the night round with torches. Denis assured himself that they had all been making free with the wine-bowl, and were in no mood to be particular about safe-conducts or the niceties of chivalrous war. It was as like as not that they would kill him like a dog and leave him where he fell. The situation was inspiring but nervous. Their own torches would conceal him from sight, he reflected; and he hoped that they would drown the noise of his footsteps with their own empty voices. If he were but fleet and silent, he might evade their notice altogether.

Unfortunately, as he turned to beat a retreat, his foot rolled upon a pebble; he fell against the wall with an ejaculation, and his sword rang loudly on the stones. Two or three voices demanded who went there—some in French, some in English; but Denis made no reply, and ran the faster down the lane. Once upon the terrace, he paused to look back. They still kept calling after him, and just then began to double the pace in pursuit, with a considerable clank of armor, and great tossing of the torchlight to and fro in the narrow jaws of the passage.

Denis cast a look around and darted into the porch. There he might escape observation, or—if that were too much to expect—was in a capital posture whether for parley or defense. So thinking, he drew his sword and tried to set his back against the door. To his surprise, it yielded behind his weight; and, though he turned in a moment, continued to swing back on oiled and noiseless hinges, until it stood wide open on a black interior. When things fall out opportunely for the person concerned, he is not apt to be critical about the how or why, his own immediate personal convenience seeming a sufficient reason for the strangest oddities and revolutions in our sublunary things; and so Denis, without a moment's hesitation, stepped within and partly closed the door behind him to conceal

his place of refuge. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to close it altogether; but for some inexplicable reason—perhaps by a spring or a weight—the ponderous mass of oak whipped itself out of his fingers and clanked to, with a formidable rumble and a noise like the falling of an automatic bar.

The round, at that very moment, debouched upon the terrace and proceeded to summon him with shouts and curses. He heard them ferreting in the dark corners; the stock of a lance even rattled along the outer surface of the door behind which he stood; but these gentlemen were in too high a humor to be long delayed, and soon made off down a corkscrew pathway which had escaped Denis's observation, and passed out of sight and hearing along the battlements of the town.

Denis breathed again. He gave them a few minutes' grace for fear of accidents and then groped about for some means of opening the door and slipping forth again. The inner surface was quite smooth, not a handle, not a molding, not a projection of any sort. He got his finger nails round the edges and pulled, but the mass was immovable. He shook it, it was as firm as a rock. Denis de Beaulieu frowned and gave vent to a little noiseless whistle. What ailed the door? he wondered. Why was it open? How came it to shut so easily and so effectually after him? There was something obscure and underhand about all this, that was little to the young man's fancy. It looked like a snare; and yet who could suppose a snare in such a quiet by-street and in a house of so prosperous and even noble an exterior? And yet—snare or no snare, intentionally or unintentionally—here he was, prettily trapped; and for the life of him he could see no way out of it again. The darkness began to weigh upon him. He gave ear; all was silent without, but within and close by he seemed to catch a faint sighing, a faint sobbing rustle, a little stealthy creak—as though many persons were at his side, holding themselves quite still, and governing even their respira-

tion with the extreme of slyness. The idea went to his vitals with a shock, and he faced about suddenly as if to defend his life. Then, for the first time, he became aware of a light about the level of his eyes and at some distance in the interior of the house—a vertical thread of light, widening toward the bottom, such as might escape between two wings of arras over a doorway. To see anything was a relief to Denis; it was like a piece of solid ground to a man laboring in a morass; his mind seized upon it with avidity; and he stood staring at it and trying to piece together some logical conception of his surroundings. Plainly there was a flight of steps ascending from his own level to that of this illuminated doorway; and indeed he thought he could make out another thread of light, as fine as a needle and as faint as phosphorescence, which might very well be reflected along the polished wood of a hand-rail. Since he had begun to suspect that he was not alone, his heart had continued to beat with smothering violence, and an intolerable desire for action of any sort had possessed itself of his spirit. He was in deadly peril, he believed. What could be more natural than to mount the staircase, lift the curtain, and confront his difficulty at once? At least he would be dealing with something tangible; at least he would be no longer in the dark. He stepped slowly forward with outstretched hands, until his foot struck the bottom step; then he rapidly scaled the stairs, stood for a moment to compose his expression, lifted the arras, and went in.

He found himself in a large apartment of polished stone. There were three doors; one on each of three sides; all similarly curtained with tapestry. The fourth side was occupied by two large windows and a great stone chimney-piece, carved with the arms of the Malétrois. Denis recognized the bearings, and was gratified to find himself in such good hands. The room was strongly illuminated; but it contained little furniture except a heavy table and a chair or two, the hearth was inno-

cent of fire, and the pavement was but sparsely strewn with rushes clearly many days old.

On a high chair beside the chimney, and directly facing Denis as he entered, sat a little old gentleman in a fur tippet. He sat with his legs crossed and his hands folded, and a cup of spiced wine stood by his elbow on a bracket on the wall. His countenance had a strongly masculine cast; not properly human, but such as we see in the bull, the goat, or the domestic boar; something equivocal and wheedling, something greedy, brutal, and dangerous. The upper lip was inordinately full, as though swollen by a blow or a toothache; and the smile, the peaked eyebrows, and the small, strong eyes were quaintly and almost comically evil in expression. Beautiful white hair hung straight all round his head, like a saint's, and fell in a single curl upon the tippet. His beard and moustache were the pink of venerable sweetness. Age, probably in consequence of inordinate precautions, had left no mark upon his hands; and the Malétroit hand was famous. It would be difficult to imagine anything at once so fleshy and so delicate in design; the taper, sensual fingers were like those of one of Leonardo's women; the fork of the thumb made a dimpled protuberance when closed; the nails were perfectly shaped, and of a dead, surprising whiteness. It rendered his aspect tenfold more redoubtable, that a man with hands like these should keep them devoutly folded like a virgin martyr—that a man with so intent and startling an expression of face should sit patiently on his seat and contemplate people with an unwinking stare, like a god, or a god's statue. His quiescence seemed ironical and treacherous, it fitted so poorly with his looks.

Such was Alain, Sire de Malétroit.

Denis and he looked silently at each other for a second or two.

"Pray step in," said the Sire de Malétroit. "I have been expecting you all the evening."

86. *Leonardo*, Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), an Italian painter and sculptor.

He had not risen, but he accompanied his words with a smile and a slight but courteous inclination of the head. Partly from the smile, partly from the strange musical murmur with which the Sire prefaced his observation, Denis felt a strong shudder of disgust go through his marrow. And what with disgust and honest confusion of mind, he could scarcely get words together in reply.

"I fear," he said, "that this is a double accident. I am not the person you suppose me. It seems you were looking for a visit; but for my part, nothing was further from my thoughts—nothing could be more contrary to my wishes—than this intrusion."

"Well, well," replied the old gentleman indulgently, "here you are, which is the main point. Seat yourself, my friend, and put yourself entirely at your ease. We shall arrange our little affairs presently."

Denis perceived that the matter was still complicated with some misconception, and he hastened to continue his explanations.

"Your door . . ." he began.

"About my door?" asked the other, raising his peaked eyebrows. "A little piece of ingenuity." And he shrugged his shoulders. "A hospitable fancy! By your own account, you were not desirous of making my acquaintance. We old people look for such reluctance now and then; when it touches our honor, we cast about until we find some way of overcoming it. You arrive uninvited, but, believe me, very welcome."

"You persist in error, sir," said Denis. "There can be no question between you and me. I am a stranger in this countryside. My name is Denis, damoiseau de Beaulieu. If you see me in your house, it is only—"

"My young friend," interrupted the other, "you will permit me to have my own ideas on that subject. They probably differ from yours at the present moment," he added with a leer, "but time will show which of us is in the right."

43. *damoiseau*, a young nobleman who had not yet been knighted.

Denis was convinced he had to do with a lunatic. He seated himself with a shrug, content to wait the upshot; and a pause ensued, during which he thought he could distinguish a hurried gabbling as of prayer from behind the arras immediately opposite him. Sometimes there seemed to be but one person engaged, sometimes two; and the vehemence of the voice, low as it was, seemed to indicate either great haste or an agony of spirit. It occurred to him that this piece of tapestry covered the entrance to the chapel he had noticed from without.

The old gentleman meanwhile surveyed Denis from head to foot with a smile, and from time to time emitted little noises like a bird or a mouse, which seemed to indicate a high degree of satisfaction. This state of matters became rapidly insupportable; and Denis, to put an end to it, remarked politely that the wind had gone down.

The old gentleman fell into a fit of silent laughter, so prolonged and violent that he became quite red in the face. Denis got upon his feet at once, and put on his hat with a flourish.

"Sir," he said, "if you are in your wits, you have affronted me grossly. If you are out of them, I flatter myself I can find better employment for my brains than to talk with lunatics. My conscience is clear; you have made a fool of me from the first moment; you have refused to hear my explanations; and now there is no power under God will make me stay here any longer; and if I cannot make my way out in a more decent fashion, I will hack your door in pieces with my sword."

The Sire de Malétoit raised his right hand and wagged it at Denis with the fore and little fingers extended.

"My dear nephew," he said, "sit down."

"Nephew!" retorted Denis, "you lie in your throat"; and he snapped his fingers in his face.

"Sit down, you rogue!" cried the old gentleman, in a sudden harsh voice, like the barking of a dog. "Do you fancy," he went on, "that when I had made my

little contrivance for the door I had stopped short with that? If you prefer to be bound hand and foot till your bones ache, rise and try to go away. If you choose to remain a free young buck, agreeably conversing with an old gentleman—why, sit where you are in peace, and God be with you.”

“Do you mean I am a prisoner?”
10 demanded Denis.

“I state the facts,” replied the other. “I would rather leave the conclusion to yourself.”

Denis sat down again. Externally he managed to keep pretty calm; but within, he was now boiling with anger, now chilled with apprehension. He no longer felt convinced that he was dealing with a madman. And if the old
20 gentleman was sane, what, in God’s name, had he to look for? What absurd or tragical adventure had befallen him? What countenance was he to assume?

While he was thus unpleasantly reflecting, the arras that overhung the chapel door was raised, and a tall priest in his robes came forth and, giving a long, keen stare at Denis, said something in an undertone to Sire de Malé-
30 troit.

“She is in a better frame of spirit?” asked the latter.

“She is more resigned, messire,” replied the priest.

“Now the Lord help her, she is hard to please!” sneered the old gentleman. “A likely stripling—not ill-born—and of her own choosing, too? Why, what more would the jade have?”

40 “The situation is not usual for a young damsel,” said the other, “and somewhat trying to her blushes.”

“She should have thought of that before she began the dance! It was none of my choosing, God knows that; but since she is in it, by our lady, she shall carry it to the end.” And then addressing Denis, “Monsieur de Beaulieu,” he asked, “may I present you to
50 my niece? She has been waiting your arrival, I may say, with even greater impatience than myself.”

Denis had resigned himself with a good grace—all he desired was to know

the worst of it as speedily as possible; so he rose at once, and bowed in acquiescence. The Sire de Malétroit followed his example and limped, with the assistance of the chaplain’s arm, toward the chapel-door. The priest
60 pulled aside the arras, and all three entered. The building had considerable architectural pretensions. A light groin-ing sprang from six stout columns, and hung down in two rich pendants from the center of the vault. The place terminated behind the altar in a round end, embossed and honeycombed with a superfluity of ornament in relief, and
70 pierced by many little windows shaped like stars, trefoils, or wheels. These windows were imperfectly glazed, so that the night air circulated freely in the chapel. The tapers, of which there must have been half a hundred burning on the altar, were unmercifully blown about; and the light went through many different phases of brill-
80 liancy and semi-eclipse. On the steps in front of the altar knelt a young girl richly attired as a bride. A chill settled over Denis as he observed her costume; he fought with desperate energy against the conclusion that was being thrust upon his mind; it could not—it should not—be as he feared.

“Blanche,” said the Sire, in his most flute-like tones, “I have brought a friend to see you, my little girl; turn round and give him your pretty hand.
90 It is good to be devout; but it is necessary to be polite, my niece.”

The girl rose to her feet and turned toward the newcomers. She moved all of a piece; and shame and exhaustion were expressed in every line of her fresh young body; and she held her head down and kept her eyes upon the pavement, as she came slowly forward. In the course of her advance, her eyes fell
100 upon Denis de Beaulieu’s feet—feet of which he was justly vain, be it remarked, and wore in the most elegant accoutrement even while traveling. She paused—started, as if his yellow boots had conveyed some shocking meaning—and glanced suddenly up into the wearer’s countenance. Their eyes met; shame

gave place to horror and terror in her looks; the blood left her lips; with a piercing scream she covered her face with her hands and sank upon the chapel floor.

"That is not the man!" she cried. "My uncle, that is not the man!"

The Sire de Malétroit chirped agreeably. "Of course not," he said, "I expected as much. It was so unfortunate you could not remember his name."

"Indeed," she cried, "indeed, I have never seen this person till this moment—I have never so much as set eyes upon him—I never wish to see him again. Sir," she said, turning to Denis, "if you are a gentleman, you will bear me out. Have I ever seen you—have you ever seen me—before this accursed hour?"

"To speak for myself, I have never had that pleasure," answered the young man. "This is the first time, messire, that I have met with your engaging niece."

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders.

"I am distressed to hear it," he said.

"But it is never too late to begin. I had little more acquaintance with my own late lady ere I married her; which proves," he added, with a grimace, "that these impromptu marriages may often produce an excellent understanding in the long run. As the bridegroom is to have a voice in the matter, I will give him two hours to make up for lost time before we proceed with the ceremony." And he turned toward the door, followed by the clergyman.

The girl was on her feet in a moment. "My uncle, you cannot be in earnest," she said. "I declare before God I will stab myself rather than be forced on that young man. The heart rises at it; God forbids such marriages; you dishonor your white hair. Oh, my uncle, pity me! There is not a woman in all the world but would prefer death to such a nuptial. Is it possible," she added, faltering—"is it possible that you do not believe me—that you still think this"—and she pointed at Denis with a tremor of anger and contempt—"that you still think *this* to be the man?"

"Frankly," said the old gentleman, pausing on the threshold, "I do. But let me explain to you once for all, Blanche de Malétroit, my way of thinking about this affair. When you took it into your head to dishonor my family and the name that I have borne, in peace and war, for more than three-score years, you forfeited, not only the right to question my designs, but that of looking me in the face. If your father had been alive, he would have spat on you and turned you out of doors. His was the hand of iron. You may bless your God you have only to deal with the hand of velvet, mademoiselle. It was my duty to get you married without delay. Out of pure good-will, I have tried to find your own gallant for you. And I believe I have succeeded. But before God and all the holy angels, Blanche de Malétroit, if I have not, I care not one jackstraw. So let me recommend you be polite to our young friend; for upon my word, your next groom may be less appetizing."

And with that he went out, with the chaplain at his heels; and the arras fell behind the pair.

The girl turned upon Denis with flashing eyes.

"And what, sir," she demanded, "may be the meaning of all this?"

"God knows," returned Denis, gloomily. "I am a prisoner in this house, which seems full of mad people. More I know not; and nothing do I understand."

"And pray how came you here?" she asked.

He told her as briefly as he could. "For the rest," he added, "perhaps you will follow my example, and tell me the answer to all these riddles, and what, in God's name, is like to be the end of it."

She stood silent for a little, and he could see her lips tremble and her tearless eyes burn with a feverish luster. Then she pressed her forehead in both hands.

"Alas, how my head aches!" she said wearily—"to say nothing of my poor heart! But it is due to you to know

my story, unmaidenly as it must seem. I am called *Blanche de Malétoit*; I have been without father or mother for—oh! for as long as I can recollect, and indeed I have been most unhappy all my life. Three months ago a young captain began to stand near me every day in church. I could see that I pleased him; I am much to blame, but I was so glad that anyone should love me; and when he passed me a letter, I took it home with me and read it with great pleasure. Since that time he has written many. He was so anxious to speak with me, poor fellow! and kept asking me to leave the door open some evening that we might have two words upon the stair. For he knew how much my uncle trusted me.” She gave something like a sob at that, and it was a moment before she could go on. “My uncle is a hard man, but he is very shrewd,” she said at last. “He has performed many feats in war, and was a great person at court, and much trusted by Queen *Isabeau* in old days. How he came to suspect me I cannot tell; but it is hard to keep anything from his knowledge; and this morning, as we came from mass, he took my hand into his, forced it open, and read my little billet, walking by my side all the while. When he finished, he gave it back to me with great politeness. It contained another request to have the door left open; and this has been the ruin of us all. My uncle kept me strictly in my room until evening, and then ordered me to dress myself as you see me—a hard mockery for a young girl, do you not think so? I suppose, when he could not prevail with me to tell him the young captain’s name, he must have laid a trap for him; into which, alas! you have fallen in the anger of God. I looked for much confusion; for how could I tell whether he was willing to take me for his wife on these sharp terms? He might have been trifling with me from the first; or I might have made myself too cheap in his eyes. But truly I had not looked for such a shameful punishment as this! I could not think that God would let a girl be so

disgraced before a young man. And now I tell you all; and I can scarcely hope that you will not despise me.”

Denis made her a respectful inclination.

“Madam,” he said, “you have honored me by your confidence. It remains for me to prove that I am not unworthy of the honor. Is *Messire de Malétoit* at hand?”

“I believe he is writing in the *salle* without,” she answered.

“May I lead you thither, madam?” asked Denis, offering his hand with his most courtly bearing.

She accepted it; and the pair passed out of the chapel, *Blanche* in a very drooping and shamefaced condition, but Denis strutting and ruffling in the consciousness of a mission, and the boyish certainty of accomplishing it with honor.

The *Sire de Malétoit* rose to meet them with an ironical obeisance.

“Sir,” said Denis, with the grandest possible air, “I believe I am to have some say in the matter of this marriage; and let me tell you at once, I will be no party to forcing the inclination of this young lady. Had it been freely offered to me, I should have been proud to accept her hand, for I perceive she is as good as she is beautiful; but as things are, I have now the honor, *messire*, of refusing.”

Blanche looked at him with gratitude in her eyes; but the old gentleman only smiled and smiled, until his smile grew positively sickening to Denis.

“I am afraid,” he said, “*Monsieur de Beaulieu*, that you do not perfectly understand the choice I have offered you. Follow me, I beseech you, to this window.” And he led the way to one of the large windows which stood open on the night. “You observe,” he went on, “there is an iron ring in the upper masonry, and reeved through that, a very efficacious rope. Now, mark my words: if you should find your disinclination to my niece’s person insurmountable, I shall have you hanged out of this window before sunrise. I shall

only proceed to such an extremity with the greatest regret, you may believe me. For it is not at all your death that I desire, but my niece's establishment in life. At the same time, it must come to that if you prove obstinate. Your family, Monsieur de Beaulieu, is very well in its way; but if you sprang from Charlemagne, you should not refuse
 10 the hand of a Malétroit with impunity—not if she had been as common as the Paris road—not if she were as hideous as the gargoyles over my door. Neither my niece nor you, nor my own private feelings, move me at all in this matter. The honor of my house has been compromised; I believe you to be the guilty person, at least you are now in the secret; and you can hardly wonder if
 20 I request you to wipe out the stain. If you will not, your blood be on your own head! It will be no great satisfaction to me to have your interesting relics kicking their heels in the breeze below my windows, but half a loaf is better than no bread, and if I cannot cure the dishonor, I shall at least stop the scandal."

There was a pause.

30 "I believe there are other ways of settling such imbroglios among gentlemen," said Denis. "You wear a sword, and I hear you have used it with distinction."

The Sire de Malétroit made a signal to the chaplain, who crossed the room with long silent strides and raised the arras over the third of the three doors. It was only a moment before he let it
 40 fall again; but Denis had time to see a dusky passage full of armed men.

"When I was a little younger, I should have been delighted to honor you, Monsieur de Beaulieu," said Sire Alain; "but I am now too old. Faithful retainers are the sinews of age, and I must employ the strength I have. This is one of the hardest things to swallow
 50 as a man grows up in years; but with a little patience, even this becomes habitual. You and the lady seem to prefer the *salle* for what remains of your two hours; and as I have no desire to cross your preference, I shall resign

it to your use with all the pleasure in the world. No haste!" he added, holding up his hand, as he saw a dangerous look come into Denis de Beaulieu's face. "If your mind revolt against hanging, it will be time enough two hours hence to throw yourself out of the window or upon the pikes of my retainers. Two hours of life are always two hours. A great many things may turn up in even as little a while as that. And, besides, if I understand her appearance, my niece has something to say to you. You will not disfigure your last hours by a want of politeness to a lady?"

Denis looked at Blanche, and she made him an imploring gesture.

It is likely that the old gentleman was hugely pleased at this symptom of an understanding; for he smiled on both, and added sweetly: "If you will give me your word of honor, Monsieur de Beaulieu, to await my return at the end of the two hours before attempting anything desperate, I shall withdraw my retainers, and let you speak in
 80 greater privacy with mademoiselle."

Denis again glanced at the girl, who seemed to beseech him to agree.

"I give you my word of honor," he said.

Messire de Malétroit bowed, and proceeded to limp about the apartment, clearing his throat the while with that odd musical chirp which had already
 90 grown so irritating in the ears of Denis de Beaulieu. He first possessed himself of some papers which lay upon the table; then he went to the mouth of the passage and appeared to give an order to the men behind the arras; and lastly he hobbled out through the door by which Denis had come in, turning upon the threshold to address a last smiling bow to the young couple, and followed by the chaplain with a hand-lamp. 100

No sooner were they alone than Blanche advanced toward Denis with her hands extended. Her face was flushed and excited, and her eyes shone with tears.

"You shall not die!" she cried; "you shall marry me after all."

"You seem to think, madam," re-

plied Denis, "that I stand much in fear of death."

"Oh, no, no," she said, "I see you are no poltroon. It is for my own sake—I could not bear to have you slain for such a scruple."

"I am afraid," returned Denis, "that you underrate the difficulty, madam. What you may be too generous to refuse, I may be too proud to accept. In a moment of noble feeling toward me, you forgot what you perhaps owe to others."

He had the decency to keep his eyes on the floor as he said this, and after he had finished, so as not to spy upon her confusion. She stood silent for a moment, then walked suddenly away, and falling on her uncle's chair, fairly burst out sobbing. Denis was in the acme of embarrassment. He looked round, as if to seek for inspiration, and seeing a stool, plumped down upon it for something to do. There he sat, playing with the guard of his rapier, and wishing himself dead a thousand times over, and buried in the nastiest kitchen-heap in France. His eyes wandered round the apartment, but found nothing to arrest them. There were such wide spaces between furniture, the light fell so badly and cheerlessly over all, the dark outside air looked in so coldly through the windows, that he thought he had never seen a church so vast, nor a tomb so melancholy. The regular sobs of *Blanche de Malétroit* measured out the time like the ticking of a clock. He read the device upon the shield over and over again, until his eyes became obscured; he stared into shadowy corners until he imagined they were swarming with horrible animals; and every now and again he awoke with a start, to remember that his last two hours were running, and death was on the march.

Often and oftener, as the time went on, did his glance settle on the girl herself. Her face was bowed forward and covered with her hands, and she was shaken at intervals by the convulsive hiccough of grief. Even thus she was not an unpleasant object to

dwell upon, so plump and yet so fine, with a warm brown skin, and the most beautiful hair, Denis thought, in the whole world of womankind. Her hands were like her uncle's; but they were more in place at the end of her young arms, and looked infinitely soft and caressing. He remembered how her blue eyes had shone upon him, full of anger, pity, and innocence. And the more he dwelt on her perfections, the uglier death looked, and the more deeply was he smitten with penitence at her continued tears. Now he felt that no man could have the courage to leave a world which contained so beautiful a creature; and now he would have given forty minutes of his last hour to have unsaid his cruel speech.

Suddenly a hoarse and ragged peal of cockcrow rose to their ears from the dark valley below the windows. And this shattering noise in the silence of all around was like a light in a dark place, and shook them both out of their reflections.

"Alas, can I do nothing to help you?" she said, looking up.

"Madam," replied Denis, with a fine irrelevancy, "if I have said anything to wound you, believe me, it was for your own sake and not for mine."

She thanked him with a tearful look.

"I feel your position cruelly," he went on. "The world has been bitter hard on you. Your uncle is a disgrace to mankind. Believe me, madam, there is no young gentleman in all France but would be glad of my opportunity, to die in doing you a momentary service."

"I know already that you can be very brave and generous," she answered. "What I want to know is whether I can serve you—now or afterwards," she added, with a quaver.

"Most certainly," he answered with a smile. "Let me sit beside you as if I were a friend, instead of a foolish intruder; try to forget how awkwardly we are placed to one another; make my last moments go pleasantly; and you will do me the chief service possible."

"You are very gallant," she added, with a yet deeper sadness . . . "very

gallant . . . and it somehow pains me. But draw nearer, if you please; and if you find anything to say to me, you will at least make certain of a very friendly listener. Ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu," she broke forth—"ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu, how can I look you in the face?" And she fell to weeping again with a renewed effusion.

10 "Madam," said Denis, taking her hand in both of his, "reflect on the little time I have before me, and the great bitterness into which I am cast by the sight of your distress. Spare me, in my last moments, the spectacle of what I cannot cure even with the sacrifice of my life."

"I am very selfish," answered Blanche. "I will be braver, Monsieur de Beaulieu, 20 for your sake. But think if I can do you no kindness in the future—if you have no friends to whom I could carry your adieux. Charge me as heavily as you can; every burden will lighten, by so little, the invaluable gratitude I owe you. Put it in my power to do something more for you than weep."

"My mother is married again, and has a young family to care for. My 30 brother Guichard will inherit my fiefs; and if I am not in error, that will content him amply for my death. Life is a little vapor that passeth away, as we are told by those in holy orders. When a man is in a fair way and sees all life open in front of him, he seems to himself to make a very important figure in the world. His horse whinnies to him; the trumpets blow and the girls 40 look out of window as he rides into town before his company; he receives many assurances of trust and regard—sometimes by express in a letter—sometimes face to face, with persons of great consequence falling on his neck. It is not wonderful if his head is turned for a time. But once he is dead, were he as brave as Hercules or as wise as Solomon, he is soon forgotten. It is 50 not ten years since my father fell, with many other knights around him, in a very fierce encounter, and I do not think that any one of them, nor so much as the name of the fight, is now

remembered. No, no, madam, the nearer you come to it, you see that death is a dark and dusty corner, where a man gets into his tomb and has the door shut after him till the judgment day. I have few friends just now, and once I am dead I shall have none."

"Ah, Monsieur de Beaulieu!" she exclaimed, "you forget Blanche de Malétroit."

"You have a sweet nature, madam, and you are pleased to estimate a little service far beyond its worth."

"It is not that," she answered. "You mistake me if you think I am easily 70 touched by my own concerns. I say so, because you are the noblest man I have ever met; because I recognize in you a spirit that would have made even a common person famous in the land."

"And yet here I die in a mousetrap—with no more noise about it than my own squeaking," answered he. 80

A look of pain crossed her face, and she was silent for a little while. Then a light came into her eyes, and with a smile she spoke again.

"I cannot have my champion think meanly of himself. Anyone who gives his life for another will be met in Paradise by all the heralds and angels of the Lord God. And you have no such cause to hang your head. For . . . Pray, do you think me beautiful?" she asked, with a deep flush.

"Indeed, madam, I do," he said. 90

"I am glad of that," she answered heartily. "Do you think there are many men in France who have been asked in marriage by a beautiful maiden—with her own lips—and who have refused her to her face? I know you men would half despise such a triumph; but believe me, we women know more of what is precious in love. There is nothing that should set a person higher 100 in his own esteem; and we women would prize nothing more dearly."

"You are very good," he said; "but you cannot make me forget that I was asked in pity and not for love."

"I am not so sure of that," she replied, holding down her head. "Hear me to an end, Monsieur de Beaulieu. I know

how you must despise me; I feel you are right to do so; I am too poor a creature to occupy one thought of your mind, although, alas! you must die for me this morning. But when I asked you to marry me, indeed, and indeed, it was because I respected and admired you, and loved you with my whole soul, from the very moment that you took my part against my uncle. If you had seen yourself, and how noble you looked, you would pity rather than despise me. And now," she went on, hurriedly checking him with her hand, "although I have laid aside all reserve and told you so much, remember that I know your sentiments toward me already. I would not, believe me, being nobly born, weary you with importunities into consent. I, too, have a pride of my own; and I declare before the holy mother of God, if you should now go back from your word already given, I would no more marry you than I would marry my uncle's groom."

Denis smiled a little bitterly.

"It is a small love," he said, "that shies at a little pride."

She made no answer, although she probably had her own thoughts.

"Come hither to the window," he said with a sigh. "Here is the dawn."

And indeed the dawn was already beginning. The hollow of the sky was full of essential daylight, colorless and clean; and the valley underneath was flooded with a gray reflection. A few thin vapors clung in the coves of the forest or lay along the winding course of the river. The scene disengaged a surprising effect of stillness, which was hardly interrupted when the cocks began once more to crow among the steadings. Perhaps the same fellow who had made so horrid a clangor in the darkness, not half an hour before, now sent up the merriest cheer to greet the coming day. A little wind went bustling and eddying among the tree-tops underneath the windows. And still the daylight kept flooding insensibly out of the east, which was soon to grow incandescent and cast up that red-hot cannon-ball, the rising sun.

Denis looked out over all this with a bit of a shiver. He had taken her hand, and retained it in his almost unconsciously.

"Has the day begun already?" she said; and then, illogically enough: "the night has been so long! Alas! what shall we say to my uncle when he returns?"

"What you will," said Denis, and he pressed her fingers in his.

She was silent.

"Blanche," he said, with a swift, uncertain, passionate utterance, "you have seen whether I fear death. You must know well enough that I would as gladly leap out of that window into the empty air as to lay a finger on you without your free and full consent. But if you care for me at all do not let me lose my life in a misapprehension; for I love you better than the whole world; and though I will die for you blithely, it would be like all the joys of Paradise to live on and spend my life in your service."

As he stopped speaking, a bell began to ring loudly in the interior of the house; and a clatter of armor in the corridor showed that the retainers were returning to their post, and the two hours were at an end.

"After all that you have heard?" she whispered, leaning toward him with her lips and eyes.

"I have heard nothing," he replied.

"The captain's name was Florimond de Champdivers," she said in his ear.

"I did not hear it," he answered, taking her supple body in his arms, and covered her wet face with kisses.

A melodious chirping was audible behind, followed by a beautiful chuckle, and the voice of Messire de Malétoit wished his new nephew a good-morning.

(1882)

MYRA KELLY (1876-1910)

NOTE

From the noisy, crowded classrooms and playgrounds of the East Side of New York, Myra Kelly gathered the material for the stories published in her *Wards of Liberty* and *Little Citizens*. She was born in Dublin, and her tales of the little half-

foreigners whom she taught in New York City reveal a Celtic capacity for love and pity. Although the stories are simple and the effects obvious, there are few recent writers who have distilled so much of poetry and romance out of the delightful drudgery of teaching little children.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY

It was the week before Christmas, and the First Reader Class, in a lower East Side school, had, almost to a man, decided on the gifts to be lavished on "Teacher." She was quite unprepared for any such observance on the part of her small adherents, for her first study of the roll book had shown her that its numerous Jacobs, Isidores, and Rachels belonged to a class to which Christmas Day was much as other days. And so she went serenely on her way, all unconscious of the swift and strict relation between her manner and her chances. She was, for instance, the only person in the room who did not know that her criticism of Isidore Belchatosky's hands and face cost her a tall "three for ten cents" candlestick and a plump box of candy.

But Morris Mogilewsky, whose love for Teacher was far greater than the combined loves of all the other children, had as yet no present to bestow. That his "kind feeling" should be without proof when the lesser loves of Isidore Wisnewskey, Sadie Gonrowsky, and Bertha Binderwitz were taking the tangible but surprising forms which were daily exhibited to his confidential gaze was more than he could bear. The knowledge saddened all his hours, and was the more maddening because it could in no wise be shared by Teacher, who noticed his altered bearing and tried with all sorts of artful beguilements to make him happy and at ease. But her efforts served only to increase his unhappiness and his love. And he loved her! Oh, how he loved her! Since first his dreading eyes had clung for a breath's space to her "like man's shoes" and had then crept timidly upward past a black skirt, a "from silk" apron, a red "jumper," and "from gold"

chain to her "light face," she had been mistress of his heart of hearts. That was more than three months ago. How well he remembered the day!

His mother had washed him horribly, and had taken him into the big red schoolhouse, so familiar from the outside, but so full of unknown terrors within. After his dusty little shoes had stumbled over the threshold he had passed from ordeal to ordeal until, at last, he was torn in mute and white-faced despair from his mother's skirts.

He was then dragged through long halls and up tall stairs by a large boy, who spoke to him disdainfully as "greenie," and cautioned him as to the laying down softly and taking up gently of those poor, dusty shoes, so that his spirit was quite broken and his nerves were all unstrung when he was pushed into a room full of bright sunshine and of children who laughed at his frightened little face. The sunshine smote his timid eyes, the laughter smote his timid heart, and he turned to flee. But the door was shut, the large boy gone, and despair took him for its own.

Down upon the floor he dropped, and wailed, and wept, and kicked. It was then that he heard, for the first time, the voice which now he loved. A hand was forced between his aching body and the floor, and the voice said:

"Why, my dear little chap, you mustn't cry like that. What's the matter?"

The hand was gentle and the question kind, and these, combined with a faint perfume suggestive of drug stores and barber shops—but nicer than either—made him uncover his hot little face. Kneeling beside him was a lady, and he forced his eyes to that perilous ascent; from shoes to skirt, from skirt to jumper, from jumper to face, they trailed in dread uncertainty, but at the face they stopped—they had found rest.

Morris allowed himself to be gathered into the lady's arms and held upon her knee, and when his sobs no longer rent the very foundations of his pink and wide-spread tie, he answered her ques-

tion in a voice as soft as his eyes, and as gently sad.

"I ain't so big, and I don't know where is my mama."

So, having cast his troubles on the shoulders of the lady, he had added his throbbing head to the burden, and from that safe retreat had enjoyed his first day at school immensely.

10 Thereafter he had been the first to arrive every morning, and the last to leave every afternoon; and under the care of Teacher, his liege lady, he had grown in wisdom and love and happiness, but the greatest of these was love. And now, when the other boys and girls were planning surprises and gifts of price for Teacher, his hands were as empty as his heart was full. Appeal
20 to his mother met with denial prompt and energetic.

"For what you go und make, over Christmas, presents? You ain't no Krisht; you should better have no kind feelings over Krishts, neither; your papa could to have a mad."

"Teacher ain't no Krisht," said Morris stoutly; "all the other fellows buys her presents, and I'm loving mit her, too; it's polite I gives her presents the while I'm got such a kind feeling over her."
30

"Well, we ain't got no money for buy nothings," said Mrs. Mogilewsky sadly. "No money, und your papa, he has all times a scare he shouldn't to get no more, the while the boss"—and here followed incomprehensible, but depressing, financial details, until the end of the interview found Morris
40 and his mother sobbing and rocking in one another's arms. So Morris was helpless, his mother poor, and Teacher all unknowing.

And now the great day, the Friday before Christmas, has come, and the school is, for the first half hour, quite mad. Doors open suddenly and softly to admit small persons, clad in wondrous ways and bearing wondrous parcels.
50 Room 18, generally so placid and so peaceful, is a howling wilderness full of brightly colored, quickly changing groups of children, all whispering, all gurgling, and all hiding queer bundles.

A newcomer invariably causes a diversion; the assembled multitude, athirst for novelty, falls upon him and clamors for a glimpse of his bundle and a statement of its price.

Teacher watches in dumb amaze. 60 What can be the matter with the children? They can't have guessed that the shrouded something in the corner is a Christmas tree? What makes them behave so queerly, and why do they look so strange? They seem to have grown stout in a single night, and Teacher, as she notes this, marvels greatly. The explanation is simple, though it comes in alarming 70 form. The sounds of revelry are pierced by a long, shrill yell, and a pair of agitated legs spring suddenly into view between two desks. Teacher, rushing to the rescue, notes that the legs form the unsteady stem of an upturned mushroom of brown flannel and green braid, which she recognizes as the outward seeming of her cherished Bertha Binderwitz; and yet, when the desks 80 are forced to disgorge their prey, the legs restored to their normal position are found to support a fat child—and Bertha was best described as "skinny"—in a dress of the Stuart tartan tastefully trimmed with purple. Investigation proves that Bertha's accumulative taste in dress is an established custom. In nearly all cases the glory of holiday attire is hung upon the solid foundation 90 of everyday clothes as bunting is hung upon a building. The habit is economical of time, and produces a charming embonpoint.

Teacher, too, is more beautiful than ever. Her dress is blue, and "very long down, like a lady," with bands of silk and scraps of lace distributed with the eye of art. In her hair she wears a bow of what Sadie Gonorowsky, whose 100 father "works by fancy goods," describes as "black from plush ribbon—costs ten cents."

Isidore Belchatosky, relenting, is the first to lay tribute before Teacher. He comes forward with a sweet smile and a tall candlestick—the candy has gone to its long home—and Teacher for a

moment cannot be made to understand that all that length of bluish-white china is really hers "for keeps."

"It's tomorrow holiday," Isidore assures her; "and we gives you presents, the while we have a kind feeling. Candlesticks could to cost twenty-five cents."

10 "It's a lie. Three for ten," says a voice in the background, but Teacher hastens to respond to Isidore's test of her credulity:

"Indeed, they could. This candlestick could have cost fifty cents, and it's just what I want. It is very good of you to bring me a present."

20 "You're welcome," says Isidore, retiring; and then, the ice being broken, the First Reader Class in a body rises to cast its gifts on Teacher's desk, and its arms around Teacher's neck.

Nathan Horowitz presents a small cup and saucer; Isidore Applebaum bestows a large calendar for the year before last; Sadie Gonorowsky brings a basket containing a bottle of perfume, a thimble, and a bright silk handkerchief; Sarah Schrodsky offers a penwiper and a yellow celluloid collar-button, and 30 Eva Kidansky gives an elaborate nasal douche, under the pleasing delusion that it is an atomizer.

Once more sounds of grief reach Teacher's ears. Rushing again to the rescue, she throws open the door and comes upon woe personified. Eva Gonorowsky, her hair in wildest disarray, her stocking fouled, ungartered, and down-gyved to her ankle, appears 40 before her teacher. She bears all the marks of Hamlet's excitement, and many more, including a tear-stained little face and a gilt saucer clasped to a panting breast.

"Eva, my dearest Eva, what's happened to you *now?*" asks Teacher, for the list of ill chances which have befallen this one of her charges is very long. And Eva wails forth that a boy, 50 a very big boy, had stolen her golden cup "what I had for you by present," and has left her only the saucer and her undying love to bestow.

Before Eva's sobs have quite yielded to Teacher's arts, Jacob Spitsky presses forward with a tortoise-shell comb of terrifying aspect and hungry teeth, and an air showing forth a determination to adjust it in its destined place. Teacher meekly bows her head; Jacob forces his offering into her long-suffering hair, and then retires with the information, "Costs fifteen cents, Teacher," and the courteous phrase—by etiquette prescribed—"Wish you health to wear it." He is plainly a hero, and is heard remarking to less favored admirers that "Teacher's hair is awful softy, and smells off of perfumery."

Here a big boy, a very big boy, enters 70 hastily. He does not belong to Room 18, but he has long known Teacher. He has brought her a present; he wishes her a merry Christmas. The present, when produced, proves to be a pretty gold cup, and Eva Gonorowsky, with renewed emotion, recognizes the boy as her assailant and the cup as her property. Teacher is dreadfully embarrassed; the boy not at all so. His policy is 80 simple and entire denial, and in this he perseveres, even after Eva's saucer has unmistakably proclaimed its relationship to the cup.

Meanwhile the rush of presentation goes steadily on. Other cups and saucers come in wild profusion. The desk is covered with them, and their wrappings of purple tissue paper require a monitor's whole attention. The soap, 90 too, becomes urgently perceptible. It is of all sizes, shapes, and colors, but of uniform and dreadful power of perfume. Teacher's eyes fill with tears—of gratitude—as each new piece, or box, is pressed against her nose, and Teacher's mind is full of wonder as to what she can ever do with all of it. Bottles of perfume vie with one another and with the all-pervading soap until the air is heavy 100 and breathing grows laborious, while pride swells the hearts of the assembled multitude. No other teacher has so many helps to the toilet. None other is so beloved.

Teacher's aspect is quite changed, and the "blue long down like a lady

39. down-gyved, etc. Cf. *Hamlet*, II, i, 80.

dress" is almost hidden by the offerings she has received. Jacob's comb has two massive and bejeweled rivals in the "softy hair." The front of the dress, where aching or despondent heads are wont to rest, is glittering with campaign buttons of American celebrities, beginning with James G. Blaine and extending into modern history as far as Patrick Divver, Admiral Dewey, and Captain Dreyfus. Outside the blue belt is a white one, nearly clean, and bearing in "sure 'nough golden words" the curt, but stirring, invitation, "Remember the Maine." Around the neck are three chaplets of beads, wrought by chubby fingers and embodying much love, while the waistline is further adorned by tiny and beribboned aprons. Truly, it is a day of triumph.

When the waste-paper basket has been twice filled with wrappings and twice emptied; when order is emerging out of chaos; when the Christmas tree has been disclosed and its treasures distributed, a timid hand is laid on Teacher's knee and a plaintive voice whispers, "Say, Teacher, I got something for you"; and Teacher turns quickly to see Morris, her dearest boy charge, with his poor little body showing quite plainly between his shirtwaist buttons and through the gashes he calls pockets. This is his ordinary costume, and the funds of the house of Mogilewsky are evidently unequal to an outer layer of finery.

"Now, Morris, dear," says Teacher, "you shouldn't have troubled to get me a present; you know you and I are such good friends that—"

"Teacher, yis, ma'am," Morris interrupts, in a bewitching rising inflection of his soft and plaintive voice; "I know you got a kind feeling by me, and I couldn't to tell even how I'm got a kind feeling by you. Only it's about that kind feeling I should give you a present. I didn't"—with a glance at the crowded desk—"I didn't to have no soap nor no perfumery, and my mama, she couldn't to buy none by the store; but Teacher, I'm got something awful nice for you by present."

"And what is it, deary?" asks the already rich and gifted young person. "What is my new present?"

"Teacher, it's like this: I don't know; I ain't so big like I could to know"—and, truly, God pity him! he is passing small—"it ain't for boys—it's for ladies. Over yesterday on the night comes my papa on my house, and he gives my mama the present. Sooner she looks on it, sooner she has a awful glad; in her eye stands tears, and she says, like that—out of Jewish—'Thanks,' un' she kisses my papa a kiss. Und my papa, *how* he is polite! he says—out of Jewish, too—'You're welcome, all right,' un' he kisses my mama a kiss. So my mama, she sets and looks on the present, und all the time she looks she has a glad over it. Und I didn't to have no soap, so you could to have the present."

"But did your mother say I might?"

"Teacher, no ma'am; she didn't say like that un' she didn't to say *not* like that. She didn't to know. But it's for ladies, un' I didn't to have no soap. You could to look on it. It ain't for boys."

And here Morris opens a hot little hand and discloses a tightly-folded pinkish paper. As Teacher reads it he watches her with eager, furtive eyes, dry and bright, until hers grow suddenly moist, when his promptly follow suit. As she looks down at him, he makes his moan once more:

"It's for ladies, und I didn't to have no soap."

"But, Morris, dear," cries Teacher unsteadily, laughing a little, and yet not far from tears, "this is ever so much nicer than soap—a thousand times better than perfume; and you're quite right, it is for ladies, and I never had one in all my life before. I am so very thankful."

"You're welcome, all right. That's how my papa says; it's polite," says Morris proudly. And proudly he takes his place among the very little boys, and loudly he joins in the ensuing song. For the rest of that exciting day he is a shining point of virtue in a slightly

confused class. And at three o'clock he is at Teacher's desk again, carrying on the conversation as if there had been no interruption.

"Und my mama," he says insinuatingly—"she kisses my papa a kiss."

"Well?" says Teacher.

"Well," says Morris, "you ain't never kissed me a kiss, und I seen how
10 you kissed Eva Gonorowsky. I'm loving mit you too. Why don't you never kiss me a kiss?"

"Perhaps," suggests Teacher mischievously, "perhaps it ain't for boys."

But a glance at her "light face," with its crown of surprising combs, reassures him.

"Teacher, yis, ma'am; it's for boys," he cries as he feels her arms about him,
20 and sees that in her eyes, too, "stands tears."

"It's polite you kisses me a kiss over that for ladies' present."

Late that night Teacher sat in her pretty room—for she was, unofficially, a greatly pampered young person—and reviewed her treasures. She saw that they were very numerous, very touching, very whimsical, and very precious.
30 But above all the rest she cherished a frayed pinkish paper, rather crumpled and a little soiled. For it held the love of a man and woman and a little child, and the magic of a home, for Morris Mogilewsky's Christmas present for ladies was the receipt for a month's rent for a room on the top floor of a Monroe Street tenement. (1904)

O. HENRY (1862-1910)

NOTE

The real name of O. Henry was William Sydney Porter, but it is his pen name and not his own name which he has made famous. He was born in Greensboro, North Carolina; when he was twenty, he went to Texas; still later he spent several months in Central America; during the last eight years of his life he was a busy writer in New York City. Thus his eleven volumes of short stories were drawn from four different sources. His popularity comes largely from his freshness and originality. If O. Henry used old narrative materials and devices, he gave them a new turn of his own which enlivened them and gave them the appear-

ance of novelty. He is one of the most rollicking humorists who have used the short story as a medium of expression. His humor is usually burlesque—burlesque in plot, characters, and diction. He is master of the "trick plot" and his surprise endings are the most skillfully constructed in modern short-story writing. His plots are often ridiculous inversions of the conventional, and his characters absurdly different from the usual types. Finally, his knowledge of slang, and his capacity for making effective use of it, amount to genius. Mixed with puns, grotesque figures of speech, and unexpected turns of expression, the slang becomes irresistible. With all of his splendid fun-making O. Henry had also a capacity for expressing tenderness and pathos, an element in his art which appears in some of the episodes and characters of the following story. "A Municipal Report" is reprinted from *Strictly Business*, and is typical of O. Henry's best art. Out of the apparently dry facts of city life he has distilled pure romance, as Alfred Noyes did in "The Barrel-Organ" (page 629). The elements of which this Southern story are constructed are not unusual. We meet the loafing sot of a husband, of a type not by any means confined to the South, for, as O. Henry says, "a rat has no geographical habitat." We meet the patient Griselda of an abused wife, cultured, and dainty and genuine as a Tiffany vase. We meet the loyal servant, changed in outward circumstances since the War; but with the blood of African kings in his veins, and a better man all around than the "Major." These elements are not new, but O. Henry's handling of them is. Out of a few bits of old story material he has constructed a touching romance of the Old South, bringing in realism, contrasts, humor, a bit of detective work, and a surprise or two thrown in for good measure.

A MUNICIPAL REPORT

The cities are full of pride,

Challenging each to each—

This from her mountain-side,

That from her burthened beach.

R. Kipling.

Fancy a novel about Chicago or Buffalo, let us say, or Nashville, Tennessee! There are just three big cities in the United States that are "story cities"—New York, of course, New Orleans, and, best of the lot, San Francisco.—*Frank Norris*.*

East is East, and West is San Francisco, according to Californians. Californians are a race of people; they are not merely inhabitants of a state. They

**Frank Norris*, an American novelist (1870-1902). 39. *East is East*, etc. This is modified from Kipling's line "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet" ("Ballad of East and West").

are the Southerners of the West. Now, Chicagoans are no less loyal to their city; but when you ask them why, they stammer and speak of lake fish and the new Odd Fellows Building. But Californians go into detail.

Of course they have, in the climate, an argument that is good for half an hour while you are thinking of your coal bills and heavy underwear. But as soon as they come to mistake your silence for conviction, madness comes upon them, and they picture the city of the Golden Gate as the Bagdad of the New World. So far, as a matter of opinion, no refutation is necessary. But, dear cousins all (from Adam and Eve descended), it is a rash one who will lay his finger on the map and say: "In this town there can be no romance—what could happen here?" Yes, it is a bold and a rash deed to challenge in one sentence history, romance, and Rand and McNally.

NASHVILLE.—A city, port of delivery, and the capital of the State of Tennessee, is on the Cumberland River and on the N. C. & St. L. and the L. & N. railroads. This city is regarded as the most important educational center in the South.

I stepped off the train at 8 P. M. Having searched the thesaurus in vain for adjectives, I must, as a substitution, hie me to comparison in the form of a recipe.

Take of London fog 30 parts; malaria 10 parts; gas leaks 20 parts; dewdrops gathered in a brick yard at sunrise, 25 parts; odor of honeysuckle 15 parts. Mix.

The mixture will give you an approximate conception of a Nashville drizzle. It is not so fragrant as a moth-ball nor so thick as pea-soup; but 'tis enough—'twill serve.

I went to a hotel in a tumbril. It required strong self-suppression for me to keep from climbing to the top of it and giving an imitation of Sidney Carton. The vehicle was drawn by beasts of a

bygone era and driven by something 50 dark and emancipated.

I was sleepy and tired, so when I got to the hotel I hurriedly paid it the fifty cents it demanded (with approximate lagniappe, I assure you). I knew its habits; and I did not want to hear it prate about its old "marster" or anything that happened "befo' de wah."

The hotel was one of the kind described as "renovated." That means 60 \$20,000 worth of new marble pillars, tiling, electric lights, and brass cuspidors in the lobby, and a new L. & N. time table and a lithograph of Lookout Mountain in each one of the great rooms above. The management was without reproach, the attention full of exquisite Southern courtesy, the service as slow as the progress of a snail and as good-humored as Rip Van Winkle. 70 The food was worth traveling a thousand miles for. There is no other hotel in the world where you can get such chicken livers *en brochette*.

At dinner I asked a Negro waiter if there was anything doing in town. He pondered gravely for a minute, and then replied. "Well, boss, I don't really reckon there's anything at all doin' after sundown." 80

Sundown had been accomplished; it had been drowned in the drizzle long before. So that spectacle was denied me. But I went forth upon the streets in the drizzle to see what might be there.

It is built on undulating grounds; and the streets are lighted by electricity at a cost of \$32,470 per annum.

As I left the hotel there was a race riot. Down upon me charged a com- 90 pany of freedmen, or Arabs, or Zulus, armed with—no, I saw with relief that they were not rifles, but whips. And I saw dimly a caravan of black, clumsy vehicles; and at the reassuring shouts, "Kyar you anywhere in the town, boss, fuh fifty cents," I reasoned that I was merely a "fare" instead of a victim.

I walked through long streets, all leading uphill. I wondered how those 100

43. 'tis enough, etc., from Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, III, i. 48. Sidney Carton, the hero of Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*. The reference is to his ride to the guillotine in a tumbril, a cart of a rude type.

55. lagniappe, Louisiana French, for a small gratuity.
74. *en brochette*, roasted.

streets ever came down again. Perhaps they didn't until they were "graded." On a few of the "main streets" I saw lights in stores here and there; saw street-cars go by conveying worthy burghers hither and yon; saw people pass engaged in the art of conversation, and heard a burst of semi-lively laughter issuing from a soda-water and ice-cream parlor. The streets other than "main" seemed to have enticed upon their borders houses consecrated to peace and domesticity. In many of them lights shone behind discreetly drawn window shades; in a few pianos tinkled orderly and irreproachable music. There was, indeed, little "doing." I wished I had come before sundown. So I returned to my hotel.

20 In November, 1864, the Confederate General Hood advanced against Nashville, where he shut up a National force under General Thomas. The latter then sallied forth and defeated the Confederates in a terrible conflict.

All my life I have heard of, admired, and witnessed the fine marksmanship of the South in its peaceful conflicts in the tobacco-chewing regions. But in my hotel a surprise awaited me. There were twelve bright, new, imposing, capacious brass cuspidors in the great lobby, tall enough to be called urns and so wide-mouthed that the crack pitcher of a lady baseball team should have been able to throw a ball into one of them at five paces distant. But, although a terrible battle had raged and was still raging, the enemy had not suffered.

40 Bright, new, imposing, capacious, untouched, they stood. But, shades of Jefferson Brick! the tile floor—the beautiful tile floor! I could not avoid thinking of the battle of Nashville, and trying to draw, as is my foolish habit, some deductions about hereditary marksmanship.

Here I first saw Major (by misplaced courtesy) Wentworth Caswell. I knew him for a type the moment my eyes suffered from the sight of him. A rat has

no geographical habitat. My old friend, A. Tennyson, said, as he so well said almost everything:

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
And curse me the British vermin, the rat.

Let us regard the word "British" as interchangeable *ad lib.* A rat is a rat.

This man was hunting about the hotel lobby like a starved dog that had forgotten where he had buried a bone. He had a face of great acreage, red, pulpy, and with a kind of sleepy massiveness like that of Buddha. He possessed one single virtue—he was very smoothly shaven. The mark of the beast is not indelible upon a man until he goes about with a stubble. I think that if he had not used his razor that day I would have repulsed his advances, and the criminal calendar of the world would have been spared the addition of one murder.

I happened to be standing within five feet of a cuspidor when Major Caswell opened fire upon it. I had been observant enough to perceive that the attacking force was using Gatlings instead of squirrel rifles; so I side-stepped so promptly that the major seized the opportunity to apologize to a noncombatant. He had the blabbing lip. In four minutes he had become my friend and had dragged me to the bar.

I desire to interpolate here that I am a Southerner. But I am not one by profession or trade. I eschew the string tie, the slouch hat, the Prince Albert, the number of bales of cotton destroyed by Sherman, and plug chewing. When the orchestra plays "Dixie" I do not cheer. I slide a little lower on the leather-cornered seat and, well, order another Würzburger and wish that Longstreet had—but what's the use?

Major Caswell banged the bar with his fist, and the first gun at Fort Sumter reëchoed. When he fired the last one at Appomattox I began to hope. But then he began on family trees, and demonstrated that Adam was only a third cousin of a collateral branch of the Caswell family. Genealogy disposed of, he took up, to my distaste, his private

42. **Jefferson Brick**, a character in *Martin Chuzzlewit* with wonderful powers of expectoration.

family matters. He spoke of his wife, traced her descent back to Eve, and profanely denied any possible rumor that she may have had relations in the land of Nod.

By this time I began to suspect that he was trying to obscure by noise the fact that he had ordered the drinks, on the chance that I would be bewildered into paying for them. But when they were down he crashed a silver dollar loudly upon the bar. Then, of course, another serving was obligatory. And when I had paid for that I took leave of him brusquely; for I wanted no more of him. But before I had obtained my release he had prated loudly of an income that his wife received, and showed a handful of silver money.

When I got my key at the desk the clerk said to me courteously: "If that man Caswell has annoyed you, and if you would like to make a complaint, we will have him ejected. He is a nuisance, a loafer, and without any known means of support, although he seems to have some money most of the time. But we don't seem to be able to hit upon any means of throwing him out legally."

"Why, no," said I, after some reflection; "I don't see my way clear to making a complaint. But I would like to place myself on record as asserting that I do not care for his company. Your town," I continued, "seems to be a quiet one. What manner of entertainment, adventure, or excitement have you to offer to the stranger within your gates?"

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "there will be a show here next Thursday. It is—I'll look it up and have the announcement sent up to your room with the ice water. Good-night."

After I went up to my room I looked out of the window. It was only about ten o'clock, but I looked upon a silent town. The drizzle continued, spangled with dim lights, as far apart as currants in a cake sold at the Ladies' Exchange.

"A quiet place," I said to myself, as

my first shoe struck the ceiling of the occupant of the room beneath mine. "Nothing of the life here that gives color and variety to the cities in the East and West. Just a good, ordinary, humdrum, business town."

Nashville occupies a foremost place among the manufacturing centers of the country. It is the fifth boot and shoe market in the United States, the largest candy and cracker manufacturing city in the South, and does an enormous wholesale drygoods, grocery, and drug business.

I must tell you how I came to be in Nashville, and I assure you the digression brings as much tedium to me as it does to you. I was traveling elsewhere on my own business, but I had a commission from a Northern literary magazine to stop over there and establish a personal connection between the publication and one of its contributors, Azalea Adair.

Adair (there was no clue to the personality except the handwriting) had sent in some essays (lost art!) and poems that had made the editors swear approvingly over their one o'clock luncheon. So they had commissioned me to round up said Adair and corner by contract his or her output at two cents a word before some other publisher offered her ten or twenty.

At nine o'clock the next morning, after my chicken livers *en brochette* (try them if you can find that hotel), I strayed out into the drizzle, which was still on for an unlimited run. At the first corner I came upon Uncle Caesar. He was a stalwart Negro, older than the pyramids, with gray wool and a face that reminded me of Brutus, and a second afterwards of the late King Cettiwayo. He wore the most remarkable coat that I ever had seen or expect to see. It reached to his ankles and had once been a Confederate gray in colors. But rain and sun and age had so variegated it that Joseph's coat, beside it, would have faded to a pale monochrome. I must linger with that

5. **land of Nod.** Cf. Genesis, iv, 16. The descendants of Cain occupied the land of Nod.

95. **King Cettiwayo**, a Zulu king who died in 1884; his name is usually spelled Cetewayo.

coat, for it has to do with the story—the story that is so long in coming, because you can hardly expect anything to happen in Nashville.

Once it must have been the military coat of an officer. The cape of it had vanished, but all adown its front it had been frogged and tasseled magnificently. But now the frogs and tassels were gone. In their stead had been patiently stitched (I surmised by some surviving “black mammy”) new frogs made of cunningly twisted common hempen twine. This twine was frayed and disheveled. It must have been added to the coat as a substitute for vanished splendors, with tasteless but painstaking devotion, for it followed faithfully the curves of the long-missing frogs. And, to complete the comedy and pathos of the garment, all its buttons were gone save one. The second button from the top alone remained. The coat was fastened by other twine strings tied through the buttonholes and other holes rudely pierced in the opposite side. There was never such a weird garment so fantastically bedecked and of so many mottled hues. The lone button was the size of a half-dollar, made of yellow horn and sewed on with coarse twine.

This Negro stood by a carriage so old that Ham himself might have started a hack line with it after he left the ark with the two animals hitched to it. As I approached he threw open the door, drew out a feather duster, waved it without using it, and said in deep, rumbling tones:

“Step right in, suh; ain’t a speck of dust in it—jus’ got back from a funeral, suh.”

I inferred that on such gala occasions carriages were given an extra cleaning. I looked up and down the street and perceived that there was little choice among the vehicles for hire that lined the curb. I looked in my memorandum book for the address of Azalea Adair.

“I want to go to 861 Jessamine Street,” I said, and was about to step into the hack. But for an instant the thick, long, gorilla-like arm of the old

Negro barred me. On his massive and saturnine face a look of sudden suspicion and enmity flashed for a moment. Then, with quickly returning conviction, he asked blandishingly, “What are you gwine there for, boss?”

“What is that to you?” I asked, a little sharply.

“Nothin’, suh, jus’ nothin’. Only it’s a lonesome kind of part of town and few folks ever has business out there. Step right in. The seats is clean—jes’ got back from a funeral, suh.”

A mile and a half it must have been to our journey’s end. I could hear nothing but the fearful rattle of the ancient hack over the uneven brick paving; I could smell nothing but the drizzle, now further flavored with coal smoke and something like a mixture of tar and oleander blossoms. All I could see through the streaming windows were two rows of dim houses.

The city has an area of 10 square miles; 181 miles of streets, of which 137 miles are paved; a system of waterworks that cost \$2,000,000, with 77 miles of mains.

Eighty-sixty-one Jessamine Street was a decayed mansion. Thirty yards back from the street it stood, outmerged in a splendid grove of trees and untrimmed shrubbery. A row of box bushes overflowed and almost hid the paling fence from sight; the gate was kept closed by a rope noose that encircled the gate post and the first paling of the gate. But when you got inside you saw that 861 was a shell, a shadow, a ghost of former grandeur and excellence. But in the story I have not yet got inside.

When the hack had ceased from rattling and the weary quadrupeds came to a rest I handed my jehu his fifty cents with an additional quarter, feeling a glow of conscious generosity, as I did 100 so. He refused it.

“It’s two dollars, suh,” he said.

“How’s that?” I asked. “I plainly heard you call out at the hotel: ‘Fifty cents to any part of the town.’”

“It’s two dollars, suh,” he repeated

obstinately. "It's a long ways from the hotel."

"It is within the city limits and well within them," I argued. "Don't think that you have picked up a greenhorn Yankee. Do you see those hills over there?" I went on, pointing toward the east (I could not see them, myself, for the drizzle); "well, I was born and raised on their other side. You old fool nigger, can't you tell people from other people when you see 'em?"

The grim face of King Cettiwayo softened. "Is you from the South, suh? I reckon it was them shoes of yourn fooled me. They is somethin' sharp in the toes for a Southern gen'lman to wear."

"Then the charge is fifty cents, I suppose?" said I inexorably.

His former expression, a mingling of cupidity and hostility, returned, remained ten seconds, and vanished.

"Boss," he said, "fifty cents is right; but I *needs* two dollars, suh; I'm obleeged to have two dollars. I ain't *demandin'* it now, suh; after I knows whar you 's from; I'm jus' sayin' that I *has* to have two dollars tonight, and business is mighty po'."

Peace and confidence settled upon his heavy features. He had been luckier than he had hoped. Instead of having picked up a greenhorn, ignorant of rates, he had come upon an inheritance.

"You confounded old rascal," I said, reaching down into my pocket, "you ought to be turned over to the police."

For the first time I saw him smile. He knew; *he knew*; HE KNEW.

I gave him two one-dollar bills. As I handed them over I noticed that one of them had seen parlous times. Its upper right-hand corner was missing, and it had been torn through in the middle, but joined again. A strip of blue tissue paper, pasted over the split, preserved its negotiability.

Enough of the African bandit for the present; I left him happy, lifted the rope, and opened the creaky gate.

The house, as I said, was a shell. A paint brush had not touched it in twenty years. I could not see why a strong

wind should not have bowled it over like a house of cards until I looked again at the trees that hugged it close—the trees that saw the battle of Nashville and still drew their protecting branches around it against storm and enemy and cold.

Azalea Adair, fifty years old, white-haired, a descendant of the cavaliers, as thin and frail as the house she lived in, robed in the cheapest and cleanest dress I ever saw, with an air as simple as a queen's, received me.

The reception room seemed a mile square, because there was nothing in it except some rows of books, on unpainted white-pine bookshelves, a cracked marble-top table, a rag rug, a hairless horse-hair sofa, and two or three chairs. Yes, there was a picture on the wall, a colored crayon drawing of a cluster of pansies. I looked around for the portrait of Andrew Jackson and the pine-cone hanging basket but they were not there.

Azalea Adair and I had conversation, a little of which will be repeated to you. She was a product of the old South, gently nurtured in the sheltered life. Her learning was not broad, but was deep and of splendid originality in its somewhat narrow scope. She had been educated at home, and her knowledge of the world was derived from inference and by inspiration. Of such is the precious, small group of essayists made. While she talked to me I kept brushing my fingers, trying, unconsciously, to rid them guiltily of the absent dust from the half-calf backs of Lamb, Chaucer, Hazlitt, Marcus Aurelius, Montaigne, and Hood. She was exquisite, she was a valuable discovery. Nearly everybody nowadays knows too much—oh, so much too much—of real life.

I could perceive clearly that Azalea Adair was very poor. A house and a 100 dress she had, not much else, I fancied. So, divided between my duty to the magazine and my loyalty to the poets and essayists who fought Thomas in the valley of the Cumberland, I listened to her voice, which was like a harp-sichord's, and found that I could not speak of contracts. In the presence of

the nine Muses and the three Graces one hesitated to lower the topic to two cents. There would have to be another colloquy after I had regained my commercialism. But I spoke of my mission, and three o'clock of the next afternoon was set for the discussion of the business proposition.

10 "Your town," I said, as I began to make ready to depart (which is the time for smooth generalities), "seems to be a quiet, sedate place. A home town, I should say, where few things out of the ordinary ever happen."

It carries on an extensive trade in stoves and hollow ware with the West and South, and its flouring mills have a daily capacity of more than 2000 barrels.

Azalea Adair seemed to reflect.
20 "I have never thought of it that way," she said, with a kind of sincere intensity that seemed to belong to her. "Isn't it in the still, quiet places that things do happen? I fancy that when God began to create the earth on the first Monday morning one could have leaned out one's window and heard the drops of mud splashing from his trowel as he built up the everlasting hills. What did the
30 noisiest project in the world—I mean the building of the tower of Babel—result in finally? A page and a half of Esperanto in the *North American Review*."

"Of course," said I platitudinously, "human nature is the same everywhere; but there is more color—er—more drama and movement and—er—romance in some cities than in others."

40 "On the surface," said Azalea Adair. "I have traveled many times around the world in a golden airship wafted on two wings—print and dreams. I have seen (on one of my imaginary tours) the Sultan of Turkey bowstring with his own hands one of his wives who had uncovered her face in public. I have seen a man in Nashville tear up his theater tickets because his wife was
50 going out with her face covered—with rice powder. In San Francisco's Chinatown I saw the slave girl Sing Yee dipped slowly, inch by inch, in boiling

almond oil to make her swear she would never see her American lover again. She gave in when the boiling oil had reached three inches above her knee. At a euchre party in East Nashville the other night I saw Kitty Morgan cut dead by seven of her schoolmates and lifelong friends because she had married a house painter. The boiling oil was sizzling as high as her heart; but I wish you could have seen the fine little smile that she carried from table to table. Oh, yes, it is a humdrum town. Just a few miles of red brick houses and mud and stores and lumber yards."

Someone knocked hollowly at the back of the house. Azalea Adair
7 breathed a soft apology and went to investigate the sound. She came back in three minutes with brightened eyes, a faint flush on her cheeks, and ten years lifted from her shoulders.

"You must have a cup of tea before you go," she said, "and a sugar cake."

She reached and shook a little iron bell. In shuffled a small Negro girl about twelve, barefoot, not very tidy,
8 glowering at me with thumb in mouth and bulging eyes.

Azalea Adair opened a tiny, worn purse and drew out a dollar bill, a dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn in two pieces and pasted together again with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was one of the bills I had given the piratical Negro—there was no
9 doubt of it.

"Go up to Mr. Baker's store on the corner, Impy," she said, handing the girl the dollar bill, "and get a quarter of a pound of tea—the kind he always sends me—and ten cents worth of sugar cakes. Now, hurry. The supply of tea in the house happens to be ex-
100 hausted," she explained to me.

Impy left by the back way. Before the scrape of her hard, bare feet
100 died away on the back porch, a wild shriek—I was sure it was hers—filled the hollow house. Then the deep, gruff tones of an angry man's voice mingled with the girl's further squeals and unintelligible words.

Azalea Adair rose without surprise or

emotion and disappeared. For two minutes I heard the hoarse rumble of the man's voice; then something like an oath and a slight scuffle, and she returned calmly to her chair.

"This is a roomy house," she said, "and I have a tenant for part of it. I am sorry to have to rescind my invitation to tea. It was impossible to get the kind I always use at the store. Perhaps tomorrow Mr. Baker will be able to supply me."

I was sure that Impy had not had time to leave the house. I inquired concerning street-car lines and took my leave. After I was well on my way I remembered that I had not learned Azalea Adair's name. But tomorrow would do.

That same day I started in on the course of iniquity that this uneventful city forced upon me. I was in the town only two days, but in that time I managed to lie shamelessly by telegraph, and to be an accomplice—after the fact, if that is the correct legal term—to a murder.

As I rounded the corner nearest my hotel the Afrite coachman of the polychromatic, nonpareil coat seized me, swung open the dungeony door of his peripatetic sarcophagus, flirted his feather duster and began his ritual: "Step right in, boss. Carriage is clean—just got back from a funeral. Fifty cents to any—"

And then he knew me and grinned broadly. "Scuse me, boss; you is de gen'l'man what rid out with me dis mawnin'. Thank you kindly, suh."

"I am going out to 861 again tomorrow afternoon at three," said I, "and if you will be here, I'll let you drive me. So you know Miss Adair?" I concluded, thinking of my dollar bill.

"I belonged to her father, Judge Adair, suh," he replied.

"I judge that she is pretty poor," I said. "She hasn't much money to speak of, has she?"

For an instant I looked again at the fierce countenance of King Cettiwayo, and then he changed back to an extortionate old Negro hack driver.

"She ain't gwine to starve, suh," he said slowly. "She has reso'ces, suh; she has reso'ces."

"I shall pay you fifty cents for the trip," said I.

"Dat is puffedly correct, suh," he answered humbly. "I jus' had to have dat two dollars dis mawnin', boss."

I went to the hotel and lied by electricity. I wired the magazine: "A. Adair holds out for eight cents a word."

The answer that came back was: "Give it to her quick, you duffer."

Just before dinner "Major" Wentworth Caswell bore down upon me with the greetings of a long-lost friend. I have seen few men whom I have so instantaneously hated, and of whom it was so difficult to be rid. I was standing at the bar when he invaded me; therefore I could not wave the white ribbon in his face. I would have paid gladly for the drinks, hoping, thereby, to escape another; but he was one of those despicable, roaring, advertising bibbers who must have brass bands and fireworks attend upon every cent that they waste in their follies.

With an air of producing millions he drew two one-dollar bills from a pocket and dashed one of them upon the bar. I looked once more at the dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn through the middle, and patched with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was my dollar bill again. It could have been no other.

I went up to my room. The drizzle and the monotony of a dreary, eventless Southern town had made me tired and listless. I remember that just before I went to bed I mentally disposed of the mysterious dollar bill (which might have formed the clue to a tremendously fine detective story of San Francisco) by saying to myself sleepily: "Seems as if a lot of people here own stock in the Hack-Driver's Trust. Pays dividends promptly, too. Wonder if—" Then I fell asleep.

King Cettiwayo was at his post the next day, and rattled my bones over the stones out to 861. He was to wait

and rattle me back again when I was ready.

Azalea Adair looked paler and cleaner and frailer than she had looked on the day before. After she had signed the contract at eight cents per word she grew still paler and began to slip out of her chair. Without much trouble I managed to get her up on the antediluvian horsehair sofa and then I ran out to the sidewalk and yelled to the coffee-colored Pirate to bring a doctor. With a wisdom that I had not suspected in him, he abandoned his team and struck off up the street afoot, realizing the value of speed. In ten minutes he returned with a grave, gray-haired, and capable man of medicine. In a few words (worth much less than eight cents each) I explained to him my presence in the hollow house of mystery. He bowed with stately understanding, and turned to the old Negro.

"Uncle Caesar," he said calmly, "run up to my house and ask Miss Lucy to give you a cream pitcher full of fresh milk and half a tumbler of port wine. And hurry back. Don't drive—run. I want you to get back sometime this week."

It occurred to me that Dr. Merriman also felt a distrust as to the speeding powers of the land-pirate's steeds. After Uncle Caesar was gone, lumberingly, but swiftly, up the street, the doctor looked me over with great politeness and as much careful calculation until he had decided that I might do.

"It is only a case of insufficient nutrition," he said. "In other words, the result of poverty, pride, and starvation. Mrs. Caswell has many devoted friends who would be glad to aid her, but she will accept nothing except from that old Negro, Uncle Caesar, who was once owned by her family."

"Mrs. Caswell!" said I, in surprise. And then I looked at the contract and saw that she had signed it "Azalea Adair Caswell."

"I thought she was Miss Adair," I said.

"Married to a drunken, worthless loafer, sir," said the doctor. "It is said that he robs her even of the small sums

that her old servant contributes toward her support."

When the milk and wine had been brought, the doctor soon revived Azalea Adair. She sat up and talked of the beauty of the autumn leaves that were then in season, and their height of color. She referred lightly to her fainting seizure as the outcome of an old palpitation of the heart. Impy fanned her as she lay on the sofa. The doctor was due elsewhere, and I followed him to the door. I told him that it was within my power and intentions to make a reasonable advance of money to Azalea Adair on future contributions to the magazine, and he seemed pleased.

"By the way," he said, "perhaps you would like to know that you have had royalty for a coachman. Old Caesar's grandfather was a king in Congo. Caesar himself has royal ways, as you may have observed."

As the doctor was moving off I heard Uncle Caesar's voice inside: "Did he git bofe of dem two dollars from you, Mis' Azalea?"

"Yes, Caesar," I heard Azalea Adair answer weakly. And then I went in and concluded business negotiations with our contributor. I assumed the responsibility of advancing fifty dollars, putting it as a necessary formality in binding our bargain. And then Uncle Caesar drove me back to the hotel.

Here ends all of the story as far as I can testify as a witness. The rest must be only bare statements of facts.

At about six o'clock I went out for a stroll. Uncle Caesar was at his corner. He threw open the door of his carriage, flourished his duster, and began his depressing formula: "Step right in, suh. Fifty cents to anywhere in the city—hack's puffickly clean, suh—jus' got back from a funeral—"

And then he recognized me. I think his eyesight was getting bad. His coat had taken on a few more faded shades of color, the twine strings were more frayed and ragged, the last remaining button—the button of yellow horn—was gone. A motley descendant of kings was Uncle Caesar!

About two hours later I saw an excited crowd besieging the front of a drug store. In a desert where nothing happens this was manna; so I edged my way inside. On an extemporized couch of empty boxes and chairs was stretched the mortal corporeality of Major Wentworth Caswell. A doctor was testing him for the immortal ingredient. His decision was that it was conspicuous by its absence.

The erstwhile Major had been found dead on a dark street and brought by curious and ennuied citizens to the drug store. The late human being had been engaged in terrific battle—the details showed that. Loafer and reprobate though he had been, he had been also a warrior. But he had lost. His hands were yet clinched so tightly that his fingers would not be opened. The gentle citizens who had known him stood about and searched their vocabularies to find some good words, if it were possible, to speak of him. One kind-looking man said, after much thought: "When 'Cas' was about fo'teen he was one of the best spellers in school."

While I stood there the fingers of the right hand of "the man that was," which hung down the side of a white pine box, relaxed, and dropped something at my feet. I covered it with one foot quietly, and a little later on I picked it up and pocketed it. I reasoned that in his last struggle his hand must have seized that object unwittingly and held it in a death grip.

At the hotel that night the main topic of conversation, with the possible exceptions of politics and prohibition, was the demise of Major Caswell. I heard one man say to a group of listeners:

"In my opinion, gentlemen, Caswell was murdered by some of these no-account niggers for his money. He had fifty dollars this afternoon which he showed to several gentlemen in the hotel. When he was found the money was not on his person."

I left the city the next morning at nine, and as the train was crossing the bridge over the Cumberland River I took out of my pocket a yellow horn

overcoat button the size of a fifty-cent piece, with frayed ends of coarse twine hanging from it, and cast it out of the window into the slow, muddy waters below.

I wonder what's doing in Buffalo! 60
(1910)

ARTHUR MORRISON (1863-)

NOTE

With the spread of democracy in the nineteenth century and the growing interest in the submerged social groups, it was quite natural that unlovely individuals from the lower strata and even derelicts from the lowest depths should appear in literature in increasing numbers. And so they did. Their presence is not confined to any one type of literature. Hood introduced them in his poems of social protest, "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" (pages 476 and 477); they crowd the pages of many of Dickens's novels; they fill the stage in some of the modern proletarian dramas, like those of Galsworthy; and they are met again in the realistic stories of low life, such as Thomas Burke's *Limehouse Nights*. Charles Dickens's capacity for creating Oliver Twists and Fagins he acquired largely through his training as a journalist, and it was in this same relentless school of experience that Arthur Morrison got his material for the *Tales of Mean Streets*, from which the following story has been reprinted. Like Dickens, too, he drew most of his ideas from the London slums and near-slums, for his work made him thoroughly familiar with the English metropolis. "On the Stairs" is an excellent example of Morrison's power of character analysis and of description. "The poorest persons," says Stevenson in "*Æs Triplex*" (page 1055, line 33) "have a bit of pageant going toward the tomb." In this ghastly story of Morrison's the desire for the pageantry of the grave has become a ruling passion in the breast of old Mrs. Curtis, crowding out her love for her son. This sordid picture of a man's last hours on earth in a near-slum in the East Side of London should be compared with Katherine Mansfield's "The Garden-Party" (page 1164), and with such other studies of death as Rossetti's "My Sister's Sleep" (page 586) and Browning's "The Bishop Orders His Tomb" (page 291).

ON THE STAIRS

The house had been "genteel." When trade was prospering in the East End, and the ship-fitter or block-maker thought it no shame to live in the parish where his workshop lay, such a master had lived here. Now, it was a tall,

62. **East End**, a slum or near-slum district of London.

solid, well-bricked, ugly house, grimy and paintless in the joinery, cracked and patched in the windows: where the front door stood open all day long; and the womankind sat on the steps, talking of sickness and death and the cost of things; and treacherous holes lurked in the carpet of road-soil on the stairs and in the passage. For when eight families live in a house, nobody buys a doormat, and the street was one of those streets that are always muddy. It smelled, too, of many things, none of them pleasant (one was fried fish); but for all that it was not a slum.

Three flights up, a gaunt woman with bare forearms stayed on her way to listen at a door which, opening, let out a warm, fetid waft from a close sick-room. A bent and tottering old woman stood on the threshold, holding the door behind her.

"An' is 'e no better now, Mrs. Curtis?" the gaunt woman asked, with a nod at the opening.

The old woman shook her head, and pulled the door closer. Her jaw waggled loosely in her withered chaps: "Nor won't be; till 'e's gone." Then after a certain pause, "'E's goin'," she said.

"Don't doctor give no 'ope?"

"Lor' bless ye, I don't want to ast no doctors," Mrs. Curtis replied, with something not unlike a chuckle. "I've seed too many on 'em. The boy's a-goin' fast; I can see that. An' then"—she gave the handle another tug, and whispered—"he's been called." She nodded again. "Three sperit knocks at the bed-head las' night; an' I know what *that* means!"

The gaunt woman raised her brows, and nodded. "Ah, well," she said, "we all on us comes to it some day, sooner or later. An' it's often a 'appy release."

The two looked into space beyond each other, the elder with a nod and a croak. Presently the other pursued, "'E's been a very good son, ain't 'e?"

"Aye, aye, well enough son to me," responded the old woman, a little peevishly; "an' I'll 'ave 'im put away decent, though there's on'y the Union

for me after. I can do that, thank Gawd!" she added, meditatively, as chin on fist she stared into the thickening dark over the stairs.

"When I lost my pore 'usband," said the gaunt woman, with a certain brightening, "I give 'im a 'ansome funeral. 'E was a Oddfeller, an' I got twelve pound. I 'ad a oak caufin an' a open 'earse. There was a kerridge for the fam'ly an' one for 'is mates—two 'orses each, an' feathers, an' mutes; an' it went the furthest way round to the cimitry. 'Wotever 'appens, Mrs. Manders,' says the undertaker, 'you'll feel as you've treated 'im proper; nobody can't reproach you over that.' An' they could n't. 'E was a good 'usband to me, an' I buried 'im respectable."

The gaunt woman exulted. The old, old story of Manders's funeral fell upon the other one's ears with a freshened interest, and she mumbled her gums ruminantly. "Bob'll 'ave a 'ansome buryin', too," she said. "I can make it up, with the insurance money, an' this, an' that. On'y I dunno about mutes. It's a expense."

In the East End, when a woman has not enough money to buy a thing much desired, she does not say so in plain words; she says the thing is an "expense," or a "great expense." It means the same thing, but it sounds better. Mrs. Curtis had reckoned her resources, and found that mutes would be an "expense." At a cheap funeral mutes cost half-a-sovereign and their liquor. Mrs. Manders said as much.

"Yus, yus, 'arf-a-sovereign," the old woman assented. Within, the sick man feebly beat the floor with a stick. "I'm a-comin'," she cried shrilly; "yus, arf-a-sovereign, but it's a lot, an' I don't see 'ow I'm to do it—not at present." She reached for the door-handle again, but stopped and added, by afterthought, "Unless I don't 'ave no ploom's."

"It 'ud be a pity not to 'ave ploom's. I 'ad—"

There were footsteps on the stairs; then a stumble and a testy word. Mrs.

52. **Union**, the work-house maintained by the local administration.

64. **mutes**, hired mourners or undertaker's assistants at a funeral.

Curtis peered over into the gathering dark. "Is it the doctor, sir?" she asked. It was the doctor's assistant; and Mrs. Manders tramped up to the next landing as the door of the sick-room took him in.

For five minutes the stairs were darker than ever. Then the assistant, a very young man, came out again, followed by the old woman with a candle. Mrs. Manders listened in the upper dark. "He's sinking fast," said the assistant. "He *must* have a stimulant. Dr. Mansell ordered port wine. Where is it?" Mrs. Curtis mumbled dolorously. "I tell you he *must* have it," he averred with unprofessional emphasis (his qualification was only a month old). "The man can't take solid food and his strength must be kept up somehow. Another day may make all the difference. Is it because you can't afford it?"

"It's a expense—sich a expense, doctor," the old woman pleaded. "An' wot with 'arf-pints o' milk an'—" She grew inarticulate, and mumbled dismally.

"But he must have it, Mrs. Curtis, if it's your last shilling; it's the only way. If you mean you absolutely haven't the money—" and he paused a little awkwardly. He was not a wealthy young man—wealthy young men do not devil for East End doctors—but he was conscious of a certain haul of sixpences at nap the night before; and, being inexperienced, he did not foresee the career of persecution whereon he was entering at his own expense and of his own motion. He produced five shillings: "If you absolutely haven't the money, why—take this, and get a bottle—good; not at a public house. But mind, *at once*. He should have had it before."

It would have interested him, as a matter of coincidence, to know that his principal had been guilty of the selfsame indiscretion—even the amount was identical—on that landing the day before. But, as Mrs. Curtis said nothing of this, he floundered down the stair and out into the wetter mud, pondering whether or not the beloved son of a Congregational minister might take

full credit for a deed of charity on the proceeds of sixpenny nap. But Mrs. Curtis puffed her wrinkles, and shook her head sagaciously as she carried in her candle. From the room came a clink as of money falling into a teapot. And Mrs. Manders went about her business.

The door was shut, and the stair was a pit of blackness. Twice a lodger passed down, and up and down, and still it did not open. Men and women walked on the lower flights, and out at the door, and in again. From the street a shout or a snatch of laughter floated up the pit. On the pavement footsteps rang crisper and fewer, and from the bottom passage there were sounds of stagger and sprawl. A demented old clock buzzed divers hours at random, and was rebuked every twenty minutes by the regular tread of a policeman on his beat. Finally, somebody shut the street-door with a great bang, and the street was muffled. A key turned inside the door on the landing, but that was all. A feeble light shone for hours along the crack below, and then went out. The crazy old clock went buzzing on, but nothing left that room all night. Nothing that opened the door . . .

When next the key turned, it was to Mrs. Manders's knock, in the full morning; and soon the two women came out on the landing together, Mrs. Curtis with a shapeless clump of a bonnet. "Ah, 'e's a lovely corpse," said Mrs. Manders. "Like wax. So was my 'usband."

"I must be stirrin'," croaked the old woman, "an' go about the insurance an' the measurin' an' that. There's lots to do."

"Ah, there is. 'Oo are you goin' to 'ave—Wilkins? I 'ad Wilkins. Better than Kedge, I think; Kedge's mutes dresses rusty, an' their trousis is frayed. If you was thinkin' of 'avin' mutes—" 100

"Yus, yus,"—with a palsied nodding—"I'm a-goin' to 'ave mutes; I can do it respectable, thank Gawd!"

"And the plooms?"

"Aye, yus, and the plooms, too. They ain't sich a great expense, after all."

(1894)

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

(1863-)

NOTE

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is King Edward VII Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge and a brilliant interpreter of the arts of writing and reading, as his three volumes on these subjects adequately show (*On the Art of Writing* and *On the Art of Reading*—two series). Unlike most college critics of literature, however, he is himself a writer, as the following excellent ghost story testifies. In this story "Q," to use his nom de plume, has made a successful combination of several elements: an historical background, a sea-swept setting, a dialect that gives the tale part of its flavor, and finally, a moving, patriotic, and heroic tone. This last element is perhaps the outstanding one. Glorification of the sturdy British soldiers and sailors, who knew how to die well, appears frequently in English literature; this story may be compared, for example, with Cowper's "On the Loss of the Royal George" (page 429) and with Kipling's great story, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." The return from the dead is also a frequent device in English narrative. So the three sons of "The Wife of Usher's Well" (page 217) revisit their mourning mother after they have been lost at sea; and the citizens of Edinburgh cherish the tradition of a ghostly bugler, whose phantom notes are heard to echo faintly about the massive walls of Edinburgh Castle centuries after he was killed on duty.

*THE ROLL-CALL OF THE REEF

"Yes, sir," said my host, the quarry-man, reaching down the relics from their hook in the wall over the chimney-piece; "they've hung there all my time, and most of my father's. The women won't touch 'em; they're afraid of the story. So here they'll dangle, and gather dust and smoke, till another tenant comes and tosses 'em out-o' doors for rubbish.

10 Whew! 'tis coarse weather, surely."

He went to the door, opened it, and stood studying the gale that beat upon his cottage-front, straight from the Manacle Reef. The rain drove past him into the kitchen, aslant like threads of gold silk in the shine of the wreck-wood fire. Meanwhile, by the same firelight, I examined the relics on my knee. The metal of each was tarnished

20

out of knowledge. But the trumpet was evidently an old cavalry trumpet, and the threads of its parti-colored sling,

though fretted and dusty, still hung together. Around the side drum, beneath its cracked brown varnish, I could hardly trace a royal coat-of-arms and a legend running, "Per Mare Per Terram"—the motto of the marines. Its parchment, though black and scented with woodsmoke, was limp and mildewed; and I began to tighten up the straps—under which the drumsticks had been loosely thrust—with the idle purpose of seeing if some music might be got out of the old drum yet.

But as I turned it on my knee, I found the drum attached to the trumpet-sling by a curious barrel-shaped padlock, and paused to examine this. The body of the lock was composed of half a dozen brass rings, set accurately edge to edge; and, rubbing the brass with my thumb, I saw that each of the six had a series of letters engraved around it.

I knew the trick of it, I thought. Here was one of those word padlocks, once so common; only to be opened by getting the rings to spell a certain word, which the dealer confides to you.

My host shut and barred the door, and came back to the hearth.

"'Twas just such a wind—east by south—that brought in what you've got between your hands. Back in the year 'nine, it was; my father has told me the tale a score o' times. You're twisting round the rings, I see. But you'll never guess the word. Parson Kendall, he made the word, and he locked down a couple o' ghosts in their graves with it; and when his time came he went to his own grave and took the word with him."

"Whose ghosts, Matthew?"

"You want the story, I see, sir. My father could tell it better than I can. He was a young man in the year 'nine, unmarried at the time, and living in this very cottage, just as I be. That's how he came to get mixed up with the tale."

He took a chair, lighted a short pipe, and went on, with his eyes fixed on the dancing violet flames:

"Yes, he'd ha' been about thirty year old in January, eighteen 'nine.

27. *Per Mare Per Terram*, by sea [and] by land.

* From *Wandering Heath*; copyright, 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

The storm got up in the night o' the twenty-first o' that month. My father was dressed and out long before daylight; he never was one to bide in bed, let be that the gale by this time was pretty near lifting the thatch over his head. Besides which, he'd fenced a small 'taty-patch that winter, down by Lowland Point, and he wanted to see if it stood the night's work. He took the path across Gunner's Meadow—where they buried most of the bodies afterwards. The wind was right in his teeth at the time, and once on the way (he's told me this often) a great strip of oarweed came flying through the darkness and fetched him a slap on the cheek like a cold hand. He made shift pretty well till he got to Lowland, and then had to drop upon hands and knees and crawl, digging his fingers every now and then into a shingle to hold on, for he declared to me that the stones, some of them as big as a man's head, kept rolling and driving past till it seemed the whole foreshore was moving westward under him. The fence was gone, of course; not a stick left to show where it stood; so that, when first he came to the place, he thought he must have missed his bearings. My father, sir, was a very religious man; and if he reckoned the end of the world was at hand—there in the great wind and night, among the moving stones—you may believe he was certain of it when he heard a gun fired, and, with the same, saw a flame shoot up out of the darkness to windward, making a sudden fierce light in all the place about. All he could find to think or say was, 'The Second Coming! The Second Coming! The Bridegroom cometh, and the wicked He will toss like a ball into a large country'; and being already upon his knees, he just bowed his head and 'bided, saying this over and over.

"But by'm by, between two squalls, he made bold to lift his head and look, and then by the light—a bluish color 'twas—he saw all the coast clear away to Manacle Point, and off the Manacles in the thick of the weather, a sloop-of-war with topgallants housed, driving

stern foremost toward the reef. It was she, of course, that was burning the fire. My father could see the white streak and the ports of her quite plain as she rose to it, a little outside the breakers, and he guessed easy enough that her captain had just managed to wear ship and was trying to force her nose to the sea with the help of her small bower anchor and the scrap or two of canvas that hadn't yet been blown out of her. But while he looked, she fell off, giving her broadside to it, foot by foot, and drifting back on the breakers around Carn Du and the Varses. The rocks lie so thick there—about that 'twas a toss-up which she struck first; at any rate, my father couldn't tell at the time, for just then the flare died down and went out.

"Well, sir, he turned then in the dark and started back for Coverack to cry the dismal tidings—though well knowing ship and crew to be past any hope, and as he turned, the wind lifted him and tossed him forward 'like a ball,' as he'd been saying, and homeward along the foreshore. As you know, 'tis ugly work, even by daylight, picking your way among the stones there, and my father was prettily knocked about at first in the dark. But by this 'twas nearer seven than six o'clock, and the day spreading. By the time he reached North Corner a man could see to read print; hows'ever, he looked neither out to sea nor toward Coverack, but headed straight for the first cottage—the same that stands above North Corner today. A man named Billy Ede lived there then, and when my father burst into the kitchen bawling, 'Wreck! wreck!' he saw Billy Ede's wife, Ann, standing there in her clogs with a shawl over her head, and her clothes wringing wet.

"Save the chap," says Billy Ede's wife, Ann. "What d'ee mean by crying stale fish at that rate?"

"'But 'tis a wreck, I tell 'e."

"'I'v a-zeed'n, too; and so has every-one with an eye in his head."

"And with that she pointed straight over my father's shoulder, and he turned; and there, close under Dolor Point, at the end of Coverack town he saw another wreck washing, and the point black with people, like emmets, running to and fro in the morning light. While he stood staring at her, he heard a trumpet sounded on board, the notes coming in little jerks, like a bird rising against the wind; but faintly, of course, because of the distance and the gale blowing—though this had dropped a little.

"'She's a transport,' said Billy Ede's wife, Ann, 'and full of horse-soldiers, fine long men. When she struck they must ha' pitched the horses over first to lighten the ship, for a score of dead horses had washed in afore I left, half an hour back. An' three or four soldiers, too—fine long corpses in white breeches and jackets of blue and gold. I held the lantern to one. Such a straight young man.'

"My father asked her about the trumpeting.

"'That's the queerest bit of all. She was burnin' a light when me an' my man joined the crowd down there. All her masts had gone; whether they carried away, or were cut away to ease her, I don't rightly know. Her keelson was broke under her and her bottom sagged and stove, and she had just settled down like a setting hen—just the leastest list to starboard; but a man could stand there easy. They had rigged up ropes across her, from bulwark to bulwark, an' beside these the men were mustered, holding on like grim death whenever the sea made a clean breach over them, an' standing up like heroes as soon as it passed. The captain an' the officers were clinging to the rail of the quarter-deck, all in their golden uniforms, waiting for the end as if 'twas King George they expected. There was no way to help, for she lay right beyond cast of line, though our folk tried it fifty times. And beside them clung a trumpeter, a whacking big man, an' between the heavy seas

he would lift his trumpet with one hand, and blow a call; and every time he blew, the men gave a cheer. There (she says)—hark 'ee now—there he goes agen! But you won't hear no cheering any more, for few are left to cheer, and their voices weak. Bitter cold the wind is, and I reckon it numbs their grip o' the ropes, for they were dropping off fast with every sea when my man sent me home to get his break-fast. Another wreck, you say? Well, there's no hope for the tender dears if 'tis the Manacles. You'd better run down and help yonder; though 'tis little help any man can give. Not one came in alive while I was there. The tide's flowing, an' she won't hold together another hour, they say.'

"Well, sure enough, the end was coming fast when my father got down to the Point. Six men had been cast up alive, or just breathing—a seaman and five troopers. The seaman was the only one that had breath to speak; and while they were carrying him into the town, the word went round that the ship's name was the *Despatch*, transport, homeward bound from Corunna, with a detachment of the Seventh Hussars, that had been fighting out there with Sir John Moore. The seas had rolled her farther over by this time, and given her decks a pretty sharp slope; but a dozen men still held on, seven by the ropes near the ship's waist, a couple near the break of the poop, and three on the quarter-deck. Of these three my father made out one to be the skipper; close to him clung an officer in full regimentals—his name, they heard after, was Captain Duncan-field; and last came the tall trumpeter; and if you'll believe me, the fellow was making shift there, at the very last, to blow 'God Save the King.' What's more, he got to 'Send us victorious,' before an extra big sea came bursting across and washed them off the deck—every man but one of the pair beneath

the poop—and he dropped his hold before the next wave; being stunned, I reckon. The others went out of sight at once, but the trumpeter—being, as I said, a powerful man as well as a tough swimmer—rose like a duck, rode out a couple of breakers, and came in on the crest of the third. The folks looked to see him broke like an egg at their
 10 very feet; but when the smother cleared, there he was, lying face downward on a ledge below them; and one of the men that happened to have a rope round him—I forget the fellow's name, if I ever heard it—jumped down and grabbed him by the ankle as he began to slip back. Before the next big sea the pair were hauled high enough to be out of harm, and another heave brought them
 20 up to grass. Quick work, but master trumpeter wasn't quite dead; nothing worse than a cracked head and three staved ribs. In twenty minutes or so they had him in bed, with the doctor to tend him.

"Now was the time—nothing being left alive upon the transport—for my father to tell of the sloop he'd seen driving upon the Manacles. And when
 30 he got a hearing, though the most were set upon salvage, and believed a wreck in the hand, so to say, to be worth half a dozen they couldn't see, a good few volunteered to start off with him and have a look. They crossed Lowland Point; no ship to be seen on the Manacles nor anywhere upon the sea. One or two was for calling my father a liar. 'Wait till we come to Dean Point,' said
 40 he. Sure enough, on the far side of Dean Point they found the sloop's mainmast washing about with half a dozen men lashed to it, men in red jackets, every mother's son drowned and staring; and a little farther on, just under the Dean, three or four bodies cast up on the shore, one of them a small drummer-boy, side-drum and all; and near by part of a ship's gig, with
 50 *H. M. S. Primrose* cut on the stern-board. From this point on, the shore was littered thick with wreckage and dead bodies—the most of them marines in uniform—and in Godrevy Cove, in

particular, a heap of furniture from the captain's cabin, and among it a water-tight box, not much damaged, and full of papers, by which, when it came to be examined, next day, the wreck was easily made out to be the *Primrose* 60 of eighteen guns, outward bound from Portsmouth, with a fleet of transports for the Spanish war—thirty sail, I've heard, but I've never heard what became of them. Being handled by merchant skippers, no doubt they rode out the gale, and reached the Tagus safe and sound. Not but what the captain of the *Primrose*—Mein was his name—
 70 did quite right to try and club-haul his vessel when he found himself under the land; only he never ought to have got there, if he took proper soundings. But it's easy talking.

"The *Primrose*, sir, was a handsome vessel—for her size one of the handsomest in the King's service—and newly fitted out at Plymouth Dock. So the boys had brave pickings from her in the way of brass-work, ship's instru- 80 ments, and the like, let alone some barrels of stores not much spoiled. They loaded themselves with as much as they could carry, and started for home, meaning to make a second journey before the preventive men got wind of their doings, and came to spoil the fun. 'Hullo!' says my father, and dropped his gear, 'I do believe there's a leg moving!' and running fore, he
 90 stooped over the small drummer-boy that I told you about. The poor little chap was lying there, with his face a mass of bruises, and his eyes closed; but he had shifted one leg an inch or two, and was still breathing. So my father pulled out a knife, and cut him free from his drum—that was lashed on to him with a double turn of Manila rope—and took him up and carried him
 100 along here to this very room that we're sitting in. He lost a good deal by this; for when he went back to fetch the bundle he'd dropped, the preventive men had got hold of it, and were thick

67. *Tagus*, a river in Spain. 70. *club-haul*, a particular method of changing a sailing-vessel to the other tack, which is used in extreme emergencies.

as thieves along the foreshore; so that 'twas only by paying one or two to look the other way that he picked up anything worth carrying off; which you'll allow to be hard, seeing that he was the first man to give news of the wreck.

10 "Well, the inquiry was held, of course, and my father gave evidence, and for the rest they had to trust to the sloop's papers, for not a soul was saved besides the drummer-boy, and he was raving in a fever, brought on by the cold and the fright. And the seaman and the five troopers gave evidence about the loss of the *Despatch*. The tall trumpeter, too, whose ribs were healing, came forward and kissed the Book; but somehow his head had been hurt in coming ashore, and he talked foolish-like, and 'twas 20 easy seen he would never be a proper man again. The others were taken up to Plymouth, and so went their ways; but the trumpeter stayed on in Coverack; and King George, finding he was fit for nothing, sent him down a trifle of a pension after a while—enough to keep him in board and lodging, with a bit of tobacco over.

30 "Now the first time that this man—William Tallifer he called himself—met with the drummer-boy, was about a fortnight after the little chap had bettered enough to be allowed a short walk out of doors, which he took, if you please, in full regimentals. There never was a soldier so proud of his dress. His own suit had shrunk a brave bit with the salt water; but into ordinary 40 frock an' corduroy he declared he would not get, not if he had to go naked the rest of his life; so my father—being a good-natured man, and handy with the needle—turned to and repaired damages with a piece or two of scarlet cloth cut from the jacket of one of the drowned Marines. Well, the poor little chap chanced to be standing, in this rig out, down by the gate of Gunner's 50 Meadow, where they had buried two

score and over of his comrades. The morning was a fine one, early in March month; and along came the cracked trumpeter, likewise taking a stroll.

"'Hullo!' says he; 'good mornin'! And what might you be doin' here?'

"'I was a-wishin',' says the boy, 'I had a pair o' drumsticks. Our lads were buried yonder without so much as a drum tapped or a musket fired; and that's not Christian burial for British soldiers.'

"'Phut!' says the trumpeter, and spat on the ground; 'a parcel of Marines!'

"The boy eyed him a second or so, and answered up: 'If I'd a tav of turf handy, I'd bung it at your mouth, you greasy cavalryman, and learn you to speak respectful of your betters. The Marines are the handiest body o' men 70 in the service.'

"The trumpeter looked down on him from the height of six-foot-two, and asked: 'Did they die well?'

"'They died very well. There was a lot of running to and fro at first, and some of the men began to cry, and a few to strip off their clothes. But when the ship fell off for the last time, Captain Mein turned and said some- 80 thing to Major Griffiths, the commanding officer on board, and the Major called out to me to beat to quarters. It might have been for a wedding, he sang it out so cheerful. We'd had word already that 'twas to be parade order; and the men fell in as trim and decent as if they were going to church. One or two even tried to shave at the last moment. The Major wore his 90 medals. One of the seamen, seeing I had work to keep the drum steady—the sling being a bit loose for me, and the wind what you remember—lashed it tight with a piece of rope; and that saved my life afterwards, a drum being as good as cork until it's stove. I kept beating away until every man was on deck—and then the Major formed them up and told them to die like British 100 soldiers, and the chaplain was in the middle of a prayer when she struck. In ten minutes she was gone. That was how they died, cavalryman.'

31. Tallifer. The author has chosen a good name for his hero; Taillefer was the minstrel who led the Norman soldiers at the Battle of Hastings (1066), chanting the *Song of Roland*.

"And that was very well done, drummer of the Marines. What's your name?"

"John Christian."

"Mine's William George Tallifer, trumpeter of the Seventh Light Dragoons—the Queen's Own. I played 'God Save the King' while our men were drowning. Captain Duncanfield told me to sound a call or two, to put them in heart; but that matter of 'God Save the King' was a notion of my own. I won't say anything to hurt the feelings of a Marine, even if he's not much over five-foot tall; but the Queen's Own Hussars is a tearin' fine regiment. As between horse and foot, 'tis a question o' which gets a chance. All the way from Sahagun to Corunna 'twas we that took and gave the knocks—at Mayorga and Rueda, and Bennyventy.'—The reason, sir, I can speak the names so pat is that my father learnt them by heart afterwards from the trumpeter, who was always talking about Mayorga and Rueda and Bennyventy.—'We made the rear-guard after General Paget; and drove the French every time; and all the infantry did was to sit about in wine-shops till we whipped 'em out, an' steal an' straggle an' play the tom-fool in general. And when it came to a standup fight at Corunna, 'twas we that had to stay seaskic aboard the transports, an' watch the infantry in the thick o' the caper. Very well they behaved, too—especially the Fourth Regiment, an' the Forty-Second Highlanders and the Dirty Half-Hundred. Oh, aye; they're decent regiments, all three. But the Queen's Own Hussars is a tearin' fine regiment. So you played on your drum when the ship was goin' down? Drummer John Christian, I'll have to get you a new pair of sticks.'

"The very next day the trumpeter marched into Helston, and got a carpenter there to turn him a pair of box-wood drumsticks for the boy. And this was the beginning of one of the most curious friendships you ever heard tell of. Nothing delighted the pair more than to borrow a boat off my father and

pull out to the rocks where the *Primrose* and the *Despatch* had struck and sunk; and on still days 'twas pretty to hear them out there off the Manacles, the drummer playing his tattoo—for they always took their music with them— 60 and the trumpeter practicing calls, and making his trumpet speak like an angel. But if the weather turned roughish, they'd be walking together and talking; leastwise the youngster listened while the other discoursed about Sir John's campaign in Spain and Portugal, telling how each little skirmish befell; and of Sir John himself, and General Baird, and General Paget, 70 and Colonel Vivian, his own commanding officer, and what kind of men they were; and of the last bloody stand-up at Corunna, and so forth, as if neither could have enough.

"But all this had to come to an end in the late summer, for the boy, John Christian, being now well and strong again, must go up to Plymouth to report himself. 'Twas his own wish (for I 80 believe King George had forgotten all about him); but his friend wouldn't hold him back. As for the trumpeter, my father had made an arrangement to take him on as lodger, as soon as the boy left; and on the morning fixed for the start, he was up at the door here by five o'clock, with his trumpet slung by his side, and all the rest of his belongings in a small valise. A Monday morning 90 it was, and after breakfast he had fixed to walk with the boy some way on the road toward Helston, where the coach started. My father left them at breakfast together, and went out to meat the pig, and do a few odd morning jobs of that sort. When he came back, the boy was still at table, and the trumpeter sat with the rings in his hands, hitched together just as they be at this moment. 100

"'Look at this,' he says to my father, showing him the lock. 'I picked it up off a starving brass-worker in Lisbon, and it is not one of your common locks that one word of six letters will open at any time. There's janius in this lock; for you've only to make the rings spell any six-letter word you please and

snap down the lock upon that, and never a soul can open it—not the maker, even—until somebody comes along that knows the word you snapped it on. Now Johnny here's goin', and he leaves his drum behind him; for, though he can make pretty music on it, the parchment sags in wet weather, by reason of the sea-water gettin' at it; an' if he carries it to Plymouth, they'll only condemn it and give him another. And, as for me, I shan't have the heart to put lip to the trumpet any more when Johnny's gone. So we've chosen a word together, and locked 'em together upon that; and, by your leave, I'll hang 'em here together on the hook over your fireplace. Maybe Johnny'll come back; maybe not. Maybe, if he comes, I'll be dead an' gone, an' he'll take 'em apart an' try their music for old sake's sake. But if he never comes, nobody can separate 'em; for nobody beside knows the word. And if you marry and have sons, you can tell 'em that here are tied together the souls of Johnny Christian, drummer of the Marines, and William George Tallifer, once trumpeter of the Queen's Own Hussars. Amen.'

"With that he hung the two instruments 'pon the hook there; and the boy stood up and thanked my father and shook hands; and the pair went out of the door, toward Helston.

"Somewhere on the road they took leave of one another; but nobody saw the parting, nor heard what was said between them. About three in the afternoon the trumpeter came walking back over the hill; and by the time my father came home from the fishing, the cottage was tidied up, and the tea ready, and the whole place shining like a new pin. From that time for five years he lodged here with my father, looking after the house and tilling the garden. And all the time he was steadily failing; the hurt in his head spreading, in a manner, to his limbs. My father watched the feebleness growing on him, but said nothing. And from first to last neither spake a word about the drummer, John Christian; nor did any

letter reach them, nor word of his doings.

"The rest of the tale you're free to believe, sir, or not, as you please. It stands upon my father's words, and he always declared he was ready to kiss the Book upon it, before judge and jury. He said, too, that he never had the wit to make up such a yarn, and he defied anyone to explain about the lock, in particular, by any other tale. But you shall judge for yourself.

"My father said that about three o'clock in the morning, April fourteenth, of the year 'fourteen, he and William Tallifer were sitting here, just as you and I, sir, are sitting now. My father had put on his clothes a few minutes before, and was mending his spiller by the light of the horn lantern, meaning to set off before daylight to haul the trammel. The trumpeter hadn't been to bed at all. Toward the last he mostly spent his nights (and his days, too) dozing in the elbow-chair where you sit at this minute. He was dozing then (my father said) with his chin dropped forward on his chest, when a knock sounded upon the door, and the door opened, and in walked an upright young man in scarlet regimentals.

"He had grown a brave bit, and his face the color of wood-ashes; but it was the drummer, John Christian. Only his uniform was different from the one he used to wear, and the figures '38' shone in brass upon his collar.

"The drummer walked past my father as if he never saw him, and stood by the elbow-chair and said:

"'Trumpeter, trumpeter, are you one with me?'

"And the trumpeter just lifted the lids of his eyes, and answered: 'How should I not be one with you, drummer Johnny—Johnny boy? If you come, I count; if you march, I mark time; until the discharge comes.'

"The discharge has come tonight,' said the drummer; 'and the word is Corunna no longer.' And stepping to the chimney-place, he unhooked the

73. *spiller*, a long fish-line fitted with many hooks.
76. *trammel*, a kind of fish-net.

drum and trumpet, and began to twist the brass rings of the lock, spelling the word aloud, so—"C-O-R-U-N-A." When he had fixed the last letter, the padlock opened in his hand.

"Did you know, trumpeter, that, when I came to Plymouth, they put me into a line regiment?"

"The 38th is a good regiment," answered the old Hussar, still in his dull voice; 'I went back with them from Sahagun to Corunna. At Corunna they stood in General Fraser's division, on the right. They behaved well.'

"But I'd fain see the Marines again," says the drummer, handing him the trumpet; 'and you, you shall call once more for the Queen's Own. Matthew,' he says, suddenly, turning on my father
20—and when he turned, my father saw for the first time that his scarlet jacket had a round hole by the breast-bone, and that the blood was welling there—'Matthew, we shall want your boat.'

"Then my father rose on his legs like a man in a dream, while the two slung on, the one his drum, and t'other his trumpet. He took the lantern and went quaking before them down to the shore,
30 and they breathed heavily behind him; and they stepped into his boat, and my father pushed off.

"Row you first for Dolor Point," says the drummer. So my father rowed them past the white houses of Coverack to Dolor Point, and there, at a word, lay on his oars. And the trumpeter, William Tallifer, put his trumpet to his mouth and sounded the reveille. The music
40 of it was like rivers running.

"They will follow," said the drummer. 'Matthew, pull you now for the Manacles.'

"So my father pulled for the Manacles, and came to an easy close outside Carn Du. And the drummer took his sticks and beat a tattoo, there by the edge of the reef; and the music of it was like a rolling chariot.

50 "That will do," says he, breaking off; 'they will follow. Pull now for the shore under Gunner's Meadow.'

"Then my father pulled for the shore and ran his boat in under Gunner's

Meadow. And they stepped out, all three, and walked up to the meadow. By the gate the drummer halted, and began his tattoo again, looking outward the darkness over the sea.

"And while the drum beat, and my
60 father held his breath, there came up out of the sea and the darkness a troop of many men, horse and foot, and formed up among the graves; and others rose out of the graves and formed up—drowned Marines with bleached faces, and pale Hussars, riding their horses, all lean and shadowy. There was no clatter of hoofs or accouterments, my father said, but a soft sound all the
70 while like the beating of a bird's wing; and a black shadow lay like a pool about the feet of all. The drummer stood upon a little knoll just inside the gate, and beside him the tall trumpeter, with hand on hip, watching them gather; and behind them both, my father, clinging to the gate. When no more came, the drummer stopped playing, and said, 'Call the roll.'
80

"Then the trumpeter stepped toward the end man of the rank and called, 'Troop Sergeant-Major Thomas Irons,' and the man answered in a thin voice, 'Here.'

"Troop Sergeant-Major Thomas Irons, how is it with you?"

"The man answered, 'How should it be with me? When I was young, I betrayed a girl; and when I was grown,
90 I betrayed a friend, and for these I must pay. But I died as a man ought. God save the King!'

"The trumpeter called to the next man, 'Trooper Henry Buckingham,' and the next man answered, 'Here.'

"Trooper Henry Buckingham, how is it with you?"

"How should it be with me? I was a drunkard, and I stole, and in Lugo,
100 in a wine-shop, I killed a man. But I died as a man should. God save the King!"

"So the trumpeter went down the line; and when he had finished, the drummer took it up, hailing the dead Marines in their order. Each man answered to his name, and each man

ended with 'God save the King!' When all were hailed, the drummer stepped backward to his mound, and called:

"It is well. You are content, and we are content to join you. Wait, now, a little while."

"With this he turned and ordered my father to pick up the lantern, and lead the way back. As my father picked it up, he heard the ranks of the dead men cheer and call, 'God save the King!' all together, and saw them waver and fade back into the dark, like a breath fading off a pane.

"But when they came back here to the kitchen, and my father set the lantern down, it seemed they'd both forgot about him. For the drummer turned in the lantern-light—and my father could see the blood still welling out of the hole in his breast—and took the trumpet-sling from around the other's neck, and locked drum and trumpet together again, choosing the letters on the lock very carefully. While he did this, he said:

"The word is no more Corunna, but Bayonne. As you left out an *n* in Corunna, so must I leave out an *n* in Bayonne." And before snapping the padlock, he spelled out the word slowly—"B-A-Y-O-N-E." After that, he used no more speech; but turned and hung the two instruments back on the hook; and then took the trumpeter by the arm; and the pair walked out into the darkness, glancing neither to right nor left.

"My father was on the point of following, when he heard a sort of sigh behind him; and there, sitting in the elbow-chair, was the very trumpeter he had just seen walk out by the door! If my father's heart jumped before, you may believe it jumped quicker now. But after a bit, he went up to the man asleep in the chair and put a hand upon him. It was the trumpeter in flesh and blood that he touched; but though the flesh was warm, the trumpeter was dead.

"Well, sir, they buried him three days after; and at first my father was minded to say nothing about his dream (as he thought it). But the day after the

funeral he met Parson Kendall coming from Helston market; and the parson called out: 'Have 'ee heard the news the coach brought down this mornin'?' 'What news?' says my father. 'Why, that peace is agreed upon.' 'None too soon,' says my father. 'Not soon enough for our poor lads at Bayonne,' the parson answered. 'Bayonne!' cries my father, with a jump. 'Why, yes,' and the parson told him all about a great sally the French had made on the night of April 13th. 'Do you happen to know if the 38th Regiment was engaged?' my father asked. 'Come, now,' said Parson Kendall, 'I didn't know you was so well up in the campaign. But, as it happens, I do know that the 38th was engaged, for 'twas they that held a cottage and stopped the French advance.'

"Still my father held his tongue; and when, a week later, he walked into Helston and bought a *Mercury* off the Sherborne rider, and got the landlord of the 'Angel' to spell out the list of killed and wounded, sure enough, there among the killed was Drummer John Christian, of the 38th Foot.

"After this there was nothing for a religious man but to make a clean breast. So my father went up to Parson Kendall, and told the whole story. The parson listened, and put a question or two, and then asked:

"Have you tried to open the lock since that night?"

"I haven't dared to touch it," says my father.

"Then come along and try." When the parson came to the cottage here, he took the things off the hook and tried the lock. 'Did he say "Bayonne"?' The word has seven letters.

"Not if you spell it with one *n* as he did," says my father.

"The parson spelt it out—"B-A-Y-O-N-E." 'Whew!' says he, for the lock had fallen open in his hand.

"He stood considering it a moment, and then he says: 'I tell you what. I shouldn't blab this all round the parish, if I was you. You won't get no credit for truth-telling, and a miracle's wasted

on a set of fools. But if you like, I'll shut down the lock again upon a holy word that no one but me shall know, and neither drummer nor trumpeter, dead or alive, shall frighten the secret out of me.'

"I wish to heaven you would, parson," said my father.

"The parson chose the holy word there and then, and shut the lock upon it, and hung the drum and trumpet back in their place. He is gone long since, taking the word with him. And till the lock is broken by force, nobody will ever separate those two." (1895)

W. W. JACOBS (1863-)

NOTE

The influence of the sea upon the literature of an island empire has been repeatedly illustrated in the pages of this volume—as, for example, in the preceding story. Heroism, pathos, humor have often been drawn from the adventures and characters of those who go down to the sea in ships. Tobias Smollett was perhaps the first, however, to draw realistic sketches of the British tar; after him came numerous writers of prose-fiction, who found in sailors' yarns and personalities much that was entertaining and amusing. William Wymark Jacobs was born in London, and his father was a wharf-owner in Wapping on the Thames. So it was that Mr. Jacobs was brought into a close and sympathetic contact with seafaring and river men who frequented the port. His *Many Cargoes*, *More Cargoes*, *Short Cruises*, *Captains All*, and other collections of seamen's stories are filled with sailors, most of them comic, some of them pathetic, but all highly entertaining. The knowledge of nautical terms and sailors' jargon which he acquired about the London wharves gives his yarns a flavor of genuineness. His seafaring men are real salts—not stage types. Although his humor consists largely in the formula of placing simple souls in absurd, embarrassing, and incongruous positions so that we laugh at them, our laughter is never contemptuous. It is apparent that in all of Mr. Jacobs's sea stories his fun is good-natured, his satire only good-humored raillery, and his respect and affection for the men of whom he writes genuine. "A Change of Treatment" is reprinted from *Many Cargoes* and is representative of his best work. Most of Mr. Jacobs's stories deal with the sea and sailors. In "The Monkey's Paw," however, and in a few other stories, he has invaded the field of the weird and supernatural and has displayed in doing so an amazing versatility in his mastery of a type which lies outside the range of his usual interests and material.

A CHANGE OF TREATMENT

"Yes, I've sailed under some 'cute skippers in my time," said the night-watchman; "them that go down in big ships see the wonders o' the deep, you know," he added with a sudden chuckle, 20 "but the one I'm going to tell you about ought never to have been trusted out without 'is ma. A good many o' my skippers had fads, but this one was the worst I ever sailed under.

"It's some few years ago now; I'd shipped on his bark, the *John Elliott*, as slow-going an old-tub as ever I was aboard of, when I wasn't in quite a fit an' proper state to know what I was 30 doing, an' I hadn't been in her two days afore I found out his 'obby through overhearing a few remarks made by the second mate, who came up from dinner in a hurry to make 'em. 'I don't mind saws an' knives hung round the cabin,' he ses to the fust mate, 'but when a chap has a 'uman 'and alongside 'is plate, studying it while folks is at their food, it's more than a Christian 40 man can stand.'

"'That's nothing,' ses the fust mate, who had sailed with the bark afore. 'He's half crazy on doctoring. We nearly had a mutiny aboard once owing to his wanting to hold a post mortem on a man that fell from the masthead. Wanted to see what the poor feller died of.'

"'I call it unwholesome,' ses the 50 second mate very savage. 'He offered me a pill at breakfast the size of a small marble; quite put me off my feed, it did.'

"Of course, the skipper's fad soon got known for'ard. But I didn't think much about it, till one day I seed old Dan'l Dennis sitting on a locker reading. Every now and then he'd shut the book, an' look up, closing 'is eyes, an' moving his lips like a hen drinking, an' then 60 look down at the book again.

"'Why, Dan,' I ses, 'what's up? you ain't larning lessons at your time o' life?'

"'Yes, I am,' ses Dan very soft. 'You might hear me say it, it's this one about heart disease.'

"He hands over the book, which was

stuck full o' all kinds o' diseases, and winks at me 'ard.

"'Picked it up on a book-stall,' he ses; then he shut 'is eyes an' said his piece wonderful. It made me quite queer to listen to 'im. 'That's how I feel,' ses he, when he'd finished. 'Just strength enough to get to bed. Lend a hand, Bill, an' go an' fetch the doctor.'

10 "Then I see his little game, but I wasn't going to run any risks, so I just mentioned, permiscous like, to the cook as old Dan seemed rather queer, an' went back an' tried to borrrer the book, being always fond of reading. Old Dan pretended he was too ill to hear what I was saying, an' afore I could take it away from him, the skipper comes hurrying down with a bag in his 'and.

20 "'What's the matter, my man?' ses he, 'what's the matter?'

"'I'm all right, sir,' ses old Dan, 'cept that I've been swoonding away a little.'

"'Tell me exactly how you feel,' ses the skipper, feeling his pulse.

"Then old Dan said his piece over to him, an' the skipper shook his head an' looked very solemn.

30 "'How long have you been like this?' he ses.

"'Four or five years, sir,' ses Dan. 'It ain't nothing serious, sir, is it?'

"'You lie quite still,' ses the skipper, putting a little trumpet thing to his chest an' then listening. 'Um! there's serious mischief here, I'm afraid; the prognotice is very bad.'

"'Prog what, sir?' ses Dan, staring.

40 "'Prognotice,' ses the skipper, at least I think that's the word he said. 'You keep perfectly still, an' I'll go an' mix you up a draft, and tell the cook to get some strong beef-tea on.'

"Well, the skipper 'ad no sooner gone, than Cornish Harry, a great big lumbering chap o' six feet two, goes up to old Dan, an' he ses, 'Gimme that book.'

50 "'Go away,' says Dan, 'don't come worrying 'ere; you 'eard the skipper say how bad my prognotice was.'

"'You lend me the book,' ses Harry, ketching hold of him, 'or else I'll bang you first, and split to the skipper arter-

wards. I believe I'm a bit consumptive. Anyway, I'm going to see.'

"He dragged the book away from the old man, and began to study. There was so many complaints in it he was almost tempted to have something else instead of consumption, but he decided on that at last, an' he got a cough what worried the fo'c'sle all night long, an' the next day, when the skipper came down to see Dan, he could 'ardly 'ear himself speak.

"'That's a nasty cough you've got, my man,' ses he, looking at Harry.

"'Oh, it's nothing, sir,' ses Harry, careless like. 'I've 'ad it for months now off and on. I think it's perspiring so of a night does it.'

"'What?' ses the skipper. 'Do you perspire of a night?'

"'Dredful,' ses Harry. 'You could wring the clo'es out. I s'pose it's healthy for me, ain't it, sir?'

"'Undo your shirt,' ses the skipper, going over to him, an' sticking the trumpet agin him. 'Now take a deep breath. Don't cough.'

"'I can't help it, sir,' ses Harry, 'it will come. Seems to tear me to pieces.'

"'You get to bed at once,' says the skipper, taking away the trumpet, an' shaking his 'ed. 'It's a fortunate thing for you, my lad, you're in skilled hands. With care, I believe I can pull you round. How does that medicine suit you, Dan?'

"'Beautiful, sir,' says Dan. 'It's wonderful soothing. I slep' like a newborn babe arter it.'

"'I'll send to get you some more,' ses the skipper. 'You're not to get up, mind, either of you.'

"'All right, sir,' ses the two in very faint voices, an' the skipper went away arter telling us to be careful not to make a noise.

10 "We all thought it a fine joke at first, but the airs them two chaps give themselves was something sickening. Being in bed all day, they was naturally wakeful of a night, and they used to call across the fo'c'sle inquiring arter each other's healths, an' waking us other chaps up. An' they 'ud swop beef-tea

an' jellies with each other, an' Dan 'ud try an' coax a little port wine out o' Harry, which he 'ad to make blood with, but Harry 'ud say he hadn't made enough that day, an' he'd drink to the better health of old Dan's prognotice, an' smack his lips until it drove us a'most crazy to 'ear him.

"Arter these chaps had been ill two
10 days, the other fellers began to put their heads together, being maddened by the smell o' beef-tea an' the like, an' said they was going to be ill, too, and both the invalids got into a fearful state of excitement.

"You'll only spoil it for all of us,' ses Harry, 'and you don't know what to have without the book.'

"It's all very well doing your work
20 as well as our own,' ses one of the men. 'It's our turn now. It's time you two got well.'

"Well?' ses Harry, 'well? Why, you silly iggernerant chaps, we shan't never get well; people with our complaints never do. You ought to know that.'

"Well, I shall split,' ses one of them.

"You do!' ses Harry, 'you do, an' I'll
30 put a 'ed on you that all the port wine and jellies in the world wouldn't cure. 'Sides, don't you think the skipper knows what's the matter with us?'

"Afore the other chaps could reply, the skipper hisself comes down, accompanied by the fust mate, with a look on his face which made Harry give the deepest and hollowest cough he'd ever done.

"What they reely want,' ses the
40 skipper, turning to the mate, 'is keerful nussing.'

"I wish you'd let *me* nuss 'em,' ses the fust mate, 'only ten minutes—I'd put 'em both on their legs, an' running for their lives into the bargain, in ten minutes.'

"Hold your tongue, sir,' ses the skipper; 'what you say is unfeeling, besides being an insult to me. Do you
50 think I studied medicine all these years without knowing when a man's ill?'

"The fust mate growled something, and went on deck, and the skipper started examin'g of 'em again. He

said they was wonderfully patient lying in bed so long, an' he had 'em wrapped up in bed clo'es and carried on deck, so as the pure air could have a go at 'em.

"We had to do the carrying, an' there they sat, breathing the pure air, and
60 looking at the fust mate out of the corners of their eyes. If they wanted anything from below, one of us had to go an' fetch it, an' by the time they was taken down to bed again, we all resolved to be took ill, too.

"Only two of 'em did it though, for Harry, who was a powerful, ugly-tempered chap, swore he'd do all sorts o' dreadful things to us if we didn't keep
70 well and hearty, an' all 'cept these two did. One of 'em, Mike Rafferty, laid up with a swelling on his ribs, which I knew myself he 'ad 'ad for fifteen years, and the other chap had paralysis. I never saw a man so reely happy as the skipper was. He was up an' down with his medicines and his instruments all day long, and used to make notes of the cases in a big pocketbook, and read
80 'em to the second mate at mealtimes.

"The fo'c'sle had been turned into hospital about a week, an' I was on deck doing some odd job or the other, when the cook comes up to me pulling a face as long as a fiddle.

"'Nother invalid,' ses he; 'fust mate's gone stark, staring mad!'

"Mad?' ses I.

"Yes,' ses he. 'He's got a big basin
90 in the galley, an' he's laughing like a hyener an' mixing bilge-water an' ink, an' paraffin an' butter an' soap an' all sorts o' things up together. The smell's enough to kill a man; I've had to come away.'

"Curious-like, I jest walked up to the galley an' puts my 'ed in, an' there was the mate as the cook said, smiling all over his face, and ladling some thick
100 sticky stuff into a stone bottle.

"How's the pore sufferers, sir?' ses he, stepping out of the galley jest as the skipper was going by.

"They're very bad; but I hope for the best,' ses the skipper, looking at him hard. 'I'm glad to see you've turned a bit more feeling.'

"'Yes, sir,' ses the mate. 'I didn't think so at fust, but I can see now them chaps is all very ill. You'll s'cuse me saying it, but I don't quite approve of your treatment.'

"I thought the skipper would ha' bust.

"My treatment?' ses he. 'My treatment? What do you know about it?'

10 "'You're treating 'em wrong, sir,' ses the mate. 'I have here' (patting the jar) 'a remedy which 'ud cure them all if you'd only let me try it.'

"'Pooh!' ses the skipper. 'One medicine cure all diseases! The old story. What is it? Where'd you get it from?' ses he.

20 "'I brought the ingredients aboard with me,' ses the mate. 'It's a wonderful medicine: discovered by my grandmother, an' if I might only try it I'd thoroughly cure them pore chaps.'

"'Rubbish!' ses the skipper.

"'Very well, sir,' ses the mate, shrugging his shoulders. 'O' course, if you won't let me you won't. Still, I tell you, if you'd let me try I'd cure 'em all in two days. That's a fair challenge.'

30 "'Well, they talked, and talked, and talked, until at last the skipper give way and went down below with the mate, and told the chaps they was to take the new medicine for two days, jest to prove the mate was wrong.

"'Let pore old Dan try it first, sir,' ses Harry, starting up, an' sniffing as the mate took the cork out; 'he's been awful bad since you've been away.'

40 "'Harry's worse than I am, sir,' ses Dan; 'it's only his kind heart that makes him say that.'

"'It don't matter which is fust,' ses the mate, filling a tablespoon with it, 'there's plenty for all. Now, Harry.'

"'Take it,' ses the skipper.

50 "'Harry took it, an' the fuss he made you'd ha' thought he was swallering a football. It stuck all round his mouth, and he carried on so dreadful that the other invalids was half sick afore it came to them.

"By the time the other three 'ad 'ad theirs it was as good as a pantermine, an' the mate corked the bottle up, and

went an' sat down on a locker while they tried to rinse their mouths out with the luxuries which had been given 'em.

"'How do you feel?' ses the skipper.

"'I'm dying,' ses Dan.

"'So'm I,' ses Harry; 'I b'leeve the mate's pisoned us.'

"The skipper looks over at the mate very stern an' shakes his 'ed slowly.

"'It's all right,' ses the mate. 'It's always like that the first dozen or so doses.'

"'Dozen or so doses!' ses old Dan, in a faraway voice.

"'It has to be taken every twenty minutes,' ses the mate, pulling out his pipe and lighting it; an' the four men groaned all together.

"'I can't allow it,' ses the skipper, 'I can't allow it. Men's lives mustn't be sacrificed for an experiment.'

"'Tain't a experiment,' ses the mate very indignant, 'it's an old family medicine.'

"'Well, they shan't have any more,' ses the skipper firmly.

"'Look here,' ses the mate. 'If I kill any one o' these men, I'll give you twenty pound. Honor bright, I will.'

"'Make it twenty-five,' ses the skipper, considering.

"'Very good,' ses the mate. 'Twenty-five; I can't say no fairer than that, can I? It's about time for another dose now.'

90 "'He gave 'em another tablespoonful all round as the skipper left, an' the chaps what wasn't invalids nearly bust with joy. He wouldn't let 'em have anything to take the taste out, 'cos he said it didn't give the medicine a chance, an' he told us other chaps to remove the temptation, an' you bet we did.

"After the fifth dose, the invalids began to get desperate, an' when they heard they'd got to be woke up every twenty minutes through the night to 100 take the stuff, they sort o' give up. Old Dan said he felt a gentle glow stealing over him and strengthening him, and Harry said that it felt like a healing balm to his lungs. All of 'em agreed it was a wonderful sort o' medicine, an' arter the sixth dose the man with paralysis dashed up on deck, and ran up the

rigging like a cat. He sat there for hours spitting, an' swore he'd brain anybody who interrupted him, an' arter a little while Mike Rafferty went up and j'ined him, an' if the fust mate's ears didn't burn by reason of the things them two pore sufferers said about 'im, they ought to.

10 "They was all doing full work next day, an' though, o' course, the skipper saw how he'd been done, he didn't allude to it. Not in words, that is; but when a man tries to make four chaps do the work of eight, an' hits 'em when they don't, it's a easy job to see where the shoe pinches." (1896)

H. G. DWIGHT (1875-)

NOTE

Since the days of the Crusades the magic and mysterious East has been pouring romance into the drabber existence of the western peoples and stimulating their imaginations powerfully. Perhaps no story-writer now living is better equipped by experience and training to weave Eastern tapestries than is H. G. Dwight. He was born in Constantinople. After graduation from Amherst College, he became a member of the United States Consulate in Vienna and four years later a magazine writer in Europe and the Near East. Thus by birth, experience, and training he is equipped to interpret oriental life and moods. "In the Pasha's Garden" is from *Stamboul Nights*, a series of tales dealing with life in Constantinople and the Near East. Over the timeworn framework of the old husband and the young wife situation, Mr. Dwight has stretched an oriental web with an arabesque kiosque, a nightingale-haunted wood, plashing fountains, a black eunuch, a Pasha, and a beautiful French girl as some of the details in a story as delicately constructed as a Damascan silver chain. But his story does much more than combine conventional oriental elements; somehow he has created an oriental atmosphere, sandalwood-scented and rich with the imagery of the Song of Solomon. The older Turkish view of life—cut partly across by the influence of Western civilization—is apparent in the moods and decisions of the Pasha. Moreover, the story is unfolded in the indirect manner of the East; the events are suggested rather than definitely told, the catastrophe is delicately hinted at early in the story, and even at the end there is a teasing uncertainty in the question which remains in the reader's mind. Mr. Dwight's treatment of his material should be compared with that of Balzac in "La Grande Brèche." Other stories of living burial are Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado" (page 1091), his "Fall of the House of Usher," and Ralph Adams Cram's "Sister Maddelena."

IN THE PASHA'S GARDEN

At the old gentleman's side sat a young lady more beautiful than pomegranate blossoms, more exquisite than the first quarter moon viewed at twilight through the tops of oleanders.

—O. Henry: THE TRIMMED LAMP.

I

As the caique glided up to the garden gate the three boatmen rose from their sheepskins and caught hold of iron clamps set into the marble of the quay. 20 Shaban, the grizzled gatekeeper, who was standing at the top of the water-steps with his hands folded respectfully in front of him, came salaaming down to help his master out.

"Shall we wait, my Pasha?" asked the head *kaikji*.

The Pasha turned to Shaban, as if to put a question. And as if to answer it Shaban said: 30

"The Madama is up in the wood, in the kiosque. She sent down word to ask if you would go up, too."

"Then don't wait." Returning the boatmen's salaam, the Pasha stepped into his garden. "Is there company in the kiosque or is Madama alone?" he inquired.

"I think no one is there—except Zümbül Agha," replied Shaban, following his master up the long central path 40 of black and white pebbles.

"Zümbül Agha!" exclaimed the Pasha. But if it had been in his mind to say anything else he stooped instead to sniff at a rosebud. And then he asked: "Are we dining up there, do you know?"

"I don't know, my Pasha, but I will find out."

"Tell them to send up dinner anyway, Shaban. It is such an evening! And 50 just ask Moustafa to bring me a coffee at the fountain, will you? I will rest a little before climbing that hill."

"On my head!" said the Albanian, turning off to the house.

The Pasha kept on to the end of the walk. Two big horse-chestnut trees, their candles just starting alight in the April air, stood there at the foot of a terrace, guarding a fountain that dripped 60 in the ivied wall. A thread of water

17. *caïque*, a light rowboat, 27. *kaikji*, a boatman.

started mysteriously out of the top of a tall marble niche into a little marble basin, from which it overflowed by two flat bronze spouts into two smaller basins below. From them the water dripped back into a single basin still lower down, and so tinkled its broken way, past graceful arabesques and reliefs of fruit and flowers, into a crescent-shaped pool at the foot of the niche.

10 The Pasha sank down into one of the wicker chairs scattered hospitably beneath the horse-chestnut trees, and thought how happy a man he was to have a fountain of the period of Sultan Ahmed III, and a garden so full of April freshness, and a view of the bright Bosphorus and the opposite hills of Europe and the firing West. How definitely he thought it I cannot say, for
20 the Pasha was not greatly given to thought. Why should he be, since he possessed without that trouble a goodly share of what men acquire by taking thought? If he had been lapped in ease and security all his days, they numbered many more, did those days, than the Pasha would have chosen. Still, they
30 had touched him but lightly, merely increasing the dignity of his handsome presence and taking away nothing of his power to enjoy his little walled world.

So he sat there, breathing in the air of the place and the hour, while gardeners came and went with their watering pots, and birds twittered among the branches, and the fountain plashed beside him, until Shaban reappeared carrying a glass of water and a cup of coffee
40 in a swinging tray.

"Eh, Shaban! It is not your business to carry coffee!" protested the Pasha, reaching for a stand that stood near him.

"What is your business is my business, *Pasha'm*. Have I not eaten your bread and your father's for thirty years?"

50 "No! Is it as long as that? We are getting old, Shaban."

"We are getting old," assented the Albanian simply.

The Pasha thought, as he took out his silver cigarette-case, of another

Pasha who had complimented him that afternoon on his youthfulness. And, choosing a cigarette, he handed the case to his gatekeeper. Shaban accepted the cigarette and produced matches from his gay girdle.

60 "How long is it since you have been to your country, Shaban?"

The Pasha, lifting his little cup by its silver *zarf*, realized that he would not have sipped his coffee quite so noisily had his French wife been sitting with him under the horse-chestnut trees. But with his old Shaban he could still be a Turk.

70 "Eighteen months, my Pasha."

"And when are you going again?"

"In Ramazan, if God wills. Or perhaps next Ramazan. We shall see."

"Allah Allah! How many times have I told you to bring your people here, Shaban? We have plenty of room to build you a house somewhere, and you could see your wife and children every day instead of once in two or three years."

80 "Wives, wives—a man will not die if he does not see them every day! Besides, it would not be good for the children. In Constantinople they become rascals. There are too many Christians." And he added hastily: "It is better for a boy to grow up in the mountains."

90 "But we have a mountain here, behind the house," laughed the Pasha.

"Your mountain is not like our mountains," objected Shaban gravely, hunting in his mind for the difference he felt but could not express.

"And that new wife of yours," went on the Pasha. "Is it good to leave a young woman like that? Are you not afraid?"

100 "No, my Pasha. I am not afraid. We all live together, you know. My brothers watch, and the other women. She is safer than yours. Besides, in my country it is not as it is here."

"I don't know why I have never been

64. *zarf*, a metal stand for the *finjan*, or handleless Turkish coffee-cup. 72. *Ramazan*, Ramadan, the ninth month of the Mohammedan year; a movable date, inasmuch as the Mohammedan New Year is not fixed.

to see this wonderful country of yours, Shaban. I have so long intended to, and I never have been. But I must climb my mountain or they will think I have become a rascal, too." And, rising from his chair, he gave the Albanian a friendly pat.

"Shall I come, too, my Pasha? Zümbül Agha sent word—

10 "Zümbül Agha!" interrupted the Pasha irritably. "No, you needn't come. I will explain to Zümbül Agha."

With which he left Shaban to pick up the empty coffee cup.

II

From the upper terrace a bridge led across the public road to the wood. If it was not a wood it was at all events a good-sized grove, climbing the steep hillside very much as it chose. Every sort and size of tree was there, but the greater number of them were of a kind to be sparsely trimmed in April with a delicate green, and among them were so many twisted Judas trees as to tinge whole patches of the slope with their deep rose bloom. The road that the Pasha slowly climbed, swinging his amber beads behind him as he walked, zigzagged so leisurely back and forth 30 among the trees that a carriage could have driven up it. In that way, indeed, the Pasha had more than once mounted to the kiosque, in the days when his mother used to spend a good part of her summer up there, and when he was married to his first wife. The memory of the two, and of their old-fashioned ways, entered not too bitterly into his general feeling of well-being, ministered to by the budding trees and the spring air and the sunset view. 40 Every now and then an enormous plane tree invited him to stop and look at it, or a semi-circle of cypresses.

So at last he came to the top of the hill, where in a grassy clearing a small house looked down on the valley of the

Bosphorus through a row of great stone pines. The door of the kiosque was open, but his wife was not visible. The Pasha stopped a moment, as he had 50 done a thousand times before, and looked back. He was not the man to be insensible to what he saw between the columnar trunks of the pines, where European hills traced a dark curve against the fading sky, and where the sinuous waterway far below still reflected a last glamor of the day. The beauty of it, and the sharp sweetness 60 of the April air, and the infinitesimal sounds of the wood, and the half-conscious memories involved with it all, made him sigh. He turned and mounted the steps of the porch.

The kiosque looked very dark and unfamiliar as the Pasha entered it. He wondered what had become of Hélène— if by any chance he had passed her on the way. He wanted her. She was the 70 expression of what the evening roused in him. He heard nothing, however, but the splash of water from a half-invisible fountain. It reminded him for an instant of the other fountain, below, and of Shaban. His steps resounded hollowly on the marble pavement as he walked into the dim old saloon, shaped like a T, with the crossbar longer than the leg. It was still light enough for 80 him to make out the glimmer of windows on three sides and the square of the fountain in the center, but the painted domes above were lost in shadow.

The spaces on either side of the bay by which he entered, completing the rectangle of the kiosque, were filled by two little rooms opening into the cross of the T. He went into the left-hand 90 one, where Hélène usually sat—because there were no lattices. The room was empty. The place seemed so strange and still in the twilight that a sort of apprehension began to grow in him, and he half wished he had brought up Shaban. He turned back to the second, the latticed room—the harem, as they called it. Curiously enough it was Hélène who would never let him Euro- 100 peanize it, in spite of the lattices.

24. *Judas tree*, a tropical tree with showy flowers, so-called from the fact that Judas Iscariot is traditionally supposed to have hanged himself on one of the species. 28. *amber beads*, the "conversation beads" with which Turks and Persians toy as they talk.

Every now and then he found out that she liked some Turkish things better than he did. As soon as he opened the door he saw her sitting on the divan opposite. He knew her profile against the checkered pallor of the lattice. But she neither moved nor greeted him. It was Zümbül Agha who did so, startling him by suddenly rising beside the door and saying in his high voice:

"Pleasant be your coming, my Pasha."

The Pasha had forgotten about Zümbül Agha; and it seemed strange to him that Hélène continued to sit silent and motionless on her sofa.

"Good-evening," he said at last. "You are sitting very quietly here in the dark. Are there no lights in this place?"

It was again Zümbül Agha who spoke, turning one question by another:

"Did Shaban come with you?"

"No," replied the Pasha shortly. "He said he had a message, but I told him not to come."

"A-ah!" ejaculated the eunuch in his high drawl. "But it does not matter—with the two of us."

The Pasha grew more and more puzzled, for this was not the scene he had imagined to himself as he came up through the park in response to his wife's message. Nor did he grow less puzzled when the eunuch turned to her and said in another tone:

"Now will you give me that key?"

The French woman took no more notice of this question than she had of the Pasha's entrance.

"What do you mean, Zümbül Agha?" demanded the Pasha sharply. "That is not the way to speak to your mistress."

"I mean this, my Pasha," retorted the eunuch—"that someone is hiding in this chest and that Madama keeps the key."

That was what the Pasha heard, in the absurd treble of the black man, in the darkening room. He looked down and made out, beside the tall figure of the eunuch, the chest on which he had been sitting. Then he looked across at Hélène, who still sat silent in front of the lattice.

"What are you talking about?" he asked at last, more stupefied than anything else. "Who is it? A thief? Has anyone—?" He left the vague question unformulated, even in his mind.

"Ah, that I don't know. You must ask Madama. Probably it is one of her Christian friends. But at least if it were a woman she would not be so unwilling to unlock her chest for us!"

The silence that followed, while the Pasha looked dumbly at the chest, and at Zümbül Agha, and at his wife, was filled for him with a stranger confusion of feelings than he had ever experienced before. Nevertheless he was surprisingly cool, he found. His pulse quickened very little. He told himself that it wasn't true and that he really must get rid of old Zümbül, after all, if he went on making such preposterous *gaffes* and setting them all by the ears. How could anything so baroque happen to him, the Pasha, who owed what he was to honorable fathers and who had passed his life honorably and peaceably until this moment? Yet he had had an impression, walking into the dark old kiosque and finding nobody until he found these two sitting here in this extraordinary way—as if he had walked out of his familiar garden, that he knew like his hand, into a country he knew nothing about, where anything might be true. And he wished, he almost passionately wished, that Hélène would say something, would cry out against Zümbül Agha, would lie even, rather than sit there so still and removed and different from other women.

Then he began to be aware that if it were true—if!—he ought to do something. He ought to make a noise. He ought to kill somebody. That was what they always did. That was what his father would have done, or certainly his grandfather. But he also told himself that it was no longer possible for him to do what his father and grandfather had done. He had been unlearning their ways too long. Besides, he was too old.

A sudden sting pierced him at the
76. *gaffes*, flat jests.

thought of how old he was, and how young Hélène. Even if he lived to be seventy or eighty she would still have a life left when he died. Yes, it was as Shaban said. They were getting old. He had never really felt the humiliation of it before. And Shaban had said, strangely, something else—that his own wife was safer than the Pasha's. Still he felt an odd compassion for Hélène, too—because she was young, and it was Judas-tree time, and she was married to gray hairs. And although he was a Pasha, descended from great Pashas, and she was only a little French girl *quelconque*, he felt more afraid than ever of making a fool of himself before her—when he had promised her that she should be as free as any other European woman, that she should live her life. Besides, what had the black man to do with their private affairs?

"Zümbül Agha," he suddenly heard himself harshly saying, "is this your house or mine? I have told you a hundred times that you are not to trouble the Madama, or follow her about, or so much as guess where she is and what she is doing. I have kept you in the house because my father brought you into it; but if I ever hear of you speaking to Madama again, or spying on her, I will send you into the street. Do you hear? Now get out!"

"*Aman*, my Pasha! I beg you!" entreated the eunuch. There was something ludicrous in his voice, coming as it did from his height.

The Pasha wondered if he had been too long a person of importance in the family to realize the change in his position, or whether he really—

All of a sudden a checkering of lamp-light flickered through the dark window, touched the Negro's black face for a moment, traveled up the wall. Silence fell again in the little room—a silence into which the fountain dropped its silver patter. Then steps mounted the porch and echoed in the other room, which lighted in turn, and a man came in sight, peering this way and that, with a big white accordion lantern in

his hand. Behind the man two other servants appeared, carrying on their heads round wooden trays covered by figured silks, and a boy tugging a huge basket. When they discovered the three in the little room they salaamed respectfully.

"Where shall we set the table?" asked the man with the lantern.

For the Pasha the lantern seemed to make the world more like the place he had always known. He turned to his wife, apologetically.

"I told them to send dinner up here. It has been such a long time since we came. But I forgot about the table. I don't believe there is one here."

"No," uttered Hélène from her sofa, sitting with her head on her hand.

It was the first word she had spoken. But, little as it was, it reassured him, like the lantern.

"There is the chest," hazarded Zümbül Agha.

The interruption of the servants had for the moment distracted them all. But the Pasha now turned on him so vehemently that the eunuch salaamed in haste and went away.

"Why not?" asked Hélène, when he was gone. "We can sit on the cushions."

"Why not?" echoed the Pasha. Grateful as he was for the interruption, he found himself wishing, secretly, that Hélène had discouraged his idea of a picnic dinner. And he could not help feeling a certain constraint as he gave the necessary orders and watched the servants put down their paraphernalia and pull the chest into the middle of the room. There was something unreal and stage-like about the scene, in the uncertain light of the lantern. Obviously the chest was not light. It was an old cypress-wood chest that they had always used in the summer, to keep things in, polished a bright brown, with a little inlaid pattern of dark brown and cream color running around the edge of each surface, and a more complicated design ornamenting the center of the cover. He vaguely associated his mother with it. He felt a distinct relief when the men spread the cloth. He felt as if they

16. *quelconque*, from nobody knows where.

had covered up more things than he could name. And when they produced candlesticks and candles, and set them on the improvised table and in the niches beside the door, he seemed to come back again into the comfortable light of common sense.

"This is the way we used to do when I was a boy," he said with a smile, when he and Hélène established themselves on sofa cushions on opposite sides of the chest. "Only then we had little tables six inches high, instead of big ones like this."

"It is rather a pity that we have spoiled all that," she said. "Are we any happier for perching on chairs around great scaffoldings, and piling the scaffoldings with so many kinds of porcelain and metal? After all, they knew how to live—the people who were capable of imagining a place like this. And they had the good taste not to fill a room with things. Your grandfather, was it?"

He had had a dread that she would not say anything, that she would remain silent and impenetrable as she had been before Zümbül Agha, as if the chest between them were a barrier that nothing could surmount. His heart lightened when he heard her speak. Was it not quite her natural voice?

"It was my great-grandfather, the Grand Vizier. They say he did know how to live—in his way. He built the kiosque for a beautiful slave of his, a Greek, whom he called Pomegranate."

"Madame Pomegranate! What a charming name! And that is why her cipher is everywhere. See?" She pointed to the series of cupboards and niches on either side of the door, dimly painted with pomegranate blossoms, and to the plaster reliefs around the hooded fireplace, and to the cluster of pomegranates that made a center to the gilt and painted lattice-work of the ceiling. "One could be very happy in such a little house. It has an air—of being meant for moments. And you feel as if they had something to do with the wonderful way it has faded." She looked as if she had meant to say something else, which she did not. But after a moment she

added: "Will you ask them to turn off the water in the fountain? It is a little chilly, now that the sun has gone, and it sounds like rain—or tears."

The dinner went, on the whole, not so badly. There were dishes to be passed back and forth. There were questions to be asked or comments to be made. There were the servants to be spoken to. Yet, more and more, the Pasha could not help wondering. When a silence fell, too, he could not help listening. And least of all could he help looking at Hélène. He looked at her, trying not to look at her, with an intense curiosity, as if he had never seen her before, asking himself if there were anything new in her face, and how she would look if— Would she be like this? She made no attempt to keep up a flow of words, as if to distract his attention. She was not soft either; she was not trying to seduce him. And she made no show of gratitude toward him for having sent Zümbül Agha away. Neither did she by so much as an inflection try to insinuate or excuse or explain. She was what she always was, perfect—and evidently a little tired. She was indeed more than perfect, she was prodigious, when he asked her once what she was thinking about and she said Pandora, tapping the chest between them. He had never heard the story of that other Greek girl and her box, and she told him gravely about all the calamities that came out of it, and the one gift of hope that remained behind.

"But I cannot be a Turkish woman long!" she added inconsequently with a smile. "My legs are asleep. I really must walk about a little."

When he had helped her to her feet she led the way into the other room. They had their coffee and cigarettes there. Hélène walked slowly up and down the length of the room, stopping every now and then to look into the

87. *Pandora*. In Greek mythology Epimetheus and his wife Pandora were given a box by the gods with instructions not to open it. Pandora's curiosity prompted her to disobey. From the box all of the ills of the world escaped to plague mankind; Pandora closed the box just in time to prevent Hope from escaping also.

square pool of the fountain and to pat her hair.

The Pasha sat down on the long low divan that ran under the windows. He could watch her more easily now. And the detachment with which he had begun to look at her grew in spite of him into the feeling that he was looking at a stranger. After all, what did he know about her? Who was she? What had happened to her, during all the years that he had not known her, in that strange free European life which he had tried to imitate, and which at heart he secretly distrusted? What had she ever really told him, and what had he ever really divined of her? For perhaps the first time in his life he realized how little one person may know of another, and particularly a man of a woman. And he remembered Shaban again, and that phrase about his wife being safer than Hélène. Had Shaban really meant anything? Was Hélène "safe"? He acknowledged to himself at last that the question was there in his mind, waiting to be answered.

Hélène did not help him. She had been standing for some time at an odd angle to the pool, looking into it. He could see her face there, with the eyes turned away from him.

"How mysterious a reflection is!" she said. "It is so real that you can't believe it disappears for good. How often Madame Pomegranate must have looked into this pool, and yet I can't find her in it. But I feel she is really there, all the same—and who knows who else."

"They say mirrors do not flatter," the Pasha did not keep himself from rejoining, "but they are very discreet. They tell no tales!"

Hélène raised her eyes. In the little room the servants had cleared the improvised table and had packed up everything again except the candles.

"I have been up here a long time," she said, "and I am rather tired. It is a little cold, too. If you do not mind I think I will go down to the house now, with the servants. You will hardly care to go so soon, for Zümbül Agha

has not finished what he has to say to you."

"Zümbül Agha!" exclaimed the Pasha. "I sent him away."

"Ah, but you must know him well enough to be sure he would not go. Let us see." She clapped her hands. The servant of the lantern immediately came out to her. "Will you ask Zümbül Agha to come here?" she said. "He is on the porch."

The man went to the door, looked out, and said a word. Then he stood aside with a respectful salaam, and the eunuch entered. He negligently returned the salute and walked forward until his air of importance changed to one of humility at sight of the Pasha. Salaaming in turn, he stood with his hands folded in front of him.

"I will go down with you," said the Pasha to his wife, rising. "It is too late for you to go through the woods in the dark."

"Nonsense!" She gave him a look that had more in it than the tone in which she added. "Please do not. I shall be perfectly safe with four servants. You can tell them not to let me run away." Coming nearer, she put her hand into the bosom of her dress, then stretched out the hand toward him. "Here is the key—the key of which Zümbül Agha spoke—the key of Pandora's box. Will you keep it for me please? *Au revoir*."

And making a sign to the servants she walked out of the kiosque.

III

The Pasha was too surprised, at first, to move—and too conscious of the eyes of servants, too uncertain of what he should do, too fearful of doing the wrong, the un-European, thing. And afterwards it was too late. He stood watching until the flicker of the lantern disappeared among the dark trees. Then his eyes met the eunuch's.

"Why don't you go down, too?" suggested Zümbül Agha. The variable climate of a great house had made him too perfect an opportunist not to take

the line of being in favor again. "It might be better. Give me the key and I will do what there is to do. But you might send up Shaban."

Why not, the Pasha secretly asked himself? Might it not be the best way out? At the same time he experienced a certain revulsion of feeling, now that Hélène was gone, in the way she had gone. She really was prodigious! And with the vanishing of the lantern that had brought him a measure of reassurance he felt the weight of an uncleared situation, fantastic but crucial, heavy upon him. And the Negro annoyed him intensely.

"Thank you, Zümbül Agha," he replied, "but I am not the nurse of Madama, and I will not give you the key."

If he only might, though, he thought to himself again!

"You believe her, this Frank woman whom you had never seen five years ago, and you do not believe me who have lived in your house longer than you can remember!"

The eunuch said it so bitterly that the Pasha was touched in spite of himself. He had never been one to think very much about minor personal relations, but even at such a moment he could see—was it partly because he wanted more time to make up his mind?—that he had never liked Zümbül Agha as he liked Shaban, for instance. Yet more honor had been due, in the old family tradition, to the former. And he had been associated even longer with the history of the house.

"My poor Zümbül," he uttered mus-
ingly, "you have never forgiven me for marrying her."

"My Pasha, you are not the first to marry an unbeliever, nor the last. But such a marriage should be to the glory of Islam, and not to its discredit. Who can trust her? She is still a Christian. And she is too young. She has turned the world upside down. What would your father have said to a daughter-in-law who goes shamelessly into the street without a veil, alone, and who received in your house men who are no relation to you or to her? It is not right. Women

understand only one thing—to make fools of men. And they are never content to fool one."

The Pasha, still waiting to make up his mind, let his fancy linger about Zümbül Agha. It was really rather absurd, after all, what a part women played in the world, and how little it all came to in the end! Did the black man, he wondered, walk in a clearer cooler world, free of the clouds, the iridescences, the languors, the perfumes, the strange obsessions, that made others walk so often like madmen? Or might some tatter of preposterous humanity still work obscurely in him? Or a bitterness of not being like other men? That perhaps was why the Pasha felt friendlier toward Shaban. They were more alike.

"You are right, Zümbül Agha," he said. "The world is upside down. But neither the Madama nor any of us made it so. All we can do is to try and keep our heads as it turns. Now, will you please tell me how you happened to be up here? The Madama never told you to come. You know perfectly well that the customs of Europe are different from ours, and that she does not like to have you follow her about."

"What woman likes to be followed about?" retorted the eunuch with a sly smile. "I know you have told me to leave her alone. But why was I brought into this house? Am I to stand by and watch dishonor brought upon it simply because you have eaten the poison of a woman?"

"Zümbül Agha," replied the Pasha sharply, "I am not discussing old and new or this and that, but I am asking you to tell me what all this speech is about."

"Give me that key and I will show you what it is about," said the eunuch, stepping forward.

But the Pasha found he was not ready to go so directly to the point.

"Can't you answer a simple question?" he demanded irritably, retreating to the farther side of the fountain.

The reflection of the painted ceiling in the pool made him think of Hélène—and Madame Pomegranate. He stared

into the still water as if to find Hélène's face there. Was any other face hidden beside it, mocking him?

But Zümbül Agha had begun again, doggedly:

"I came here because it is my business to be here. I went to town this morning. When I got back they told me that you were away and that the Madama was up here, alone. So I came. Is this a place for a woman to be alone in—a young woman, with men working all about and I don't know who, and a thousand ways of getting in and out from the hills, and ten thousand hiding places in the woods?"

The Pasha made a gesture of impatience, and turned away. But after all, what could one do with old Zümbül? He had been brought up in his tradition. The Pasha lighted another cigarette to help himself think.

"Well, I came up here," continued the eunuch, "and as I came I heard Madama singing. You know how she sings the songs of the Franks."

The Pasha knew. But he did not say anything. As he walked up and down, smoking and thinking, his eye caught in the pool a reflection from the other side of the room, where the door of the latticed room was and where the cypress-wood chest stood as the servants had left it in the middle of the floor. Was that what Hélène had stood looking at so long, he asked himself? He wondered that he could have sat beside it so quietly. It seemed now like something dark and dangerous crouching there in the shadow of the little room.

"I sat down, under the terrace," he heard the eunuch go on, "where no one could see me, and I listened. And after she had stopped I heard——"

"Never mind what you heard," broke in the Pasha. "I have heard enough."

He was ashamed—ashamed and resolved. He felt as if he had been playing the spy with Zümbül Agha. And after all there was a very simple way to answer his question for himself. He threw away his cigarette, went forward into the little room, bent over the chest, and fitted the key into the lock.

Just then a nightingale burst out singing, but so near and so loud that he started and looked over his shoulder. In an instant he collected himself, feeling the black man's eyes upon him. Yet he could not suppress the train of association started by the impassioned trilling of the bird, even as he began to turn the key of the chest where his mother used to keep her quaint old silks and embroideries. The irony of the contrast paralyzed his hand for a strange moment, and of the difference between this spring night and other spring nights when nightingales had sung. And what if, after all, only calamity were to come out of the chest, and he were to lose his last gift of hope! Ah! He knew at last what he would do! He quickly withdrew the key from the lock, stood up straight again, and looked at Zümbül Agha.

"Go down and get Shaban," he ordered, "and don't come back."

The eunuch stared. But if he had anything to say he thought better of uttering it. He saluted silently and went away.

IV

The Pasha sat down on the divan and lighted a cigarette. Almost immediately the nightingale stopped singing. For a few moments Zümbül Agha's steps could be heard outside. Then it became very still. The Pasha did not like it. Look which way he would he could not help seeing the chest—or listening. He got up and went into the big room, where he turned on the water of the fountain. The falling drops made company for him, and kept him from looking for lost reflections. But they presently made him think of what Hélène had said about them. He went out to the porch and sat down on the steps. In front of him the pines lifted their great dark canopies against the stars. Other stars twinkled between the trunks, far below, where the shore lights of the Bosphorus were. It was so still that water sounds came faintly up to him, and every now and then he

could even hear nightingales on the European side. Another nightingale began singing in his own woods—the nightingale that had told him what to do, he said to himself. What other things the nightingales had sung to him, years ago! And how long the pines had listened there, still strong and green and rugged and alive, while he, and how many before him, sat under them for a little while and then went away!

Presently he heard steps on the drive and Shaban came, carrying something dark in his hand.

"What is that?" asked the Pasha, as Shaban held it out.

"A pistol, my Pasha. Zümbül Agha told me you wanted it."

The Pasha laughed curtly.

"Zümbül made a mistake. What I want is a shovel, or a couple of them. Can you find such a thing without asking anyone?"

"Yes, my Pasha," replied the Albanian promptly, laying the revolver on the steps and disappearing again. And it was not long before he was back with the desired implements.

"We must dig a hole, somewhere, Shaban," said his master in a low voice. "It must be in a place where people are not likely to go, but not too far from the kiosque."

Shaban immediately started toward the trees at the back of the house. The Pasha followed him silently into a path that wound through the wood. A nightingale began to sing again, very near them—the nightingale, thought the Pasha.

"He is telling us where to go," he said.

Shaban permitted himself a low laugh.

"I think he is telling his mistress where to go. However, we will go too." And they did, bearing away to one side of the path till they came to the foot of a tall cypress.

"This will do," said the Pasha, "if the roots are not in the way."

Without a word Shaban began to dig. The Pasha took the other spade. To the simple Albanian it was nothing

out of the ordinary. What was extraordinary was that his master was able to keep it up, soft as the loam was under the trees. The most difficult thing about it was that they could not see what they were doing, except by the light of an occasional match. But at last the Pasha judged the ragged excavation of sufficient depth. Then he led the way back to the kiosque.

They found Zümbül Agha in the little room, sitting on the sofa with a pistol in either hand.

"I thought I told you not to come back!" exclaimed the Pasha sternly.

"Yes," faltered the old eunuch, "but I was afraid something might happen to you. So I waited below the pines. And when you went away into the woods with Shaban, I came here to watch." He lifted a revolver significantly. "I found the other one on the steps."

"Very well," said the Pasha at length, more kindly. He even found it in him at that moment to be amused at the picture the black man made, in his sedate frock coat, with his two weapons. And Zümbül Agha found no less to look at, in the appearance of his master's clothes. "But now there is no need for you to watch any longer," added the latter. "If you want to watch, do it at the bottom of the hill. Don't let anyone come up here."

"On my head," said the eunuch. He saw that Shaban, as usual, was trusted more than he. But it was not for him to protest against the ingratitude of masters. He salaamed and backed out of the room.

When he was gone the Pasha turned to Shaban:

"This box, Shaban—you see this box? It has become a trouble to us, and I am going to take it out there."

The Albanian nodded gravely. He took hold of one of the handles, to judge the weight of the chest. He lifted his eyebrows.

"Can you help me put it on my back?" he asked.

"Don't try to do that, Shaban. We will carry it together." The Pasha took hold of the other handle. When

they got as far as the outer door he let down his end. It was not light. "Wait a minute, Shaban. Let us shut up the kiosque, so that no one will notice anything." He went back to blow out the candles. Then he thought of the fountain. He caught a play of broken images in the pool as he turned off the water. When he had put out the lights and had groped his way to the door he found that Shaban was already gone with the chest. A last drop of water made a strange echo behind him in the dark kiosque. He locked the door and hurried after Shaban, who had succeeded in getting the chest on his back. Nor would Shaban let the Pasha help him till they came to the edge of the wood. There, carrying the chest between them, they stumbled through the trees to the place that was ready.

"Now we must be careful," said the Pasha. "It might slip or get stuck."

"But are you going to bury the box, too?" demanded Shaban, for the first time showing surprise.

"Yes," answered the Pasha. And he added: "It is the box I want to get rid of."

"It is a pity," remarked Shaban regretfully. "It is a very good box. However, you know. Now then!"

There was a scraping and a muffled thud, followed by a fall of earth and small stones on wood. The Pasha wondered if he would hear anything else. But first one and then another nightingale began to fill the night air with their April madness.

"Ah, there are two of them," remarked Shaban. "She will take the one that says the sweetest things to her."

The Pasha's reply was to throw a spadeful of earth on the chest. Shaban joined him with such vigor that the hole was very soon full.

"We are old, my Pasha, but we are good for something yet," said Shaban. "I will hide the shovels here in the bushes," he added, "and early in the morning I will come again, before any of those lazy gardeners are up, and fix it so that no one will ever know."

There at least was a person of whom

one could be sure! The Pasha realized that gratefully, as they walked back through the park. He did not feel like talking, but at least he felt the satisfaction of having done what he had decided to do. He remembered Zümbül Agha as they neared the bottom of the hill. The eunuch had not taken his commission more seriously than it had been given, however, or he preferred not to be seen. Perhaps he wanted to reconnoiter again on top of the hill.

"I don't think I will go in just yet," said the Pasha, as they crossed the bridge into the lower garden. "I am rather dirty. And I would like to rest a little under the chestnut trees. Would you get me an overcoat please, Shaban, and a brush of some kind? And you might bring me a coffee, too."

How tired he was! And what a short time it was, yet what an eternity, since he last dropped into one of those wicker chairs! He felt for his cigarettes. As he did so he discovered something else in his pocket, something small and hard that at first he did not recognize. Then he remembered the key—the key. . . . He suddenly tossed it into the pool beside him. It made a sharp little splash, which was reëchoed by the dripping basins. He got up and felt in the ivy for the handle that shut off the water. At the end of the garden the Bosphorus lapped softly in the dark. Far away, up in the wood, the nightingales were singing. (1916)

KATHERINE MANSFIELD (1889-1923)

NOTE

The essential elements in the narrative art of Katherine Mansfield, the *nom de plume* of Mrs. John Middleton Murry, are a tenderness which amounts almost to melancholy, a keen penetration in her observations of life, and a delicate beauty in her expression of them. "The Garden-Party," from the volume of short stories by the same name, is characteristic of her best work. It is a distinctly modern study of the impingement upon the consciousness of a rich but thoughtful young girl of sudden death in a social stratum below her own. Essentially, therefore, it is a psychological study. Although a dead man plays a rôle in the story, it contains none of the

grim and depressing realism of Arthur Morrison's "On the Stairs." In Mr. Morrison's story, moreover, the elements all harmonize, death coming to a squalid tenement presided over by two crones who, like withered Fates, watch the ebbing life. Katherine Mansfield's story, on the other hand, is developed in contrasts; the thought of death invades a garden party and moves a young girl who is already a rebel against the emptiness of her "set" to reflections which are quite foreign to her experience. Arthur Morrison's story has more compression and more grim reality; Katherine Mansfield's has more delicacy, more beauty, and, it is probable, more real penetration.

THE GARDEN-PARTY

And, after all, the weather was ideal. They could not have had a more perfect day for a garden-party if they had ordered it. Windless, warm, the sky without a cloud. Only the blue was veiled with a haze of light gold, as it is sometimes in early summer. The gardener had been up since dawn, mowing the lawns and sweeping them, until the grass and the dark flat rosettes where the daisy plants had been seemed to shine. As for the roses, you could not help feeling they understood that roses are the only flowers that impress people at garden-parties; the only flowers that everybody is certain of knowing. Hundreds, yes, literally hundreds, had come out in a single night; the green bushes bowed down as though they had been visited by archangels.

Breakfast was not yet over before the men came to put up the marquee.

"Where do you want the marquee put, mother?"

"My dear child, it's no use asking me. I'm determined to leave everything to you children this year. Forget I am your mother. Treat me as an honored guest."

But Meg could not possibly go and supervise the men. She had washed her hair before breakfast, and she sat drinking her coffee in a green turban, with a dark wet curl stamped on each cheek. Jose, the butterfly, always came down in a silk petticoat and a kimono jacket.

"You'll have to go, Laura; you're the artistic one."

Away Laura flew, still holding her piece of bread-and-butter. It's so delicious to have an excuse for eating out of doors, and besides, she loved having to arrange things; she always felt she could do it so much better than anybody else.

Four men in their shirt-sleeves stood grouped together on the garden path. They carried staves covered with rolls of canvas, and they had big tool-bags slung on their backs. They looked impressive. Laura wished now that she had not got the bread-and-butter, but there was nowhere to put it, and she couldn't possibly throw it away. She blushed and tried to look severe and even a little bit short-sighted as she came up to them.

"Good morning," she said, copying her mother's voice. But that sounded so fearfully affected that she was ashamed, and stammered like a little girl, "Oh—er—have you come—is it about the marquee?"

"That's right, miss," said the tallest of the men, a lanky, freckled fellow, and he shifted his tool-bag, knocked back his straw hat and smiled down at her. "That's about it."

His smile was so easy, so friendly that Laura recovered. What nice eyes he had, small, but such a dark blue! And now she looked at the others, they were smiling, too. "Cheer up, we won't bite," their smile seemed to say. How very nice workmen were! And what a beautiful morning! She mustn't mention the morning; she must be business-like. The marquee.

"Well, what about the lily-lawn? Would that do?"

And she pointed to the lily-lawn with the hand that didn't hold the bread-and-butter. They turned; they stared in the direction. A little fat chap thrust out his under-lip, and the tall fellow frowned.

"I don't fancy it," said he. "Not conspicuous enough. You see, with a thing like a marquee," and he turned to Laura in his easy way, "you want to put it somewhere where it'll give you a bang slap in the eye, if you follow me."

Laura's upbringing made her wonder for a moment whether it was quite respectful of a workman to talk to her of bang slaps in the eye. But she did quite follow him.

"A corner of the tennis-court," she suggested. "But the band's going to be in one corner."

"H'm, going to have a band, are you?" said another of the workmen. He was pale. He had a haggard look as his dark eyes scanned the tennis-court. What was he thinking?

"Only a very small band," said Laura gently. Perhaps he wouldn't mind so much if the band was quite small. But the tall fellow interrupted.

"Look here, miss, that's the place. Against those trees. Over there. That'll do fine."

Against the karakas. Then the karaka-trees would be hidden. And they were so lovely, with their broad, gleaming leaves, and their clusters of yellow fruit. They were like trees you imagined growing on a desert island, proud, solitary, lifting their leaves and fruits to the sun in a kind of silent splendor. Must they be hidden by a marquee?

They must. Already the men had shouldered their staves and were making for the place. Only the tall fellow was left. He bent down, pinched a sprig of lavender, put his thumb and forefinger to his nose, and snuffed up the smell. When Laura saw that gesture she forgot all about the karakas in her wonder at him caring for things like that—caring for the smell of lavender. How many men that she knew would have done such a thing? Oh, how extraordinarily nice workmen were, she thought. Why couldn't she have workmen for friends rather than the silly boys she danced with and who came to Sunday night supper? She would get on much better with men like these.

It's all the fault, she decided, as the tall fellow drew something on the back of an envelope, something that was to be looped up or left to hang, of these absurd class distinctions. Well, for her part, she didn't feel them. Not a bit,

not an atom. . . . And now there came the chock-chock of wooden hammers. Someone whistled, someone sang out, "Are you right there, matey?" "Matey!" The friendliness of it, the—the— Just to prove how happy she was, just to show the tall fellow how at home she felt, and how she despised stupid conventions, Laura took a big bite of her bread-and-butter as she stared at the little drawing. She felt just like a work-girl.

"Laura, Laura, where are you? Telephone, Laura!" a voice cried from the house.

"Coming!" Away she skimmed, over the lawn, up the path, up the steps, across the veranda, and into the porch. In the hall her father and Laurie were brushing their hats ready to go to the office.

"I say, Laura," said Laurie very fast, "you might just give a squiz at my coat before this afternoon. See if it wants pressing."

"I will," said she. Suddenly she couldn't stop herself. She ran at Laurie and gave him a small, quick squeeze. "Oh, I do love parties, don't you?" gasped Laura.

"Ra-ther," said Laurie's warm, boyish voice, and he squeezed his sister, too, and gave her a gentle push. "Dash off to the telephone, old girl."

The telephone. "Yes, yes; oh yes. Kitty? Good morning, dear. Come to lunch? Do, dear. Delighted, of course. It will only be a very scratch meal—just the sandwich crusts and broken meringue-shells and what's left over. Yes, isn't it a perfect morning? Your white? Oh, I certainly should. One moment—hold the line. Mother's calling." And Laura sat back. "What, mother? Can't hear."

Mrs. Sheridan's voice floated down the stairs. "Tell her to wear that sweet hat she had on last Sunday."

"Mother says you're to wear that sweet hat you had on last Sunday. Good. One o'clock. Bye-bye."

Laura put back the receiver, flung her arms over her head, took a deep breath, stretched and let them fall.

"Huh," she sighed, and the moment after the sigh she sat up quickly. She was still, listening. All the doors in the house seemed to be open. The house was alive with soft, quick steps and running voices. The green baize door that led to the kitchen regions swung open and shut with a muffled thud. And now there came a long, chuckling
10 absurd sound. It was the heavy piano being moved on its stiff castors. But the air! If you stopped to notice, was the air always like this? Little faint winds were playing chase, in at the tops of the windows, out at the doors. And there were two tiny spots of sun, one on the inkpot, one on a silver photograph frame, playing too. Darling
20 little spots. Especially the one on the inkpot lid. It was quite warm. A warm little silver star. She could have kissed it.

The front door bell pealed, and there sounded the rustle of Sadie's print skirt on the stairs. A man's voice murmured; Sadie answered, careless, "I'm sure I don't know. Wait. I'll ask Mrs. Sheridan."

"What is it, Sadie?" Laura came into
30 the hall.

"It's the florist, Miss Laura."

It was, indeed. There, just inside the door, stood a wide, shallow tray full of pots of pink lilies. No other kind. Nothing but lilies—canna lilies, big pink flowers, wide open, radiant, almost frighteningly alive on bright crimson stems.

"O-oh, Sadie!" said Laura, and the
40 sound was like a little moan. She crouched down as if to warm herself at that blaze of lilies; she felt they were in her fingers, on her lips, growing in her breast.

"It's some mistake," she said faintly. "Nobody ever ordered so many. Sadie, go and find mother."

But at that moment Mrs. Sheridan joined them.

"It's quite right," she said calmly.
50 "Yes, I ordered them. Aren't they lovely?" She pressed Laura's arm. "I was passing the shop yesterday, and I saw them in the window. And I

suddenly thought for once in my life I shall have enough canna lilies. The garden-party will be a good excuse."

"But I thought you said you didn't mean to interfere," said Laura. Sadie had gone. The florist's man was still outside at his van. She put her arm round her mother's neck and gently, very gently, she bit her mother's ear.

"My darling child, you wouldn't like a logical mother, would you? Don't do that. Here's the man."

He carried more lilies still, another whole tray.

"Bank them up, just inside the door, on both sides of the porch, please," said
Mrs. Sheridan. "Don't you agree, Laura?"

"Oh, I *do*, mother."

In the drawing-room Meg, Jose, and good little Hans had at last succeeded in moving the piano.

"Now, if we put this chesterfield against the wall and move everything out of the room except the chairs, don't
80 you think?"

"Quite."

"Hans, move these tables into the smoking-room, and bring a sweeper to take these marks off the carpet and—
one moment, Hans——" Jose loved giving orders to the servants, and they loved obeying her. She always made them feel they were taking part in some drama. "Tell mother and Miss Laura to come here at once."

"Very good, Miss Jose."

She turned to Meg. "I want to hear what the piano sounds like, just in case I'm asked to sing this afternoon. Let's try over 'This Life Is Weary.'"

Pom! Ta-ta-ta-Tee-ta! The piano burst out so passionately that Jose's face changed. She clasped her hands. She looked mournfully and enigmatically at her mother and Laura as they
100 came in.

This life is *wee-ary*,

A tear—a sigh.

A love that *chan-ges*,

This life is *wee-ary*,

A tear—a sigh.

A love that *chan-ges*,

And then . . . good-bye!

But at the word "good-by," and although the piano sounded more desperate than ever, her face broke into a brilliant, dreadfully unsympathetic smile.

"Aren't I in good voice, mummy?" she beamed.

This life is *wec*-ary,
Hope comes to die.
A dream—a *wa*-kening.

But now Sadie interrupted them. "What is it, Sadie?"

"If you please, m'm, cook says have you got the flags for the sandwiches?"

"The flags for the sandwiches, Sadie?" echoed Mrs. Sheridan dreamily. And the children knew by her face that she hadn't got them. "Let me see." And she said to Sadie firmly, "Tell cook I'll let her have them in ten minutes."

Sadie went.

"Now, Laura," said her mother quickly. "Come with me into the smoking-room. I've got the names somewhere on the back of an envelope. You'll have to write them out for me. Meg, go upstairs this minute and take that wet thing off your head. Jose, run and finish dressing this instant. Do you hear me, children, or shall I have to tell your father when he comes home tonight? And—and, Jose, pacify cook if you do go into the kitchen, will you? I'm terrified of her this morning."

The envelope was found at last behind the dining-room clock, though how it had got there Mrs. Sheridan could not imagine.

"One of you children must have stolen it out of my bag, because I remember vividly—cream cheese and lemon-curd. Have you done that?"

"Yes."

"Egg and——" Mrs. Sheridan held the envelope away from her. "It looks like mice. It can't be mice, can it?"

"Olive, pet," said Laura, looking over her shoulder.

"Yes, of course, olive. What a horrible combination it sounds. Egg and olive."

They were finished at last, and Laura took them off to the kitchen. She found

Jose there pacifying the cook, who did not look at all terrifying.

"I have never seen such exquisite sandwiches," said Jose's rapturous voice. "How many kinds did you say there were, cook? Fifteen?"

"Fifteen, Miss Jose."

"Well, cook, I congratulate you."

Cook swept up crusts with the long sandwich knife, and smiled broadly.

"Godber's has come," announced Sadie, issuing out of the pantry. She had seen the man pass the window.

That meant the cream puffs had come. Godber's were famous for their cream puffs. Nobody ever thought of making them at home.

"Bring them in and put them on the table, my girl," ordered cook.

Sadie brought them in and went back to the door. Of course Laura and Jose were far too grown-up to really care about such things. All the same, they couldn't help agreeing that the puffs looked very attractive. Very. Cook began arranging them, shaking off the extra icing sugar.

"Don't they carry one back to all one's parties?" said Laura.

"I suppose they do," said practical Jose, who never liked to be carried back. "They look beautifully light and feathery, I must say."

"Have one each, my dears," said cook in her comfortable voice. "Yer ma won't know."

Oh, impossible. Fancy cream puffs so soon after breakfast. The very idea made one shudder. All the same, two minutes later Jose and Laura were licking their fingers with that absorbed inward look that only comes from whipped cream.

"Let's go into the garden, out by the back way," suggested Laura. "I want to see how the men are getting on with the marquee. They're such awfully nice men."

But the back door was blocked by cook, Sadie, Godber's man, and Hans. Something had happened.

"Tuk-tuk-tuk," clucked cook like an agitated hen. Sadie had her hand clapped to her cheek as though she had

toothache. Hans's face was screwed up in the effort to understand. Only Godber's man seemed to be enjoying himself; it was his story.

"What's the matter? What's happened?"

"There's been a horrible accident," said cook. "A man killed."

10 "A man killed! Where? How? When?"

But Godber's man wasn't going to have his story snatched from under his very nose.

"Know those little cottages just below here, miss?" Know them? Of course, she knew them. "Well, there's a young chap living there, name of Scott, a carter. His horse shied at a traction-engine, corner of Hawke Street this morning, and he was thrown out on the back of his head. Killed."

20 "Dead!" Laura stared at Godber's man.

"Dead when they picked him up," said Godber's man with relish. "They were taking the body home as I come up here." And he said to the cook, "He's left a wife and five little ones."

30 "Jose, come here." Laura caught hold of her sister's sleeve and dragged her through the kitchen to the other side of the green baize door. There she paused and leaned against it. "Jose!" she said, horrified, "however are we going to stop everything?"

"Stop everything, Laura!" cried Jose in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"Stop the garden-party, of course." Why did Jose pretend?

40 But Jose was still more amazed. "Stop the garden-party? My dear Laura, don't be so absurd. Of course we can't do anything of the kind. Nobody expects us to. Don't be so extravagant."

"But we can't possibly have a garden-party with a man dead just outside the front gate."

50 That really was extravagant, for the little cottages were in a lane to themselves at the very bottom of a steep rise that led up to the house. A broad road ran between. True, they were far too near. They were the greatest

possible eyesore, and they had no right to be in that neighborhood at all. They were little mean dwellings painted a chocolate brown. In the garden patches there was nothing but cabbage stalks, sick hens, and tomato cans. The very smoke coming out of their chimneys was poverty-stricken. Little rags and shreds of smoke, so unlike the great silvery plumes that uncurled from the Sheridans' chimneys. Washerwomen lived in the lane and sweeps and a cobbler, and a man whose house-front was studded all over with minute bird-cages. Children swarmed. When the Sheridans were little they were forbidden to set foot there because of the revolting language and of what they might catch. But since they were grown up, Laura and Laurie on their prowls sometimes walked through. It was disgusting and sordid. They came out with a shudder. But still one must go everywhere; one must see everything. So through they went.

80 "And just think of what the band would sound like to that poor woman," said Laura.

"Oh, Laura!" Jose began to be seriously annoyed. "If you're going to stop a band playing every time someone has an accident, you'll lead a very strenuous life. I'm every bit as sorry about it as you. I feel just as sympathetic." Her eyes hardened. She looked at her sister just as she used to when they were little and fighting together. "You won't bring a drunken workman back to life by being sentimental," she said softly.

"Drunk! Who said he was drunk?" Laura turned furiously on Jose. She said, just as they had used to say on those occasions, "I'm going straight up to tell mother."

"Do, dear," cooed Jose.

100 "Mother, can I come into your room?" Laura turned the big glass door-knob.

"Of course, child. Why, what's the matter? What's given you such a color?" And Mrs. Sheridan turned round from her dressing-table. She was trying on a new hat.

"Mother, a man's been killed," began Laura.

"Not in the garden?" interrupted her mother.

"No, no!"

"Oh, what a fright you gave me!" Mrs. Sheridan sighed with relief, and took off the big hat and held it on her knees.

"But listen, mother," said Laura. Breathless, half-choking, she told the dreadful story. "Of course, we can't have our party, can we?" she pleaded. "The band and everybody arriving. They'd hear us, mother; they're nearly neighbors!"

To Laura's astonishment her mother behaved just like Jose; it was harder to bear because she seemed amused. She refused to take Laura seriously.

"But, my dear child, use your common sense. It's only by accident we've heard of it. If someone had died there normally—and I can't understand how they keep alive in those poky little holes—we should still be having our party, shouldn't we?"

Laura had to say "yes" to that, but she felt it was all wrong. She sat down on her mother's sofa and pinched the cushion frill.

"Mother, isn't it really terribly heartless of us?" she asked.

"Darling!" Mrs. Sheridan got up and came over to her, carrying the hat. Before Laura could stop her she had popped it on. "My child!" said her mother, "the hat is yours. It's made for you. It's much too young for me. I have never seen you look such a picture. Look at yourself!" And she held up her hand-mirror.

"But, mother," Laura began again. She couldn't look at herself; she turned aside.

This time Mrs. Sheridan lost patience just as Jose had done.

"You are being very absurd, Laura," she said coldly. "People like that don't expect sacrifices from us. And it's not very sympathetic to spoil everybody's enjoyment as you're doing now."

"I don't understand," said Laura,

and she walked quickly out of the room into her own bedroom. There, quite by chance, the first thing she saw was this charming girl in the mirror, in her black hat trimmed with gold daisies, and a long black velvet ribbon. Never had she imagined she could look like that. Is mother right? she thought. And now she hoped her mother was right. Am I being extravagant? Perhaps it was extravagant. Just for a moment she had another glimpse of that poor woman and those little children, and the body being carried into the house. But it all seemed blurred, unreal, like a picture in the newspaper. I'll remember it again after the party's over, she decided. And somehow that seemed quite the best plan. . . .

Lunch was over by half-past one. By half-past two they were all ready for the fray. The green-coated band had arrived and was established in a corner of the tennis-court.

"My dear!" trilled Kitty Maitland, "aren't they too like frogs for words? You ought to have arranged them round the pond with the conductor in the middle on a leaf."

Laurie arrived and hailed them on his way to dress. At the sight of him Laura remembered the accident again. She wanted to tell him. If Laurie agreed with the others, then it was bound to be all right. And she followed him into the hall.

"Laurie!"

"Hallo!" He was half-way upstairs, but when he turned round and saw Laura he suddenly puffed out his cheeks and goggled his eyes at her. "My word, Laura! You do look stunning," said Laurie. "What an absolutely topping hat!"

Laura said faintly "Is it?" and smiled up at Laurie, and didn't tell him, after all.

Soon after that people began coming in streams. The band struck up; the hired waiters ran from the house to the marquee. Wherever you looked there were couples strolling, bending to the flowers, greeting, moving on over the lawn. They were like bright birds that had alighted in the Sheridans' garden

for this one afternoon, on their way to—where? Ah, what happiness it is to be with people who all are happy, to press hands, press cheeks, smile into eyes.

"Darling Laura, how well you look!"

"What a becoming hat, child!"

"Laura, you look quite Spanish. I've never seen you look so striking."

And Laura, glowing, answered softly, "Have you had tea? Won't you have an ice? The passion-fruit ices really are rather special." She ran to her father and begged him. "Daddy darling, can't the band have something to drink?"

And the perfect afternoon slowly ripened, slowly faded, slowly its petals closed.

"Never a more delightful garden-party . . ." "The greatest success . . ." "Quite the most . . ."

Laura helped her mother with the good-byes. They stood side by side in the porch till it was all over.

"All over, all over, thank heaven," said Mrs. Sheridan. "Round up the others; Laura. Let's go and have some fresh coffee. I'm exhausted. Yes, it's been very successful. But oh, these parties, these parties! Why will you children insist on giving parties!" And they all of them sat down in the deserted marquee.

"Have a sandwich, daddy dear. I wrote the flag."

"Thanks." Mr. Sheridan took a bite and the sandwich was gone. He took another. "I suppose you didn't hear of a beastly accident that happened today?" he said.

"My dear," said Mrs. Sheridan, holding up her hand, "we did. It nearly ruined the party. Laura insisted we should put it off."

"Oh, mother!" Laura didn't want to be teased about it.

"It was a horrible affair all the same," said Mr. Sheridan. "The chap was married, too. Lived just below in the lane, and leaves a wife and half a dozen kiddies, so they say."

An awkward little silence fell. Mrs. Sheridan fidgeted with her cup. Really, it was very tactless of father . . .

Suddenly she looked up. There on the table were all those sandwiches, cakes, puffs, all uneaten, all going to be wasted. She had one of her brilliant ideas.

"I know," she said. "Let's make up a basket. Let's send that poor creature some of this perfectly good food. At any rate, it will be the greatest treat for the children. Don't you agree? And she's sure to have neighbors calling in and so on. What a point to have it all ready prepared. Laura!" She jumped up. "Get me the big basket out of the stairs cupboard."

"But, mother, do you really think it's a good idea?" said Laura.

Again, how curious, she seemed to be different from them all. To take scraps from their party. Would the poor woman really like that?

"Of course! What's the matter with you today? An hour or two ago you were insisting on us being sympathetic, and now—"

Oh, well! Laura ran for the basket. It was filled, it was heaped by her mother.

"Take it yourself, darling," said she. "Run down just as you are. No, wait, take the arum lilies too. People of that class are so impressed by arum lilies."

"The stems will ruin her lace frock," said practical Jose.

So they would. Just in time. "Only the basket, then. And, Laura!"—her mother followed her out of the marquee—"don't on any account—"

"What, mother?"

No, better not put such ideas into the child's head! "Nothing! Run along."

It was just growing dusky as Laura shut their garden gates. A big dog ran by like a shadow. The road gleamed white, and down below in the hollow the little cottages were in deep shade. How quiet it seemed after the afternoon. Here she was going down the hill to somewhere where a man lay dead, and she couldn't realize it. Why couldn't she? She stopped a minute. And it seemed to her that kisses, voices, tinkling spoons, laughter, the smell of crushed grass were somehow inside her.

She had no room for anything else. How strange! She looked up at the pale sky, and all she thought was, "Yes, it was the most successful party."

Now the broad road was crossed. The lane began, smoky and dark. Women in shawls and men's tweed caps hurried by. Men hung over the palings; the children played in the doorways. A low hum came from the mean little cottages. In some of them there was a flicker of light, and a shadow, crab-like, moved across the window. Laura bent her head and hurried on. She wished now she had put on a coat. How her frock shone! And the big hat with the velvet streamer—if only it was another hat! Were the people looking at her? They must be. It was a mistake to have come; she knew all along it was a mistake. Should she go back even now?

No, too late. This was the house. It must be. A dark knot of people stood outside. Beside the gate an old, old woman with a crutch sat in a chair, watching. She had her feet on a newspaper. The voices stopped as Laura drew near. The group parted. It was as though she was expected, as though they had known she was coming here.

Laura was terribly nervous. Tossing the velvet ribbon over her shoulder, she said to a woman standing by, "Is this Mrs. Scott's house?" and the woman, smiling queerly, said, "It is, my lass."

Oh, to be away from this! She actually said, "Help me, God," as she walked up the tiny path and knocked. To be away from those staring eyes, or to be covered up in anything, one of those women's shawls even. I'll just leave the basket and go, she decided. I shan't even wait for it to be emptied.

Then the door opened. A little woman in black showed in the gloom.

Laura said, "Are you Mrs. Scott?" But to her horror the woman answered, "Walk in please, miss," and she was shut in the passage.

"No," said Laura, "I don't want to come in. I only want to leave this basket. Mother sent——"

The little woman in the gloomy passage seemed not to have heard her. "Step this way, please, miss," she said in an oily voice, and Laura followed her.

She found herself in a wretched little low kitchen, lighted by a smoky lamp. There was a woman sitting before the fire.

"Em," said the little creature who had let her in. "Em! It's a young lady." She turned to Laura. She said meaningly, "I'm'er sister, Miss. You'll excuse'er, won't you?"

"Oh, but of course!" said Laura. "Please, please don't disturb her. I—I only want to leave——"

But at that moment the woman at the fire turned round. Her face, puffed up, red, with swollen eyes and swollen lips, looked terrible. She seemed as though she couldn't understand why Laura was there. What did it mean? Why was this stranger standing in the kitchen with a basket? What was it all about? And the poor face puckered up again.

"All right, my dear," said the other. "I'll thenk the young lady."

And again she began, "You'll excuse her, miss, I'm sure," and her face, swollen too, tried an oily smile.

Laura only wanted to get out, to get away. She was back in the passage. The door opened. She walked straight through into the bedroom, where the dead man was lying.

"You'd like a look at'im, wouldn't you?" said Em's sister, and she brushed past Laura over to the bed. "Don't be afraid, my lass——" and now her voice sounded fond and sly, and fondly she drew down the sheet—"e looks a picture. There's nothing to show. Come along, my dear."

Laura came.

There lay a young man, fast asleep—sleeping so soundly, so deeply, that he was far, far away from them both. Oh, so remote, so peaceful. He was dreaming. Never wake him up again. His head was sunk in the pillow, his eyes were closed; they were blind under the closed eyelids. He was given up to his dream. What did garden-parties

and baskets and lace frocks matter to him? He was far from all those things. He was wonderful, beautiful. While they were laughing and while the band was playing, this marvel had come to the lane. Happy . . . happy. . . . All is well, said that sleeping face. This is just as it should be. I am content.

10 But all the same you had to cry, and she couldn't go out of the room without saying something to him. Laura gave a loud childish sob.

"Forgive my hat," she said.

And this time she didn't wait for Em's sister. She found her way out of the door, down the path, past all those dark people. At the corner of the lane she met Laurie.

20 He stepped out of the shadow. "Is that you, Laura?"

"Yes."

"Mother was getting anxious. Was it all right?"

"Yes, quite. Oh, Laurie!" She took his arm, she pressed up against him.

"I say, you're not crying, are you?" asked her brother.

Laura shook her head. She was.

Laurie put his arm round her shoulder. "Don't cry," he said in his warm, 30 loving voice. "Was it awful?"

"No," sobbed Laura. "It was simply marvelous. But, Laurie——" She stopped, she looked at her brother. "Isn't life," she stammered, "isn't life——" But what life was she couldn't explain. No matter. He quite understood.

"Isn't it, darling?" said Laurie.

(1922)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE SHORT STORY

Within the past twenty-five years more books and magazine articles have been written about the short story than about any other literary form. From these the following list is a very brief selection. For more complete information, including lists of short-story collections, see the bibliographies published in the books mentioned here, and especially those in Dr. Esenwein's *Writing the Short-Story*.

Baker, Harry T., *The Contemporary Short Story*. Heath, New York, 1916.

Canby, Henry Seidel, *The Philosophy of the Short Story*. Longmans, Green, New York, 1901. *The Short-Story in English*. Holt, New York, 1909.

Clarke, Glenn, *A Manual of the Short Story Art*. Macmillan, New York, 1922.

Cross, Ethan Allen, *The Short Story*. McClurg, Chicago, 1914.

Esenwein, J. Berg, *Writing the Short-Story*. Hinds, Noble and Eldridge, New York, 1908, with bibliographies to 1918 in revised edition; *Studying the Short Story*. Hinds, Noble and Eldridge, New York, 1912.

Grabo, Carl, *The Art of the Short Story*. Scribner, New York, 1914.

Matthews, Brander, *The Philosophy of the Short Story*. Longmans, Green, New York, 1901.

Neal, Robert Wilson, *Short Stories in the Making*. Oxford University Press, New York, 1914.

Pattee, Fred Lewis, *The Development of the American Short Story*. Harper, New York, 1923.

Pitkin, W. B., *The Art and Business of Story Writing*. Macmillan, New York, 1912.

Wells, Carolyn, *The Technique of the Mystery Story*. Home Correspondence School, 1913.

Williams, Blanche Colton, *A Handbook on Story Writing*. Dodd, Mead, New York, 1917.

THE NOVEL

The following list gives the titles of some important critical works on the novel.

Cooper, Frederic T., *Some American Story Tellers*. Holt, New York, 1917.

Crawford, F. Marion, *The Novel: What It Is*. Macmillan, New York, 1903.

Cross, Wilbur, *The Development of the English Novel*. Macmillan, New York, 1899.

Ersine, John, *Leading American Novelists*. Holt, New York, 1910.

Howells, William Dean, *Criticism and Fiction*. Harper, New York, 1895.

Hopkins and Hughes, *The English Novel Before the Nineteenth Century*. Ginn, Boston, 1915.

Lanier, Sidney, *The English Novel*. Scribner, New York, 1883.

Pattee, F. L., *A History of American Literature Since 1870*. Century, New York, 1915.

Perry, Bliss, *A Study of Prose Fiction*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1904.

Raleigh, Walter, *The English Novel*. Scribner, New York, 1894.

- Sherman, Stuart P., *On Contemporary Literature*. Holt, New York, 1917.
 Saintsbury, George, *The English Novel* (in Channels of English Literature Series). Dutton, New York, 1913.
 Starr, Meredith, *The Future of the Novel*. Small, Maynard, Boston, 1921.
 Stoddard, F. H., *The Evolution of the English Novel*. Macmillan, New York, 1902.
 Van Doren, Carl, *The American Novel*. Macmillan, New York, 1921.

Reading List of Novels

The following list aims to suggest a survey of the English and American novel by citing one title, often arbitrarily chosen, from each of a series of significant novelists beginning with Defoe.

- Defoe, Daniel, *Robinson Crusoe* (1719).
 Richardson, Samuel, *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded* (1740).
 Fielding, Henry, *The History of Tom Jones* (1749).
 Sterne, Laurence, *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy* (1759-1767).
 Walpole, Horace, *The Castle of Otranto* (1764).
 Smollett, Tobias, *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker* (1771).
 Austen, Jane, *Pride and Prejudice* (1813).
 Shelley, Mrs. P. B., *Frankenstein* (1817).
 Scott, Sir Walter, *Quentin Durward* (1823).
 Bulwer-Lytton, Edward, *The Last Days of Pompeii* (1834).
 Dickens, Charles, *Nicholas Nickleby* (1838-1839).
 Brontë, Charlotte, *Jane Eyre* (1847).
 Hawthorne, Nathaniel, *The Scarlet Letter* (1850).
 Melville, Herman, *Moby Dick* (1851).
 Thackeray, William Makepeace, *Henry Esmond* (1852).
 Gaskell, Elizabeth, *Cranford* (1853).
 Kingsley, Charles, *Westward Ho* (1855).

- Trollope, Anthony, *Barchester Towers* (1857).
 Meredith, George, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (1859).
 George Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss* (1860).
 Reade, Charles, *The Cloister and the Hearth* (1860).
 Blackmore, Richard, *Lorna Doone* (1869).
 Hardy, Thomas, *The Return of the Native* (1878).
 James, Henry, *Daisy Miller* (1879).
 Stevenson, Robert Louis, *Treasure Island* (1883).
 Howells, William Dean, *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1884).
 Mark Twain, *Huckleberry Finn* (1884).
 Butler, Samuel, *The Way of All Flesh* (1903; written, 1872-1884).
 Haggard, Rider, *She* (1887).
 Gissing, George, *New Grub Street* (1891).
 Crane, Stephen, *The Red Badge of Courage* (1895).
 Barrie, James M., *Sentimental Tommy* (1896).
 Conrad, Joseph, *The Nigger of the Narcissus* (1897).
 Kipling, Rudyard, *Kim* (1900).
 Hewlett, Maurice, *Richard Yea-and-Nay* (1900).
 Norris, Frank, *The Octopus* (1901).
 Wister, Owen, *The Virginian* (1902).
 Hudson, W. H., *Green Mansions* (1904).
 Galsworthy, John, *The Man of Property* (1906).
 Bennett, Arnold, *The Old Wives' Tale* (1908).
 Wells, H. G., *Mr. Polly* (1910).
 Wharton, Edith, *Ethan Frome* (1911).
 Walpole, Hugh, *The Prelude to Adventure* (1912).
 Lawrence, D. H., *Sons and Lovers* (1913).
 Swinerton, Frank, *Nocturne* (1917).
 Macaulay, Rose, *Potterism* (1920).
 de la Mare, Walter, *Memoirs of a Midget* (1922).
 Lewis, Sinclair, *Babbitt* (1922).
 Cather, Willa, *A Lost Lady* (1923).

GENERAL BIBLIOGRAPHY

The following bibliography offers a brief general reference list.

Literary Criticism and Suggestions for Reading

- Arnold, Matthew, *Essays in Criticism*. Macmillan, London, 1865.
- Bates, Arlo, *Talks on the Study of Literature*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1897.
- Bennett, Arnold, *Literary Taste and How to Form It*. Doran, London, 1920.
- Corson, Hiram, *The Aims of Literary Study*. Macmillan, New York, 1895.
- Gayley, C. M., and Scott, F. N., *Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism: The Bases in Aesthetics and Poetics*. Ginn, Boston, 1899.
- Gayley, C. M., and Kurtz, B. P., *Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism: Lyric, Epic, and Allied Forms*. Ginn, Boston, 1920.
- Howells, William Dean, *Criticism and Fiction*. Harper, New York, 1891.
- Lewes, George Henry, *The Principles of Success in Literature*. *Fortnightly Review*, 1865; edited by F. N. Scott. Allyn and Bacon, Boston, 1891.
- Maurice, F. D., *Friendship of Books*. Macmillan, London, 1880.
- Morley, John, *On the Study of Literature*. Macmillan, London, 1887.
- Pater, Walter, *Appreciations*. Macmillan, London, 1889.
- Quiller-Couch, Arthur, *On the Art of Reading*. Putnam, New York and London, 1920.
- Smith, C. Alphonso, *What Can Literature Do for Me?* Doubleday, Page, New York, 1913.
- Sonnenschein, William Swan, *Best Books; A Reader's Guide to the Choice of the Best Books*. Putnam, New York, 1891.
- Sprau, George, *The Meaning of Literature*. Scribner, New York, 1925.
- Stevenson, R. L., *On Style in Literature*. *Contemporary Review*, April, 1885. Scribner.
- Symonds, J. A., *Essays Speculative and Suggestive*, 2 volumes. Scribner, New York, 1890. Pages 84-123.
- Warner, Charles D., *Literature and Life*. Harper, New York, 1897.
- Woodberry, George Edward, *Appreciation of Literature*. Harcourt, Brace, New York, 1921.

In the present volume are the following critical essays:

- Arnold, Matthew, "The Study of Poetry" (page 1026); "Literature and Science" (page 1032).
- Bacon, Francis, "Of Studies" (page 899).
- Bennett, Arnold, "Why a Classic Is a Classic" (page 1071).
- De Quincey, Thomas, "Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power" (page 957).
- Fielding, Henry, "On Taste in the Choice of Books" (page 907).
- Lamb, Charles, "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading" (page 930).
- Leacock, Stephen, "Homer and Humbug" (page 1065).
- Macaulay, Thomas Babington, "Correctness and Classicism" (page 969).
- Newman, John Henry, "Literature" (page 984).
- Pater, Walter, "Romanticism" (page 1046).
- Stevenson, Robert Louis, "A Gossip on Romance" (page 1059).
- Thackeray, William Makepeace, "On a Lazy Idle Boy" (page 1016).

Biography

- Chambers Cyclopaedia of English Literature*, 3 vols. W. R. Chambers, London and Edinburgh, 1910, and Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1922.
- Contemporary Men of Letters Series*. Doubleday, Page, New York.
- Dictionary of National Biography*, edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee, 66 vols. Macmillan, London, 1885—
- English Men of Letters Series*, edited by John Morley. Macmillan, London, c. 1878—

General Histories of English and American Literature

- Abernethy, Julian W., *English Literature*. Bobbs-Merrill, New York, 1916.
- Brooke, Stopford A., *History of Early English Literature to the Accession of King Alfred*. Macmillan, London, 1892. *English Literature from the Beginning to the Norman Conquest*. Macmillan, New York, 1898.
- Cambridge History of English Literature*, 14 vols. Putnam, New York and London, 1907-1917.

- Cambridge History of American Literature*, 4 vols. Putnam, New York and London, 1917-1921.
- Courthope, W. J., *A History of English Poetry*, 6 vols. Macmillan, London, 1895-1910.
- Gosse, Edmund, *A History of Eighteenth Century Literature*. Macmillan, London and New York, 1889, 1911.
- Greenlaw, Edwin A., *A Syllabus of English Literature*. Sanborn, Chicago, 1912.
- Jusserand, J. I., *A Literary History of the English People*, 2 vols. Putnam, New York and London, 1907-1909. Translated from the French, Paris, 1894-1904.
- Macy, J. A., *The Spirit of American Literature*. Doubleday, Page, New York, 1911.
- Manly, J. M., and Rickert, Edith, *Contemporary British Literature*. Harcourt, Brace, New York, 1921. *Contemporary American Literature*. Harcourt, Brace, New York, 1922.
- Moody and Lovett, *A History of English Literature*. Scribner, New York, 1918.
- Pyre, J. F. A., Dickinson, Thomas H., and Young, Karl, *Student's Handbook of the Facts of English Literature*. Century, New York, 1910.
- Ryland, Frederick, *Chronological Outlines of English Literature*. Macmillan, London, 1890.
- Saintsbury, George, *History of Elizabethan Literature*. London, 1887; Macmillan, London and New York, 1912. *A History of Nineteenth Century Literature*. Macmillan, London and New York, 1896.
- Schofield, W. H., *English Literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer*. Macmillan, New York, 1906.
- Wendell, Barrett, *A Literary History of America*. Scribner, New York, 1900.
- Whitcomb, Seldon L., *Chronological Outlines of American Literature*. Macmillan, New York, 1894.

TOPICS FOR STUDY, DISCUSSION, AND WRITTEN REPORT

I. THE EPIC

1. The characteristics of popular epic story telling as exemplified in *Beowulf* and *Deirdre*.

2. The method of story telling employed by the popular epic contrasted with that of the ballad.

3. What are the constant and what the variable elements of interest in English poetic narratives?

4. What are the primitive social and literary elements in the popular epic?

5. Compare the Teutonic epic age with that of the patriarchs in the Bible.

6. Men like gods: a study in the apotheosis of the epic hero.

7. *Beowulf*, *Naoise*, and *Satan* as epic heroic figures.

8. Compare the English heroic popular ballads with those sung by the minstrels in *Beowulf*.

9. The hero of English popular epic and ballad contrasted with the American pioneer hero.

10. Celtic superstitions and folklore in *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*. For information consult W. B. Yeats's *Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry* and Lady Gregory's *Vision and Beliefs in the West of Ireland*.

11. The dragon myths in Anglo-Saxon, Celtic, and Germanic literature.

12. The Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic view of life as revealed in *Beowulf* and *Deirdre*.

13. The Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic idea of fate as revealed in *Beowulf*, *Deirdre*, and Synge's *Riders to the Sea*.

14. *Beowulf* and *The River* as studies of fatalism in nature.

15. Compare the epic descriptions of *Beowulf* and *Deirdre* with the historical descriptions of *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* and *Lord Clive*.

16. The Anglo-Saxon and Celtic view of nature in epic and lyric poetry.

17. The differences in the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic ideas of humor and irony as expressed in epic and lyric poetry.

18. The humor and irony in *Beowulf*, *The Diverting History of John Gilpin*, *Tam O'Shanter*, and *Satires of Circumstance*.

19. Study the ideals of the epic warrior in comparison with those of the medieval knight.

20. Has the spirit of the epic and the popular ballad disappeared from literature and reappeared in the moving pictures?

21. Is the type of appeal the same in the popular epic and in the dime novel type of literature written for boys?

22. Study the development of the murder and blood-feud interest as developed in epic, ballad, and popular newspaper.

23. The epic hero used his physical strength. The hero of a melodrama or detective story uses his physical strength only incidentally. What accounts for the change of popular taste?

24. The epic hero represented success as it seemed to his day, i.e., in overcoming his enemies both natural and supernatural. The modern hero of the magazine story or advertisement overcomes different enemies. What is the nature of the change in national ideals and what is the cause?

25. The feminine characters of the epic and popular ballad are beautiful and elemental. How do they differ from the heroines of modern fiction? How do you account for the difference?

26. Compare the narrative quality of the War in Heaven in *Paradise Lost* with that of the battles in *Beowulf* and *Deirdre*.

27. The characters of *Beowulf* and *Naoise* represent a tribal or national ideal; that of *Satan* represents what Milton thought and felt. What is the difference in method and effect?

28. The power of description in *Beowulf* and *Deirdre* compared with that of *Paradise Lost*.

29. What evidences are there of sustained composition in Milton but not in the popular epics?

30. The sea has always been a dominant influence in English history. Trace the nature of that influence as it appears in the selections from the popular epic given in this book.

31. The English and Americans have always been adventurers and explorers. Define this spirit and compare its manifestations in the epic with those in lyric poetry and history.

II. MEDIEVAL NARRATIVE POETRY AND MODERN IMITATIONS

1. The narrative method or social ideals of English medieval romance as it appears either in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* or in *Le Morte Darthur*.

2. *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* as a presentation of chivalric ideals.

3. Contrast the handling of description and of characterization in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* with that in either *Beowulf* or *Deirdre*.

4. The chivalric ideals of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* and *Le Morte Darthur* compared with those of *The Passing of Arthur* from *The Idylls of the King*.

5. Trace the development of the English ideal of the hero in *Beowulf*, *Deirdre*, *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, *Le Morte Darthur*, the ballads of history and outlawry, and Hakluyt's voyages.

6. What differences are there between the ideal of the hero in English medieval romance and the ideal of the pioneer in English and American literature?

7. Contrast the literary attitude and ideals of English medieval romance with that of one such modern poetic variant as *The Eve of Saint Agnes* or *Christabel*.

8. Differences in narrative technique between the medieval romance and the English popular ballads.

9. Make a study of the narrative characteristics of Chaucer's poetry.

10. The nature of the humor of Chaucer compared with that of *Beowulf* or Burns.

11. Study Chaucer's method of characterization in the *Prologue to The Canterbury Tales* and compare it with that of Browning, Masters in *Spoon River Anthology*, and Amy Lowell in *Patterns* and *Number 3 on the Docket*.

12. Compare Chaucer's mingling of narrative and characterization with that of Browning in the selections in the chapter on Modern Narrative Poetry.

13. Study Chaucer's use of irony in *The Pardoner's Tale* in relation to that of Hardy in *Satires of Circumstance*, Masfield in *The River*, and Masters in *Spoon River Anthology*.

14. Compare the elements of foreboding and of the supernatural in Chaucer's *The Pardoner's Tale* with similar elements in any one of the following: the ballads dealing with the supernatural, Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, Francis Thompson's *The Hound of Heaven*, Hazlitt's *On the Fear of Death*, Poe's

The Cask of Amontillado, Hawthorne's *Rappaccini's Daughter*, Stevenson's *The Sire de Malétreit's Door*, Quiller-Couch's *The Roll-Call of the Reef*, Dwight's *In the Pasha's Garden*, and Katherine Mansfield's *The Garden-Party*.

15. The death of the hero in *Beowulf*, *Deirdre*, *Le Morte Darthur*, *The Passing of Arthur* from *The Idylls of the King*, *The Death of Robin Hood*, and *Johnie Armstrong*.

16. Common denominators in plot in Chaucer's *The Pardoner's Tale* and Kipling's *The King's Ankus*.

17. The heroines of medieval romance and modern adaptations thereof are physically beautiful, wraith-like, and often intellectually unreal. The enchantresses and witches are frequently not beautiful, but they have brains. Contrast several of these heroines with Chaucer's women in *The Prologue to The Canterbury Tales*. What are the essential differences in characterization and interest?

18. How does the modern heroine of fiction differ from the medieval? Make your comparison specific.

19. The medieval knight was a man of one idea and not subtle. What has happened to change the modern hero of fiction from the medieval type? Make the contrast specific by using one or more modern novels.

20. How do you account for the continued popularity today of stories like *The Pardoner's Tale*, whereas the type represented by medieval romances of chivalry has lost its popularity?

21. Tennyson's knights and ladies have been said to be mid-Victorian society folk. Examine *The Idylls of the King* and test the truth or falseness of this statement.

22. Medieval society had certain social conventions which appear in the romances of chivalry. Modern society has certain social conventions which appear in literature, in the moving picture, and on the stage. Do any basic conventions appear unchanged in the literature of both periods?

23. Do the morality, allegory, and didacticism of Tennyson in *The Idylls of the King* affect adversely the reader's interest in the story?

24. What elements of medieval romance have proved most attractive to modern poets?

25. From your own study of medieval romance should you say that the type has an interest for the modern audience, or not? If there be an interest, in what does it consist?

III. THE BALLAD

1. Write a ballad (in the conventional meter) in which you use as a subject some domestic tragedy taken from a current newspaper.

2. How is the story told in the ballad?

3. Show how the popular conception of upper class life is expressed in the ballad.

4. Contrast the sentimentalism of the ballads of art with the lack of it in the popular ballads.

5. Compare Froissart's account of the battle of Otterburn with the accounts given in the ballads *The Battle of Otterburne* and *The Hunting of the Cheviot*.

6. Study the dramatic elements in *Edward, Lord Randal*, and other ballads containing dialogue in comparison with Synge's *Riders to the Sea*.

7. After studying at first hand some children's game songs—like *London Bridge*—point out what ballad characteristics they exhibit.

8. Find the story of *The Marriage of Sir Gawain* in the Arthurian cycle of romances and compare it with *Kemp Owyne*.

9. The return from the dead in ballads. What differences are there between the ballad treatment of this theme and the treatment in Scott's *The Eve of St. John*, Wordsworth's *Laodamia*, and Quiller-Couch's *The Roll-Call of the Reef*?

10. The element of superstition in the ballads.

11. Compare *Sir Patrick Spens*, Longfellow's *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, and Kingsley's *The Three Fishers*.

12. The ballads of outlawry as evidence of social protest. How does the treatment of social protest in the ballads differ from that in history as shown in Green's *The Peasant Revolt*?

13. Domestic comedy as shown in *The Farmer's Curs'd Wife*, *Get Up and Bar the Door*, and Burns's *Kellyburn Braes*.

14. Bride-stealing in *Robin Hood* and *Allin a Dale*, Scott's *Lochinvar*, and other narrative poems.

15. Contrast the "dying for love" tradition in

the English ballad, the lyric, and the medieval romance, with modern love conventions as expressed in current literature and photo-drama.

16. The heroic, pathetic, or "lost" child as a figure in the ballads of art.

17. The witch-woman in English literature (Keats's *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, Coleridge's *Christabel*, etc.). Has she been replaced in modern literature?

18. Sir Walter Scott as an adapter of popular ballads.

19. From any current "yellow" journal clip an account of the crimes, confession, and execution of some criminal. Paste this on a sheet and submit it with either a comment on the qualities which would make it good material for a broadside ballad writer, or a broadside ballad of your own composition in imitation of *A Warning for All Desperate Women*.

20. Follow the plan suggested under the preceding topic for a study of the elements of a broadside ballad dealing with an unusual occurrence as these elements appear in a current "yellow" journal.

21. Read Masefield's *The Hounds of Hell*. With this and Southey's *Inchcape Rock* as a basis, write an essay on the ballad of art dealing with the supernatural and terrifying.

22. Read Masefield's *Cap on Head*, and Yeats's *The Land of Heart's Desire*. With these as a basis write an essay on "The fairy child in folklore and ballad."

23. From an examination of popular ballads and popular newspapers what kinds of narrative would you say have generally interested the average man?

24. Compare the vulgar attitude toward criminals revealed in such broadside ballads as *A Warning for All Desperate Women* and the analytical attitude which appears in Amy Lowell's *Number 3 on the Docket*, Tennyson's *Rizpah*, and other modern stories of criminals.

IV. MODERN NARRATIVE POETRY

1. By contrast either with preceding types of narrative poetry or with contemporary lyric poetry trace the tendency of modern narrative poetry to broaden its scope and abandon its purely narrative character.

2. Study the broadening of the field of modern narrative poetry as it appears in the work of any one poet since 1800.

3. In the chapter devoted to lyric poetry, study the use of the narrative element in any one poet or group of poets.

4. In early narrative poetry the heroic element predominated. Has it decreased in modern narrative poetry, or has it changed its method of expression because of different social conditions?

5. Compare the treatment of a heroic theme in such ballads as *The Hunting of the Cheviot* and *Johnie Armstrong* with the modern narrative poem *Lepanto*.

6. What has been the effect upon modern narrative poetry of introducing the personality of the

poet? Illustrate from the work of one or more poets since 1800.

7. Contrast *Tam O'Shanter* as a humorous narrative poem with *Fra Lippo Lippi* or with the *Satires of Circumstance*.

8. Of the poems included in the chapter on Modern Narrative Poetry name the one which most nearly fulfills Stevenson's idea of romance as expressed in *A Gossip on Romance*.

9. Contrast the narrative method and ideals employed in *Atalanta's Race* with those of either *The Eve of Saint Agnes* or *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.

10. What contributions did Browning make to the development of modern narrative poetry, judged by the poems included in this chapter?

11. With Coleridge's criticism of Wordsworth's *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads* as a basis, analyze Coleridge's theory of poetry as exemplified in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* or *Christabel*.

12. Was the revival of medieval romance in such modern narrative poems as Keats's *The Eve of Saint Agnes* and Coleridge's *Christabel* faithful to the spirit of the Middle Ages as interpreted in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* and Malory's *Morte Darthur*? If not, what has been added?

13. Study the nature of the revival of medievalism in the poems of Coleridge and Keats.

14. What was Browning's interpretation of the spirit of the Renaissance, as revealed by the poems in this chapter?

15. What manifestations of realism or social revolt are there in the narrative poems of Hardy, Masters, and Amy Lowell?

16. Compare Kipling's *The Mary Gloucester* (in *Seven Seas*) and Browning's *The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's Church* as deathbed autobiographies.

17. Trace the development and use of the narrative monologue in Burns, Coleridge, Brown- ing, Masters, and Amy Lowell.

18. Feminine psychology in confessional mono- logues: *Rizpah*, *The Laboratory*, *Pauline Barrett*, *Lucinda Matlock*, *Patterns*, *Number 3 on the Docket*.

19. The use of nature as a background for the development of plot and character in any two poems included in this chapter.

20. Compare the use of irony in *The River* and in *Satires of Circumstance*.

21. How has Noyes transformed the tradition of the outlaw in *The Highwayman*?

22. Compare the method of character descrip- tion employed by Chaucer in *The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* with that of Masters in *Spoon River Anthology*.

23. How is "the fatal beauty" employed as a device in such poetic narratives as *Deirdre*, *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, *Christabel*, *Atalanta's Race*, and *Andrea del Sarto*?

24. Study Crabbe's *The Village* as an example of late eighteenth-century realism, and compare it with Goldsmith's *The Deserted Village*.

25. In *The Village* Crabbe revolted against the false idealization of rural life. Compare his method and purpose with those of E. L. Masters in *Spoon River Anthology*, and Sinclair Lewis in *Main Street* and *Babbitt*.

26. Read and report on the fitness and handling of the subject of any of the longer narrative poems enumerated in the bibliography.

27. Contrast the use made of narrative head- links by Chaucer in *The Canterbury Tales*, and Morris in *The Earthly Paradise*.

28. Compare Fra Lippo Lippi's doctrine of art with that of Andrea del Sarto.

29. Apply to poetry Fra Lippo's views on art, lines 217 ff.:

If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents.

30. "Mrs. Barbauld once told me, said Cole- ridge, that she admired the *Ancient Mariner* very much, but that there were two faults in it—it was improbable, and had no moral. As for the probability, I owned that that might admit some question; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my own judgment the poem had too much and that the only, or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination." Give your opinion on this subject, and apply Coleridge's ideas to any of the narrative poems in this section.

V. THE LYRIC

1. What are the elements of a great lyrical poem? Select three lyrics that you would be willing to defend as great—then present your defense of them.

2. The changing conventions of love poetry. Contrast medieval and Renaissance elaboration of thought and diction with nineteenth-century directness of thought and diction.

3. In his *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*, Words- worth said that "poetry is the image of man and nature." Discuss this statement and apply it to some of the poems of this chapter.

4. Trace in the British Reviews (especially the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Quarterly Review*) the change in critical attitude toward one of the following poets: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott,

Keats, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, and Swinburne.

5. Trace the attitude and treatment in lyric poetry of either the restless lover, the disappointed lover, the philosophic lover, or the cynical lover.

6. A sixteenth-century lyric begins "Crabbed age and youth cannot live together." What has lyric poetry to say on this theme?

7. Shakespeare wrote in a lyric, "Youth's a stuff will not endure." What advice have lyric poets given to youth on enjoying this period of life?

8. Discuss the pictures of spirituelle medieval girls given by such nineteenth-century poets as Coleridge in *Christabel*, Tennyson in *The Lady of Shalott* and *Maud*, Rossetti in *The Blessed Damozel*, and Poe in *Helen* and *The Raven*.

9. Discuss the rise of the type of the out-of-door girl in lyric poetry, especially in *The Nut-browne Maide*, Burns, Wordsworth, Scott, and Meredith.

10. Describe the conflict in lyric poetry of the out-of-door girl type with that of the spirituelle medieval, or Victorian and crinoline periods.

11. How does the treatment of the heroic in lyric poetry differ from its treatment in narrative poetry?

12. Contrast the attitude of the lyric poet toward a genuine girl with his attitude toward the ideal beloved, as in Rossetti's *The Blessed Damozel* or in Browning's *Dedication to The Ring and the Book*.

13. The attitude toward patriotism in English or American lyric poetry.

14. The attitude toward freedom in English or American lyric poetry.

15. Contrast the intimately personal lyric poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with that of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, either in English or American poetry.

16. Contrast the attitude toward beauty of two of the following poets: Spenser, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, and Swinburne.

17. Contrast the English and American patriotic poems of the World War with the patriotic poems that preceded them.

18. Analyze the characteristics of English or American lyric poetry since the war.

19. The earthly paradise in lyric poetry. Contrast Tennyson's *The Lotos-Eaters* and Swinburne's *The Garden of Proserpine* with Stevenson's *In the Highlands*, Yeats's *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*, and Symonds's *The Wanderers*.

20. The philosophy of growing old as expressed by Tennyson in *Ulysses* and by Browning in *Rabbi Ben Ezra*.

21. The philosophy of hedonism in life as expressed in the lyric poetry of Swinburne and in Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyám.

22. Lyric poets frequently desired to be transformed into other beings or spirits. Trace this conception in the work of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats.

23. The search for ideal beauty in lyric poetry. Study with this in mind the poetry of either Shelley or Keats.

24. The use of natural description in one of the following lyric poets: Blake, Burns, and Wordsworth.

25. Compare the attitude toward nature of two of the following poets: Blake, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Keats, and Shelley.

26. The influence of the town and industry upon English or American poetry since 1800.

27. What beliefs did the formal and reflective lyric poetry in the eighteenth century express?

28. Contrast the feeling for nature in English and American poetry.

29. The influence of the sea upon English and American lyric poetry, both as a source of poetic imagery and as a symbol of life.

30. Discuss the growth of homely realism and the idealization of the commonplace in modern lyric poetry.

31. Compare the pantheism of Wordsworth with that of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Louis Untermeyer, and Cale Young Rice.

32. Contrast the poetic use of the skylark and the nightingale in English lyric poetry with the use of the thrush and the mocking-bird in American lyric poetry.

33. Select from several nature poems examples of good and of false observation, and list them as Ruskin did in his essay *On the Pathetic Fallacy*.

34. Compare the descriptions of nature in Milton and Wordsworth.

35. Compare Wordsworth's view of nature with that of Whitman.

36. Compare the feeling for nature of Whittier or Frost with that of Whitman.

37. Personifications of nature in the English and American poets.

38. Contrast the Celtic feeling for nature in lyric poetry since 1800 with that of the English.

39. Compare the attitude of Wordsworth and Burns toward the simple country life with that of such American poets as Whittier, Whitman, and Frost.

40. What is the general English attitude toward one of the following subjects: death, the struggle of mankind for existence, and immortality?

41. The influence of Whitman upon American poetry.

42. The development of songs of labor and revolt in English and American lyric poetry.

43. The appearance of the city in lyric poetry.

44. The idealization of the country by lyric poets who write in the city.

45. Contrast the individual beliefs of Fitzgerald and Swinburne as to the transitoriness of life with the general belief expressed by Tennyson in *In Memoriam* and Kipling in *Recessional*.

46. Where has departed beauty gone? What is the answer to this question of the lyric poets?

47. Discuss the poets' memories of youth and departed friends, especially those of Vaughan, Lamb, Hood, Longfellow, and Stevenson.

48. Trace the revolt of the soul against the universe in such poems as Herbert's *The Collar*, Newman's *Lead, Kindly Light*, Arnold's *The Buried Life*, Thompson's *The Hound of Heaven*, Anderson's *The Breaking*, and Untermeyer's *Reveille*.

49. Contrast the note of rebellion and resignation in poems contemplating death.

50. Skepticism and the search for a firm basis of faith in lyric poetry since 1800, as revealed in the work of Tennyson, Browning, Clough, Henley, Whitman, Moody, and Untermeyer.

51. The ethical and didactic note of the New England poets of the nineteenth century.

52. Despair and dejection in lyric poetry as revealed in the poems of Cowper, Shelley, Mangin, Poe, and Thompson.

53. The lyric poet faces death. How does it look to him?

54. The question of a future life and immortality as it has appeared to any one of the lyric poets.

55. Study the development of the elegy in content and form, as revealed in Milton, Gray, Shelley, Tennyson, and Arnold.

56. Employ De Quincey's division of literature in his essay on *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power* to determine what lyric poetry, if any, belongs to the first group.

57. Test Poe's theory of poetry as expressed in *The Philosophy of Composition*, by applying his principles to several lyric poems.

58. What are the lyrical elements in Addison's *The Vision of Mirza*, Lamb's *Dream-Children*, and De Quincey's *On the Fear of Death*? Explain with illustrations the distinction between lyrical poetry and lyrical prose.

59. Compare as to content, purpose, and form any English elegy with Whitman's *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed*.

60. Apply to his own poems Wordsworth's poetic theories, as expressed in the *Preface* to the *Lyrical Ballads*.

61. Apply Wordsworth's poetic theories to the poems in free verse in this volume.

62. Has poetry accompanied science as Wordsworth predicted it would?

63. A study of the growth of free verse from *Christabel* to T. S. Eliot.

64. Study the tributes of one poet to another: Jonson to Shakespeare, Herrick to Jonson, Milton to King, Wordsworth to Burns, Keats to Jonson, Shelley to Keats, Browning to Shelley, and Swinburne to Shelley.

65. Study the development in lyric poetry of the elegy for the dead soldier.

VI. THE DRAMA

1. By using as an example any one of the plays given in this chapter or any current play you have seen, demonstrate how the drama tells its story.

2. Contrast the use of dialogue in the drama to tell a story with that of such ballads in dialogue as *Lord Randal* and *Edward*.

3. How is suspense developed in the plays in this chapter?

4. How is irony used in these plays?

5. The employment of fate in these plays.

6. Compare the use of suspense, irony, and fate in *Riders to the Sea*, with the use of them in either *The Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, *Oedipus*, *The King of Sophocles*, or *The Trojan Women* or *The Bacchae* of Euripides.

7. Heroic drama such as Dryden's *All for Love* dealt only with the tragedies of the upper class. How did Synge secure heroic effects in *Riders to the Sea* with characters from humble life?

8. How is realism employed to produce either

tragic or comic effects in the first two plays of this chapter?

9. How has the social protest that appears in Masters, Amy Lowell, and Sinclair Lewis expressed itself in modern drama? Read for example Galsworthy's *The Silver Box*, *Justice*, and *The Mob*.

10. Symbolism as an element in modern drama.

11. Report on the work of a modern dramatist.

12. A critical study of a current play.

13. Fantasy on the stage, with especial reference to *The Land of Heart's Desire*.

14. How Hyacinth Halvey escaped from Cloon is told in *The Full Moon* (from *New Comedies*). Read this play and comment on it as a sequel of *Hyacinth Halvey*.

15. The mood of disillusionment as an element in modern drama compared with the same element in the novel, short story, and modern narrative poem.

VII. HISTORY

1. Discuss Carlyle's theory of historical writing as set forth in his essay *On History*, and apply it to any of the historical or biographical selections given in this book.

2. Apply Carlyle's theory of historical writing to his *French Revolution*, Book II, Chapter VIII.

3. Discuss Macaulay's theory of historical writing as set forth in his essay on *History* and apply it to any one of the historical or biographical selections given in this book.

4. Apply Macaulay's theory of historical writing to the extract from his *Lord Clive* given in this book.

5. Compare the presentation of facts in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* with that in either Hakluyt's *Voyages* or Mrs. Rowlandson's *Narrative* of her captivity, and with Macaulay's account of Lord Clive in India.

6. Using the selection in the book, discuss the historical method of any one of the following historians: Gibbon, Green, Parkman, Carlyle, or Macaulay.

7. Contrast the historical method of any two of the historians here included.

8. Contrast the spirit of conquest and discovery in Hakluyt's *Voyages* and Macaulay's *Lord Clive*.

9. How is the material of Anglo-Saxon or medieval history illuminated by *Beowulf*, *Deirdre*, the ballads, or the medieval romances?

10. Contrast the literary method of Carlyle in *Place de la Révolution* with that of Browning in *The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's Church*.

11. Compare Green's description of the character of Queen Elizabeth (Chapter VII, Section III of his *Short History of the English People*) with the descriptions of Queen Victoria in Strachey's *Queen Victoria*.

12. What is the relationship of biography, autobiography, and history as shown in the selections in Chapters VII and VIII of this book?

13. Read Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* in connection with Hakluyt's *Voyages* and Green's *Short History of the English People*, Chapters VII and VIII. Comment on the three different treatments of the same historical material.

14. Apply Macaulay's theory of historical writing in a comparative study of Hakluyt's *Voyages* and Scott's *Kenilworth*, or Carlyle's *Place de la Révolution* and Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*.

15. Compare any historical account of the battle of Lepanto with Chesterton's poem *Lepanto*. What has Chesterton contributed to the interpretation and illumination of this battle?

16. Read Tennyson's *The Revenge* in connection with Hakluyt's *The Last Fight of the Revenge*. What differences do you note between a contemporary account in a prose chronicle and a poetic account written three hundred years later?

17. Make a comparative study of Hakluyt's extract from *Drake's Voyage Around the World* and Drayton's *To the Virginian Voyage* and other lyric poems glorifying adventure and exploration.

18. Historical backgrounds in short-story writing as shown in Quiller-Couch's *The Roll-Call of the Reef* and other short stories.

19. Study the growing emphasis in the selections given here on social revolt and the emergence of the lower classes.

20. Trace the change in historical method from merely recording an event to interpreting the causes and significance of an event.

21. Should history be a chronicle of facts, of peoples, of individuals, of other elements, or a combination of all these elements?

VIII. BIOGRAPHY

1. Contrast the spirit of the pioneers of Mrs. Rowlandson's *Narrative* with the spirit of the Restoration of Pepys's *Diary*.

2. Trace the change in biographical writing from a mere setting down of events to an examination of motives and purposes.

3. What would be Carlyle's opinion of Browning's dramatic monologues as historical revelations? (See Carlyle's essay on *History*.)

4. Compare the spirit of Pepys in the *Diary* with that of English lyric poets of the Restoration, such as Waller and Dryden.

5. What dominant English traits do each of the following persons reveal: Mrs. Rowlandson, Pepys, Boswell, Johnson, Trelawny, Huxley, and Gladstone?

6. Explain the biographical method of each of the following writers: Boswell, Trelawny, and Strachey.

7. What dominant English characteristics do the scenes of death and burial of Beowulf and Shelley reveal?

8. Contrast the scientific attitude toward life of Huxley in his *Autobiography* and his essay on *A Liberal Education* with the general Victorian attitude toward life as exemplified by Tennyson in the latter part of *In Memoriam* or in Arnold's essay on *Literature and Science*.

9. What significant contributions does Strachey make to biographical writing in *Queen Victoria*?

10. Read Dr. Crothers's *Satan Among the Biographers* and apply his theories of biographical

writing to the work of Trelawny and Strachey.

11. Is the realism of Strachey's *Queen Victoria* only the biographical phase of the tendency which appears in Edna Ferber's *So Big*, Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt*, and E. L. Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*?

12. Study the characterization in John Galsworthy's *The Forsyte Saga*, Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome*, or Willa Cather's *The Lost Lady* and compare it with Strachey's *Queen Victoria*.

13. By an examination of the heroes of epic and historical literature determine whether or not the realistic school of biography is likely to outlast the idealistic school.

14. Study the effects of a purely scientific training and point of view as revealed in Darwin's *Autobiography*, Huxley's *Autobiography*, and John Stuart Mills's *Autobiography*.

15. How do Boswell and Strachey differ in the realistic treatment of their biographical subjects?

16. With Dr. Crothers's essay as a guide, compare Strachey's treatment of Gladstone in *Queen Victoria* with that of John Morley in his *The Life of William Ewart Gladstone*.

17. Read Thackeray's *Addison*. Why is it classed among the essays instead of among the biographies? Is it realistic or romantic in treatment?

18. John Evelyn was a royalist contemporary of Samuel Pepys. Read the entries in Evelyn's *Diary* for the years 1660-1661, and compare his account of events with that of Pepys for the same period.

19. Contrast Strachey's realistic characterization of Florence Nightingale in his *Eminent Victorians* with any biography in which the facts of her life are handled romantically.

20. From your own reading state your preference either for a biography which simply relates events or for one which interprets character.

IX. THE ESSAY

1. Bacon's essays as a book of wisdom. Compare them with *Proverbs* and Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

2. The Celtic spirit in Sir Richard Steele. How does it accord with that which appears in the Irish lyrics and the Irish plays?

3. Apply Thackeray's estimate of Addison to Addison's *The Vision of Mirza* and *A Fine Lady's Journal*.

4. Demonstrate the extent to which Addison was a social satirist.

5. Apply Fielding's *On Taste in the Choice of Books* and Bacon's *Of Studies* to your experience in reading and study.

6. The social pretender. A study of Goldsmith's Beau Tibbs and similar figures in English and American literature. How much of the autobiographical exists in Goldsmith's *Beau Tibbs*?

7. Read Wordsworth's *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads* and Coleridge's comments on Wordsworth's theories (references in headnote, page 914). Test the soundness of one or more of these theories by applying them to the poems of the two poets or to other narrative and lyrical poems.

8. Autobiographical elements in the essays of Lamb, Hazlitt, and De Quincey.

9. The influence of Hazlitt upon Stevenson as shown by a comparative study of their essays.

10. The out-of-doors and the open road as interpreted by the essayists in this chapter.

11. Thoreau's love of nature compared with that of Hazlitt and Hilaire Belloc.

12. Prose poetry; a study of the type as exhibited in the work of De Quincey, Walter Savage Landor, and Ruskin.

13. Apply Macaulay's distinction between correctness and classicism to a group of ten lyrics from Chapter V. Which are "correct" in the narrower sense and which correct in the broader sense?

14. The difference between classicism and romanticism as defined by Macaulay, Thackeray, Pater, Stevenson, and Bennett.

15. Does Macaulay's theory of history leave room for human interest in the heroic? Compare *The Hunting of the Cheviot*, and Macaulay's own story of Lord Clive.

16. Social protest in Carlyle. How is it related to that of contemporary novelists and such poets as Thomas Hood?

17. Thackeray's conception of real literature as expressed in *On a Lazy Idle Boy*.

18. After reading Arnold's *The Study of Poetry*, select from Chapter V several poems which you think would make good "touchstones." Defend your selection in every instance.

19. Make your choice between the ideas of education held by Arnold and Huxley, and defend it.

20. With Pater's essay as a guide classify ten lyrics in Chapter V. Defend your separation of them into classic and romantic.

21. Apply the ideas in Stevenson's *Walking Tours* to his own experiences narrated in *Travels with a Donkey*.

22. Apply Stevenson's theories in *A Gossip on Romance* to his short story *The Sire de Malétoit's Door* and to Noyes's *The Highwayman*.

23. Parody and burlesque as effective critical devices; a study of Leacock's humorous criticisms.

24. Paradox and unconventionality in the essays of Chesterton.

X. PROSE FICTION: NOVEL AND SHORT STORY

1. Read Poe's *The Philosophy of Composition* and his theory of the short story as expressed in his review of Hawthorne's *Twice-told Tales* and *Mosses from an Old Manse*. What coincidences and differences are to be noted in his theory of the lyric and that of the short story? Illustrate by references to Poe's work.

2. Study the "tale of terror" in the novels of Charles Brockden Brown, Mrs. Shelley, and others, in the tales of Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, and continental writers, and in the narrative poems of Southey and his school. What affiliations has Poe with these writers? Read not only his tales of terror but his unfinished novel, *The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym*.

3. How does Poe's handling of a death-bed confession in *The Cask of Amontillado* differ from that of Browning in *The Bishop Orders His Tomb in St. Praxed's Church*?

4. Poe as an alienist and criminal psychologist.

5. Living burial as a short-story motive in Poe and other writers. (See headnote to Dwight's *In the Pasha's Garden*.)

6. Compare Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* or *The Marble Faun* with several of his short stories. What part do mood and environment play in his narratives?

7. Examine a number of Hawthorne's short stories in *Twice-told Tales* and *Mosses from an Old Manse* in terms of Poe's criticism of Hawthorne's art in his review of these two collections.

8. The mixture of actual and ideal in the short stories of Myra Kelly.

9. Stevenson's ideas of what constitutes good narration; theory and practice as shown in his *A Gossip on Romance*, his autobiographical narratives (like *Travels with a Donkey*), and his short stories.

10. Chivalry as a romantic element in literature: Coleridge, Keats, Stevenson, and others.

11. O. Henry's use of parody and burlesque.

12. Show how O. Henry has distilled romance out of stark realism.

13. Arthur Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets* and Thomas Burke's *Limehouse Nights* as studies of real people and real places. Which author is the more successful in vivid portraiture of low life in London?

14. With Arthur Quiller-Couch's *The Roll-Call of the Reef* as a start, write an essay on "Patriotism as an element in English and American short stories."

15. The following English and American writers deal with sailors and the sea: Marryat, Clark Russell, Dana, Melville, Dickens, Conrad, Stevenson, Jacobs. With their stories in mind write an essay on the idealized, or conventionalized, sailor, and the real sailor. How should you classify Jacobs's sailors?

16. Read W. W. Jacobs's *Many Cargoes* or one of his other volumes referred to in the headnote (page 1149). With this as a basis write an essay on "The British sailor as a comic type in literature."

17. The atmosphere and technical subtleties of H. G. Dwight's *In the Pasha's Garden*.

18. With *In the Pasha's Garden* as a start, write an essay on the contact of East and West as an element in English literature. Kipling's stories and ballads will provide additional material.

19. With Katherine Mansfield's *The Garden-Party* as a beginning, write on "Social protest in English and American short stories."

20. Actuality and idealism in the short stories of Katherine Mansfield.

21. Atmosphere in the short story as revealed in the ten stories in this chapter.

22. "The public is composed of numerous groups crying out: Console me, amuse me, sadden me, touch me, make me dream, laugh, shudder, weep, think. But the fine spirit says to the artist: Make something beautiful in the form that suits you, according to your personal temperament." (Guy de Maupassant—Preface to *Pierre et Jean*). Which of the stories in this chapter seems to you to have been written for the public and which for the artist himself? Justify your answer.

23. "There are, so far as I know, three ways, and three ways only, of writing a story. You may take a plot and fit characters to it, or you may take a character and choose incidents and situations to develop it, or, lastly, you may take a certain atmosphere and get action and persons to express and realize it." (Stevenson, quoted by Graham Balfour in *Life and Letters of Stevenson*.) Apply Stevenson's divisions to the stories in this chapter. Defend your decisions in each instance.

24. Contrast the spirit of realism in such modern novels as Lewis's *Babbitt*, Swinnerton's *Nocturne*, and Bennett's *The Old Wives' Tale* with the idealism and romance of any novel of Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Gaskell, and Charles Reade.

25. The appearance in the novel of heroes from the lower classes of society.

26. Trace the development of the psychological analysis of character by comparing Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* with Meredith's *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*.

27. Compare the treatment of romance in any one of Scott's novels with that in Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*.

28. Contrast the view of English society of Thackeray in *The Newcombs* or *Pendennis* or *Vanity Fair* or Meredith in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* with that of Galsworthy in *The Forsyte Saga*.

29. Study the influence of environment on personality in Hardy's *The Return of the Native*.

GENERAL TOPICS

1. Aristotle said that a willing suspension of disbelief is necessary for the enjoyment of the story of a drama. This saying of Aristotle has been applied to other forms of narrative literature. Is it easier to suspend disbelief in a poetic narrative or in a prose narrative?

2. Compare the use of the supernatural in the *Ancient Mariner* and *The Roll-Call of the Reef*, or the use of adventure in *The River*, *The Highwayman*, Hakluyt, and O. Henry's *A Municipal Report*.

3. Every age is credulous about different things. The epic and Elizabethan ages believed in monsters, ghosts, and witches. Today we believe in the limitless power of science. Contrast medieval and Elizabethan credulity as it appears in ballad, broadside ballad, and romance with the credulity of today as it appears in the yellow journal and popular science magazines.

4. "Beware of realism; it is the devil; it is one of the means of art, and now they make it the end! And such is the force of the age in which a man lives that we all, even those of us who most detest it, sin by realism" (Stevenson's Letter to Trevor Haddon). Write a comment on the truth or falseness of the foregoing remark of Stevenson's. Illustrate with citations of the moods of realism and romance in literature.

5. "For art deals in illusion. Literal accuracy, even when possible, is art's undoing" (Lowes's *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*). Test Professor Lowes's words by an examination of several examples of "illusion" and "literal accuracy" in this volume.

6. Compare the social status of the hero in epic, medieval, and modern narrative poetry.

7. "Literary emotion cannot depict the truth, but it can transform and heighten it" (Lowes's *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*). Discuss and illustrate the foregoing comment.

8. "The language of the age is never the language of poetry" (Gray's *Letters*). Compare this statement with the opposite idea expressed in Wordsworth's *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*. Which poet, Gray or Wordsworth, is right? Justify your answer.

9. "For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves" (Wordsworth's *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*). Apply these statements of Wordsworth to modern conditions in literature and life.

10. "Great poetry will always be individual in one aspect, and universal in another" (Abercrombie's *The Idea of Great Poetry*). Demonstrate the truth or falseness of this statement by applying it to the poetry in this volume.

11. "My theory is that literature must always be more at home in treating movement and change; hence I look for them" (Stevenson: Letter to William Archer). Test the truth or falseness of this statement by a critical reading of one or more of the novels on the list in this chapter.

12. "I do therefore most earnestly entreat all my young readers that they should cautiously avoid the perusal of any modern book till it hath first had the sanction of some wise and learned man; and the same caution I propose to all fathers, mothers, and guardians" (Fielding's *On Taste in the Choice of Books*). From your own experience in reading state whether you think that this opinion is sound, and give your reasons.

13. From their own words write an estimate of the poets' idea of their mission. Good material will be found in Milton's *Lycidas*, Lowell's *The Shepherd of King Admetus*, Tennyson's *The Poet*, Poe's *The Philosophy of Composition*, Arnold's *The Study of Poetry*, and O'Shaughnessy's *We Are the Music Makers*.

14. Artists have long debated whether art should reveal truth and beauty or should consciously instruct and strive to elevate mankind. Either examine the work of any lyric poet since 1800 and explain his philosophy on this subject, or from reading the body of lyric poetry in this book state your own opinion.

15. Write a biography of your taste in reading, its growth and development. What caused the changes?

16. Certain literary types are either attractive or abhorrent to certain people. If you have such an attraction or aversion tell what it is, analyze it, and account for its existence in terms of your character and experience.

17. What moral or literary factors have been constant in English or American literature and what variable? Describe no more than three.

18. Trace the moral reflections upon life in English or American literature of any age or section.

19. English pessimism, especially as revealed in Gray, Collins, Cowper, Coleridge, Tennyson, Arnold, Shelley, Keats, Henley, and Clough.

20. The ideal of the warrior in English and American literature.

21. The English or American idea of patriotism in literature.

22. The feeling for nature in English and American literature.

23. The sea in English or American literature.

24. The spirit of the English explorers or of the American pioneers as revealed in literature.

25. The love of the strenuous life as it appears in the literature of England or America.

26. The use of the seasons as literary symbols in English and American literature.

27. "I shall learn to love the things of my adolescence, as Hazlitt loved them and as I love already the recollections of my childhood" (Stevenson: *A Retrospect*). Trace the memories of youth in English or American literature.

28. English and American views on growing old.

29. The essayists and poets have expressed very clear convictions as to the incompatibility of youth and age. Make your own estimate after investigating the data in this book.

30. Is there proof that either town or country life stimulates or destroys the literary faculty? Read what the writers have said about it in this book and give the results of your investigation.

31. Compare the shifting conceptions of society as they appear in any two periods of English or American literature.

32. Make a study of social revolt in modern literature as it appears either in poetry, the novel, or the essay.

33. Is poetry a suitable medium for social propaganda? Study Defoe's *A Trueborn Englishman* and *The Hymn to the Pillory*, Hood's *The Song of the Shirt*, Mrs. Browning's *The Cry of the Children*, and the poetry of Whitman.

34. The influence of the supernatural in any division of English or American literature since 1800.

35. Various conceptions of worship in English and American literature.

36. The treatment of the supernatural in *Beowulf* and *Deirdre*, *The Book of Thel*, *Riders to the Sea*, *The Land of Heart's Desire*, *Christabel*, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, *The Roll-Call of the Reef*, *The Raven*, and *Ulalume*.

37. The land of heart's desire in English and American literature.

38. What contribution, if any, does the employment of classical mythology for literary allusions make to English poetry?

GENERAL INDEX

(Titles of selections and names of authors appear in capitals; first lines, in capitals and lower case; and topics discussed, in italics.)

- A battered swordsman, slashed and scarred, 627
 ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT, 691
 ABSOLUTION, 614
 ADDISON, 1011
 ADDISON, JOSEPH, 412, 902
 ADDRESS TO THE DEIL, 447
 ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, 449
 Adieu, farewell earth's bliss! 370
 ADONAI, 493
 "A. E." (GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL), 617
 AE FOND KISS, 444
 ÆS TRIPLEX, 1055
 A flying word from here and there, 683
 A! Fredome is a noble thing! 348
 AFTER APPLE-PICKING, 688
 AFTERNOON ON A HILL, 694
 Ah, did you once see Shelley plain, 552
 AH, SUNFLOWER, 434
 Ah, what avails the sceptered race! 480
 Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing, 358
 A late lark twitters from the quiet skies, 600
 ALEXANDER'S FEAST, 409
 ALISOUN, 343
 ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM, 604
 All is best, though we oft doubt, 402
 "All night the dreadless Angel, unpursued," 88
 All other waters have their time of peace, 315
 "ALL'S WELL," 703
 All that I know, 551
 All that I know of love I learned of you, 625
 All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee, 568
 Almost the shell of a woman after the surgeon's knife, 328
 Along the grass sweet airs are blown, 588
 A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT, 446
 AMORIS EXSUL (selections), 625
 AMORIS VICTIMA (selections), 624
 AND DID THOSE FEET IN ANCIENT TIME, 437
 ANDERSON, MARGARET STEELE, 705
 "And now to God the Father," he ends, 326
 ANDREA DEL SARTO, 307
 And still we climbed, 700
 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE, THE (selection), 764
 ANNABEL LEE, 652
 ANONYMOUS, 343-350
 A PEARL, A GIRL, 568
 ARNOLD, MATTHEW, 576, 1026
 ARROW AND THE SONG, THE, 638
 Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers? 372
 As I gird on for fighting, 618
 A simple ring with a single stone, 568
 AS IN A ROSE-JAR, 706
 As I was marching in Flanders, 622
 As I was walking all alane, 210
 ASK ME NO MORE, 532
 Ask me no more where Jove bestows, 381
 A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL, 457
 As this my carnal robe grows old, 403
 AS THROUGH THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT, 531
 ASTROPHEL AND STELLA (selections), 353
 AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND, 348
 ATALANTA IN CALYDON (selections), 593
 ATALANTA'S RACE, 277
 At dawn they came to the stream Hiddekel, 680
 AT TEA, 326
 AT THE DRAPER'S, 327
 AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS, 460
 At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time, 569
 AUBADE, 380
 AULD LANG SYNE, 443
 AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HUXLEY, 870
 Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones, 401
 AWAY! THE MOOR IS DARK BENEATH THE MOON, 484
 Aye, tear her tattered ensign down! 642
 BACON, FRANCIS, 895
Ballad, The, 203
 Defined, 203
 Popular, 203
 Broadside Ballads, 206
 Of Art, 207
 BALLADE OF A TOYOKUNI COLOR-PRINT, 599
 BALLADE OF THE OLDEST DUEL IN THE WORLD, 627
Ballades, 599, 627
 BANKS O' DOON, THE, 445
 BARBOUR, JOHN, 348
 BARD, THE, 419
 Bards of Passion and of Mirth, 509
 BAREFOOT BOY, THE, 644
 BARGAIN, THE, 352
 BARREL-ORGAN, THE, 629
 BATTLE (selections), 622
 BEAUMONT, FRANCIS, 376
 BEAUMONT, SIR JOHN, 375
 BEAU TIBBS, 910
 BEAU TIBBS AT HOME, 912
 Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come, 605
 Before the beginning of years, 594
 Behind him lay the great Azores, 673
 Behold her, single in the field, 460
 Be it right or wrong, these men among, 344
 BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS, 479
 BELLOC, HILAIRE, 1073
 BELLS OF SHANDON, THE, 514
 Ben Battle was a soldier bold, 243
 Bend now thy body to the common weight! 705
 BENÉT, WILLIAM ROSE, 706
 BENNETT, ARNOLD, 1070
 BEOWULF, 11
 BERMUDAS, 404
 BERT KESSLER, 328
 Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying, 624
 Bid me to live, and I will live, 383

- BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA, 914 (note)
Biography and Autobiography, 825
 BIRCHES, 689
 BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB AT ST. PRAXED'S
 CHURCH, THE, 291
 BLACKMORE, RICHARD DODDRIDGE, 590
 BLAKE, WILLIAM, 432
 BLESSED DAMOZEL, THE, 587
 Blessed with a joy that only she, 684
 Blessings on thee, little man, 644
 BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON, A (selection), 549
 BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND! 368
 Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead! 621
 BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL, 210
 BONNIE LESLEY, 445
 BONNIE WEE CROODLIN DOW, THE, 209
 BONNY BARBARA ALLAN, 212
 BOOK OF THEL, THE, 435
 Booth led boldly with his big bass drum, 690
 BORDER SONG, 474
 BOSWELL, JAMES, 850
 Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans, 677
 BRAHMA, 653
 BRANCH, ANNA HEMPSTEAD, 695
 BREAKING, THE, 705
 Breathes there the man with soul so dead, 472
 BRIDGE OF SIGHS, THE, 477
 BRIDGE, THE, 638
 BRIDGES, ROBERT, 604
 BRIGHT STAR! WOULD I WERE STEADFAST AS
 THOU ART, 505
 BRIGNALL BANKS, 474
 Bring the bowl which you boast, 475
 BROADWAY'S CANYON, 715
 BROKEN SONG, A, 629
 BROOKE, RUPERT, 620
 BROOK, THE, 544
 BROWNE, WILLIAM, 380
 BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT, 518
 BROWNING, ROBERT, 290, 548
 BRUTE NEIGHBORS, 1004
 BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN, 634
 BUILDING OF THE SHIP, THE (selection), 639
 BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA, THE,
 479
 BURIED LIFE, THE, 580
 BURNS, ROBERT, 235, 254, 438
 Bury the Great Duke, 540
 BUTCHER'S BOY, THE, 212
 But do not let us quarrel any more, 307
 By HER AUNT'S GRAVE, 326
 BYRON, GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD, 481
 By the rude bridge that arched the flood, 653
 Bytuene Mershe ant Averil, 343
 CALIBAN UPON SETEBOS, 561
 Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren, 376
 Calm was the day, and through the trembling
 air, 354
 CAMPBELL, THOMAS, 475
 CAMPION, THOMAS, 370
 CANTERBURY TALES, THE, 150
 PROLOGUE, THE, 150
 PROLOGUE OF THE PARDONER'S TALE, 165
 PARDONER'S TALE, THE, 167
 Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms, 400
 CAREW, THOMAS, 381
 CAREY, HENRY, 413
 CARLYLE, THOMAS, 787, 974
 CASK OF AMONTILLADO, THE, 1091
 CASSANDRA, 685
 CASTAWAY, THE, 430
 CHAMBERED NAUTILUS, THE, 642
 CHANGE OF TREATMENT, A, 1149
 CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE, THE, 372
 CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR, 463
Chaucer and the Canterbury Tales, 113
 CHAUCER, GEOFFREY, 150
 CHERRY-RIPE (Campion), 371
 CHERRY-RIPE (Herrick), 382
 Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry, 382
 CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH, 323, 1068
 CHICAGO, 708
 CHILD'S GRACE, A, 384
 CHOICE, THE, I, II, III, 589
 CHORUS OF SPIRITS FROM PROMETHEUS UNBOUND,
 490
 CHRISTABEL, 175
 CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY, A, 1124
 CITIZEN OF THE WORLD, THE (Letters LIV and
 LV), 910
 CLOD AND THE PEBBLE, THE, 434
 CLOUD, THE, 486
 CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH, 570
 Coldly, sadly descends, 583
 COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, 175, 261, 470,
 914 (note)
 COLLAR, THE, 386
 COLLINS, WILLIAM, 423
 COLUMBUS, 673
 Come, cheerful day, part of my life to me, 371
 Come, dear children, let us away, 576
 COME DOWN, O MAID, 533
 COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD, 545
 Come, let us watch that rock drown in the tide,
 705
 Come listen to me, you gallants so free, 225
 Come live with me and be my Love, 361
 Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving, 375
 Come with rain, O loud Southwester! 687
 COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE NEAR CALAIS, 468
 COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, 468
 COMRADES, 622
 COMUS (selections), 394
 CONCORD HYMN, 653
 CONCLUSION, THE, 363
 CONFESSIONS, 566
 CONQUEROR WORM, THE, 648
 CONQUEST OF BENGAL, THE, 792
 CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC, THE (Chapters x and
 xi), 811
 CONSTANT LOVER, THE, 387
 COR CORDIUM, 596
 CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING, 381
 CORONATION DAY, 847
 CORRECTNESS AND CLASSICISM, 969
 COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT, THE, 439
 COUNTER-ATTACK, 615
 "Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the
 land, 526
 COWLEY, ABRAHAM, 407
 COWPER, WILLIAM, 251, 426
 CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH, 350
 CRASHAW, RICHARD, 388
 Creep into thy narrow bed, 585

- Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud, 400
 CROSSING BROOKLYN FERRY, 658
 CROSSING THE BAR, 547
 CROTHERS, SAMUEL McCHORD, 1078
 CUPID AND MY CAMPASPE PLAYED, 352
 Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear, 401
 DA LEETLA BOY, 686
 DALY, THOMAS AUGUSTINE, 685
 DAREST THOU NOW, O SOUL, 672
 Da spreeng ees com'! but O, 686
 Daughter of Jove, relentless power, 418
 DAVENANT, SIR WILLIAM, 380
 DAVIES, SIR JOHN, 373
 DAY IS DONE, THE, 637
 DAY OF JUDGMENT, THE, 414
 Dazzled thus with height of place, 371
 DEAD, THE, I, II, 621
 Dear Lord, receive my son, 375
 Dear love, for nothing less than thee, 377
 Dear! of all happy in the hour, most blest, 621
 DEATH, 379
 Death, be not proud, though some have called thee, 379
 DEATH OF ARTHUR, THE, 141
 DEATH OF EVE, THE, 680
 DEATH OF LINCOLN, THE, 637
 DEATH OF THE FLOWERS, THE, 636
 Death stands above me, whispering low, 481
 DEATH THE LEVELER, 380
 DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE (Chapter IV), 776
 DEDICATION OF THE RING AND THE BOOK (end of Book I), 567
 Deep on the convent-roof the snows, 529
 DEIRDRE, 52
 DEKKER, THOMAS, 372
 DE LA MARE, WALTER, 628
 DEPARTED FRIENDS, 406
 DE QUINCEY, THOMAS, 956
 DESCRIPTION OF A STRANGE FISH, A, 232
 Desolate and lone, 708
 DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING, 930
 DETROIT, 811
 DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS (selection), 839
 Dim gradual thinning of the shapeless gloom, 614
 DIRGE, A, 376
 DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN, THE, 251
 DIVINA COMMEDIA, 640
 DOBSON, AUSTIN, 590
 Does the road wind uphill all the way? 590
 DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA, 590
 DONNE, JOHN, 377
 DOUBT OF MARTYRDOM, A, 387
 DOVER BEACH, 582
 DRAKE'S VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD (selection), 772
 Drama, The, 719
 Historical Development of, 719
 DRAYTON, MICHAEL, 360
 DREAM, THE, 377
 DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERIE, 928
 Drink to me only with thine eyes, 373
 DRYDEN, JOHN, 408
 Duly with knees that feign to quake, 611
 DUNCAN GRAY, 446
 DUSK AT SEA, 708
 DWIGHT, H. G., 1153
 DYER, SIR EDWARD, 351
 Earth has not anything to show more fair, 468
 EARTHLY PARADISE, THE (selections), 274, 603
 Eat thou and drink; tomorrow thou shalt die, 589
 ECHO FROM HORACE, AN, 626
 EDWARD, 208
 EILEEN AROON, 514
 ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD, 416
 ELIOT, GEORGE, 520
 EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, 653, 996
 ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND, 602
 ENGLISH HUMORISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (selection), 1011
 Epic, The, 1-10
 Epic Tradition in England, The, 3
 Anglo-Saxon and Celtic Popular Epic, The, 6
 English Literary Epic, The, 9
 EPILOGUE TO ASOLANDO, 569
 EPISTLE DEDICATORIE, THE, 765
 EPITAPH: ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE, 380
 Essay, The, 891
 ESSAY ON LORD CLIVE (selection), 792
 ESSAYS OF ELIA (selections), 928
 Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind! 482
 Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky! 462
 Even such is time, that takes in trust, 363
 Even the beauty of the rose doth cast, 628
 EVE OF ST. AGNES, THE, 183
 EVE OF ST. JOHN, THE, 257
 Every maid has her troubles, 230
 EXPLORER, THE, 609
 FAIR AND FAIR, 357
 Fair daffodils, we weep to see, 383
 FAIRIES, THE, 604
 FAIR INES, 476
 Fair Star of evening, Splendor of the west, 468
 FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY, 243
 FALCONER OF GOD, THE, 706
 FAREWELL TO ARMS, A, 358
 FAR—FAR—AWAY, 547
 FARMER'S CURST WIFE, THE, 228
 FATAL SISTERS, THE, 422
 Father of all! in ev'ry age, 413
 Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat, 566
 FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' THE SUN, 369
 FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN, THE, 607
 FIELD, EUGENE, 677
 FIELDING, HENRY, 907
 FINAL CHORUS FROM HELLAS, 503
 FINAL CHORUS FROM SAMSON AGONISTES, 402
 FINE LADY'S JOURNAL, THE, 905
 FIRE-BRINGER, THE (selection), 679
 FIRKINS, CHESTER, 691
 FIRST MOCKING-BIRD IN SPRING, THE, 655
 First pledge our Queen this solemn night, 544
 FITZGERALD, EDWARD, 515
 Five years have passed; five summers, with the length, 452
 FLAMING HEART, THE (selection), 390
 FLETCHER, JOHN, 375
 FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD, 712

- Flood-tide below me! I watch you face to face, 658
 FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL, 546
 Foiled by our fellow-men, depressed, outworn, 581
 Foolish prater, what do'st thou, 407
 "FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE," 612
 FORGET NOT YET, 351
 FORSAKEN GARDEN, A, 596
 FORSAKEN MERMAN, THE, 576
 FRA LIPPO LIPPI, 299
 FREDOME, 348
 FRENCH REVOLUTION, THE (Book II, Chapter VIII), 787
 FRIENDSHIP, 996
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony, 408
 FROM THE BRAKE THE NIGHTINGALE, 601
 From unremembered ages we, 490
 FROST, ROBERT, 687
 FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES, 369
 Full many a glorious morning have I seen, 365
 FUNERAL, THE, 379
 GALE, THE, 713
 GARDEN, A, 403
 GARDEN OF PROSERPINE, THE, 595
 GARDEN-PARTY, THE, 1164
 Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, 384
 GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH ENTERS INTO HEAVEN, 690
 GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR, 229
 Get up, get up for shame! 381
 GIBBON, EDWARD, 776
 GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON, 622
 GIFT OF GOD, THE, 684
 Giuseppe, da barber, ees greata for mash, 685
 GIVE ALL TO LOVE, 653
 Give me my scallop-shell of quiet, 362
 GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN, 666
 GLEE FOR KING CHARLES, 475
 Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven, 675
 Go and catch a falling star, 377
 GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY, 426
 God of our fathers, known of old, 609
 GOD'S WORLD, 694
 God, though this life is but a wraith, 698
 Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand, 519
 GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, 431, 910
 Go, LOVELY ROSE, 408
 Good-by, dear heart. Be thou, as I am, glad, 686
 Good, to forgive, 568
 Go, soul, the body's guest, 361
 GOSSIP ON ROMANCE, A, 1059
 GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL, A, 553
 GRAY, THOMAS, 416
 GREAT CAROUSAL, THE, 699
 GREEN, JOHN RICHARD, 803
 GREENE, ROBERT, 358
 GREGORY, LADY AUGUSTA, 52, 733
 GRIEVE NOT, LADIES, 697
 GRIFFIN, GERALD, 514
 GROWING OLD, 582
 Grow old along with me, 558
 "Had he and I but met," 613
 Hail to thee, blithe spirit! 488
 HAKLUYT, RICHARD, 765
 HANDS ALL ROUND, 544
 Happy those early days, when I, 404
 HARBOR, THE, 709
 HARDY, THOMAS, 326, 613
 Hark! ah, the Nightingale! 581
 HARK, HARK! THE LARK, 369
 Hark! Now everything is still, 376
 HARP OF THE NORTH, 472
 HARP OF THE NORTH, FAREWELL! 473
 HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS, THE, 479
 Has summer come without the rose, 569
 Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance, 353
 HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL, 1095
 HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON, 655
 HAZLITT, WILLIAM, 937
 HEBREW MELODIES (selection), 481
 HELEN OF TROY, 692
 Helen, thy beauty is to me, 648
 Hence, loathed Melancholy, 390
 Hence, vain, deluding Joys, 392
 HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST, 599
 HERBERT, GEORGE, 385
 Here, a little child, I stand, 384
 HE REMEMBERS FORGOTTEN BEAUTY, 633
 Here shall remain all tears for lovely things, 707
 HERETICS (selection), 1068
 Here, where the world is quiet, 595
 Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee, 382
 HER HANDS, 695
 Her mother died when she was young, 215
 HERRICK, ROBERT, 381
 HER WORDS, 695
 He that loves a rosy cheek, 381
 He went, and he was gay to go, 622
 He who has entered by this sorrow's door, 624
 HEYWOOD, THOMAS, 376
 Hierusalem, my happy home, 350
 Hie upon Hiellands, 210
 HIGHLAND MARY, 445
 HIGHMOUNT, 702
 HIGHWAYMAN, THE, 313
 HILLS AND THE SEA (selection), 1073
 His golden locks Time hath to silver turned, 358
 HIS PILGRIMAGE, 362
History, 759
 Development in England, 760
 Development in America, 763
 HISTORY, 964
 HIT, 622
 Hog Butcher for the World, 708
 HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, 244, 642
 HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER, 450
 HOMER AND HUMBUG, 1065
 HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD, 550
 HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA, 551
 HOOD, THOMAS, 243, 476
 HOPE EVERMORE AND BELIEVE, 570
 Hot through Troy's ruin Menelaus broke, 620
 HOUND OF HEAVEN, THE, 591
 HOUSE, 567
 HOUSE OF LIFE, THE (selections), 589
 HOUSMAN, ALFRED EDWARD, 617
 HOWARD, HENRY, EARL OF SURREY, 351
 How do I love thee? Let me count the ways, 520
 HOW DR. JOHNSON AND MR. WILKES DINED TOGETHER, 850
 How happy is he born and taught, 372
 HOW MANY WAYS, 703

- How MUCH OF GODHOOD, 699
 How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st, 367
 How sleep the brave who sink to rest, 423
 How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth, 399
 How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers, 641
 How the people held their breath, 231
 HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT, THE, 219
 HUNT, LEIGH, 480
 HUXLEY, THOMAS HENRY, 870, 1043
 HYACINTH HALVEY, 733
 HYMN, 412
 HYMN OF TRUST, 643
Hymns, 337
 HYMN TO ADVERSITY, 418
 HYMN TO DIANA, 373
 HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER, A, 379
 HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY, 485
 I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave! 299
 I am singing to you, 709
 I arise from dreams of thee, 502
 I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers, 486
 I can love both fair and brown, 377
 I cannot but remember, 695
 ICARUS, 349
 I come from haunts of coot and hern, 544
 I dare not ask a kiss, 382
 IDEA (selection), 360
 IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY (selection), 984
 I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs, 400
 IDYLLS OF THE KING, THE (selections), 193
 I enter and I see thee in the gloom, 641
 If all the world and love were young, 361
 If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song, 423
 If I should die, think only this of me, 622
 I fled Him, down the nights and down the days, 591
 I flung my soul to the air like a falcon flying, 706
 If the red slayer think he slays, 653
 If thou must love me, let it be for nought, 519
 I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH, 692
 I have had playmates, I have had companions, 471
 I HEAR AMERICA SINGING, 658
 I heard a wood-thrush in the dusk, 694
 I heard one who said: "Verily," 685
 I know a little garden-close, 603
 I know my soul hath power to know all things, 373
 I know not why, but all this weary day, 654
 I know that you are lost to me, and yet, 625
 I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze, 641
 "I'll tell—being past all praying for," 327
 I long to talk with some old lover's ghost, 378
IL PENSERO, 392
 I met a traveler from an antique land, 486
 I'm going out to clean the pasture spring, 687
 IMMORTALITY, 581
 Immortal Love, forever full, 645
 I must go down to the sea again, 623
 I'm wearin' awa', John, 451
 In a coign of the cliff between lowland and high-land, 596
 IN AFTER DAYS, 590
 IN A GONDOLA (selection), 549
 IN CABINED SHIPS AT SEA, 657
 INCHCAPE ROCK, THE, 238
 IN CHURCH, 326
 INDIAN SERENADE, THE, 502
 INDIFFERENT, THE, 377
 IN FLANDERS FIELDS, 617
 In Flaundres whylom was a companye, 167
 INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS, 455
 IN HARBOR, 656
 In Jersey City where I did dwell, 212
 IN MEMORIAM (selections), 533
 IN SCHOOL-DAYS, 646
 INTEGER VITAE, 370
 IN TEMPTATION, 431
 In the deserted, moon-blanch'd street, 578
 IN THE HIGHLANDS, 598
 In the hour of death, after this life's whim, 590
 In the hour of my distress, 385
 IN THE MOONLIGHT, 613
 IN THE PASHA'S GARDEN, 1153
 IN THE ROOM OF THE BRIDE-ELECT, 327
 In the waste hour, 601
 In the wet-dusk of silver-sweet, 617
 In the wild, soft summer darkness, 694
 IN THREE DAYS, 552
 INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLEC-
 TIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD, 465
 IN TIME OF PESTILENCE, 370
 INTRODUCTION TO SONGS OF INNOCENCE, 432
 INVICTUS, 600
 In Xanadu did Kubla Khan, 470
 "I play for Seasons; not Eternities!" 575
 I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER, 476
 IRRADIATIONS (selection), 712
 I SAW A CHAPEL ALL OF GOLD, 434
 I saw Eternity the other night, 405
 I scarcely grieve, O Nature! at the lot, 654
 I shall remember then, 707
 I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold, 460
 I shot an arrow into the air, 638
 Is it this weary and most constant heart, 625
 ISLES OF GREECE, THE, 483
 Is there, for honest poverty, 446
 I stood at the back of the shop, my dear, 327
 I stood on the bridge at midnight, 638
 I strove with none, for none was worth my strife, 481
 I struck the board, and cried, "No more," 386
 It fell about the Martinmas time, 229
 IT FORTIFIES MY SOUL, 571
 I think it is over, over, 656
 I thought once how Theocritus had sung, 518
 IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING, CALM AND FREE, 468
 It is an ancient Mariner, 261
 It is portentous, and a thing of state, 691
 It keeps eternal whisperings around, 505
 It little profits that an idle king, 530
 I TRAVELED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN, 456
 It's a warm wind, the west wind, 623
 It seems to me that very long ago, 625
 It was in and about the Martinmas time, 212
 It was many and many a year ago, 652
 It was the schooner *Hesperus*, 241
 It was the stalwart butcher man, 244
 I walk down the garden paths, 330
 I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD, 462
 I wanted to go away to college, 329
 I was angry with my friend, 434
 I watched it oozing quietly, 623
 I weep for Adonais—he is dead, 493

- I went to the dances at Chandlerville, 329
 I, who have lost the stars, the sod, 691
 I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree, 633
 I will be the gladdest thing, 694
 I will make you brooches and toys for your delight, 598
 I winged my bird, 328
 I wonder do you feel today, 551
 JACOBS, WILLIAM WYMARK, 1149
 JENNY KISSED ME, 480
 JESSE JAMES, 231
 Jesu, lover of my soul, 431
 JOCK OF HAZELDEAN, 239
 JOHN ANDERSON, My Jo, JOHN, 443
 John Gilpin was a citizen, 251
 JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG, 224
 JONES, THOMAS S., JR., 706
 JONSON, BEN, 373
 JOURNEY'S END, THE, 686
 JUNE, 603
 Just for a handful of silver he left us, 549
 KEATS, JOHN, 183, 504
 KELLY, MYRA, 1123
 KELLYBURN BRAES, 235
 KEMP OWYNE, 215
 KILLERS, 709
 KINGSLEY, CHARLES, 242
 KIPLING, RUDYARD, 606
 KISS, THE, 614
 KUBLA KHAN, 470
 LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI, 190
 LABOR, 981
 LABORATORY, THE, 294
 LADY OF SHALOTT, THE, 191
 LADY OF THE LAKE, THE (selections), 472
 LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE, THE, 633
 L'ALLEGRO, 390
 LAMB, THE, 433
 LAMB, CHARLES, 471, 927
 LAMENT, A, 504
 LAMENT FOR CULLODEN, A, 444
 LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE, THE, 748
 LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE, 480
 LAND O' THE LEAL, THE, 451
 LANIER, SIDNEY, 674
 LAODAMIA, 271
 LAST CHANTEY, THE, 606
 LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY, THE, 857
 LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE, THE (selection), 768
 LAST POEMS (selections), 618
 LAST WORD, THE, 585
 LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL, THE (selection), 472
 LEACOCK, STEPHEN, 1065
 LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT, 585
 LEAVE ME, O LOVE, WHICH REACHEST BUT TO DUST, 354
 LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD, 626
 LE MORTE DARTHUR (Book XXI, Chapters 1-7), 141
 LEPANTO, 323
 Let me not to the marriage of true minds, 367
 Let us begin and carry up this corpse, 553
 LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW, 960
 LIBERAL EDUCATION, A, 1043
 LIE, THE, 361
 LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON, THE (selection), 603
 Life ever seems as from its present site, 654
 LIFE OF MAN, THE, 594
 LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, THE (selection), 850
 Light flows our war of mocking words, and yet, 580
 Like a gaunt, scraggly pine, 715
 Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore, 365
 Like cataracts that crash from a crumbling crag, 712
 Like to the falling of a star, 376
 LINCOLN, 715
 LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE, 678
 LINDSAY, VACHEL, 690
 LINES, 504
 LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, 452
 LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN, 508
 LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT, 385
 LITERARY TASTE, HOW TO FORM IT (selection), 1071
 LITERATURE, 984
Literature
 Spirit of Medieval, The, 107
 Of the People, 111
 LITERATURE AND SCIENCE, 1032
 LITERATURE OF KNOWLEDGE AND LITERATURE OF POWER, 957
 LITTLE BOY BLUE, 677
 Little Lamb, who made thee? 433
 LOCHINVAR, 240
 LONDON, 1802, 468
 LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, 241, 637
 LORD CLIVE (selection), 792
 "Lordings," quod he, "in chirches whan I preche," 165
 Lord of all being! throned afar, 643
 LORD RANDAL, 209
 Lord, thou hast given me a cell, 384
 LOST, 708
 LOST LEADER, THE, 549
 Lo! 'tis a gala night, 648
 LOTOS-EATERS, THE, 526
 LOVE, 386
 Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back, 386
 Love built a stately house, where Fortune came, 386
 LOVE IN THE VALLEY, 571
 LOVE IS DEAD, 352
 LOVELACE, RICHARD, 388
 LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS, THE, 444
 LOVE ME NOT FOR COMELY GRACE, 349
 LOVER'S RESOLUTION, THE, 402
 LOVE'S DEITY, 378
 "Love seeketh not itself to please," 434
 LOVE'S SECRET, 434
 Love turns to hate, they say; and surely I, 625
 Love winged my hopes and taught me how to fly, 349
 Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show, 353
 LOWELL, AMY, 330
 LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, 647
 LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT, 575
 LUCINDA MATLOCK, 329
 LUCY GRAY, 237

- LYCIDAS, 395
 LYL, JOHN, 352
 LYRICAL BALLADS, PREFACE TO, 914
Lyric Poetry, 335
 Themes and Moods of, 336
 Individual and Communal Elements, 339
 The Forms of, 339
 The Trend of, 341
 LYRICS TO IANTHE (selections), 480
 MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, 792, 964
 MADGE WILDFIRE'S SONG, 239
 MAHONY, FRANCIS (Father Prout), 514
 MAID FREED FROM THE GALLOWS, THE, 213
 MALORY, SIR THOMAS, 141
 MAN, 373
 MANGAN, JAMES CLARENCE, 513
 MAN HE KILLED, THE, 613
 MANSFIELD, KATHERINE (Mrs. John Middleton Murry), 1163
 MAN WITH THE HOE, THE, 677
 MANY CARGOES (selection), 1149
 MARCH, 276
 March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale, 474
 MARGARITAE SORORI, 600
 MARKHAM, EDWIN, 677
 MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER, 361
 MARSHES OF GLYNN, THE, 675
 Martial, the things that do attain, 351
 MARVELL, ANDREW, 403
 Mary! I want a lyre with other strings, 429
 MARY MORISON, 438
 MASEFIELD, JOHN, 315, 623
 MASTER, OUR, 645
 MASTER, THE, 683
 MASTERS, EDGAR LEE, 328
 MATIN SONG, 376
 MATRI DILECTISSIMAE, 601
 MAUD (selections), 545
 MAY-EVE, 707
 MAY IS BACK, 628
 MCCRAE, JOHN, 617
 MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE, THE, 351
Medieval Narrative Poetry and Modern Imitations, 107
 MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS, A, 383
 MEETING AT NIGHT, 550
 ME IMPERTURBE, 658
 MEMORABILIA, 552
 MEMORY, 380
 MEMORY OF EARTH, THE, 617
 MENDING WALL, 687
 MENELAUS AND HELEN, 620
 MEREDITH, GEORGE, 571
 MERMAID, THE, 218
 Methought I saw my late espoused saint, 402
 MIA CARLOTTA, 685
 MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT, 694
 MILLER, JOAQUIN, 673
 MILTON, 546
 MILTON, JOHN, 72, 390
 Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour, 468
 MOCKING BIRD, THE, 675
 MODERN LOVE (Stanza xiii), 575
Modern Narrative Poetry, 247
 MODERN PAINTERS (selection), 1021
 MONTAGUE, LADY MARY WORTLEY, 946 (note)
 MOODY, WILLIAM VAUGHN, 679
 MOON'S ORCHESTRA, THE, 715
 MOORE, THOMAS, 479
 MORRIS, WILLIAM, 274, 603
 MORRISON, ARTHUR, 1137
 MOTHER, I CANNOT MIND MY WHEEL, 481
 MOTH'S KISS, FIRST, THE, 549
 MOWING OF A FIELD, THE, 1073
 MR. GLADSTONE AND LORD BEACONSFIELD, 876
 Much have I traveled in the realms of gold, 504
 MUNICIPAL REPORT, A, 1128
 MURRY, MRS. JOHN MIDDLETON (Katherine Mansfield), 1163
 Music, when soft voices die, 504
 MY DELIGHT AND THY DELIGHT, 604
 My eyes upon your eyes, 628
 My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains, 510
 MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD, 457
 MY JEAN, 442
 MY LAST DUCHESS, 290
 My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree, 688
 MY LOST YOUTH, 639
 My loved, my honored, much respected friend! 439
 My mind to me a kingdom is, 351
 My mother has the prettiest tricks, 695
 My mother's hands are cool and fair, 695
 My silks and fine array, 432
 MY SISTER'S SLEEP, 586
 My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on, 376
 My soul, there is a country, 405
 My spirit is too weak—mortality, 505
 MY STAR, 551
 "My stick!" he says and turns in the lane, 327
 My true love hath my heart, 352
 NAIRNE, LADY (Carolina Oliphant), 451
 NAMELESS ONE, THE, 513
 NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY AND RESTORATION OF MRS. MARY ROWLANDSON (selection), 829
 NASH, THOMAS, 369
 Never seek to tell thy love, 434
 NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS (selection), 1112
 NEW JERUSALEM, THE, 350
 NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL, 585, 984
 NEWTON, SIR ISAAC, 946 (note)
 NEW YEAR'S BURDEN, A, 588
 NIGHT, 433
 NIGHTINGALES, 605
 NIGHT OF STARS, 714
 NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA, THE, 382
 NIGHT WIND, THE, 714
 NINETEEN-FOURTEEN (sonnets from), 620
 Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the Northwest died away, 551
 NOCTURNE IN A DESERTED BRICKYARD, 709
 No longer mourn for me when I am dead, 365
 No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist, 512
 No stir in the air, no stir in the sea, 238
 Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, 479
 No! those days are gone away, 508
 Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul, 366
Novel, The, 1088
 Now God be thanked who has matched us with his hour, 620
 Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime, 73
 NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL, 532
 Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly, 294
 Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, 607

- Now the storm begins to lower, 422
 Now winter nights enlarge, 371
 NOYES, ALFRED, 313, 629
 NUMBER 3 ON THE DOCKET, 331
 NUTBROWNE MAIDE, THE, 344
 NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD, THE, 361
 NYMPH'S SONG TO HYLAS, 603
 Obscurest night involved the sky, 430
 O BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE, 231
 ODE, 569
 ODE ON A GRECIAN URN, 509
 ODE ON MELANCHOLY, 512
 ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WEL-
 LINGTON, 540
 ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE, 510
 ODE TO DUTY, 463
 ODE TO EVENING, 423
 ODE TO THE WEST WIND, 489
 ODE WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR
 1746, 423
 (ENONE, 522
 Of all the girls that are so smart, 413
 Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, 442.
 OF DEATH, 895
 Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing, 274
 OF HIS DEAR SON, GERVASE, 375
 Of many marucls in my time, 232
 OF NEGOTIATING, 898
 Of old sat Freedom on the heights, 529
 OF ONE WHO WALKS ALONE, 707
 O for some honest lover's ghost, 387
 OF STUDIES, 899
 Often I think of the beautiful town, 639
 Oft have I seen at some cathedral door, 640
 OF THE PATHETIC FALLACY, 1021
 Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray, 237
 OF TRAVEL, 896
 Of wounds and sore defeat, 679
 OF YOUTH AND AGE, 897
 O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST, 414
 "O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge," 213
 Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair, 474
 Oh, do not think me dead when I, 699
 O Heart of hearts, the chalice of love's fire, 596
 O. HENRY (William Sydney Porter), 1128
 Oh! for a closer walk with God, 426
 Oh, grieve not, ladies, if at night, 697
 Oh, never say that I was false of heart, 366
 Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare, 637
 Oh, that those lips had language! 427
 Oh, to be in England, 550
 Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west, 240
 O June, O June, that we desired so, 603
 OLD AGE, 408
 OLD CHINA, 934
 OLD FAMILIAR FACES, THE, 471
 OLD IRONSIDES, 642
 OLIPHANT, CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE, 451
 OLNEY HYMNS (selections), 426
 "O lonely workman, standing there," 613
 O Love Divine, that stooped to share, 643
 O lyric Love, half angel and half bird, 567
 O Mary, at thy window be! 438
 "O Mary, go and call the cattle home," 243
 O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE, 520
 O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies, 546
 O MISTRESS MINE, WHERE ARE YOU ROAMING? 368
 O my Luve's like a red, red rose, 442
 ON A LAZY IDLE BOY, 1016
 On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose, 575
 ON A SUBWAY EXPRESS, 691
 Once upon a midnight dreary, 649
 ON DEATH, 481
 One Friday morn when we set sail, 218
 O'NEILL, MOIRA (Mrs. Nesta Higginson Skrine),
 629
 On either side the river lie, 191
 One more unfortunate, 477
 ONE WORD MORE, 555
 ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER, 504
 ON GOING A JOURNEY, 937
 ON GROWING OLD, 624
 ON HIS BLINDNESS, 401
 ON HIS DECEASED WIFE, 402
 ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-
 THREE, 399
 ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY, 481
 ON HISTORY, 975
 O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray, 399
 ON SANDALS AND SIMPLICITY, 1068
 ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES, 505
 ON TASTE IN THE CHOICE OF BOOKS, 907
 ON THE DEATH-BED, 327
 ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY
 WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES, 400
 ON THE FEAR OF DEATH, 951
 ON THE FEELING OF IMMORTALITY IN YOUTH, 944
 ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT, 401
 ON THE LIFE OF MAN, 376
 ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE, 429
 ON THE PALISADES, 700
 ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE, 427
 ON THE SEA, 505
 ON THE STAIRS, 1137
 ON THE SUDDEN RESTRAINT OF ROBERT CARR, 371
 ON THE WAY TO KEW, 601
 On those great waters now I am, 403
 O saw ye bonnie Lesley, 445
 O saw ye not fair Ines? 476
 O see how thick the goldcup flowers, 618
 O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR, 569
 O Sorrow! 506
 O star of morning and of liberty! 642
 O THAT 'TWERE POSSIBLE, 546
 Others abide our question. Thou art free, 576
 O thou undaunted daughter of desires! 390
 O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell, 450
 O thou! whatever title suit thee, 447
 OUR MASTER, 645
 OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING, 662
 Out of the hills of Habersham, 674
 Out of the night that covers me, 600
 Out of the sparkling sea, 622
 Out on the rocks primeval, 704
 OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, 327
 Out upon it, I have loved, 387
 Over the hill, over the hill, 707
 OVER THE SEA OUR GALLEYS WENT, 548
 O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST, 447
 "O whare hae ye been a' day, 209
 "O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms," 190
 "O whare hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?" 209
 O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's
 being, 489

- O, WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT, 443
 O world, I cannot hold thee close enough! 694
 O world! O life! O time! 504
 O ye wha are sae guid yoursel, 449
 OZYMANDIAS, 486
 Pack, clouds, away! and welcome, day! 376
 Pale green-white, in a gallop across the sky, 713
 PANDORA'S SONG, 679
 PARACELTUS (selections), 548
 PARADISE LOST, Book v, 72; Book vi, 88
 PARDONER'S TALE, THE, 167
 PARKMAN, FRANCIS, 811
 PARTING AT MORNING, 550
 PASSER-BY, A, 605
 PASSING OF ARTHUR, THE, 193
 Passing through huddled and ugly walls, 709
 PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE, THE, 361
 PASSIONS, THE, 424
 PAST AND PRESENT (Book III, Chapter xi), 981
 PAST RUINED ILION HELEN LIVES, 481
 PASTURE, THE, 687
 PATER FILIO, 605
 PATER, WALTER, 1045
 PATRIOTISM, 472
 PATTERNS, 330
 PAULINE BARRETT, 328
 PEACE (Brooke), 620
 PEACE (Vaughan), 405
 PEASANT REVOLT, THE, 803
 PEELE, GEORGE, 357
 PEPYS, SAMUEL, 839
 PHILOMELA, 407 (note), 581
 PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION, THE, 989
 Piping down the valleys wild, 432
 PIPPA PASSES (selections), 549
 PLACE DE LA RÉVOLUTION, 787
 POE, EDGAR ALLAN, 648, 989, 1091
 POET, THE, 521
Poetry
 Why Poetry Developed before Prose, 1
 Medieval Narrative, 107
 Modern Imitations, 113
 Modern Narrative, 247
 Lyric, 335
 English Lyric, 343
 American Lyric, 634
 POET'S SONG, THE, 531
 POISON TREE, A, 434
 POPE, ALEXANDER, 412
 PORTER, WILLIAM SYDNEY (O. Henry), 1128
 Pray but one prayer for me 'twixt thy closed lips,
 603
 PRAYER, 698
 PRAYER OF OLD AGE, THE (selection), 403
 PREFACE TO THE LYRICAL BALLADS, 914
 PRINCESS, THE (Lyrics from), 531
 PROLOGUE TO LA SAINIAZ, 568
 PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES, 150
 PROLOGUE TO THE PARDONER'S TALE, 165
 PROMETHEUS UNBOUND (Lyrics from), 490
Prosa Fiction, 1087
 PROSPICE, 566
 PROTHALAMION, 354
 Proud Maisie is in the wood, 239
 PULLEY, THE, 385
 QUARLES, FRANCIS, 376
 Queen and huntress, chaste and fair, 373
 QUEEN VICTORIA (Chapter VIII), 876
 QUILLER-COUCH, SIR ARTHUR, 1140
 RABBI BEN EZRA, 558
 RALEIGH, SIR WALTER, 361, 768
 RAPPACCINI'S DAUGHTER, 1095
 RAVEN, THE, 649
 RECESSIONAL, 609
 RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD, 900
 RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY
 AND BYRON (Chapters x, xi, xii), 857
 RED, RED ROSE, A, 442
 REMEMBRANCE, 625
 REQUIEM, 599
 RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE, 457
 RESPICE FINEM, 376
 RETREAT, THE, 404
 RETURN, THE, 622
 REVEILLE (Housman), 617
 REVEILLE (Untermyer), 703
 RICE, CALE YOUNG, 703
 RIDERS TO THE SEA, 726
 RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER, THE, 261
 RIMMON, 611
 Ring out your bells, 352
 RISE, CROWNED WITH LIGHT, 412
 RIVER, THE, 315
 RIZPAH, 311
 ROAD NOT TAKEN, THE, 688
 ROBIN HOOD, 508
 ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN A DALE, 225
 ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL, 227
 ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON, 683
 ROLL-CALL OF THE REEF, THE, 1140
 Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river, 513
 ROMANCE, 598
Romances of Chivalry, The, 108
 ROMANTICISM, 1046
 Roman Vergil, thou that singest, 546
 ROSE AYLMER, 480
 ROSE OF THE WORLD, THE, 633
 ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA G., 590
 ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL, 586
 Round the cape of a sudden came the sea, 550
 ROWLANDSON, MARY, 829
 RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM (selections), 515
 RUGBY CHAPEL, 583
 "Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!" 419
 RULE, BRITANNIA, 415
 RUSKIN, JOHN, 1020
 RUSSELL, GEORGE WILLIAM ("A. E."), 617
 SAFETY, 621
 SAINT AGNES' EVE, 529
 SALLY IN OUR ALLEY, 413
 SAND AND SPRAY (selections), 712
 SANDBURG, CARL, 708
 SANDS OF DEE, THE, 243
 SASSOON, SIEGFRIED, 614
 SATAN AMONG THE BIOGRAPHERS, 1078
 SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE, 326
 SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH, 570
 Say, what blinds us, that we claim the glory, 578
 SCOTS, WHA HAE, 446
 SCOTT, SIR WALTER, 239, 257, 472
 SEA-FEVER, 623
 SEARCY FOOTE, 329
 Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness, 512
 SEEGER, ALAN, 692

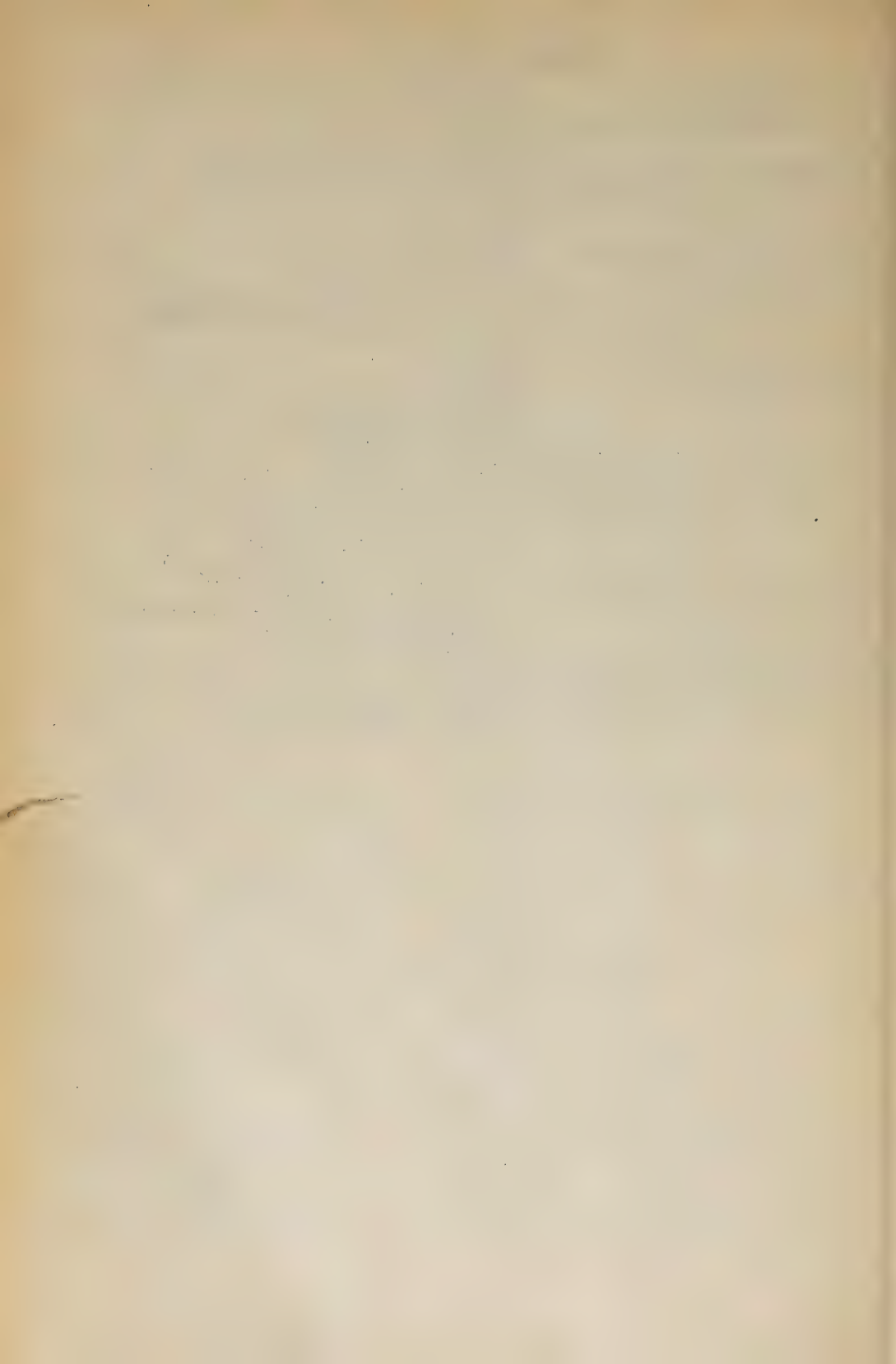
- See how the flowers, as at parade, 403
 SELF-DECEPTION, 578
 Sense with keenest edge unused, 605
 SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD, 358
 SHADOW, 628
 SHAKESPEARE, 576
 SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, 363
 Shall I compare thee to a summer's day, 364
 Shall I sonnet-sing you about myself? 567
 Shall I, wasting in despair, 402
 SHANTY BOY, THE, 229
 SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS, 456
 She fell asleep on Christmas Eve, 586
 SHE HEARS THE STORM, 613
 SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, 484
 SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS, THE, 647
 SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG, THE, 358
 SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY, 481
 SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT, 461
 SHIP OF STATE, THE, 639
 SHIRLEY, JAMES, 380
 SHORE'S SONG TO THE SEA, THE, 704
 SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, A
 (selection), 803
Short Story, The, 1089
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot, 443
 SHROPSHIRE LAD, A (selections), 617
 SHROUDING OF THE DUCHESS OF MALFI, THE, 376
 SIC TRANSIT, 371
 SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP, 352
 SIMPLEX MUNDITIS, 374
 Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part, 360
 SING ME A SONG, 598
 SIRE DE MALÉTROIT'S DOOR, THE, 1112
 SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT, 115
 SIR PATRICK SPENS, 223
 "Sixpence a week," says the girl to her lover, 326
 SKRINE, MRS. NESTA HIGGINSON (Moirá O'Neill),
 629
 SKYSCRAPERS, 714
 Slayer of the winter, art thou here again? 276
 SLEEP, 375
 SMOKE AND STEEL, 709
 Smoke of the fields in spring is one, 709
 So, I shall see her in three days, 552
 SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER, 473
 SOLDIER, THE, 622
 SOLITARY REAPER, THE, 460
 Something there is that doesn't love a wall, 687
 SONG AT SUNSET, 672
 SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, A, 408
 SONG FROM SHAKESPEARE'S CYMBELINE, A, 423
 SONG OF THE CHATTAHOCHEE, 674
 SONG OF THE INDIAN MAID, 506
 SONG OF THE SHIRT, THE, 476
Songs, 339
 SONGS FOR MY MOTHER, 695
 SONGS (from Shakespeare's plays), 367
Sonnets, 340, 341
 SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE (selections), 518
 SONNET ON CHILLON, 482
 So shuts the marigold her leaves, 380
 SOUL'S BEAUTY, 589
 Souls of Poets dead and gone, 508
 SOUTHEY, ROBERT, 238
 So, we'll go no more a-roving, 482
 SPECTATOR, THE (selections), 902
 SPECTER PIG, THE, 244
 SPENSER, EDMUND, 354
 SPLENDOR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS, THE, 531
 Splendor of ended day floating and filling me, 672
 SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY (selections), 328
 SPRING, 369
 SPRING NIGHT, 693
 Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant
 king, 369
 St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was, 183
 STAMBOUL NIGHTS (selection), 1153
 STANZAS, 484
 STANZAS FOR MUSIC, 482
 STATUE AND THE BUST, THE, 295
 STEELE, SIR RICHARD, 900
 Stern Daughter of the Voice of God! 463
 STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS, 598, 1050, 1112
 Still sits the schoolhouse by the road, 646
 Still to be neat, still to be drest, 374
 STRACHEY, LYTTON, 876
 Strong Son of God, immortal Love, 533
 STUDY OF POETRY, THE, 1026
 Stuff of the moon, 709
 SUCKLING, SIR JOHN, 387
 SUMMER DAWN, 603
 SUMMER NIGHT, A, 578
 SUMMER NIGHT, RIVERSIDE, 694
 SUMMONS, 697
 SUMMUM BONUM, 568
 SUN-DAY HYMN, A, 643
 Sunset and evening star, 547
 Superb and sole, upon a pluméd spray, 675
 Sure thou didst flourish once! and many springs,
 406
 SWALLOW, THE, 407
 Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content, 359
 SWEET CONTENT, 372
 Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright! 385
 Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen, 395
 SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST, 216
 Swiftly walk over the western wave, 503
 SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES, 593
 SYMONS, ARTHUR, 624
 SYNGE, JOHN M., 726
 Take away the dancing girls, quench the lights,
 remove, 626
 Take, O, take those lips away, 368
 Take up the White Man's burden, 611
 TALES OF MEAN STREETS (selection), 1137
 TAM O'SHANTER, 254
 TATLER, THE (selection), 900
 TEARS, IDLE TEARS, 532
 TEASDALE, SARA, 692
 Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind, 388
 TELL ME, WHERE IS FANCY BRED, 368
 TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD, 191, 311, 521
 THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE, 1011
 THANATOPSIS, 634
 THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE, A, 384
 That's my last Duchess painted on the wall, 290
 That story which the bold Sir Bedivere, 193
 That time of year thou mayst in me behold, 366
 The anguish of the earth absolves our eyes, 614
 The awful shadow of some unseen power, 485
 The Baron of Smaylh'ome rose with day, 257
 THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB, 291
 The blessed damozel leaned out, 587

- The chestnut casts his flambeaux, 619
 The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, 416
 The cymbals crash, 632
 The daughters of [the] Seraphim led round their sunny flocks, 435
 The day is done, and the darkness, 637
 The eager night and the impetuous winds, 697
 The glories of our blood and state, 380
 The gray sea and the long black land, 550
 The illimitable leaping of the sea, 703
 The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece, 483
 The kettle descants in a cosy drone, 326
 The king sits in Dumferling toune, 223
 The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest, 380
 The lawyer, are you? 331
 The little toy dog is covered with dust, 677
 The lovely lass o' Inverness, 444
 The man of life upright, 370
 The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, 636
 The moth's kiss, first, 549
 The park is filled with night and fog, 693
 The Persè owt off Northombarlonde, 219
 The poet in a golden clime was born, 521
 The rain had fallen, the Poet arose, 531
 There be none of Beauty's daughters, 482
 There came a ghost to Margret's door, 216
 There came a youth upon the earth, 647
 There dwelt a man in faire Westmerland, 224
 There is a garden in her face, 371
 THERE IS A LADY SWEET AND KIND, 349
 There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier, 522
 There lived a carl in Kellyburn Braes, 235
 There lived a wife at Usher's Well, 217
 There's a barrel-organ caroling across a golden street, 629
 There's a palace in Florence, the world knows well, 295
 THERE'S A WOMAN LIKE A DEWDROP, 549
 "There's no sense in going further," 609
 There's not a nook within this solemn Pass, 469
 There they are, my fifty men and women, 555
 THERE WAS A BOY, 454
 THERE WAS A CHILD WENT FORTH, 671
 There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell, 228
 There was a roaring in the wind all night, 457
 There was a time in former years, 613
 There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream, 465
 There was twa sisters in a bow'r, 211
 The same majestic pine is lifted high, 655
 The sea had filled me with the stress, 702
 The sea is calm tonight, 582
 These are the ways of one who walks alone, 707
 The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er, 408
 These hearts were woven of human joys and cares, 621
 The skies they were ashen and sober, 651
 The sky immense, bejeweled with rain of stars, 714
 The spacious firmament on high, 412
 The splendor falls on castle walls, 531
 The star that bids the shepherd fold, 394
 The sun descending in the west, 433
 The twentieth year is well-nigh past, 429
 The ways of Death are soothing and serene, 599
 The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees, 313
 THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US, 469
 The world's great age begins anew, 503
 They are all gone into the world of light! 406
 The year's at the spring, 549
 Think, listener, that I had the luck to stand, 275
 Think thou and act; tomorrow thou shalt die, 589
 This is like the nave of an unfinished cathedral, 715
 This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign, 642
 THOMAS RYMER, 214
 THOMPSON, FRANCIS, 591
 THOMSON, JAMES, 415
 THOREAU, HENRY DAVID, 1004
 "Thou bel amy, thou Pardoner," he seyde, 164
 Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew, 637
 Thou fair-haired angel of the evening, 432
 THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND, 469
 Thou ling'ring star, with less'n'ing ray, 444
 Thou still unravished bride of quietness, 509
 Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State, 639
 THREE FISHERS, THE, 242
 Three fishers went sailing away to the West, 242
 THREE YEARS SHE GREW, 456
 Through thick Arcadian woods a hunter went, 277
 Thus said the Lord in the Vault above the Cherubim, 606
 THY VOICE IS HEARD, 532
 TIGER, THE, 433
 Tiger! Tiger! burning bright, 433
 TIMBER, THE, 406
 TIMROD, HENRY, 654
 TINTERN ABBEY, LINES . . . , 452
 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock, 175
 To ———, 504
 To ALTHEA, FROM PRISON, 388
 To A MOUSE, 438
 To A NEW YORK SHOP-GIRL, 696
 To ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING, 383
 To ANY DEAD OFFICER, 616
 To A SKY-LARK (Shelley), 488
 To A SKY-LARK, I, II (Wordsworth), 462
 To AUTUMN, 512
 To A WATERFOWL, 636
 To CELIA, 373
 To CYRIACK SKINNER, 401
 To DAFFODILS, 383
 Today I saw the shop-girl go, 696
 To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name, 374
 To ELECTRA, 382
 To fair Fidele's grassy tomb, 423
 To HELEN, 648
 To him who in the love of Nature holds, 634
 Toll for the brave! 429
 To LUCASTA, GOING TO THE WARS, 388
 To MARY, 429
 To MARY IN HEAVEN, 444
 To MARY UNWIN, 429
 To NIGHT, 503
 Tonight eternity alone is near, 708
 Topics for Study, Discussion, and Report, 1175
 To SONG, 707
 To THE EVENING STAR, 432
 To THE FRINGED GENTIAN, 637
 To THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY, 1652, 400

- TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED, MASTER
 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 374
 TO THE MUSES, 432
 TO THE NIGHTINGALE, 399
 To the ocean now I fly, 395
 To these I turn, in these I trust, 614
 TO THE THAWING WIND, 687
 TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE, 360
 TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME, 384
 TO VERGIL, 546
 TO VIOLETS, 383
 Towns and countries woo together, 617
 TRANSIENCY, 705
 TREACHERY OF PONTIAC, THE, 815
 TREASURE, THE, 622
 TRELAWNY, EDWARD J., 857
 TROOPS, THE, 614
 TROSSACHS, THE, 469
 True Thomas lay oer yond grassy bank, 214
 TWA CORBIES, THE, 210
 'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won, 409
 TWA SISTERS, THE, 211
 TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA, 551
 Two roads diverged in a yellow wood, 688
 Two Voices are there; one is of the sea, 469
 UBI SUNT QUI ANTE NOS FUERUNT? 344
 ULALUME, 651
 ULYSSES, 530
 Underneath this marble hearse, 907 (note)
 Underneath this sable hearse, 380
 Under the arch of Life, where love and death,
 589
 UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE, 368
 UNDER THE HARVEST MOON, 709
 UNDER THE PINE, 655
 Under the wide and starry sky, 599
 Under yonder beech-tree single on the greensward,
 571
 UNFADING BEAUTY, THE, 381
 UNIVERSAL PRAYER, 413
 Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart, 518
 UNTERMAYER, LOUIS, 697
 Unto the world to make my moane, 234
 UPHILL, 590
 Up the airy mountain, 604
 Up with me! up with me into the clouds! 462
 Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity! 291
 VAUGHAN, HENRY, 404
 Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying, 471
 VICTORY, 623
 VICTORY DANCE, A, 632
 VIGIL STRANGE I KEPT ON THE FIELD ONE NIGHT,
 665
 VIRTUE, 385
 Virtue smiles: cry holiday, 372
 VISION OF MIRZA, THE, 902
 VOICES, 629
 VOYAGES (selections), 765
 Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and
 sea, 311
 Wake! The silver dusk returning, 617
 WALDEN (Chapter XII), 1004
 WALKING TOURS, 1050
 WALKING WITH GOD, 426
 WALLER, EDMUND, 408
 WANDERERS, THE (Morris), 275
 WANDERERS, THE (Symons), 626
 Wandering, ever wandering, 626
 WANDERING HEATH (selection), 1140
 WARNING FOR ALL DESPERATE WOMEN, A, 234
 Was I a Samurai renowned, 599
 Watch thou and fear; tomorrow thou shalt die, 589
 WATTS, ISAAC, 414
 WAYS OF DEATH, THE, 599
 We are the music-makers, 569
 WEBSTER, JOHN, 376
 We'd gained our first objective hours before, 615
 WEEP NO MORE, 375
 Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee, 358
 Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie, 438
 Welcome, maids of honor! 383
 WE'LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING (Byron), 482
 WE'LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING (Henley), 600
 Well, how are things in Heaven? 616
 Well then! I now do plainly see, 407
 Were both they that bforen us weren, 344
 WESLEY, CHARLES, 431
 WESTON, MISS JESSIE L., 115 (note)
 WEST WIND, THE, 623
 Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote, 150
 What are these—angels or demons, 714
 What can I give thee back, O liberal, 519
 What have I done for you, 602
 What is he quizzing in my ears? 566
 What is it to grow old? 582
 WHAT IS TO COME WE KNOW NOT, 599
 What sight so lured him through the fields he
 knew, 547
 What sudden bugle calls us in the night, 703
 When Britain first, at Heaven's command, 415
 When chapman billies leave the street, 254
 When color goes home into the eyes, 622
 When God at first made man, 385
 WHEN HELEN FIRST SAW WRINKLES IN HER
 FACE, 480
 WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL, 367
 When I consider everything that grows, 364
 When I consider how my light is spent, 401
 When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 363
 WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE TO BE,
 505
 When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 364
 When in the chronicle of wasted time, 366
 When I see birches bend to left and right, 689
 When I was one-and-twenty, 618
 When I would muse in boyhood, 619
 When, like the early rose, 514
 WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOMED,
 667
 When lovely woman stoops to folly, 431
 When Love with unconfined wings, 388
 When Music, heavenly maid, was young, 424
 When my arms wrap you round I press, 633
 When our two souls stand up erect and strong, 519
 When Robin Hood and Little John, 227
 When summer's end is nighing, 619
 WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY,
 400
 When the fierce Northwind with his airy forces,
 414
 When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
 593

When the lamp is shattered, 504
 When the moon lights up, 715
 When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind
 Hour, 678
 WHEN THE YEAR GROWS OLD, 695
 When to the sessions of sweet silent thought, 364
 WHEN WE ARE UPON THE SEAS (selection), 403
 WHEN WE TWO PARTED, 482
 "Where am I from?" 629
 WHERE THE BEE SUCKS, THERE SUCK I, 369
 Where the remote Bermudas ride, 404
 Whether on Ida's shady brow, 432
 White founts falling in the Courts of the sun,
 323
 White in the moon the long road lies, 618
 WHITE MAN'S BURDEN, THE, 611
 Whither, midst falling dew, 636
 Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowd-
 ing, 605
 WHITMAN, WALT, 657
 WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF, 644
 Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream? 633
 Whoe'er she be, 388
 Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm, 379
 Who is it calling by the darkened river, 629
 Who Is SILVIA? 367
 Who is the happy Warrior? 463
 WHY A CLASSIC IS A CLASSIC, 1071
 "Why dois your brand sae drap wi' bluid," 208
 WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER? 387
 Why weep ye by the tide, ladie? 239
 WHY, WHY REPINE, 481
 WIFE OF USHER'S WELL, THE, 217
 Wild flight on flight against the fading dawn, 692
 'Will sprawl, now that the heat of day is best,
 561
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun, 379

Wind of the night, wind of the long cool shadows,
 714
 Winged poet of vernal ethers! 655
 WINTER NIGHTS, 371
 Wisdom and Spirit of the universe! 455
 WISHES TO HIS SUPPOSED MISTRESS, 388
 WISH, THE, 407
 With deep affection, 514
 WITHER, GEORGE, 402
 With fingers weary and worn, 476
 With how sad steps, O Moon, 353
 With rue my heart is laden, 618
 "With sacrifice before the rising morn," 271
 With snow-white veil and garments as of flame, 641
 WOLFE, CHARLES, 479
 WOMAN, 431
 WOOD SONG, 694
 WORDS OF THE HOST, 164
 WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, 237, 452, 914
 WORLD, THE (Herbert), 386
 WORLD, THE (Vaughan), 405
 WOTTON, SIR HENRY, 371
 "Would it had been the man of our wish!" 327
 WRECK OF THE HESPERUS, THE, 241
 WYATT, SIR THOMAS, 351
 YEAR'S AT THE SPRING, THE, 549
 YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER, 633, 748
 Ye banks and braes and streams around, 445
 Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, 445
 Ye Mariners of England, 475
 Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more, 395
 You are a tulip seen today, 383
 You brave heroic minds, 360
 YOU'LL LOVE ME YET, 549
 YOUTH, 707
 YOUTH AND AGE, 471
 YOUTH OF THE YEAR, THE, 593



Date Due

Je 9 '41	De 11 '43	8/14/47
Je 12 '41	Ua 25 '44	Ap 20 '49
Oc 11 '41	Ap 5 '47	JL 26 '49
No 10 '41	12 '44	My 22 '48
Ua 30 '40	17 '44	JL 19 '56
Ar 24 '42	No 24 '44	
Oc 8 '42	Fe 12 '45	
Oc 28 '42	Mr 5 '45	
No 1 '44	9 '45	
No 4 '42	JL 9 '46	
Ja 29 '41	JL 26 '46	
My 13 '43	Ag 2 '46	
JL 31 '43	Ag 14 '46	
Oc 4 '43	Do 3 '46	
Oc 11 '43	Ua 16 '47	
Oc 13 '43		
Oc 20 '43	Ua 24 '47	
No 29 '43	My 29 '47	
Ⓢ	/	

3 5282 00283 1298

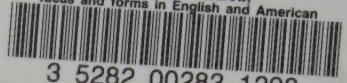
39733

820.8

VF344

STACKS PR1109.W3 c. 39733

Walt, Homer Andrew,
Ideas and forms in English and American



3 5282 00283 1298